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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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[NUMBER 1.

EDITORIALS.

"I LOOK with positive reverence, sometimes, on my patient maid of all work, and admire the moral attitude in which she meets her daily round of unutterably wearisome detail." So writes a friend. Good womanliness!

"You say of love, the proof is that it overmasters other passions," etc. True, I often say. Don't tell me that a person does unkindness because he does not know. It is not knowledge that is wanting, but love. If he loved that would give him eyes to see what was right to do. Love sees; love guides. It is so, friend. Love is the "circle of sciences"—cyclopedia.

"It is the poet's highest mission to see things and people, not as we mud-eyed ones see them, but, so to speak, as God sees them, in their possibilities—as he in his mind conceived them when he gave them the privilege to be." Yes, truly. But then the clay is only on the outside of the eye; nay, we may draw instruction from the man in whom Jesus cured blindness with some clay. "Every man his own poet," ought to be the motto.

THE *Open Court*, whose prospectus appears in our advertising columns, is before us, a handsome paper of thirty-two pages, *Nation* size. Both in appearance and matter it is attractive. That the leading articles are by William J. Potter, Thomas Davidson, Gunning, and Fred May Holland, is sufficient evidence of the dignity, earnestness and ability of the paper. There cannot be too much or too open a discussion of the questions with which the *Open Court* is to concern itself; consequently we bid it a hearty welcome.

A LETTER from a distant friend and subscriber in Nova Scotia brings the following: "I believe there are not a few who are more or less skeptical as to the doctrines they listen to every Sunday. But so far as I can judge, they lack either the courage or inclination to search for truth at any cost. As for myself, not long ago, I was superintendent of an Episcopalian Sunday-school; to-day I am a liberal of UNITY type, or rather this is what I aspire to,—the breadth, the courage, and withal the reverence which characterizes it. * * * I consider the stand UNITY has recently taken is a right and noble one. * * * Your efforts will not be fruitless. Press on!"

WE greet the dear Doctor whose face has so long been sunlight on the Boston streets, and whose word has so long been a quaint, prompt rally for the right and true and free,—Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol. His friends on March 1 joined to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate with them, and the one hundred and fiftieth of their church. A strayed angel in an old cloak, a stranger might say, meeting his figure on the sidewalk; a very shrewd reporter from some spirit-world picking up facts and comments in this one, friends have found him. In other words, outside and inside have tallied well. The fifty years' errand, since as a boy he first stepped to the pulpit side of Dr. Lowell, the poet's father,—is it over? We hope not; but if he rests, still some men go on errands sitting down. We congratulate "the West Church of Boston," too, on its long illustration of freedom in religion. A hundred and thirty years ago it led that cause in Boston, which is saying that it led it in America. Jonathan Mayhew its minister, was so free that his comrades, the other city pastors, declined

to assist in his ordination. "His thought was more precise, and his words more clearly matched his thought, than was common at that time in the pulpit. Where his brethren disapproved, he denounced, creed-making; where they practiced the right of private judgment in religion, he strenuously urged the duty; where they disbelieved, he boldly denied, the doctrines of total depravity and justification by mere faith." That was in the fifties of the last century. May the church in some form live to see the fifties of the next, and all the way along keep on making their old tradition new history!

GOETHE, speaking of the ancients, says, that "with all their heart and soul they threw themselves on the present; hence, it would not be difficult for writers who were filled with a kindred spirit to make such a present eternal." Edward Caird, speaking of Goethe, and referring to this view, calls the Greeks the people "who were most at home in the world," and he concludes, as Goethe does, that this fact is the foundation of the glory and supremacy of the Grecian literature. This is worthy of thought, and connects literary beauty of form with pure and simple religion; for what does such religion but enforce the divinity of the present, and teach us in the highest way to be at home in the world?

THIS week it is our church at Bloomington that mourns the loss of a faithful and long-serving member in the death of Jesse Fell, a man whose long career in the state is interwoven with all that is best and most thrilling in its history,—a colleague of Lincoln and David Davis and Ichabod Coddington. He helped shape the state, build its railways, found its great University at Bloomington. He fought the battle for freedom to the colored race, and was fighting the battle for the higher freedom of soul. He died with the words of Pope's universal prayer upon his lips. He was a representative of the material out of which many of our liberal churches have sprung. With such material how shallow and flippant seem many of the charges that are ignorantly made against these liberal churches of the West.

FROM a friend we have the following high and right thoughts on immortal life. Many a saint and sage has said the same, but it cannot be said too often or in too many ways: "Life should be worth as much here as elsewhere. Acts should be their own reward. By doing our best, we make sure of the present, and if life continue, as we firmly believe, then we are in line for whatever is vouchsafed. Here, there, everywhere, we should do right for its own sake, regardless of consequences. We should not hire others or ourselves to be just, kind, self-sacrificing. There should be no barter on earth or in the spheres. Certain consequences follow all acts. Let us see to it that we do not distort or becloud principle by driving hard bargains in thrones, crowns and upper seats, in the realms unseen. The humility which encourages us to be content with a low seat, saves us from mortification, envy and heart-burn. Others may have position, fine raiment, precious stones, all that heredity, rank, superior ability can give. We are glad if they merit and enjoy them, but we can do without, and yet appropriate what is germane, robs no one, and suits us better. God and heaven, as we term them, are rock, object, inspiration. Minus both, right and wrong would be the same and worthy our grandest efforts, Humanity is worth all our

pains as integer or group. We could not soberly ask the question, 'Is Life worth Living.' We will add, as our friend would, that, however, God and heaven cannot be parted from right and wrong. For righteousness is living, and life is blessedness.

J. V. B.

ONE of the most attractive features in the interior of the Manistee church, the dedication of which is spoken of elsewhere, was the cozy, sumptuous way in which the parlor is furnished. This was done without any investment of funds on the part of the building committee, but by contributions in kind, by different members of the parish. This gentleman brought an easy chair, that woman a rug, one a vase, another a picture, here a bracket, there an easel, and yonder a stand. Pretty chairs, crickets, anything that would make home-like this common home. This is a suggestion for many of our churches, whose so called "parlors" are cold, raw, barn-like things for want of these home touches. Try it, friends, only let there be some central source of taste and authority, that will secure that blending of effects and harmony which bespeaks refinement as well as liberality.

IN Robert Browning's last book he describes the good Painter-Priest Furini, as one who prompt would supply a picture which throngs would crowd to witness to any little parish in his valley that

"felt qualms
At worship offered in bare walls, without
The comfort of a picture."

Second even is the architectural grandeur of the churches of Europe to the art treasures which hang or have hung on their walls within. Why is it, then, that the wooden prejudice of modern Protestantism still excludes from the walls of the churches the art of all arts that both decorates and educates, feasts at once the eye and soul, the art that expresses itself in pictures? What can so effectually change an auditorium into an oratory, thereby translating the listener into a worshiper, as a proper use of the faces historical and ideal that are most nearly related to the Ideal Life? We were glad to see at Manistee the faces of Channing, Parker, Bellows, Emerson and others suspended on the walls of the audience room. The first two were excellent crayon wrought by local artists. We hope that this example, also, will be followed by others. When our churches reach after the real art, they will soon outgrow the flashy, oarse, sham art of the "decorator" that to-day compels so many would-be cultured souls to worship under what Lowell calls the

"vaulted roofs
Of plaster, painted like an Indian squaw."

THE event of the season in Chicago was the visit of James Russell Lowell. He came as the guest of the Union League club to help them celebrate in a fitting manner Washington's birthday. In the evening he was banqueted in the elegant new building of the club, as he was subsequently by the Harvard and Commercial clubs. In the afternoon he made his only public appearance before as cultivated and enthusiastic an audience as was ever gathered in Chicago. The great Central Music Hall was crowded. The audience came expecting to hear him speak on "American Politics," a subject that was widely advertised. But, as all our readers know, at the last moment, he concluded to change his topic and gave a literary criticism, in which he argued the non-Shakespearean authorship of Richard the Third. The disappointment of the audience was keen. At any other time, or if duly announced, it would have been equally glad to do him honor, in listening to his matchless English in the essay given. After the disappointment has worn away, Chicago people will still be glad to believe that James Russell Lowell is easily the first of living Americans: noble in scholarship, authorship and patriotism,—the man who would be our next President, were it not for the fact that the United States never uses first-class material to make Presidents of, except

by accident. However, this Chicago experience shows that great men, as well as small men, cannot with impunity tamper with their public engagements.

Volume Nineteen.

Another birthday. With this number UNITY begins its tenth year. Sobered by the hard work, and sometimes saddened by the knocks and pinches these nine years have brought, it still looks rejoicingly forward. The hard work was anticipated, and the knocks and pinches have not been greater than must be expected, by those who accept the unpopular and choose to work for and with the minority. UNITY confidently faces the future; it believes the cause for which it came into the world is still in need of an advocate, and for this cause it will continue its "unhastening" and "unresting" work. So far as it lies in the power of the senior editor, he will hold these columns steadily to the enforcement and interpretation of our motto, to the emphasizing of the non-doctrinal basis of fellowship, the inseparability of religion and morals, the identification of the kingdom of truth, righteousness and love, with the kingdom of God; and to the fostering of all organizations and co-operations that seek to further these ends. We will continue our efforts to apply the sanctions of religion to the triumphs of mind, in art, science and letters.

Mindful of our defects, grateful to the friends who have generously helped us with suggestions, criticisms, and contributions, in the past, we go forward on lines already established, craving the patience, persistence and push of all old friends, and many new ones. Our intentions in the future cannot be better indicated than by reiterating previous proclamations. On March 1, 1878, in the first number ever published, we said: "It will be our aim to make each number stand for real *Freedom* of mind, for real *Fellowship* between differing minds, and, as most important of all, for *Character*, as the *test* and *essence* of religion."

On March 1, 1879, we said: "The theologic doctrine of the unity of God, from which the name came, has led logically and historically to a belief in the unity of all religion, and of the race. So we have long been wont, in pronouncing the word *Unitarianism*, to pass lightly over the *arianism*, and lay all the emphasis on the *Unite*. And now, gladly dropping the *ism* and every trace of sectarian hiss, and returning to the root of the word, in which its historic meaning and real spirit lie, we proclaim our faith in *Unity*. . . . Our paper aims to be faithful to this rising truth: the unity of religions in righteousness, the unity of men with each other and with nature, and the unity of all in God. For this truth of unity will in turn prove itself a gospel, bringing a larger charity and a wiser life to men. But though thus proclaiming the broadest religion, UNITY will not the less assert its own opinions. Its charity will not be 'the mush of concession,' but will seek to give 'manly furtherance' to the right and 'manly resistance' to the wrong. Being unsectarian, it will necessarily be to some extent anti-sectarian. Seeing the necessity, rights and value of sects, it will not the less oppose the pretensions of sects who claim a monopoly of truth and salvation. It will contend not only against injustice and vice, but against narrowness and shallowness. This, too, its name demands. In doing this it will be helping to confirm the religion of truth, justice and human brotherhood, and to bring 'the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.'"

On March 1, 1885, we said: "The great words it placed upon its banner seven years ago, of 'FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION,' are still its inspiration and its justification, and though in some quarters they may suffer as 'Aristides the Just' did from too frequent mention, they still represent to us the central things in religion, and imply all the essential elements of true piety. There is no danger of too much emphasis being placed on any one of them. We shall refuse in the future, as in the past, to enter the field of dogmatic controversy. . . . We decline, not because there is no fight in us, but because we remember how the Christian centuries have been burdened, and to a

certain extent blighted, by theological controversy. We will not willingly increase the amount of useless discussion. We have continued sympathy with truth-seekers, but none with chronic debaters. We hope in a small way to continue to help the former, and we intend to continue to disappoint the latter. We shall continue to have great interest in the Unitarian *movement*, little interest in the Unitarian *sect*. We shall continue to emphasize its *principles* of free thought, inclusive fellowship, practical righteousness, and progress much more than its *doctrines* concerning the Trinity, atonement, or interpretations of Bible texts. Glad and proud of its history, UNITY is by no means contented with the present attainment of the Unitarian fellowship. It is far from being the inspiring, consecrated and consecrating movement which its principles demand. We shall continue steadily to oppose any attempts to narrow its boundaries or to set up dogmatic fences to keep its piety in, or to keep honest thought and earnest inquiry out. As with the word 'Unitarian,' so with the words 'Christian' and 'Christianity.' We gladly, gratefully recognize the fact that we are in the rich stream of Christian inheritance, by far the noblest stream of historic religion that has ever flowed through the fields of humanity. We revere its founder, would magnify the beauty of his life and the breadth of his sympathies. We expect great victories yet to be won under these names and this teacher, and we want to do our part in the struggle. We wish to enlarge its 'hunger and thirst after righteousness;' but we resent any tendency to use these words as dogmatic barriers to faith, or as a doctrinal test of the religious life; we will not use them to sever us from the kindling prophets of other religious movements; we will not enter into a war of syllables; we much prefer the thing without the name to the name without the thing. If love, justice, truth, practically applied everywhere, and always, among all men and in all religions, is Christianity, then we are Christian; but if Christianity is this with a dogmatic 'but' and a sectarian 'if' attached, we reject the 'but' and the 'if.' If to believe in the Golden Rule, to emphasize the Beatitudes, and to feel the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, is to be followers of Jesus, we humbly desire to be worthy such fellowship; but if in addition to this we are expected to assent to certain theological formulas regarding his exclusive claim, miraculous power or super-human nature, we refuse, preferring the faith of Jesus to any such a faith in Jesus. We are well aware that in choosing this line of work UNITY accepts the harder and more solitary road. The interest in doctrinal discussion is still greater than in moral culture, and it is much easier to write entertaining editorials about the Athanasian Creed or the Pope at Rome, than it is to interest any large number of men and women in kindergartens, temperance, civil-service reform, the poetry of Lowell and Emerson, the maturing and the building and maintenance of churches that are to be high schools of character, academies of moral culture and colleges of goodwill to all men. It is well to arouse an antagonism to error, and in our small way we will do our best at this; but it is better and far more difficult to create a hospitality to truth, and this will be our prime end. To this work UNITY pledges itself anew, and asks the continued patronage and forbearance of those who believe that this work is worth doing."

Shame!

A gentleman of the Unitarian Club, in Boston, has again been caricaturing the men and women who, last May, in Cincinnati, voted that "The Western Conference bases its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all thereto who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world." "The western movement," which may be summarized in this act of fellowship and its defense, this man describes as that of "a large body of men who scout at the very name of the Almighty," . . . "a body who try to build up a church as Unitarian, which denies God, Christ and Christianity." We quote the *Boston Herald's* report. And his sentences to this effect were received, the paper says, with "applause." With applause, we

do not doubt, by some; and with silent shame, we are sure, by others. We think that in that club there should have been at least one voice to utter at the time a cry of "Shame!" at the slander,—slander none the less that the speaker spoke probably in ignorance, not in malice. The truthless word disgraced the speaker, the applause disgraced the club, and the echoes disgrace and hurt the Unitarianism these men would fain protect. If our chief misrepresentatives, the comrades to whom we owe our trouble, have ever said this thing, so much the worse for them; but we think they in set words have denied it. This, however, is the effect of their misrepresentings on the minds of the less thoughtful part of the Unitarian public, whom no words of our own, except as "snippets," reach. Not what the Western Conference and its friends have said so much as what others have said of us, has furnished the new arrow-points to orthodoxy and the new epitaphs it will write for Unitarianism.

And just in proportion as that applause was general and significant and illustrates the Unitarianism of to-day, should we at the west *speak*, speak until we are understood, speak till we convert. Not silence, but speech, is the need. We should be statesmen and not politicians in this trouble; should look for permanent, not passing, cure; should try to settle it in a way that will be more acceptable next year than this, and far more accepted ten years hence than one year hence. Let us bear quietly the caricature and misrepresentation—quietly, but not dumbly; be careful to give none back; explain and re-explain as need be; stand firmly by our faith, work for a high peace, not a low peace,—and wait the ten years for our thanks.

W. C. G.

The Relation of Doctrine to Life.

Coleridge said, "*The false doctrine does not necessarily make a man a heretic, but an evil heart can make any doctrine heretical.*" This puts heresy where it belongs—in the motive. Fundamentally it is in the bad character, not in the bad logic. There have been abundant instances of bad thinking and right living; false and irrational creeds clung to with all the desperation of narrow-minded fear, and yet really lying outside the motives of daily service, worn only as the picture of some dead relative, or as some charm is worn—outside the blameless heart. And on the other hand there have been those accepting doctrines true enough, enlisted perhaps in some sort of defense of them; but in the great world's scramble for greed and power, it did not appear that these doctrines had any influence to restrain their speech from the too common custom of untruthfulness and deceit, or their hands from over-reaching and injustice.

"*As is the worth of the individual so is the worth of his religion,*" is quoted from Amiel's "Journal." A New Testament apostle seems to imply that not even devils are destitute of religion. They may even have orthodox views of God. But that does not help them, or make them one whit better—because it can find no entrance or lodgement in their life. The devils believe in God—they cannot help that; but like the English socialist, *they are against Him*. They tremble and shake when they think of him, but they go on as devils all the same.

Matthew Arnold utters the same thought when he says: "*The worth of what a man thinks about God and the objects of religion depends upon what the man is.*" Valuable as right thinking is (and we are the last to underrate it), and essential as it is as an ally to the highest form of life, yet in religion the question of motive, of character, is supreme and unavoidable. No matter what you can tell me about God or the great mysteries of time and eternity, of life and death, I shall measure all that profound and incomparable knowledge or faith of yours by its effect upon your life. If it has not helped you to become any better man,—if it has not absolutely compelled you to be

a better man, I have no assurance that it will help me or anybody else to be a better man; and from a religious standpoint I am indifferent to the result. I may just as well keep my poor old crazy creed with all its shortcomings and falsehoods, so long as I can find any excuse for assenting to it.

It is not difficult to see what responsibility this puts upon men to prove their faith by fair conduct, by deeds of humble and true living. And when they make profession of interest in character as the object of our church life, it must make us seek and find its realization in those sentiments of honor and fidelity, in those acts of self-denial and service, which reveal character at its best.

Our attitude in belonging to a new movement in the religious world makes it necessary for us to dissent from the theological opinions of those about us. We do not do this in any reckless way, or in any boasting spirit. We do not dissent for the sake of dissent. We should rather be able to agree; and but for the sake of sincerity and the interests of truth as we see them, we should have no distinct organization of our own. Nevertheless any benefit which we can receive from the position we occupy, and which many are now coming to occupy, will always depend upon what we *are*. Do we see the value to life of the great truths entrusted to our keeping? Do we see what joy and relief and inspiration they will yet pour into souls that grope and struggle after that freedom which we have inherited or won? Mr. Frothingham has told us that "*to reject consecrated opinion demands a consecrated mind.*" Yes, this is true. Departing from the old and hallowed is a solemn thing. It is like worship. Rejection of error must be an act of reverence, an act of the deepest sincerity,—especially when it is an error about which cluster sacred associations running back into the mists of time, perhaps dating from those nights when first we knelt at our mother's knee.

We read that God was not offended with the *offerings*, gross as they were, in the old Jewish worship, but with the *offerers*, with the men who could go straightway thereafter to their extortions and their sins. So God is not displeased when we reject any falsehoods, however long taught or venerated under the name of religion. But if we take this divinest gift of truth with no deep sense of its importance, with no purpose or longing to realize it in life, or share it with those who are thirsting and perishing for it, He will not hold us guiltless.

J. C. L.

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.

Out to the Sea.

"Out to the sea! Out to the sea!"
Sing the waters of inland rivers;
From source to mouth
In the sunny South,
The liquid stream-song quivers.

"Down through the blue! Down through the blue!"
Sings the moonlight's silver sheen;
"Thy breast must bear
No greater care
Than purest light e'er seen."

"Sisters are we! Sisters are we!"
In a harmony sing the twain.
"Toward ocean we float,
Nor sail nor boat
To guide us toward the main."

"Careless are we! Careless are we!"
Of shores we pass in flowing.

We bid them smile
As we pass the while,
But cannot stay our going."

"Oceans are vast! Oceans are vast!"
And the currents playing among them
Forbid us to stay,
But call us away;
Think of our songs—we have sung them."

"Lessons are learned? Lessons are learned?"
From the waters and moonlight flowing
Out to the sea
In harmony;
Like sisters in their going."

EUGENE ASHTON.

The Free Method of the Harvard Divinity School, and Doctor Channing's Endowment of it.

It is an interesting matter to us to-day who love liberal religion to know somewhat more of the history of theological instruction at Cambridge.

The present Andover contention gives occasion to us to recognize anew the leadership of the great and rare man to whose genius liberal Christianity owes so much.

At the institution of the Divinity School of Harvard University, in 1826, there was an earnest liberal movement among the New England churches. There came a united protest of the educated clergy against the uses to which the orthodox majority were trying to bind down sound learning and original investigation.

Does not history repeat itself? Doctor Channing spoke at the dedication of Divinity Hall in unsurpassed sentences of wisdom. "The mind grows by free action," said he. "Freedom is the nurse of moral and intellectual vigor. To free inquiry, then, we dedicate these walls. We invite into them the ingenuous young man who prizes liberty of mind more than aught within the gift of sects or the world. Let heaven's free air circulate and heaven's unobstructed light shine here; and let those who shall be sent hence go forth not to echo with servility a creed imposed on their weakness, but to utter in their own manly tones what their own free investigation and deep conviction urge them to preach as the truth of God."

The Divinity School of Harvard College had a rare founding. The school as shaped under Channing deserves the most earnest publication of its nature and offices. Its basis is a ground and rock and pillar of the future American church. The foundation of instruction in theology at Harvard College especially encourages the unsectarian method. The peculiar conditions of admission to the Cambridge Divinity School are these: Students must bring testimonials of serious character; must know a certain amount of Latin and Greek; and beyond these things are absolutely invited to be free. During the sixty years of the existence of the Cambridge Divinity School some of those graduated have owned the Covenant of the Orthodox. But the great body of the Divinity Alumni are Liberals. And a popular though incorrect impression prevails that a sect name is indissolubly associated with the Divinity School professorships and endowments. This condition of things arose of necessity. At first, there were none to be found emancipated and enlightened to the degree of supporting the principle of free and thorough investigation; none ready to say, Christianity has open questions, has unsolved truths; more light is yet to break out of the study of the works and the Word of God.

The denomination known now as Unitarian found itself obliged to nurse, to foster, to own, the teachings of the Cambridge Divinity School. American Unitarians, suspected of heresy, ecclesiastically disowned, for sixty years owe two-thirds of their educated clergy, and as in some sense, the intellectual party of the church, to this school. Unitarian theology is precisely the outcome of the free method at Cambridge. By the very laws of their existence, the now venerable theological schools at Andover, at Newton, at New Haven, at

Princeton, enthrone, or authorize, a narrow, unscientific study and intellectual discipline.

It fell to William Ellery Channing, even as a very young man, to lead the protest of the intellectual activity and moral independence of the New England of seventy-five years ago against dominant ecclesiastical shackles and bonds and bigotry. The facts connected with the rise of the liberal cause are now most interesting.

It is true, that old England had prepared this genesis of free inquiry. There was an English and also a French literature of liberal religious thinking to which the unbelieving or the truth seeking-minds of seventy-five years ago looked. But it fell to Cambridge men to begin the fermenting of the New England church controversy. Out of our modern Cambridge sprang the American Liberal theology! Is not that method indispensable? Suppose all the Protestant sects try to-day to educate for the church. What they do at their very best as religious believers disappoints the urgent necessity of the enlightened human mind. Do not Presbyterianism, sectarian Congregationalism, Methodism, as such, set at naught the principles of sound learning? Is not sectarian Christianity ineffective?

Here are the qualities, and here is the spirit of it. It always says "to doubt is to everlastingly perish." Young persons who are applicants to theological schools must begin as believers, as converts, as *born again*, as pledged to a creed, as advocates of a creed. If they seek for foundations, if they would delve as miners, picking to pieces the very substance of thought-systems and Bible lore, they are undone as strict Baptists, or sound Presbyterians, or true Methodists, or right Congregationalists. The Sects, as it were, of primary necessity must assume premises, own a derived spiritual life, speak by the book, or the hierarchy. The orthodox conception of religion may be likened to ocean transportation; the Evangelical "scheme of salvation" suggests our lines of steamships on the high seas. The distinctive business is that of celestial ferriage.

Religion as a spiritual education, religion as true use of earth, religion as the process of giving the nature of manhood to mankind, is almost wholly dismissed. But the great satisfaction of studying the laws of moral and spiritual disease and health; the exalting of what we may become; the quest of the true origin, conduct and destiny of man: this is a great matter. *It signifies something.*

As soon as we say all is revelation whereby we know God, or see God, the sundry times and divers manners by which God has spoken are great. Augustine's time, or Athanasius's or Calvin's manner, sound learning, sound doctrine, are death smitten. There are, as Doctor Channing enumerated and proclaimed in his great sermon of the "Christian Ministry," certain conditions and sources of effectiveness. The average Christian ministry is of a wide education. These are the great essentials of an able ministry, and an enlightened church. The necessity of the adequately furnished and strong ministry are these, as Doctor Channing specified them: (1) free inquiry; (2) supreme love of truth; (3) religious feeling; (4) faith; (5) the spirit of reform; (6) independence; (7) moral courage; (8) the spirit of self-sacrifice.

Is it not the office of theological education to inform and emancipate a man with these? No sectarianizing Divinity School dares to write over the doors and to proclaim, "Think, O young inquirer, for yourself! Prove all things; obey nothing on the 'I say so' of the church!" What can be called free inquiry, transparent honesty, the verification of facts, the forming of opinions, isolated quest, individual study, are the very opposite of seminary drill to make the sect prosper. The offers of the sects to the mind, the deliberate choosing to acquire or to master systematic Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist or Baptist theology, tends to intellectually confine and constrain. It belongs to the traditional church systems to encourage and approve distrust of original discovery, private individual exploration. "Hear this, believe thus and so, O, soul on fire with high affection!" Are you about to study the Bible, or to become a church member, or, "to live for Christ," as it is called: "Refuse to

act in your own strength!" "Know that your reward is in proportion to your intellectual fears and your self-distrust. "See to it that you content the mind with our safe mental yokes." "Here under our pious authority are your enclosures: we keep you; we conduct you; we prescribe for you."

If liberals only, if Unitarians only, support the principle of liberty, it is because the constitutional fears of the great churches so ordain it. And here comes in an incident of ecclesiastical Unitarian history.

Twenty or thirty years ago there was an untoward church-tremor, a spirit of fear abroad. Fear of free-reason was so influential as to even seriously afflict the very churches that, of determined good will and trust of the soul, endowed Harvard University Divinity School. A crisis came to the specific working of the principles indissolubly associated with this wisely planned institution for the furnishing of the clergy. For a time, "Cambridge Divinity" was openly condemned, of its own constituents (so to speak). The cry came that the college ought to disown, to repudiate, a school without a Christian creed. And that crisis was all that the Unitarian church itself could endure. The voices that prevailed were, "You pledge to nothing." "See your infidel bad fruits," and the sectaries had grievances such as influenced.

In 1829 Ralph Waldo Emerson entered a city pulpit (the offending transcendentalist). He grew up in the very church which founded the Cambridge Divinity School. Of the Divinity Class of 1836 came Theodore Parker; in 1843 John Weiss was graduated. There were graduated from 1845 to 1848, Francis P. Appleton, O. B. Frothingham, Samuel Johnson, Samuel Longfellow, Thomas Wentworth Higginson. These spirits (men of excellent gifts), more or less apostates, plagued the church's content with the principle of not limiting religious free inquiry; of supporting full and thorough investigation of religion. Considering the outcome of it all, how gratifying to the immediate new period to look back.

Thirty or more years ago, that sect-desire, that sect-hardening in and about Cambridge, worked its perfect work. In it was the fulness of the old ways. It was the trying ordeal of the superior wisdom, the intrinsic excellence of trusting in the soul. That season seems to have been a kind of bowing of the heavens of our church to its earth, its tabernacle of flesh. Heaven be praised for the open fact that Doctor Channing's works, Doctor Channing's rational sayings, confounded these alarmists, these retrogressives, this conscript, dry Unitarian ecclesiasticism. All that the history of the Cambridge Divinity School has produced, for the time being morally unwelcome, called in its day the ill-seasoned, the untimely fruit, Doctor Channing gloriously anticipated.

"Teach the young man," he said in 1826, "that the instructions of others are designed to quicken, not to supersede his own activity; that he has a divine intellect, for which he is to answer to God, and that to surrender it to another is to cast the crown from his own head and to yield up to another his birthright." "Encourage him," he said, "in all great questions to hear both sides, and to meet fairly the point of every hostile argument. Guard him against tampering with his own mind, against silencing its whispers and objections, that he may enjoy a favorite opinion undisturbed. Do not give him the shadow for the substance of freedom by telling him to inquire, but prescribing to him the convictions at which he must stop."

"I know the objection to this course," he continues. "It puts to hazard, we are told, the religious principles of the young. The objection is not without foundation, the danger is not unreal. But I know of no method of forming a manly intellect, or a manly character, without danger. Peril is the element in which power is developed; remove the youth from every hazard, keep him in leading strings, lest he should stray in forbidden paths; surround him with down lest he should be injured by a fall; shield him from wind and storms, and you doom him to perpetual infancy. All liberty is perilous. Freedom of will is almost a tremendous gift; but still, a free agent, with all his capacity for crimes, is infinitely more interesting and noble than the most harmonious and beautiful

machine. Better expose the mind to error, than to rob it of hardihood and individuality."

Are there through the years, oracles inside of Liberal Christianity so weighty, so comprehensive, so adequate to hope and belief, to the utter rout and rupture of conservative fears?

To-day there are unsectarian Protestants. To-day the new wine is in the new bottles to be of use, and to be tasted of choice. To-day the faith of the liberal folds, the faith of unsectarian churches, administers the reconciling, the authoritative, the ascendant religion. Only the irrational, or the sacerdotal, ritually-rigid types of the instituted Christianity of Christendom, work misgivings, fellowship their fears, doubt human progress, the ascent of the soul, of the moral nature, since time began.

WILLIAM H. SAVARY.

My Prayer.

O Spirit! who to all doth bend
With the sweet comfort of a friend,
And heed the cry for help to meet
The hard ways that beset their feet.

On me a peace so true confer,
No noise of this harsh life may stir
Its deep serene, or bring one cloud
Of other lives the sun to shroud.

Give me a faith my thoughts to buoy
Upon a silent sea of joy,
Whose unseen tide may gently flow
To bless the barren lives I know.

Oh, for a love so near divine
No dearth of love may lessen mine!
No word so rude, no deed so mean
The God within may not be seen.

With these the power to see and speak
Thy helpful truth to all who seek,
In words to win, persuade and bless
That none may be left comfortless.

O Spirit! who to all doth bend
With the sweet comfort of a friend!
How vain to ask what is so free,
Have we not all in having Thee!

SARAH E. BURTON.

What Is a Noble Life?

A TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR ELIOT.

[From a sermon preached by Rev. A. J. Rich on the life of Doctor Eliot the Sunday following the announcement of his death.]

* * * And now to illustrate the daring courage and the brave manliness of Mr. Eliot, in his early ministerial life: It was more than forty years ago that what I am going to relate happened, and I have it first hand from the Doctor himself, in a long letter of a dozen pages. All will remember the name of Henry Giles, the hunchback Irish orator, who, in the days of lyceum lectures, thrilled the crowded halls in many a city in this country. It was my privilege to have him for a parishioner several years, while in Hyde Park, where Mr. Giles spent his last days, and to officiate at his funeral. That had been his quiet home ever since he had broken down while delivering one of his Lowell Institute lectures. Having been invited by the editor of the *Pilot* to prepare a sketch of the life of this somewhat famous author and divine, as well as leading lyceum orator in the land, I wrote to several of his intimate friends for facts of his life, and among them to E. P. Whipple, W. R. Alger, Doctors Livermore, Corder, Morrison and Eliot, since in looking over his correspondence, which, with his MSS., was committed to my care, I had found them to have been his most intimate friends. The letter from Doctor Eliot to me was an account of his personal relations with and estimate of this brilliant Irish orator. I should hardly feel justified in giving to you this statement, were any of the family of Mr. Giles living, although it reveals nothing new to his most intimate and

esteemed friends; yet after all it is a testimony in the end to the nobility of the man whose evil habit it mentions, quite as much as to the friend who dealt with him so kindly and so bravely. These are the facts: Mr. Giles was to make a western lecture tour, and was to start with Chicago. There he had friends who entertained him, as it would seem, too hospitably, in some directions. In appearing on the platform, he showed signs of abnormal exhilaration, which the large and cultivated audience interpreted as the effect of a too free use of drink. The next day the papers reported the exhibition made, and the sad fall of the finest orator the nation had ever welcomed from the old world or had produced at home. It traveled far and near. It went on swift wings to St. Louis, where he was booked to lecture the next week. He made his way tardily to that city and to the study of the young minister, by whose efforts he had been chosen to fill an evening in the lecture-course. On Saturday afternoon the door-bell rang, and a short man, not five feet high, dressed in bearskin coat, cap and gloves, stood before him, in his study. His first words were: "Well, I am here, and I suppose you have heard all about it. I meant you should before I got here, hence my delay." "Yes," said the host for the hour, "I am sorry to say that I have read all about my friend's trouble; I have weighed the matter, too;" then taking him by the hand, and looking him in the face, added—"But you are to lecture on Tuesday evening, and to preach for me to-morrow. It is all arranged and notice is widely spread." Giles was silent for a moment with pent up emotion, and mingled surprise and gratitude, and then replied—"Eliot, you have saved me! I shall obey orders." "But," said his friend, "on this condition, that you are not to stop at the hotel. I have provided entertainment for you at a friend's house, and after tea with me, we will go over and I will introduce you to most agreeable parties." That night a heavy snowstorm came, and notwithstanding the bad roads, the church the next day was crowded, and the pastor was a listener. The Doctor's account of the services in this letter was most glowing, and he said, such a prayer he never heard from mortal lips, notwithstanding it was written out and read—probably written that very morning under the inspiration of that brief interview in Eliot's study.

The lecture, too, delighted the most cultivated audience which this live city of the west could provide, and not a sign of undue or abnormal eloquence gleamed from the enchanter's lips. What counsels the saddened, silver-tongued orator received from his friend I cannot tell; or what the influence in particular was that lived as a controlling power over the habits and character of the man, it is not for me to divine; but from that day forth, for over twenty years, this weak and sorely-tempted once-fallen man went from city to city, all over this land, from Bangor to San Francisco, and spoke before the best audiences to be secured, and never again, that I can learn, was he led into temptation by which his audience or his friends were called upon to apologize for his behavior. But the point is this: Doctor Eliot, then plain Mr. Eliot, just well established as pastor of a church where all confidence was placed in him as a wise, high-toned discreet man, had done something which might bring a cloud upon his bright dawning day. He had encouraged a man in disgrace to address the public; worse than that, he had put that same man into his pulpit, while the papers were full of talk about his behavior on the platform in a state of intoxication in a neighboring city. The other churches in the city would be only too ready to take it up and make a hard handling of it for him; his own older brother ministers might look upon it with distrust; then, too, he was at that time, as all along to his death, one of the strongest advocates of temperance,—his son, by the way, in Dorchester, nobly perpetuates this active interest in temperance,—and then, he had the best of excuses for canceling it all, and sending quietly out of the city this man who had thoughtlessly betrayed his friendship, and brought disgrace upon the cause of morality and religion, as well as disappointment to the hearts of other friends who had introduced him to the American pulpit and platform. But he seemed to consult the interests and well-being of the fallen man alone, and what was to become of him; and so he said to himself, we can

imagine, "Here is a man of genius—author, preacher, lecturer, and he has a weakness growing out of the customs of his race, his physical infirmity of a nervously organized hunchback, and the temptation of his associates of his own nationality, whose convivial habits at the hotel the night before had swamped this unsuspecting brother; now, shall I crush him, or try to save him? It is a responsibility which seems to be thrown upon me, and I must act, and act promptly. Perhaps I can put him once more upon his feet, and reinstate him in the public confidence." And so he did, and in the act showed himself to be most noble and singularly heroic, and as unselfish as he was brave and true, and no one ever questioned this perilous course. I have said that he was the St. John of the denomination. He was indeed saint, seer and savior, all together. He was as tender as a woman, but as courageous as a lion. He was the beloved disciple, son of thunder, good Samaritan and Gamaliel rolled into one, and no less a patriot than a saint, as the war days proved. He did not need to be so eloquent of tongue, or so profound or learned, as other ministers, but even here he took high rank; for he carried the finest and most persuasive gospel in his face, his voice, and his native, beautiful, old-fashioned courtesy and shrinking modesty. He went about doing good, like his Master. He was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a friend to the friendless. There was not a street in the city too vile for him to enter, not a garret or a cellar too foul for him to visit, if he could be of any service to the lowest and most wretched. He was a father among the poor, and little children in rags flocked to him, and men and women in trouble and distress made him their confidant and counselor. Here is a man who did not think it beneath the dignity of the preacher, nor inconsistent with the duties of a church, to interest himself in works of charity wherever a brother or sister in sore distress might be relieved. It was not by brilliant sermons, but by heart-sermons wrought out of his experience with suffering humanity outside his own flock, that made his pulpit appeals so effective, and his example so contagious, for the whole city felt the mighty throb of his heart pulses, as his love for humanity leaped from street to street on missions of mercy; and when he would build a university half a million dollars flew to his hands from the rich as freely as sunshine from clear skies in open day. O, my friends, in the light and glow of such a life, how insignificant seems much that is done by ordinary mortals. Who, in measuring the greatness of such a man, whose whole life was a psalm, and whose character was so benignant and Christlike, can have the heart to say that he was neither profound nor progressive, and that his theology would have gained much by a closer devotion, on his part, to scientific study? Let each be true to his own mind and methods of work. Our dear apostle was that, and to few has it been given to fulfil a nobler mission, or to preach or live a diviner gospel. We cannot all be Eliots, nor would it be best if we could; but to be noble we have only to be true to the gifts and the opportunity afforded us. True nobility is not so much in what we have as in what we are and do. It is in the use we make of what talents we have. It is in unselfish devotion to others. It is in recognizing the fact that we are our brother's keeper. It is in carrying out the true spirit of the gospel as shown in the life of him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. It was the inspiration of that life which gave to our sainted Eliot power to make his own life sublime.

The Fellowship of the Spirit.

"Who is and who is not a Unitarian it [the A. U. A.] leaves the National Conference to say."—Address by Rev. Howard N. Brown before "Unitarian Club," *Christian Register*, Feb. 17, 1887.

Should we wonder that the cords of ecclesiasticism have toughened with the centuries? Less than fifty years after the death of Channing the above proposition is taken for granted in high places of Unitarianism. If the National Conference is to say who is a Unitarian, from whom shall the conference take the key, that there be no mistake? From Parker or Channing, or from Jesus himself?

Sources satisfactory, no doubt. But to whom did Parker and Channing go? To whom did Jesus go, as sponsor for his faith? From the deep of their own hearts came the voice. They listened, obeyed. Their fervor deepened while they went into the outside world; but they studied the experiences of living men rather than the precepts of dead men. Would Parker, or Channing, or Jesus have consented to abide the answer of a conference, however charitably given? Loyal were they and unselfish. They might have willed to give the examination a conscientious test. But the voiceless revelation that came to them out of the infinite was at once a decision from which an appeal to the human world could not be taken. Is not our great faith safest when we follow those powerful examples?

J. N. SPRIGG.

Friends Known and Unknown.

A BIT ABOUT UNITY CHURCH, DENVER, COLO.

Lately we printed a paragraph of good news about this lively church. Now the pastor, Thomas Van Ness, sends us an article from the *Sunday News*, of Denver, about which Mr. Van Ness says: "We do not know the author, but it shows us that we have a champion somewhere among the people who is educated and willing to use his pen in our favor." We give here the greater part, as much as we have place for, of this true and appreciative article. After mentioning a late sermon by Mr. Van Ness, entitled, "For what does Unity church stand?" the writer says that he wishes to offer a word about "the general movement known as American Unitarianism," and proceeds thus:

"A distinguished writer says: 'The religion of a nation ought to be the embodiment of its highest intelligence and in harmony with the outcome of the deepest thoughts, the deepest experience, the widest culture, the finest intuitions, of the best and wisest minds that the nation counts among her children.' This is essentially a Unitarian ideal. Unitarianism represents the American ideal church, both in form and in religious doctrine, in a manner which no other church approaches. It does this because it is a product of that same social and political evolution which gave us our nationality with its constitutional liberty.

"Unitarianism stands absolutely and without qualification for 'liberty, equality and fraternity.'

"First—Liberty: liberty of thought, perfect freedom to follow whithersoever truth leads, regardless of whether the path has been previously trodden and pronounced safe or not. In pursuance of this idea it refused to be bound by any creed, book of discipline, or council of bishops in the past, believing that the biddings of divine inspiration are as true, as good, as safe, to-day as at any time in the past, and better adapted to our needs than any rigid adherence to the thought or belief of by-gone centuries.

"Second—Equality: the essential equality of all men before the high spiritual law, regardless of name or nationality. The Infinite is parent of all, in fact as well as in name; hence there is no arbitrary election or damnation for any one, no arbitrary everlasting punishment; 'whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap;' no escape from the just consequences of what he is, and what he does, through any arbitrary pardon or atoning blood of another.

"Third—Fraternity: The Unitarian church vents no anathema upon any church differing from itself; it turns no cold shoulder to Catholic, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Universalist, or Agnostic, for all are children of the one Infinite Spirit; all sharing a common nature and a common destiny; but each seeking to realize the best ideal within him in a manner more or less peculiar to himself; hence it is impossible to adopt any rigidly fixed creed as a test of fellowship. For this very reason it has incurred the reproach of many people, who say: 'You have no creed. I don't see how you can possibly have any bond of union.' To this we may reply in the language of Rev. Robert Collyer: 'A creed? Certainly I have my creed; but I want it stamped like my railroad ticket, "Good for this day and train only."'

"In sending out its young men to become ministers, the Unitarian church says to them: 'First of all, be yourselves men; be true to yourselves, and you can never be false to any trust reposed in you. Aim to be scholars; diligent in search of all truth and good affecting the condition and relations of humanity. We say not to you, preach this or that doctrine; but preach and live the truth as you see it. Seek not to be lords over God's heritage; seek rather to be the servant of all, to be helpful to all around you; comfort the afflicted, encourage the despairing, lend a hand to the fallen; be as fearless as Nathan in his encounter with David, and as uncompromising as fate; but let all be done with love, for the right and the truth, by which you must stand or fall.'

"Upon this broad, firm basis we presume Unity church and its young pastor stand, and we would bespeak for them a fair field in which to show what they can do for the good of our beautiful Queen City of the Plains.
w."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Sir Philip Sidney. By J. A. Symonds. New York: Harper & Bros., Franklin Square.

A comely volume, good paper, tasteful binding, of 186 pages, in eight chapters, called "Lineage, Birth and Boyhood," "Foreign Travel," "Entrance into Court-Life and Embassy," "The French Match and 'The Arcadia,'" "Life at Court again and Marriage," "Astrophel and Stella," "The Defense of Poesy," "Last Years and Death." It is written in a very lively and clear style, and goes over the facts with a rapid movement which carries the reader along. The chapters on "The French Match and 'The Arcadia'" and on "Astrophel and Stella" are especially interesting, and the closing chapter is very good. Sidney's quaint and nobly ethical definition of "right poets," given on page 148, is worth knowing—"which most properly do imitate, to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been or shall be; but range only, reined with learned discretion, into the divine consideration of what may be and should be." The author admires his theme, the gentle and courageous Sidney,—as who must not? He says of him, on page 145, "His end was not writing, even while he wrote. This is certain; the whole tenor of Sidney's career proves his determination to subordinate self-culture of every kind to the ruling purpose of useful public action"—surely a noble effort in any man. On page 184, "Converse with men seemed to him more important than communion with authors in their printed works." Of his early and resigned death, the author says: "He was withdrawn from the contention of our earth before time and opportunity proved or compromised his high position. Gloriously he passed into the sphere of idealities, and as an ideal he is forever living and forever admirable."

Recollections of Eminent Men, with other papers. By Edwin Percy Whipple, with Introduction by Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 117 to 121 Wabash ave.

It has been said of Mr. Whipple that he was "distinctively an essayist, a critical essayist. The foundation of his fame was laid in 1848 with an essay on Macaulay, which, it is just praise to say, was worthy of the distinguished name which formed its title." Whittier has written of him, "With the possible exception of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, he was the ablest critical essayist of his time, and the place he has left will not be readily filled. Scarcely inferior to Macaulay in brilliance of diction and graphic portraiture, he was freer from prejudice and passion and more loyal to the truth of fact and history. He was a thoroughly honest man. He wrote with conscience always at his elbow, and never sacrificed his real convictions for the sake of epigram and antithesis." Mr. Bartol says in the introduction, "Macaulay, whom Mr. Whipple lauded, forged his earlier style. But his wit and

humor were all his own,—the one a flash of lightning, the other a drop of dew." When writings by such a man are collected, and include personal recollections of men like Choate, Agassiz, Emerson, Charles Sumner, and essays on such as Motley, Matthew Arnold, etc., they make a volume which all can use and most will enjoy heartily 385 pages in large type, on good laid paper.

The Story of the Normans. By Sarah Orne Jewett. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 117 to 121 Wabash ave.

Again we chronicle a volume in the series of Stories of the Nations, which G. P. Putnam's Sons are carrying out worthily. This volume has a topical table of contents and an index of seven pages in double columns. The style, as Miss Jewett's name would assure us, is simple, earnest, straight-forward and clear—of the kind which makes reading easy and pleasant. She treats of the Normans from the ancient Northmen, the men of the dragon ships and vikings, down through their history in France, Italy, England, until they become merged in the English stream formed by their union with the Anglo-Saxons. In the concluding chapter the author says: "Here at the beginning of the Norman absorption into England I shall end my story of the founding and growth of the Norman people. The mingling of their brighter, fiercer, more enthusiastic and visionary nature with the stolid, dogged, prudent and resolute Anglo-Saxons belongs more properly to the history of England. * * * It is the Norman graft upon the sturdy old Saxon tree that has borne best fruit among the nations—that has made the England of history, the England of great scholars and soldiers and sailors, the England of great men and women, of books and ships and gardens and pictures and songs."

Through the Gates of Gold. A fragment of Thought. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

This little book belongs to the psycho-theosophy-mind-cure class, but is one of the very best of its kind. The writer would seem to have gone through periods of phrenology, vegetarianism, blue glass cure, and to have dipped into Swedenborgianism, Buddhism, and the philosophy of Schopenhauer, but has so far outgrown and seen the vanity of so many isms, that he does not dare to speak out and say exactly what are the Gates of Gold, or how he may enter or pass through them, but deals altogether in abstract and general propositions. If there is any point to what he says, if the book has any definite meaning, which the reader is likely to doubt, it is that man may, by mental or spiritual power, cease to feel pain, put an end to his miseries of all kinds, this in passing through the gates of gold. Certainly no harm will come from trying it. Indeed, great good will often come from a faith like this, and no better lesson can be taught than that it is simple duty, always and everywhere, to resist pain and evil, within and without, in all its forms and phases. The book is very well written, and it is altogether probable that if the author had given his name, instead of publishing his fragment of thought anonymously, that he would have been obliged to treat him with greater reverence.

College Songs. New and revised edition. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

This is the best collection of college songs we have seen. It contains many of the old favorites, some of the best of the jubilee melodies, and in addition there are some new and pleasing songs. A desirable book.

Song Classics. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

A beautifully printed book of selections from modern classic writers. The songs are of a high order. Where needful, both German and English words are printed. We find many of our favorite songs in this book.

The Sunday-school Helper. London: Sunday-school Association.

This prettily bound volume contains the monthly issues for 1886 of a magazine which seems to be all its name implies. It is designed for the use of teachers, parents and scholars. There are no illustrations. The tone of the book is earnest, thoughtful and devotional; the lesson stories for the little ones aiming at instruction rather than entertainment. The lessons on nature are delightful; the lessons on religion, historical and critical; and the short chapters of literary history are excellent. The notes and queries show that the same difficulties we meet in our own schools are felt, and anxiously discussed, by our English brethren.

Young Days. A monthly illustrated magazine for children. London: Sunday-school Association.

This magazine is a medium for stories, bits of natural history, short accounts of various arts and manufacture, and a few very simple questions in Bible history. The stories are good. Mrs. Parker and her friends may not be anxious about the "Little Rag Dealer," whose story is copied in this magazine, for he is in excellent company, and will make many faithful little friends, though in a foreign land.

THE HOME.

Hand Stories.

In a very old ballad of the death of King Arthur, it is told that the king, lying deadly hurt, gave his famous sword, Excalibar, to a knight. "Sir Lukyn," said the king, "now take my sword, Excalibar, that hangs so freely by my side, and throw it yonder into the river." The knight went to the river, but there threw in his own sword and kept back Excalibar; for the finest steel was in the blade, and the hilt of precious stone. "Alack," said the knight, "must such a sword be thrown away?" Then back he came to the king, who said, "Sir Lukyn, what did you see?" "Nothing, my liege, save that the wind blew fair and free over the water." Then the king knew what the knight had done and said, "Go again, Sir Lukyn, throw my sword into the river, and keep me not here in pain." Again the knight went and threw in the king's scabbard but kept back Excalibar once more, and hid it under a tree. Then back he went to tell the king, who said, "Sir Lukyn, saw ye aught?" And the knight answered as before, "Nothing, my liege, save that the wind was now grown wild and fought with the waters." "O, Luykn, Luykn," cried the king, "twice hast thou dealt deceitfully with me. Alack! Whom may we trust when such a knight can be so false? Go again and throw my sword into the river." The knight, all ashamed, made no answer but went again to the river and this time threw the sword into it as far as he could fling it; but as the sword fell to the water, a hand came forth, met it and flourished it three times in the air, then drew it down beneath the running stream. This time when the knight returned, the king was gone. Was it Arthur's own hand that was stretched forth from the river to seize his trusty sword? The story says not. But from that day he was seen no more; and it was believed that "King Arthur was not dead but conveyed away by the fairies into some pleasant place where he should remain for a time, when he should return again and reign in as great authority as ever." Hands without bodies are not rare in popular legends and folk-lore. I have read in a fairy story how an adventurous knight, gaining entrance into an enchanted castle, was served by hands which led him where he wished to go, prepared the table, and waited on him. The grave Bunyan disdained not this same in-

vention; for when Christian had fought with Apollyon, "there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the Tree of Life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately." This is like the story of St. Thomas' hand, of which I have told you before, which never perished, because it was the hand that explored the Master's side after he had arisen, but gave judgment for the people in their causes by holding fast the bill of a good cause but throwing away a bad one. In Bible stories, also, there is the like. A hand was let down to Ezekiel to give the prophet a scroll, which he had to eat that thus he might take into himself the Lord's commands. At the feast of Belshazzar a hand of flame wrote on the wall, as you may read in the book of Daniel. To Moses on Mount Sinai were given "two tables of stone written with the finger of God," as you may read in the book of Exodus.

Now, all these different stories that came from the English, and are in the stories of many other countries, and also in the Hebrew Scriptures many hundreds of years before, came not from each other; but all use the hand in like manner, because this is natural. Stories use also other features, especially the eye, the ear, and the foot; but none so much or so beautifully as the hand. Now, the hand in stories is one part of the story language, as I have explained before. As this story language is not like English, or French, or Latin, that is, a tongue confined to one place, but like gestures or motions of the mouth or of the eye, a language known everywhere, so the hand, being in that language, is found in it everywhere, in England and in many modern countries that have their own stories, and just the same far back among the ancient Hebrews.

Are these stories true? Surely they are; like all the stories I have told before. But how are they true? We know well that no hand could dart from the river and seize the falling sword, and no hands could fly about in the air waiting on a knight in enchanted castles; nor a hand be let down from the sky with a scroll in it, as Ezekiel describes it; nor fiery fingers suddenly come forth and write on the wall as Daniel tells us. Of course, such things do not happen, because it is not the way of nature that they should happen. Yet these stories are all true in one way, because they all mean the beauty and wonderful miracle of the hand. What were we without the hand? One ancient sage gave the hand as the main cause of all our progress and of all the wonders man has done. If man had the mind of an archangel but the paw of a bear, he could do nothing. But the paw and the mind never could be found in one; so work the outward and the inward, the soul and the body, together, like one thought. As in stories, so in many other ways, man has shown reverence for the hand. It is even said that all the future is hid in it, and that a man's fortune can be told by reading the lines on his palm. The hands are used to make many signs; to pour water over the hands has been a sign of obedience of a servant to a master; to wash the hands is a signal of innocence. We have a saying, "We wash our hands of it," meaning that we have no part in the matter and nothing to answer for. To lift up the hands toward Heaven is a sign of a solemn promise or declaration. To stretch out the hands or to lay them on the head of another is an expression of blessing; and to give the hand or clasp it, a sign of comradeship and love. As the hand is such a wonder and greater than any instrument in the world for beauty and power, it has become a part of story-language, as I have said, to express different meanings. One meaning I gave in the story of the hand of St. Thomas. In other stories, the meaning is the beauty and miracle which is in the hand itself. J. V. B.

ON a sun-dial which stands upon the pier at Brighton, is inscribed this hopeful line: "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Unity Club, in connection with All Soul's church, continues its interest in "Emerson" and "Les Miserables." Last Monday evening some sixty members were present at the Hugo section, and an unexpected pleasure was a biographical sketch by Mr. A. F. Brooks, one of Chicago's best known artists, who accompanied his sketch with a beautiful crayon portrait of the great author, which he presented to the club. Arrangements were made to have it suitably framed, and it will soon hang in the club room of the church.

—The Union Teachers' Meeting was held Monday noon, as usual. Mr. Jones led, the subject of the lesson being chapters 27 and 28 of Ezekiel (chapter 28 ought to be included). Attention was called to the practical information shown by Ezekiel in this lesson. He was not a monk-like prophet in the least. He had an eye to the facts of trade, manufactures, geography. He seems well informed about Tyre. How did Ezekiel learn it all in these turbulent times, when intercourse between distant cities was so difficult, slow, and often even dangerous? These chapters, indeed, form our best and oldest authority and source of knowledge about the mercantile details of Tyre. Ezekiel was full of wrath towards Tyre because that city thought to profit by the downfall of Jerusalem.

Manistee, Mich.—It was with dread of snow-storms and visions of blockade that the senior editor left Chicago on Tuesday evening, February 22, for this more arctic point than Chicago. Nothing but the dedication of a new church of the liberal faith, or some other chance to put in a word for the Unitarian gospel, could have induced him to have taken the venture. He reached there Wednesday afternoon and proceeded directly to the church. The first of the four dedicatory meetings began with a sermon from J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, on the "Unities of the Unitarian Faith," among which he emphasized the unity of all religions, the unity of all races, the unity of all Christian sects, the unity of morals and religion, the unity of this life and the next, and the unity of all in the unity of God. It was a broad, catholic, earnest interpretation of our Unity word, and we should be glad to see it printed in our "Unity Mission" series. In the evening the dedication service proper was held, James De Normandie, of Boston, preaching the sermon, which was a strong historic study of the origin, growth and present potency of Unitarianism. The dedication prayer was made by Mr. Sunderland,

and a responsive service prepared by the pastor was read by the minister and people. On Thursday afternoon Mr. Jones, of Chicago, read a paper on "Worship, or why Pray?" and was followed by a brilliant and prophetic address by Rowland Connor, entitled, "Possibilities." In the evening the last service was a platform meeting, during which Mr. De Normandie gave the greetings of the American Unitarian Association. Mr. Sunderland spoke of the prospects of Unitarianism, Mr. Connor on the church as the center of the humanities, a philanthropic workshop; Mr. Jones on the prophet and the prophetic church, while Mr. Walkley gave an account of the growth of the building, and closed with warm and eloquent words, thanks and anticipations.

—What of the church building? Cozy as a bird's nest, every corner of it as serviceable as a Yankee's jackknife; a church of the new architecture, for which some of us have been pleading and working so long; an auditorium containing some one hundred and eighty folding chairs, with a parlor at one end that would afford an extension to the audience room for one hundred chairs; a snug little parsonage of eight rooms at the other end, all furnished and occupied; church dining-room, kitchen and heating apparatus in the basement; the interior finished in native black ash; the front in Ohio stone; the roof of slate; the whole situated in a large lot (a possible luxury in a town where there is plenty of out-doors), and all at a cost of about twelve thousand dollars. Essentially the same accommodations might be secured in the more modest, but not to be despised, and ever beautiful pine, for possibly five thousand dollars. We believe the building is practically paid for, and it has all been done in a year. Mr. Walkley and his associates deserved great credit, and other places ought to take cheer and do likewise. We left Manistee knowing more about salt-wells, how elm logs are shaved into barrel hoops at the rate of a hundred a minute, with many pleasant glimpses of hospitality and prosperity, which made the dreary ride we took in a rickety buggy through thirty miles of pine woods, one Saturday night five or six years ago, in order to speak next morning in a dingy hall, seem a thing of the last century.

Denver.—The following is a description from a Denver paper of the new Unity church which is to be, on which we heartily congratulate our Denver brethren:

"The new Unity church is now being put under roof. When completed it will be one of the most solid and substantial structures in the city. The architecture is broadly Romanesque. The auditorium is in amphitheatre style. The basement floor is cut up into quite a number of rooms so as to accommodate certain new features in church work. The tower room of this story and the room adjoining will be used as a library and reading-room. These rooms will be open every evening to the public. Back of these is the general Sunday-school room. During certain evenings of the week it is hoped to give lectures and local entertainments in this room. A small movable stage, giving opportunity for amateur plays, will be provided. Back of the main Sunday-school are class and toilet rooms and a kitchen. The tower and second story lobby will be fitted up in ladies' parlors. In these parlors will be held the meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society, the Women's Auxiliary Conference, fortnightly sociables, and the ethical class. Above in the fourth story of the tower is the pastor's study.

Mexico.—Rev. Anna J. Norris, recently of Fort Collins, Colo., has joined forces with the Owen American Co-operative Colony of Sinaloa, Mexico, on the Gulf of California. A private letter from her shows that in her novel situation as one of the pioneers of a new industrial and social experiment, she is still able to do work for the rational gospel for which our

word stands. We quote: "I had the ill taste to fall into the gulf going aboard the steamer at Guaymas, and was fished out by the captain and a Mexican sailor, who jumped in after me; since which event they call me Baptist, and it prepared and resigned me to all we have gone through since, or that the future may bring. * * * The work of the colony is divided into departments. Each department or group elects its own foreman to supervise and keep the time of its workmen. Every man and woman is paid equally three dollars per day for every working-day, and is allowed to enter any department in which he or she is qualified. I have passed through every vocation incident to pioneer civilization since we arrived two months ago, and now have charge of the children. My school-room consists of two tall, broad, shady mesquite trees, with store boxes and benches for seats. My children, English and Spanish, range from three to sixteen. * * *

The young people are allowed their amusements and we old folks our religious liberty. We clear out the pavilion or dining hall and dance on Saturday evenings, and last Sunday we started what we hope to make our regular Sunday service, in which I gave a brief reading and talk, together with some hymn-singing from our Unitarian Hymns and Tunes."

Humboldt, Ia.—Our Unity ladies have just treated us handsomely by giving us another original piece of amusement, called a "Dialect Entertainment." There were readings, recitations and songs in many dialects. It fortunately happened that Miss Clara Berkheimer, from Sioux City, was here visiting friends, and the ladies were able to enlist her rare and beautiful voice for two solos. This announcement greatly aided in bringing a crowded house. With the twenty other members on the programme, the entertainment was a great success, and every one agrees that the ladies of Unity church know how to make people happy.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the Spring Iowa conference, to be held here in May, and hope a large number of our friends will visit us then. w.

Luverne, Minn.—Rev. S. S. Hunting is preaching here with most encouraging results. On Friday evening, Feb. 25, he began a series of popular lectures on Protestant leaders, his subject being Martin Luther. These lectures are to be given at Armory Hall for the benefit of the Luverne Library Association.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A.M. Sunday-school at 12:15. The study section of the Fraternity meets Friday evening, March 11. Subject, "James Fenimore Cooper."

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milled. Services at 10:45 A.M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. V. Blake, minister. The third in a series of Sermons on Religion as related to the Elements of Time. Subject, The Present, at the morning service at 10:45. Evening lecture at 7:30. Tuesday, March 8, at 8 P.M., the Musical Club. Wednesday, March 9, at 4 P.M., the Social Section; at 8 P.M., the Longfellow Class. Friday, March 11, at 8 P.M., Sunday-school Dramatic and Musical Entertainment, operetta, etc., for benefit of Western S. S. Society

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, March 6, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A.M., subject, "Ruth, a Lesson of Loyalty." Sunday-school at 9:30

A.M. No evening service at the church. The Emerson Section of the Unity Club meets Monday evening promptly at 8. Teachers' meeting Friday evening at 7:30.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, State and Randolph streets. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will deliver the second of the following series of three sermons on

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

February 27, "What is Spirituality?" March 6, "The Spiritual Poverty of the Prosperous Classes." March 20, "The Uplands of the Spirit."

The singing will be conducted by the People's Church Quartette of male voices. Doors open at 7:15; services begin promptly at 7:45 P.M. All are cordially invited.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club Room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93, Monday noon, March 7. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

A Guilty Sacrifice

should never be made, but ambition and enterprise deserve reward. Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All particulars free. Both sexes. All ages. Capital not needed; you are started free. All is new. Those who start at once cannot help rapidly making snug little fortunes.

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The following letter to the proprietors of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" explains itself:

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"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes, with the fac-simile of the proprietors on the wrapper. Price, 25 cents.

SOME cards have recently been published by the Western Unitarian S. S. Society, having on one side the TEN COMMANDMENTS, Bible version, and on the other side, the same in rhyme. These are sold for 3 cents apiece, or 30 cents a dozen.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent us for review by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this head, and will receive as soon as practicable such further notice as the interests of our readers and the state of our columns may determine.

Dr. Channing's Note Book Selected by his Granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 110. \$1.00
A History of Education, by F. V. N. Painter, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, pp. xix. and 385. \$1.50
The Will-Power. Its Range in Action. By J. Miller Fothergill, M.D. New York: James Pott & Co., 14 and 16 Astor Place. Cloth, pp. 184. \$1.00
The Story of Persia. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, pp. xiv. and 304. \$1.50
Sociology. By John Bascom. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. xii. and 264. \$1.50

California Excursions.

Our next Pullman Palace-Car Excursions for San Francisco will leave Chicago March 8th and 22d, and Kansas City and St. Louis, March 9th and 23d. The former includes City of Mexico. The Southern route. No storm region or snow blockades; no high altitudes. The tourists' favorite. Tickets good for six months. No charge to return different route. Very lowest rates. Send for circular. JNO. E. ENNIS, Passenger Agent Missouri Pacific R. R., 86 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE: Or Contributions from Science to the Hope of Immortality, and Kindred Themes. By JACOB STRAUB, A.M. With an Introduction by Hiram W. Thomas, D.D., Pastor of the People's Church, Chicago. 1 volume, cloth, 8vo., 435 pages. Price, \$2.00.

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THE MORALS OF CHRIST. A Comparison with Contemporaneous Systems. By AUSTIN BIERBOWER. Paper, 16mo., 200 pages. Price 50 cents.

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[NUMBER 2

EDITORIAL.

ALLUDING to the tobogganing craze, the *Lever* thinks that the surest and quickest way of riding down hill is on a jug.

ROME has recently added fifty-four English martyrs in the time of Henry VIII. to its calendar of saints, among which is Thomas Moore.

WILLIAM M. PAYNE, in the *Dial* for February, speaks of Goethe, Hugo, Milton, and Landor, as belonging to the "glorious company of those whose high hope has remained undimmed in extremest age."

A PATENT heater full of fire was purposely dumped the other day over a bridge near New York. It fell forty feet into a pile of combustible matter, and it did not burn anything. This is the way the railroad authorities are groping toward safety. Patience will bring it. Persistency and ingenuity exercised in the search for safer railroad transit may offer a lesson to the preachers.

THE second number of *The Open Court* contains the brilliant article entitled "Possibilities" by Rowland Connor, a part of which we listened to with great interest at the Manistee dedication, referred to in our last number. In this article Mr. Connor predicts the early success of submarine and aerial navigation, of the "electroscope," which will enable us to see distant objects, as now we hear distant voices through the telephone, and the perfection of the new glass recently invented in Germany, which will immensely extend the power of the telescope and microscope.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is dead. The land is in mourning, and the press is crowded with tributes to the memory of the greatest pulpit orator America has ever produced. The final summing up of his life will find him a Great-Heart. All his instincts were humanitarian. He was always a willing advocate of the oppressed of every kind and condition. His influence has been a mighty power for liberal things. All honor to the great preacher, and all sympathy to the bereaved family, and to the thousands who depended upon his weekly ministrations for their best help in the life of the spirit.

JAMES K. HOSMER, of the Washington University, is at work upon a new life of Sir Henry Vane. Last summer he spent in London, accumulating materials for the same. In a recent number of the *Literary World* he gives an interesting account of his literary explorations and discoveries abroad, in which article he indulges in the following prophecy. Who dare say that it may not come true?

"I heard Sir Wilfrid Lawson in Parliament shout out that he 'belonged to a society for the abolition of the House of Lords,' and there were loud cheers. Few doubt that disestablishment is near. As England grows more and more like us, her great dependencies, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape and Canada, already being like us, what is to hinder the coming together of the English-speaking world sometime into a great federation? Dependence was once a good thing; without it colonial America would have fallen to France. Independence was and is a good thing, for us and for England too. But inter-dependence

is something yet finer, and I think it is not unreasonable or Utopian to anticipate a time when ancient prejudices will be mitigated, and a desire to come together into a brotherly bond manifest itself. Vane is a name to come together under. I wrote the life of Sam Adams, the main agent in splitting England and America apart. I am glad, also, to write the life of Vane, under whose name we may come together again."

THE Congregational ministers of this city at their meeting last Monday halted and divided over a resolution of sympathy with Mrs. Beecher in the hour of her great sorrow. They hesitated lest it might either endanger somehow their own doctrinal reputation, or threaten the truth of the doctrines themselves. Still the *humanities* overlay the *divinities*, and the heart of Congregationalism is bigger than its theology. In the light of history, no one can doubt which will finally triumph. The time will come when these would-be exponents of Jesus, who withhold the hand of sympathy on the brink of an open grave, until they settle the theological bearings of that hand grasp, will be ashamed of themselves; or at least, when a loving church will be ashamed of them.

"YESTERDAY, when at work at my desk, I heard my little four-year-old boy singing in the nursery, 'For the Truth and the Right and the Love.' Over and over sounded the refrain, till the older children caught it, and at last the whole chorus sounded through the house. Yes, you were right in thinking we needed these songs. I thought not at first. But we have only been singing them here a little while, and every one is catching them. I find them a great help in new congregations, as at Rock Rapids." This word from a fellow-worker out in the field, referring to our revised "Moody and Sankey" song-tract, the one called "Love to God and Love to Man," and containing forty-seven songs adapted to revival tunes. It is No. 28 in the "Unity Mission" series of tracts. Five cents sent to this office for it will perhaps set *your* nursery, your Sunday afternoon circle, your little home-church around the piano, *chorusing*.

MR. SIMMONS, of Minneapolis, has been preaching on Tennyson's last poem. Reported by the local paper, he says: "Tennyson's dark fancies and fears for society are corrected by facts, and Gladstone wisely says that the poem is 'purely subjective' and does 'not deal with the outside world at all.' To the poet's picture of children soaking 'soul and sense in city slime,' the ex-premier replies that 'for one such child now there were ten, perhaps twenty, fifty years back.' Tennyson's grim figure of attics where 'the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor' must be modified by the fact that such are passing away; and I recently read in the *London Lancet* the surprising statement of Sir T. Spencer Wells, president of the sanitary congress, that the average duration of human life in Great Britain had apparently increased about fifty per cent. in the last half century. To the poet's lines about the human brutes of to-day we will assent, and remember how recently the spectators of a prize-fight in Minneapolis were described as the largest gathering under one roof here; but we will also remember the worse times when even parliament adjourned to honor the champion of England with a public reception.

"In the midst of our temperance reform this winter, it is also encouraging to look back to the last century, when in Virginia even clergymen often got drunk; and Part

says the best Christian in New England saw nothing wrong in buying negroes for rum and selling them for West India molasses to make rum to buy some more. To Tennyson's picture of the workers' wrongs must be added Mr. Giffen's proofs of their improvements, too, and their worst wrongs to-day seem small compared with those we saw in France a century ago, where so many starving millions still pay three-fourths of their taxes to support the luxuries and vices of the nobility. To Tennyson's question, 'When was an age so crammed with madness, menace, lies?' history can calmly answer, 'Never so little so as now.' Better than even in the first 'Locksley Hall' do we see that 'the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.' And, in view of the growing desire for international peace and arbitration, which even the British Gladstone admits, we can have undue faith that all battle flags are yet to be 'furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world.' Even religious animosities are lessening. The new poem says, with most stinging satire:

'Christain love among the churches
Looked the twain of heathen hate.'

"But we can reply that it looks less so to-day, and that the most evangelical churches are giving promise that they will yet become Christian, and dissolving all bigotry in the universal brotherhood, will see that among the heathen, also, love is the true religion."

M. J. SAVAGE has recently bloomed into a three-column poem, which was published in the Boston *Sunday Globe* of February 27. It is an answer to the poem of James Russell Lowell, published in the *Atlantic* of February. It is written in an easy, lilting style, which may disturb the guardians of "form" and the "Superintendents of Verse Making." But these lines are crowded with good sense, which necessarily is good philosophy and good religion. No literary power, or acquired prestige and fame, justifies a false note of the spirit, and when Tennyson or Lowell miss the serious intentions of this very serious age, they ought not to be allowed to go unchallenged. Mr. Savage has succeeded beyond any man in our fellowship in reducing the best thought and latest science of to-day into the vernacular of common life. These lines of his are just in that direction. We hope to see them circulated as a campaign document. The following are the closing lines:

Behind us is the dawn; before
The day is broadening to morn;
And man, the child of all the past,
Approaches man's estate at last.
"Now are we sons of God!" nor see
But glimpses of the yet to be—
The glory that shall come to birth
When man's at one with God on earth!
Then, Lowell, let thy latest lay
Be not a wail of dying day;
But let us hear thy bugle-horn
Ring welcome to the rising morn.

EVERY live church has a face of its own, like a person, and its Year Book is the annual photograph. The 1887 picture of Charles Ames's Philadelphia society, just received, tells of a year of earnest living and high thinking. Here is a hint or two for all of us: "Our building has been in use during the year 199 times, besides the free kindergarten's daily sessions,"—one half the kindergartner's salary being paid by the church. "A congregation must learn to do its own singing or be ashamed of itself," so twenty-two persons have become the choir to lead the way. "Thirty-four children, each bringing permission from the parents, joined the new temperance society." Philadelphia is nearly without free libraries, so the church has made a small beginning in this direction. 700 volumes, uniformed in red jackets by the young folks and duly cross-catalogued, are three or four times a week made free to all: "Number of persons drawing books, 215; many of them hard-worked people of little leisure." Perhaps, as with the free kindergartens started in private corners but just taken by that city into its school-system, this corner book-shelf may prove an acorn to a public oak. One of the best features of this Year Book is the dozen pages

wherein some best bits from the preacher's sermons of 1886 are put past forgetting. We hope to enrich our paper with some of these fragments, and in another column print what is said about the Church Covenant.

Ethical Culture.

In ethics people are taught, not by what is told them of virtue and its consequences and rewards, present, temporal, eternal; they are taught by what, in various ways, they are brought to feel. Feelings, the sort of permanent emotions that we call convictions, principles, are produced chiefly through experiences. "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," saith the ancient proverb; and it is ever more nearly true the larger we make the proportion of fools to the entire population. Seldom, if ever, are abiding convictions formed through knowledge that is communicated by word, written or spoken, however deeply reflected upon or philosophically considered. Moral education is, therefore, a matter of the life; it includes all that goes to the formation of character. In the phrase, "placing children under good influences," we have a word of wisdom that is worth far more than all the modern talk about the necessity of teaching morality in the public schools, worth more than a good deal that we hear in regard to ethical culture. Morality is taught in the public schools, no doubt, and in the street cars, also; in the dry-goods stores, everywhere where people associate together. But does any one imagine that he can improve the morality of people to any great degree, that he can educate people into virtue through instructing them in regard to what is right and what is wrong, and why people should do thus, and should not do so? It is a vain conclusion, an unfruitful fallacy, how vain and unfruitful we might be convinced by visiting our jails and state's prisons. We would there find people from almost every rank in life, and every one of them with abundant knowledge of all the central principles of ethics which they have transgressed. If a shorthand writer should take down from their lips their real beliefs in regard to ethics, and should sift and average these, he would have a very fair code of morals. What these people have lacked is not knowledge of morality, but the sort of training in life's experiences that reconciles to God, that makes satisfied with right living, that establishes the empire of righteousness, the kingdom of God, in the heart. Such training may be assisted in some small measure by the word fitly spoken in some crisis of experience, but there is nothing so likely to be effectual as the example of those admired, loved, looked up to, as worthy of imitation. Association with good people is the nine-tenths of moral training; admonition, preaching, the one-tenth, or some smaller proportion. This is why a church is so much the better sort of society for ethical culture. The influence of a church is largely through the religious feelings that are fostered there, through association, example, through their expression in music, ceremony, sermon and prayer. We believe religion to be a great reality. If it is a reality at all it is a great reality; even if it is a delusion it is something of a real thing still. Many delusions in the past have been mingled with religious faith and feeling, yet beneath all we believe there lie the deeper realities of our nature. Believing this, we cannot be indifferent in regard to them, nor fail to see the wide gulf that separates the religious society, or the Christian Church, from a society formed for ethical culture that excludes religious methods and ignores religious motives. The heartiest of fellowship should surely exist, should be cultivated, between churches and societies for ethical culture; they should in every way bid each other Godspeed, as working for the same ends. But this is not accomplished nor helped by forgetting the very real differences between the two. We believe in our methods and are upholding them firmly and conscientiously. To some of us it seems clear that ethical culture cannot be much promoted by

admonition and instruction alone. It is with the heart man believes unto righteousness, and the heart is cultivated through the religious emotions, through church and family life, and all its associations. To leave religion and religious association out of the account is to cut off one of the most important factors of all higher ethical culture. U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Thirty Thousand.

TO E. B. C.

Eighty years old on Dec. 9, 1886.

"Thirty thousand," said the Fates,
Mixers of the days to be,
As she passed the mystic gates,
Little Quaker baby she!

Thirty thousand days and nights—
That the dower with which she came;
All their sounds and all their sights
Vested in the tiny dame.

Thirty thousand dawns to print
Junes, Octobers, on the lands!
Title-deeds to every tint
Brought she in her rosy hands.

Thirty thousand flocks of stars
Pastured in the upper skies,
Sun-sets for their pasture-bars;
Title-deeds were in her eyes.

And a thousand moons had she
In her right of royal breath.
Ah, the *dues* they laid on thee,
Dainty Queen Elizabeth!

Price is high for royal dowers;
Thee must *earn* thy golden state;
Spend-thrift gods fling out the hours,
Miser gods keep count and weight.

Day and night and night and day,
One by one, as moments flee:
Lady of the Yea and Nay,
Thou *hast* earned thy queenerie!

Earned it as a noble should,
Dauntless, tireless, gentle-strong;
Giving Yea to every good,
Daring Nay to every wrong.

Thou dost leave a sweeter earth,
Less of poison, less of fen,
By thy precedent of worth
Stablished in the world's Amen.

Thou art part of all uplift:
One tint brighter rises morn
Henceforth, ever,—that thy gift
To each child that shall be born.

Not in calendars thy fame,
But secrete in happy prayer;
Men shall bless thee—not by name—
Thanking God for daily care.

"Thirty thousand," said the Fate:
But who draw the royal breath
Into *lives* the "days" translate,—
Quaker Queen Elizabeth!

w. c. g.

The Teaching of George Eliot's Novels.

George Eliot's "hopeless novels!" This is the verdict we so often hear. Miss Woolson's estimate, admirable as it is in many ways, declares that her heroines never reach their ideals, and hence are disappointing. But that seems a superficial view only that pronounces these great works hopeless. And those who are disappointed in her heroines, because they are not let to reach their ideals, lose sight of the great good they do reach—that good which is of the highest value to us struggling human beings.

People clamor for successful endings to novels; if these are not had, they declare the novelist fails. They want to see something tangible accomplished. They fail to see above the material wreck a spiritual consummation, priceless beyond any other attainment. People really have not gotten far enough ahead of the novels where heroes come out of some tremendous dilemma, crowned with worldly glory, and happy in the possession of a beautiful bride and a great fortune. Their spiritual discernment is not clear enough, as yet, for them to see that any such success is a low success compared to what may be, and that a truly "hopeful" novel may leave the hero reviled of men, forsaken by love and fortune, or the heroine with her high ideals yet unattained.

There is one great lesson the individual is set in this world especially to learn: to attain victory over self, to curb selfishness and learn to live for others. Herein lies his greatest development; and we are developing creatures. George Eliot has chosen to set her heroines amidst the most painful situations, places more calculated than any battle-field to "try men's souls;" but can any one of them be pointed at as having failed to achieve that great victory of self-conquest? Every species of anguish is dealt out to them—the ingratitude and faithlessness of kindred, idols supposed to be made of pure gold disclosed as only of basest clay, the forcing of a sensitive soul to see day by day base living, yes, to be a partial partaker of it, to that soul's supreme disgust,—indeed her special effort seemed to be to choose those forms of pain most pervasive to the spirit and hardest to be borne. To make the situation more effective, women not of the strongest type are chosen thus to suffer.

Charlotte Brontë took the lofty-spirited, self-determined woman as her heroine. She suffers, and our sympathies are acutely enlisted; yet we know that she will be given the courage to endure, and will herself rise supreme to all obstacles whatever they may be. Therefore a sense of exaltation blends with our sympathy. This heroine of Charlotte Brontë conveys the highest lesson. We see what this conscious purpose to overcome, to do right though the heavens fall and we with them, can do. We, too, would be self-determined.

George Eliot's heroine, by nature, is of a more yielding, clinging type. She is one we instinctively love and long to help. With her it is, she *would* be much, not that she *will* be much. While Charlotte Brontë's heroine is often a force to mould circumstance, George Eliot's is moulded by it. Hence our hearts are wrenched at the exhibition of her sufferings, and instead of the lofty certainty that she will conquer, we cry in despair, How can she survive?

George Eliot's heroines are true to the larger class of women. Few, as yet, have learned self-dependence. Hence she has many readers; and while Jane Eyre, so far as kindredship to them is concerned, may be as far off as Hypatia or Zenobia, Maggie Tulliver and Dorothea Brooke are very near. In the life of one of these, the reader lives again her own life, meets her trials as shrinkingly, saddens with her disappointments, and with as impotent hands stretches out for the good she sees, but which forever eludes her. The sweet woman who finds life to be this!

Would that this living woman could but catch the lesson George Eliot with her unerring powers portrayed. Not in vain were the trials and disappointments, not fruitless this shattering of idols, loss of faith, withdrawal of every support that clinging nature demanded.

"I shall not die," cried Gwendolen in her hour of anguish, and though we are given no further vision of her, we know

that we leave her a truer, greater woman than when we found her. Maggie's last act was her truest and bravest; what, then, if the pitiless waters did go over her? Romola! How many must have risen up to call her blessed! Sweet, womanly, beloved Dorothea, if her lot became that "common" lot of the ordinary wife and mother, is it so much less than that of the saint who would suffer in order that many may be saved? Surely modern science shows us what a force is the home to be in the amelioration of mankind. If all woman's endeavors outside the home are not in reality to help make that a more perfect institution, then they might as well be left unattempted. To the higher success that was granted Dorothea, "to suffer and be strong," was added the other, to be the beloved wife and true mother.

George Eliot shows us the spiritual growth of her heroines. She leaves them fuller and richer in character than when she took them. Sadder? The process sometimes brings sadness, but if growth results, shall we say sadder? When mastery of self is attained, does there not come something greater even than happiness? During the struggle we see the sorrow; after it we know there must be peace, else it were better not to grow!

Are such lessons "hopeless"? To those who understand not the consummation, they certainly are. But to those who perceive what has been won, they speak the highest kind of hope. We remember Gwendolen with her youthful ambitions, wayward desires, uncontrollable spirit, and we know her at last as the chastened woman who will "live" that she may help others. Is that hopeless? Whoever says yes, must demand that she should have married Daniel Deronda, or that some flaw in Grandcourt's "settlement" be discovered, and she left in complete possession of his property, or that she developed a talent for the stage!

That book is not hopeless that leaves the reader assured that the characters are spiritually passing upward and onward. Humanity has not progressed far enough for the mass of individuals to come into possession of this inheritance except through the thorny road of suffering. Those who find fault with George Eliot's "succession of misfortunes," must find fault with the world as she found it. She read the secret of life but too truly, but her teachings are not without hope. On the contrary they are full of hope. Whoever can show us that pain, and disappointment, and loss, and blight, are not blind forces to crush us, but means toward our spiritual development, he is our faithful, wise helper, and *hope* is the very feeling with which he has inspired us. Let those who decry the hopeless element in George Eliot's books examine their own creed of life and see in what it consists. Possibly they may find that the Philistine's doctrine has crept in, unaware. In "Middelmarch," Caleb Garth is made to say—these are not the exact words—"I hold that no man has a greater opportunity than this, to have it in his power to make more hopeful the condition of many of his fellow beings." Through her great gifts, George Eliot had just this opportunity through teaching them the truth. But it may be that not until later in this generation will her readers' eyes become unsealed to the fact.

There is a further popular misconception that is almost amusing. Why are her novels so hopeless? is asked, and the answer is given, Because she had no religion!

George Eliot had a religion, though, so far as we know, it was confined by its practical workings to this life. With her religion as duty, "stern and unyielding duty," and her creed "Love ye one another;" she recognized that Law that abideth in all things, and paid reverent homage to it. No religion, when her life was a consecration to truth? More and more we are learning that religion consists not so much in belief, as in life. If religion be the "tie that binds man to God," what constitutes that "tie"? Surely a loving devotion to the welfare of his fellow man. "Most of all," said George Eliot once, "I desire to influence young men." She wrote her novels for the good they might do. And if her religion did not embrace an hereafter, she certainly tried to live like one who had begun an immortal existence. We who declare our faith in that life, must certainly admit that there was a majesty in her attitude the believer can never attain; for she taught

and gave a divine obedience to that Law the world manifests, even though great suffering became involved, without the consolation that all will be righted in the hereafter. Added grandeur is given to the teaching, when Duty is thus taught.

To some, George Eliot appears at her highest here. Is it not comparatively easy for the seer, with his eyes fixed on the stars, to say, "What of your ills and woes? they are but of a day. Bear them; live the good, though even greater privation is thine; for thou art infinite." But she! She had not her eyes on the stars; she watched the unceasing round of the weary earth, and knew the wretchedness and loss of her kind. Yet she said, as peremptorily as Wordsworth or Emerson, Do thy duty! As she was a woman, with the clinging nature of her own heroines, the spectacle became sublime. The lesson, through the very conditions of its giving, becomes all the more imperative. The world needed it. It needed authority uttered from the simple plane of this life, and not clothed with insights into the everlasting life of the beyond. If we are moved by the thought of the solace denied her, we glow with the recollection that she had greatness enough to teach the lesson; we trust it may not be long before the world at large sees it in its truth; and all the lessons she taught, so that her unselfish prayer is granted, and she indeed

"May join the choir invisible
Whose glory is the gladness of the world."

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

How we Got the Temperance Society in the Church.

A STORY OF WHAT MIGHT BE.

"How did you get that Temperance Society going in your church? Unitarians aren't good at such things."

"It wasn't hard. First, six of us, who *wanted* it, talked together. Then we sent out written invitations to thirty friends to meet and discuss the resolutions passed at the National Unitarian Conference in 1884, taking care to include some bright people who would be sure to object to them. The resolutions read:

'Resolved, That, under all the conditions of modern society, we believe that nothing short of a total disuse of intoxicating beverages can serve as a sure means of abolishing and preventing the miseries and evils of intemperance.

'Resolved, That, since it is agreed on all sides that such beverages form no part of a necessary diet for men and women in health, we affectionately call on those who may regard their moderate use as innocent to give up such use, out of compassion for their weaker brethren."

"And were they well discussed?"

"Until 11 o'clock that night! That was advertisement for us. People began to talk about 'That Temperance debate of yours.' The next week we sent out a printed invitation, inviting all interested in forming a Temperance Society on an open basis to meet and *continue that debate*. The basis read as follows:

'The purpose of this society shall be to work for the cause of temperance in whatever ways may seem to it wise and right; to study the social problems of poverty, crime and disease in their relation to the use of intoxicating drinks, and to diffuse whatever knowledge may be gained; to discuss methods of temperance reform; to devise and, so far as possible, to execute plans for practical reform; to exert, by its meetings and by its membership, such influence for good as by the grace of God it may possess.'"

"What, a Temperance Society without total abstinence, and without a pledge?"

"No total abstinence nor pledge *required*,—neither one made condition of membership. The invitation expressly said that; but it added, 'All who like the pledge-way will be free to use it.'"

"Well?"

"Well, eighty persons came that second time,—a dozen young men, strangers to us, who had heard of it, among them. And again we had taken care to have both views well represented, so there was a brisk debate. Things were kept earnest and friendly—no *mere* arguing. Both sides talked as people interested in temperance, and the idea was kept well to the surface that both sides could unite in tem-

perance effort. That idea seemed to please it somehow; worked to make us all open-minded and fair to the opposite view. It *sobered* us to start with, and that was already a temperance gain."

"And what was the result?"

"That nearly all the eighty wanted to join a temperance society formed on that basis, and of the eighty, forty-seven favored total abstinence."

"And you all agreed to work together in real equality?"

"Yes. And then the pledge-question came up for us 'totals' to decide for ourselves."

"Right there, in that same meeting?"

"Certainly. The 'non-totals' sat by listening and smiling and evidently interested, as we tackled our conundrum. Some of us didn't want any pledge: if *real*, it gave a chronic feeling of bondage; and often it was *not* real, was lightly broken,—and so on. True enough, as we all knew. Three or four seemed to take it for granted that the only possible form of pledge was a *life*-pledge. But a little talk brought out a general feeling that life-pledges were unwise, because they bound one to-day to action ten, twenty, fifty years hence, however much his opinions might have changed meanwhile; and there was a very strong feeling on the part of some that for us to encourage or even allow the *children* to take such life-pledges was absolutely wrong. So before long the talk came down to a choice between two forms of *time*-pledge,—one for a definite period, say a year—the other a card-pledge, to expire whenever one chose to give back his card to the society. On the whole, the former seemed the cleanest, honestest, freest way of doing the thing. It left least temptation open on the 'breaking' side, for that formal card-surrender might not be a very pleasant or convenient business. And an annual pledge-renewal, some one suggested, might be made the occasion of a sort of festival and a new impression of our purpose on ourselves and on the public. Finally we all decided—we 'totals,' I mean—on a *one-year's pledge of total abstinence, with annual renewals*."

"And how did you take the pledge? How did you arrange things for the 'non-totals'?"

"*With* them, not *for* them. We did it very easily and pleasantly. That 'purpose' or 'basis' I spoke of was written in a book, and under it these words:

'We, whose names are written here, unite for the purpose set forth above. And as a means of promoting these objects, those of us who put the letter A against our names agree to abstain, through one year from the date of signature, from drinking wine, beer, cider, or other alcoholic drinks, except as medicine.'

"And then all signed, some with the A and some without?"

"Just so."

"How many altogether?"

"Sixty-eight."

"And how many A's among them?"

"Fifty-two."

"Why, you said that only forty-seven favored total abstinence; did more come in?"

"No, but five came *over*. The whole spirit was so fair and equal, and so earnest, that five more said, 'All right, we'll go in with you for a year, anyway.'"

"And I suppose the original 'six' winked at each other then?"

"Not visibly, but on comparing notes afterwards we found that we had all winked *inside*. Of course we were glad."

"How could you let *tobacco* alone?"

"Both anti-tobacco and the 'White Cross' work were spoken of; the 'Band of Mercy' pledge, too. And some one suggested grouping all the four things in a 'Bond of Self-Control.' We decided to limit the *pledge* to Temperance, however, and call ourselves a Temperance Society. But the society has taken such a broad name, the 'True Helpers,' and adopted two such broad mottoes,—'On Honor' and 'For their Sake,'—that almost any good cause of purity or chivalry practically belongs to us. Our 'True Helpers' are becoming a kind of *Public Spirit Society*, especially among the young folks of the church."

"How about *them*, the children? Do they form a separate branch, or join right in with you older ones?"

"Right in with us on the *Book*. We wanted to be together there. In several cases the father, the mother, and a child or two, signed in a group. It seemed to catch both ways,—the parents interested for the children's sake, the children interested because the parents were. But the children have a separate set of officers to some extent, and have special charge of certain meetings. We have two rules: no child under eight years old can sign the pledge; and no child can join without bringing the parents' consent on a consent-card furnished them. That binds the home and church together in this influence. The card says:

'We fully consent that our children (names and ages given) should join the 'True Helpers' Temperance Society; and we will assist them in keeping their promises to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages.'

"What did the boys say to your *cider*-clause?"

"It made them *think*. It made the joining *mean* something to them. And doubtless it kept out some. But the others soon saw that *that* was the one bit of self-sacrifice about it—that that was all that made it 'for *their* sake.' And one of them made a song which they were singing all October, 'Not a drop of the cider more.'"

"You spoke of meetings: what do you do at them?"

"The society has four regular meetings a year, one every three months. Two of these are right in Sunday-school, taking the place of the usual session on those days; and the 'True Helper' children have special charge of these meetings, partly arranging their own programmes of recitations, songs, tableaux, and inviting the 'True Helper' *old* folks as 'honorable members.' They are given reserved seats, and then the other fathers and mothers are allowed to crowd the room. The teachers help, of course; perhaps one of them makes a short talk or shows a chemical experiment. For the *service* part we use one of the four new Temperance Services, with songs to Sunday-school tunes that all know; they come in a cheap pamphlet. The children really make a very good time of their two meetings."

"And about the other two?"

"Those we elders take in charge, alternating with the children's. Our mid-year meeting is perhaps a lecture—Mrs. Livermore came once, Prof. Weitbrecht and Dr. Richardson once, and once the Chief of Police and the Warden of the State's Prison spoke to us of what they knew about the saloon question. We make it something worth coming to; advertise it well, and the church fills full. And this time the *child* 'True Helpers' are all there in reserved seats as the 'honorable members.' Then the fourth meeting is the Festival, the Renewal meeting, when we again sign the book for another year of work,—some with the A, and some without. The society, both sides of it, grows larger; and some of those most interested are persons not otherwise connected with the church. We welcome all. One of the 'services' I spoke of just now is arranged on purpose for a festival. A short report for the year is read, and perhaps special reports of work needing to be done in town. The agent for the Associated Charities made a very effective speech at last year's festival."

"You speak of your *work*, but what work do you do?"

"Not very much, it must be confessed. But simple membership, this standing publicly for temperance, means *something*. The 'True Helpers' *weigh* in our church, and the church weighs more in the community for having it. Still, a little real work is done. Our members are active in the 'Law and Order League' and in the 'Coffee and Reading Room' down town, and in the 'Newsboys' Parlor.' For next November they are talking with the minister about a temperance month of meetings,—four Sunday evenings in succession to be given to the subjects: 'Alcohol in a Bottle,' 'Alcohol in a Man,' 'Alcohol in the Home,' and 'Alcohol in Society.' And the children's branch have had a good thought: each three months they take up some special thing to do, plan it, raise the money for it—out of us, if they can't get it by their 'Fair' and their 'Dramatic'—do it, and report upon it. For instance, in summer they keep an *ice water barrel* full in front of the church. The car-drivers know our street as the 'ice-water route' and it is a sight to see the tin-pail brigade, about six o'clock, stop for their

drinks. The little men and women make all the arrangements themselves with the ice men, who are so pleased that the fifty pounds a day given is near a hundred. One of the boys fills the barrel regularly twice a day; for his work and superintendence—he is 'captain of the barrel'—the children pay him forty cents a week. Then, in the fall three months, they see to the Thanksgiving baskets and the Christmas gifts for six families we know—victims of some one's drink. In winter they adopt a baby, a temperance baby, and see that that baby is warm all winter long with clothes on its back and coal in the stove. And so on; each meeting sees a definite thing done and a definite thing laid out to do next. That has helped a great deal to make it all a *real* and *lasting* interest to the children. Some of us feared at first that it would be hard to keep up interest. We have found it just the other way: it grows more real to them."

"Isn't your church rather exceptional in having men and women for such work?"

"Not a bit exceptional, just a good fair average. But to try such work, earnest trying helps of course to *make* the men and women for it. Only you must have six to start it—six who really *want* it."

"That's it. We haven't got the six in our church, ready-made."

"Then *one* will do!"

"But if we haven't one!"

"Then make him!"

"Who make him?"

"You!"

The above is a little more than "a story of what might be," after all. For something *like* this is beginning to be in our Unitarian churches. At the last National Conference in Saratoga (September, 1886), the "Unitarian Church Temperance Society" was formed on the general "basis" above reported. The constitution says: "The office of the Central Society shall be simply advisory to the Branch Societies; and no vote passed shall be binding upon, or in any way interfere with, the work of these Branch Societies." On this general basis some twenty branch societies have already freely organized themselves in our churches, some in one way, and some in another—"the first one reporting from Maine, the second from Pennsylvania, the third from Kansas, the next from Wisconsin," and so on. It is hoped that as many more will be formed before mid-May, and that all will co-operate with each other to the extent of sending by that time a report of methods and successes to the Secretary of the central organization. In Anniversary week a meeting of the society will be held in Boston, to which each branch can send two delegates.

The Executive Board has lately issued an admirable pamphlet full of practical recommendations, telling how to organize, what to do at meetings, what such a society can do in a town, what publications and working-tools will help and where to get these. Our "story" above embodies many of these hints, but those interested should send to the secretary for the pamphlet, and for the address by the president, Christopher R. Eliot, called "Temperance Work in Unitarian Churches: Why? What? How?" Both are sent free. Cards of membership, etc., are furnished very cheaply; and the Four Services, called respectively "Self-Control," "Self-Sacrifice," "Temperance," and "the City of God" (the last the Festival Service), will soon be ready. The secretary's address is REV. J. L. MARSH, WINCHESTER, MASS.

In the fifty odd churches of the Western Conference can we not report fifty odd branches of the Temperance Society?

W. C. G.

Picture Reform in Sunday-school.

It is true that the age is a good deal as Carlyle represented it, in need of reform. But to bark and bite at all the crudities and errors of our social life, to write bitter criticism about men and women who differ from us, to put up ourselves as the invariable standard of all excellence, is the pitiful attitude of a cynic. We ought to be kind and good in all our attempts to tear down and destroy forms of religious, social

and political life which are opposed to what may be called the higher test of knowledge, utility and beauty, and give the grieved thousands that nobler faith which will meet every exigency of life. There is a reaper whose name is Reason, who with his keen sickle is cutting down all the intellectual weeds which have choked the flowers of noble manhood and womanhood, and is giving our civilization a large field in which to grow plenteously and bear abundantly without the taint of poison.

This reaper has made his appearance in the Sunday-school. The lesson sheets are not so dogmatic as they used to be when every page was well illumined by the fires of hell. We sing sweeter and more practical songs—those touching the experiences of life and reaching out with lingering compassion after the beggar's child and the poor orphan. Sometimes, in Brooklyn, the orthodox Sunday-schools quarrel if the liberal schools happen to lead in the annual processions; but a H. W. Beecher scolds the officers and rebukes the teachers, and the conservative churches feel ashamed.

But yet in many Sunday-schools we see hints of superstition in the pictures which are hung about the rooms. Jesus is represented as a god, and little children wonder why he looks so terribly provoked. They wish to think of him as a friend, loving them and saying to them as he kisses them, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Big gaudy chromos they see on the walls representing Jesus on the cross, but they, in their weakness, perhaps, think of him as in the fields, playing with them and saying, "Consider the lilies of the fields or the fowls of the air." Then they wonder what all those mediæval pictures are, of angels flying and demons with forks. They are afraid of that portrait of some one the teacher says is God, and they want to go home to a loving mother. Now these things are not exaggerations, and one's mind is certainly refreshed by attending the school-rooms of some of our more conservative churches. If Jesus is to be the ideal of children, let us represent him as loving them, as their friend, as being one who teaches us of a God who dwells not in a house made with hands, but who is a power working in laws of righteousness to help them to be happy. Let us hang upon the walls pictures of happy children sharing with each other their sweet-meats, leading a blind man across the street, kicking a banana peeling from the sidewalk, washing dishes, helping sick Nellie into the carriage, or carrying mother's bundles. Let us put on the walls the pictures of birds and flowers, of good men: Longfellow, Channing, Luther, Whittier and Florence Nightingale. Then we shall give the superintendent a material help, as necessary as the lesson to the children. And when the rooms are prettily furnished, we shall have, even in this generation, grand Sunday-schools, because they are more inviting than the toy or doll the children love so well.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

George Elliot's Ideals in Real Life.

"Aren't the ideals of George Eliot too high for realization?" was asked of Rev. J. Lloyd Jones last week, and his answer came promptly, "Why no, they are beaten in Quincy every day." And quickly to our mind came the image of a young woman whose life history had recently come to our knowledge. When she was a little girl the home of hard-earned labor was mortgaged for one thousand dollars in the interest of a reckless and dissipated brother. After a little time, the brother and the money gone, the mother and several young daughters set themselves to work to support the family and clear the home of this mortgage. The girl of our thought, then but eleven years old, milked a cow and walked miles each day, poorly clad and in all sorts of weather, to carry milk to customers. And this was but the beginning of years of bitterest drudgery. Penny by penny, by washing, house-cleaning, carpet-beating—labor that bent the back and wore the fingers to the bone, was the family kept together, and the money, with its accumulated interest, paid dollar by dollar. This girl had no childhood, no school days. There was no bright ribbon on her hat, no ease or gayety in her youth. Subjected at times to rough words and sensual looks, which

she could not resent save in her pure and honest heart, she had no time for friend or lovers. Putting aside with stern hand the natural pleasures and hopes of girlhood, she bent every thought and energy to her task, and early and late, finding no work too hard or rough, she toiled on, not for one year or two, but for eleven long years, allowing herself but the barest necessities of life. Always polite and kind, with quick sympathies and natural humor, she has made no complaints, has asked no grain of help, for she is as proud as Lucifer, but has gone on her weary way without the thought occurring to her that she could do otherwise than she has done. The single purpose of helping the home people, of saving the home, has ruled her life. The hope that the servitude was nearly over, that if she worked harder than ever the last payment on the mortgage could be made in a few months, was more than tense nerves and tired muscles could bear, and while a few bitter tears were brushed shamedly from her ~~1784~~ face, the writer learned the repressed longings, the passionate protests, the full history of the years that heretofore had been known but in part. The composed figure with its shrewd gray eyes and sensible face is familiar to not a few, but how many even imagine that beneath the plain shawl beats a physically strained heart that has carried self-denial and renunciation—though she probably would not use these words—almost beyond the power of endurance.—*Quincy Optic.*

Our Covenant.

FROM THE 1887 YEAR BOOK OF THE SPRING GARDEN UNITARIAN SOCIETY, PHILADELPHIA.

In his recent book entitled "The Chautauqua Movement," Rev. Dr. Vincent describes in prophetic vision the religion of the future as it will be embodied in a Holy Catholic Church, where believing souls of all denominations will bend at a common altar and become "one at that sacred shrine where the Christ of humanity is exalted and his spirit imparted." He adds, "Their motto shall be, '*In the freedom of Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.*'" This language was first publicly used in 1881, when it was adopted as the Covenant of our Society. It has since been taken, in substance, as a basis of union or as a motto, by ten or more congregations, widely scattered, including some of the oldest and largest in New England. They seem to have shared our desire for something simple, brief, positive, inclusive, unmistakable; something exactly in a line with what is best in all churches, all religions, and all souls, but which should impose no yoke of human authority, and put no obstruction in the pathway of progress.

This is our aim: To make fast at the center to the universal verities of religion, yet leaving every mind perfectly free;—to secure the benefits of union and fellowship, yet setting up no binding standard of beliefs;—to revere the wise and good of all ages, and to welcome instruction and help from past and present, yet calling no man master;—to keep open-minded to all holy and helpful influences from seen or unseen sources, yet proving all things by the light of reason and experience;—to become a home, school and workshop of humanity and righteousness, yet not confounding our own imperfect organization with that Kingdom of God which is wide enough to include all faithful souls.—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Practical Piety. Four discourses delivered at Central Music Hall Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 80 cents.

This is not lute-music, nor choir-chant, nor the priestly intone of sacred psalm; but the quick sharp ring of the bugle that wheels the ranks into battle-front before instant danger.

The student of literature will note the clarion ring of the closing sentences in each sermon. There are four sermons in all in this little book of sixty clear-typed pages,

Fortunate are those to whom the living voice bore the glowing sentences; but stripped of the charm of personal delivery—which may sometimes make a poor thought seem a fairly good one—the ideas burn with a living fire that warms heart and brain, and incites to do and dare. It is this *ringing* quality which makes these sermons eminently fit for a crowded Music Hall, with its subtle play of electricity between speaker and audience; the very stragglers and camp-followers in this march of life, hearing these trumpet-calls, must feel even their jaded souls stirred to join in the "rush to the front."

Small as the book is, here is the strength of a dozen classics boiled down and put into portable form—like that tiny jar of Liebig's Extract which holds sufficient beef essence to keep alive an Arctic traveler a fortnight. Here is a "Holy Living" which makes certain a holy dying; a "*De Imitatione Christi*," which leads the soul out from chill cloister and dark cell into the free air and sunshine; a "Saints' Rest," which proves conclusively that

"Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere."

Here is a *piety* that means *practice*; the religion of everyday life—Religion, who walks no longer in her silver slippers, but, in worn sandals of the wayfarer, journeys with us along the dusty highway of our work-a-day world.

It is curious, too, to note how inevitably earnestness of thought results in the perfection of literary style. If "the obscurely uttered is the obscurely thought," here is proof that clear thinking leads to eloquence of speech—there is not a platitude, a forced metaphor, a dull sentence in these pages. To those who have not read his previous words we may say: Here is the latest thought of the age, the last results of all science, the deepest truths in all poetry, the highest aspiration of all souls, past and present—passed through the alembic of a thoroughly well-balanced mind, freed from all that is superfluous, and reduced to the compact form fitted for the trim, soldierly bundle which is all we can afford to carry in our forced march from the cradle to the grave.

Who shall dare, in the face of the pulpit literature of the last decade, repeat the old taunts: "Liberalism has no beliefs," "Unitarians are coldly intellectual"? Our day of negations is done; our affirmations thunder through the land. Reason goes hand in hand with fervor, logic sweeps unconsciously into rhythm, the theologian is transformed into the seer and the prophet.

A. W. B.

LITERATURE, even more than science, is destructive of sectarianism. It is cosmopolitan. It appeals to universal sympathies, and it reflects the wants and aspirations of the cosmopolitan. The literary club and the literary worker are to-day bringing together in most fraternal fellowship those of widely different theological sympathies. These thoughts have been suggested by an examination of Denton J. Snider's two-volume Commentary on Goethe's "Faust." The volumes are "Privately Printed," and are, we suspect, used chiefly as adjuncts to the class work and parlor lecturing, which Mr. Snyder has conducted so successfully in many of our cities. The sub-title is in itself a mind opener,—"*a Commentary on the Literary Bibles of the Occident.*" These volumes are helps where help is necessary. Fortunate is the class or the individual that by means of this help will find the life-expanding power of this great classic.

Susanna Wesley. By Eliza Clarke. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This well printed, neatly bound volume of some 300 pages is well worthy of its place in the "Famous Women" series. It is written with "the sympathetic admiration of one in whose veins runs some of her [Susanna Wesley's] blood," and is a valuable addition to the biographies of the

Wesleys. Mrs. Wesley's letters, of which about forty are given, are very interesting for the clear insight which they give us into the character of that noble, self-denying woman. Those written to her sons are full of good advice. In one full of good counsel addressed to her son John at Oxford, she writes this: "Believe me, dear son, old age is the worst time we can choose to mend either our lives or our fortunes. If the foundations of solid piety are not laid betimes in sound principles and virtuous dispositions, and if we neglect, while strength and vigor last, to lay up something ere the infirmities of age overtake us, it is a hundred to one odds that we shall die both poor and wicked." This is but one of many equally good sayings that are worthy of thought. The book will be warmly welcomed by all lovers of the Wesleys.

THE HOME.

A Granite Man.

The day Daisy slipped her hand into her mother's for a little walk over to Aunt Amy's and back, was a particularly sunny one and savored of coming spring-time.

"The park really begins to look like itself again," said mamma, "we can take our way through it this morning, my Daisy, instead of keeping to the street sidewalk."

In the center of the park stood the noble statue of a man whose life had blest many other lives with generous deeds. The two had almost passed it when Daisy suddenly dropped her mother's hand, turned back and threw herself against the pedestal of the statue; reaching up she gave a cordial hug to the granite toes of the mighty man, whispered hurriedly, took off her mitten to pat him gently, then sprang back, and looking up in his face, laughed a regular peal of a "we-understand-each-other" kind of greeting. Then, recollecting herself again, she slipped on her mitten and demurely trotted away. Her mother, who at first had walked slowly on, having turned to see what delayed her, was just in time to catch the friendly nod and laugh which closed the greeting.

"How is it that you and Mr. A— happen to be such good friends?"

"I dreamed a nice dream about him once, and I've always liked him ever since," Daisy declared with the utmost freedom, as if it were quite the natural thing. Then after a serious moment in which the dream was evidently creeping back into her mind, the infant philosopher added: "Really, you know, it must be very lonely for him to stand up there all the time and see everybody have such good times around him, while he can't come down himself nor go 'round the least little bit, and he's just as cold when you touch him!" "Yet you took off your mitten to pat him." "Yes, 'course he likes my warm hand best! I wouldn't like to say, 'scuse my mitten,' to him, as folks do about their gloves. Prob'ly he wouldn't mind, now its cold weather and he's so kind, but I like him 'nough to take it off. Last summer just on the side the sun was shining, he felt hot, and he looks shiny now on that side, but on the shady side he was cold and didn't shine; so I liked his shady side best hot days, and his sunny side cold days." "I remember looking from the window last summer, when you and the children were out, and I always liked to see you playing around the 'granite man,' you were pretty sure to be there, too. I remember wishing that the good man's spirit might in some unconscious way bless your dear little lives."

The face which Daisy turned up to her mother was glistening with interrogation points, but they were the kind which get their answers in some other way than words, for her expression took on a quiet satisfaction, and she returned to the talk of her last summer's playtime.

"It was just truly lonesome out there playing without Willie and Bess before I could go to school, until after I

got acquainted with the granite man. Then I liked him, so I didn't mind." "How did you get acquainted with him?" "Just trying to see how long I could stand it on his hot side one day. I 'most baked! I was cross that day and didn't want to stay out anyway. I guess I was so uncomf'ble inside I tried to be so outside too. After I gave it up on the hot side I just curled all up on the grass 'round the shady side and went to sleep. That was when I dreamed he talked to me about his self." "Can you tell me what he said?" "Well,"—Daisy hesitated—"I can't tell it as the dream did. I guess he wouldn't mind if I only told my mother! But all I remember, truly, is how I liked him for being there, and how sorry I was he was to stand all alone; whether it's raining or not, winter and summer; no matter how many nice people come and look at him and think him so grand, or how many boys and girls play round and don't mind about him 'tall—he likes them best,—he knows of course he's only stone and must keep on looking away off over their heads same as the sculpture-man made him look. He can't have any of their nice love for himself, because he just stands there to mean something, and 'course they can't really love stone, you know. I felt like he was a new friend of mine, and every bit of the mad had gone out of me when I waked up."

It was curious how the child's chatter carried so much more to the mother's thought than Daisy herself could have understood. It comforted the mother to follow the little one's dream and fit her own thoughts to it. She remembered how both the shady and the sunny sides of any one who is compelled to stand firmly at a post through everything, yield protection and exposure by turns to the way-farer at his feet; how he must be with them yet not of them, and keep looking beyond. "Do you s'pose, mamma, he ever *will* come down?" Her thoughtful way of putting the question disclosed another glimpse of the dream, rather than any fear of the downfall of the statue. "He does come down to any one who thinks about him, as you and I know, for he has come very close to us, and I am sure we shall never lose him quite out of our lives now that he has entered into them." "But that is different from what stays up there." "Yes, different and yet the largest part of it, —*our* part of it, and the best for us. Surely it would be rather dreadful, especially for any one standing under, if the granite man himself should come down."

R. T. L.

A Word and a Deed.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Has cooled ten thousand parched tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

A Liberal and a Professional Faith.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS, MO., FEBRUARY 27, 1887, BY REV. JOHN C. LEARNED.

Published by the Congregation.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded out of the mouth of God."—MATT. IV. 4.

"Religion is the passion for all good."—W. M. SALTER.

When we speak of a liberal education we mean a broad, generous education, we refer to a course of study embracing many lines of research, making the mind many-sided and free. Ordinarily a liberal education has been associated with a college training; for the time was when in universities alone could men gain access to the stores of wisdom and knowledge gathered from all races and times. Then whoever had shared these unparalleled advantages stood superior to the less fortunate of his generation. He was larger-minded, clearer-sighted, better furnished with facts and the higher skill to use them. He knew what was to be known of science. He was familiar with several languages. He had followed down the great streams of human history. Nature with all its changes and its infinite variety had a meaning for him. Society was known to him in all past civilizations as well as in his own time. And what had been thought and said about God and his dealings with his children, as well as the laws of all substance and being, had some place in the furnishing of his mind.

To-day, valuable and even indispensable as the college still is, one may be liberally educated outside of college walls. Matthew Arnold tells us that culture means a knowledge of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." But the *best* is now fortunately within the reach of all. We need not longer try to read all works. It were still more vain and foolish to seek to know all that has been said and done. The best is all that is required, and the best is so little that any man in earnest can make it his own. What was in the dead languages has been translated into living languages. The press of our times places the great thoughts of all times in the very circles of our homes. The magazine and the newspaper publish the last observation of the scientist and student, making every aspect of nature or society a subject of instruction and inference.

It still remains, however, that no man is liberally educated who is not acquainted with the *best* that has been thought and known in the world. And he who knows that *best* is an essentially *different man* from him who knows it not. We have a right to expect some things of him which only by chance and by exception can we find in another. The liberally educated man may lack some things. As such he is no specialist, no professional man as yet. A liberal education is not and never was the means to a livelihood. It was to train the faculties, to develop the energies of the mind, to enlarge the thinking powers. High culture standing by itself will not keep a man from starvation; of course it should be supplemented by practical skill, coupled with some form of utility, with some technical calling. It should be followed by some branch of the "bread and butter sciences," as the Germans say. Yet we may safely assert that the time will never come when it will not be the supreme object of the best minds to gain for themselves and to secure to others the choice treasures of learning which constitute culture; which have been, and will continue to be, the surest foundation of intellectual greatness.

Of course it would not do to overlook the instances of intellectual greatness, even amounting to genius, which have sprung up under forbidding and adverse circumstances; fed with the poorest literary aliment; apparently setting at naught all the rules of sound learning; yet exerting a great influence in some field of thought or affairs. All praise to the self-made man who rises to usefulness and eminence! But too often we may find that these defects of early education, which

it was the province of the liberal studies to correct, are always afterward bitterly deplored, never quite overcome, or they leave the man, in spite of his extraordinary powers, unequal, one-sided, narrow, or unreliable.

One evidence of a good education is a good judgment, a certain balance of mind. But a good judgment implies not only a large and manifold outlook into life, but that discipline of faculties which instinctively perceives the relations of persons and things, and groups all facts under their proper laws.

Undoubtedly we must concern ourselves with the "utilities" of life, as they are called. There must be the manual industries as well as the mental. There must be the lucrative education as well as the liberal—that which shall help men win something more from life than they spend. Yet when society gives itself wholly to muscular and mercenary pursuits, its tendency is downward and sordid. The mind has necessities and rights as well as the body. The imagination must be fed, the affections called forth and exalted, the reason exercised, the soul inspired; men must be *generalists*—to coin a word—before they are specialists. They should have some perception of how broad and deep and varied life is; they should have a measure of their own powers, before they settle down into the limits of a vocation which brings them bread and shelter. They should handle and gain some knowledge of the use of many tools, before they select the one tool which is to carve their way to fortune. The boy may make more money, and in that sense a greater success, by early entrance, with little schooling, upon some business or trade; but he will make more of a man and live a happier life if he stores his mind with some things not to be found in his narrow vocation. That mechanic is a better husband, father, citizen, who, when the day's work is over, can enjoy his newspaper or a book, than he who then must twirl his thumbs or go to bed, or seek his recreation in eating and drinking. He whose occupation is to point needles, or saw clothes-pins, or turn bobbins, is a better man for that early education which led him through the mazes of mathematical thought; which in geography and history took him sight-seeing through many lands, showing him the different peoples of the world, and brought the ancient and modern times into contrast and comparison. There is a certain amount of drudgery connected with every occupation in life. There are duties in our profession which we should gladly be rid of, and which at times become very irksome. The minister, lawyer, physician, statesman, teacher and merchant has his unyielding routine as well as the clerk, or cook, or day-laborer. There will be seasons of weariness, when the rational mind revolts at anything which seems to fix us down and so abridge our liberty. But on the whole the rational man, the liberally educated man, ought to bear his necessary confinement, and even the reverses of life, best. For while the hands are bound the mind is not. Lydia Maria Child said, while on her knees scrubbing her steps, "Well, duty may tie my hands, but nothing shall confine my mind from soaring free!" Such a one from the higher outlook may reconcile himself best to the law of circumstances. He can see in the hour of close routine the way and means to better things. He looks forward with hope and rejoicing to the leisure awaiting him when he can give the mind those gracious and blessed privileges of recreation and companionship which to the cultivated seem the very crown of existence.

Many have misunderstood the significance of that general training of the schools of our own time to their great harm. They have somehow thought that this knowledge of the textbooks was to free them from work and bring them easy fortunes. But when we learn that this training of the mind is not at all to release the hands from labor or our days from wholesome care; that it is only to make us the wiser to choose and the more efficient in what we undertake, and better and more manly men in all respects; then a readjustment will set in and the fanciful follies of so many vagrant young people will cease, who now are vainly looking for easy and genteel places with nothing in particular to do. We must have this general education for all classes. The American idea in this respect is no mistake, and will not be lightly abandoned. The

whole people must be lifted up intellectually and well informed if our present form of government is to continue. Its chief dangers lie in the power of the impostor or the demagogue to excite and sway the ignorant masses. The hope of the impostor and the power of the fanatic, political or religious, lie in the increase of that class which will follow blindly or obey without thinking. Without reason, intelligence, culture, there is no limit to the influence which intrigue, fear and revolutionary schemes may have over them, turning all their prejudices and selfishness against the public weal.

There is no more a real conflict between education and labor than between capital and labor. Go into any agricultural district, into any manufacturing community, and nothing is truer than that the greater intelligence in either will disclose the greater thrift and the higher morality. Neither the farmer nor the mechanic is less industrious or frugal, or neat, or well-to-do, or more discontented, because he has received a good education, reads his daily or weekly paper, and has access to a well-selected library. Contrast the illiterate population of any land or state or city with the best communities that you and I know, and say if there is not something in mental training and the higher education to temper the passions and prejudices, to elevate the reason, and to refine the character and tastes of men.

Now what a liberal education is to a purely utilitarian or mechanical education, such seems to me the liberal faith is as compared with traditional and current systems. Orthodoxy is strictly utilitarian and professional. As the liberal education stands for the improvement of *the man*, the whole intellectual man waking up and testing all his faculties, enlarging his view of the field of life as the fit and necessary preliminary to a wise choice of vocation, so the liberal faith seeks to awaken all a man's spiritual faculties, opens the whole field of religious thought, but leaves the man unpledged except to reason and to truth. But the method of the popular faith is to start in with the *specialty*. It trusts to no man the privilege of choice as to what he will be or believe. It hastily shuts the doors if they open into the fields of inquiry or speculation, or heaps distrust if not contempt upon all peoples and doctrines lying outside the limits of a sect. It is not to be denied that this serves some very real wants. And it may be better for all those who want to be ruled, who crave authority more than they do truth, who dare not trust themselves in matters of faith, and whose chief concern is to escape some personal danger. It puts a certain check upon religious vagrancy. There are men without spiritual or rational balance who keep roaming about, not knowing what to think or do; and tired of this useless, unsteady life, are at length glad to find something definite and settled, even if false. Such persons are willing to dismiss their thinking powers henceforth for the sake of a local habitation and a name.

Yet it is in the light of these very services that orthodoxy merits the distinction of being a bread-and-butter religion. It is practical, not speculative; fixed, not progressive. The more orthodox, the less expansive and rational—distrusting reason. These qualities recommend it to many. Its type is those educators who would have a boy from the first put to a trade, with the feeling that it is of no consequence about the culture and development of his mind or his individual choice, there being a suspicion that all he could gain from books or thinking would only fill his head with fancies and follies to unsettle and ruin him at last.

In the one definite object of traditional religion lies its popular strength, and that is very great.

That object is "*to save the soul*;" and it seeks to make its scheme for this as definite as its object. This makes the motive utilitarian from first to last; and its method is a method of expedients. Its effect is not to develop the faculties, for the salvation of the soul has nothing to do with the faculties; but it gives self-satisfaction, complacency, and peace. It does not by any necessity develop virtue; for by its theory there is no merit in virtue. It has even heaped all manner of indignity upon morality—calling it the "filthy rags of righteousness." Intellectual culture, the powers of reason, have been ruled out, not merely as being no aid or

means to salvation, but as a snare to the feet. To be saved the man must submit himself to what the scheme requires. He must simply use the tools put in his hands as he is told to use them, eat the bread set before him, asking no questions. He must make the proper declarations, in the proper phrases, read the prescribed works, observe the established rites; and coming to all these with the right dispositions he will certainly settle the theological problem in the authorized way, receive the promised rewards, make the spiritual profits, and thus gain the great end of life—the salvation of the soul.

But in the liberal faith the mind is not first and last and constantly directed to this specialty or professional result of getting the soul safe lodged in the secure blessedness of another life. It is not always thinking of rewards and possession of heavenly good to be meted out hereafter as the compensation of some strict conformity to a salvation scheme here. Other aims are involved in the personal and present conditions. The objective or traditional faiths seek by any and all means to lodge the soul in the heaven of God. And by their methods, no matter what a man has done or left undone; no matter what the soul is wanting in the true discipline of life; no matter what it is worth, lacking all the acquirements of virtue; no matter how mean in intellect or reason or self-control—though this were its own fault; one sigh of contrition from the dying thief, or the life-long libertine, one word of confession from the murderer under the gallows, is adequate to secure the favor of God, rescue the soul from danger, and command the supreme object of life. In contrast to all this the liberal faith seeks first to make the soul *worth saving*; seeks by all enlarging and rational views and knowledge of the truth and exercise of virtue in this life to fit it for any higher sphere or enjoyments which await us forever in the hereafter. If its thoughts are less on the future life than on this life, it is because here are our imperative duties; here are our golden opportunities.

If all our faculties are duly exercised; if our mental, moral and spiritual natures are guided and developed as they should be (and we are enjoined to love God with all the *mind* as well as with all the *heart*); if the present state is sacredly prized and justly improved, the soul will grow and be in health. It will be worth saving, and will be saved as the natural consequence of its fidelity and earnestness. In other words, if we do our duty in the present state we have no occasion to worry over our salvation in any future state. And the chief object of the liberal faith is, not to exalt schemes and creeds and forms of confession, not rites and sacraments or any style of ecclesiastical millinery, or labor-saving mechanism, but to commend active and receptive thought, freedom from prejudice and love of truth, pure souls and virtuous living.

Mr. Lowell tells us that between the two great poets, Dante and Chaucer, there was this religious distinction: "With Dante the main question is the saving of the soul, with Chaucer it is the conduct of life." Now these two expressions may mean the same thing; but more often, as in our time, they do not. For ourselves we feel that the health of society demands of us to appeal to men in behalf of the *conductal life*. And as intellectual culture gives to the mind longer range and a truer perspective, lifts one above a certain narrowness and pettiness of judgment; so the liberal faith, whenever it really exists (for what is called that may often be spurious), enables a man to estimate more broadly and fairly the great religious problems which agitate the world. He will be little concerned for schemes of salvation, it may be; he will be only concerned for their bearing upon the conduct of life. Moreover culture, mental or religious, enables men to suspend judgment and refuse to dogmatize where the want of culture is forever insisting upon definite and decisive answers. It is how often the sign of a childish mind that must have, at once, an authoritative statement, where the disciplined mind well knows that no such statement can be honestly given. The problem is very likely beyond human power to solve, or the evidence is as yet insufficient for a clear solution. And he who has not yet learned to distinguish between what he believes or hopes, and what he knows, is not yet fitted to instruct men either in virtue or in truth. The trouble with

the man of traditions is, he must have his fixed and formulated answers at hand to meet all cases of doubt or inquiry, or he is distressed; while the man of liberal faith is perfectly content to leave many questions as he finds them—not only unanswered, but unanswerable in the light of present knowledge. He only wonders at that audacity and assumption which professes to settle, easily and once for all, and as if by divine commission, so many things that all fair reason and investigation must refuse to justify, being incompetent to determine.

Dogmatic answers are often a great comfort to a person overcome with a commission of doubt or a panic of fright; but what satisfaction can they afford to a man in his senses, rational and thoughtful? He is rather offended by that form of treatment. Unless there is greater pleasure to be gained from that stultification of the mind, which loves inactivity and prefers to be fed with what Matthew Arnold calls "claptrap," than in that calm pursuit of truth which is the privilege of the unfettered reason, then a liberal faith is best for those who are able to adopt it. This permits us to displace our poor creed of to-day with a better one to-morrow, if we can find it. We are bound only to seek and accept truth—truth of thought and of life. We would make our powers of mind more vigilant, every sensibility of right more keen, every fact of God more instructive. If life raises problems where certainty is impossible, men who claim to have it only betray thereby the paralysis which has struck their intellects. Man's destiny and sphere are dwarfed, the outlook of soul is belittled, the moment we are told that these are closed questions. We want them open—at least until the arrival of more sufficing testimony. The wing of fancy droops, aspiration dies, free-will faints and is powerless, whenever these windows out into the free, into the infinite, are barred and blinded by imprudent affirmation.

The soul will be saved if the soul is worth saving—no doubt of that. What shall we do then but mould it, build it as far as we may in the likeness of God? Let his life of reason, truth, holiness, flow in. Let it share in the unprofaned touch of his infinity. A French philosopher (Malebranche) said, "If I held truth captive I should let it fly, that I might have the pleasure of capturing it again." And surely it was not the sprig of hay or the wreath of olive leaves that rewarded the victor at the Olympian games. It was the long preparation, the discipline, the contest, in which were developed the highest results of national genius. So the true value and test of religion is not something beyond or external to the man, but something within him. Nothing outward or objective is his true measure. He shall not live by bread or for bread alone. He is not to be judged by the accidents of dress, food or shelter. He is not to be judged by the equally accidental rites he performs, nor the post he keeps, nor the prayers and professions that he makes. The attempt which he makes by some act of spiritual magic to cast the balance of his soul's fate on the side of salvation, may count as much against him as for him. But what the man is in himself; what he is at heart and by just reason; what he has made himself by the discipline of self-control and lofty aims; the faithfulness with which he has employed his powers and opportunities; the effort by which he has sought to realize in himself the perfections of God; the desire for truth, the love of equity, forgetfulness of self in the service of others; the heart responsive to all goodness, the mind open to all light;—these do indeed determine the character and the value of a man—a man's manhood—in the sight of God as really as in the sight of humanity.

We may not quiet our desires by satisfying them, for they grow faster than we can satisfy them; but we can pit one desire against another, and the greater will conquer the less. The permanent desires may, in ideal natures, conquer the transient ones. Among criminals there are no permanent desires; they have no ideal to which they strive, but they follow their animal desires without regard to consequences. The central point of character is the ideal; from that point character grows.

W. W.

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The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. One is reminded not only by the brevity of these essays, but by the cast and mould of the sentences, and the plain, fine, discriminating language, of Bacon's condensed wit and sense. The quaint, clear English, like that which has come down to us from other days, is, however, the only thing in the book that is not modern. This writer reflects the culture of to-day. He respects individuality; he is humane; he is not afraid of the truth; he believes in the future, and that justice and mercy must prevail.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The quality of these essays which impresses us throughout is one for which we can find no better word than charm. There is something in their manner which is pleasing and delightful to a very high degree. Their quaintness, their archaic simplicity of manner and turn of phrase, have much to do with this. Very likely a critic here and there will say that the style is artificial and affected, but if the impeachment cannot be denied, it is certain that the artificiality is agreeable, and the affectation wonderfully pleasant. We do not imagine that Mr. Blake has chosen any of the great essayists for a model. But it is evident that, like all the essayists, he is a lover of his kind, that he has read them carefully and lovingly, and some of the colors from their palettes have been floated off upon his own. Perhaps it is Bacon more than any other who is subtly echoed here and there. But Mr. Blake is a lover of them all, and quotes from them with generous admiration. Nor has he hesitated, in two or three instances, to revert to subjects which the genius of Bacon has already touched and beautified—praise, anger, death, vainglory. It would be a daring thing to say that Mr. Blake's essays on these subjects are much better than those of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but "a consensus of the competent" would probably assign to them a greater value relatively to the needs and problems of the present time.—*The Index*.

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—Last week the Woman's Club held its annual meeting, and a large amount of good work accomplished was reported. Through the influence of this club, a woman physician has been appointed at the State Insane Asylum, another at the County Infirmary. A free kindergarten has been maintained throughout the year. Important legislation, both municipal and state, has been accomplished, or put in the way of accomplishment. The report of the "Protective Agency for Women and Children" shows that one hundred and twenty-seven complaints have been attended to. The detailed report of these cases is exceedingly interesting. We know of no more active or wholesome influence in the city than that exerted by the Woman's Club. Mrs. Lucretia Heywood is President and Mrs. E. E. Marean is the Recording Secretary-elect.

—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association held its February meeting on Thursday, the 24th, at the Church of the Messiah. There were nearly one hundred ladies present. An excellent paper was given by Mrs. F. A. Johnson; topic: "Evolution of Religious Freedom." The discussion was opened by Mrs. Marean and became quite general. A good many ladies spoke briefly, and Mrs. Effinger and Mrs. West quite at length. The meeting adjourned at the usual time to meet March 31st, at the Third Church.

MRS. GEO. D. BROOMELL, Sec'y pro tem.

Boston Notes.—The daily papers report Rev. James Freeman Clarke with a hope of soon being about town again.

—Our Benevolent Fraternity of churches are holding, in the chapel in Parmenter street (a decayed section of our city), popular Sunday evening meetings, with much solo and chorus singing and instrumental accompaniment.

—The fiftieth anniversary of its present ministry under Rev. C. A. Bartol, and the one hundred and fiftieth of its foundation, was, on March 1st, celebrated by prayer and hymn and by addresses from all our oldest ministers, and from some prominent ministers of other denominations.

—In 1737 Boston had a homogeneous and a semi-patriarchal population.

—February 22d is, in Massachusetts, a legal holiday, and in city and suburbs it is quite generally given over to church festivals, with marches, dances, or historical exhibitions for the juveniles.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale will spend March in Florida and other southern states.

—The valuable Public Adult Schools closed March 11. It is stated that in 1754 the first Adult Schools were organized in North Wales. Lessons in reading the Bible were given on Sunday evenings in the parish chapels to pupils from six to seventy years of age. In 1811, in Wales, children and adults were taught separately. In 1812 the first English Adult Schools were opened in Bristol—Bible reading was taught. In 1813 writing was added as a study amid fierce opposition and large withdrawals of subscriptions. The first American Adult Schools were opened by the Warren Street Chapel, Boston. They are now made into public schools in many cities and towns in the United States.

—Rev. William P. Tilden partially supplies the pulpit of Rev. J. F. Clarke, who slowly improves in strength.

—All theatrical shows have during Lent retreated to the extreme northern cities, according to their well-known business rule for March, April and May. A movement is already making towards unusual inducements and an unusually large attendance on our Boston anniversary meetings in May.

Philadelphia.—The Mr. Gilbert who recently came out from the Methodist church speaks for Mr. Ames on the morning of the 6th.

—It is probable that Reynolds from Boston, Camp from Brooklyn, and all the liberal teachers in Philadelphia, including Weston, will participate in the dedication ceremonies and conference near at hand in Camden.

—Thomas B. Harned has read a paper on Walt Whitman before the Unity Ethical Association connected with Haskell's church.

—Mr. Ames has been preaching a series of sermons in delineation of his spiritual experiences on the journey from orthodoxy upward. They are replete with the homely, wise sayings which one may always expect from him.

—Weston has given two addresses on Buddha, and has been listened to by audiences generous in size and weight.

—Miss Porter, who edits *Shakespeareana*, is about to read a paper before the women's section of the Ethical Culture Society.

—The Emerson Circle at Germantown continues its readings. The average attendance is more than twenty. At present they are considering "English Traits."

—Although Unitarians and Universalists here pretty freely fellowship each other, there is one of the Universalist preachers who refuses to regard Unitarians as Christians, and consequently holds himself aloof from association.

—An attempt made at the Academy of Natural Sciences to frown down the free utterances of lecturers in the direction of evolution led to a very ill success. H. L. T.

Humboldt, Iowa. Here is a neatly printed calendar for Sunday evening services, running from the last of October to the first of June, giving titles of lectures and special services, in which sixteen different members of the parish take part, many of them young men and women, whom we recognize as having grown up in this parish work; for instance, we notice that the "Children's Christmas Service" was to be in charge of Miss Edith Prouty; that March 6th there was to be a "Service of Freedom," with a paper on Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Mary Taft. April 3d, the paper will be on John Howard, by Minnie Avery. It seems to us but yesterday when in our campaigning days these were three little girls in the Humboldt Sunday-school, who listened with delightful attention to what "Uncle Jenk" had to say. Among other topics are found Gladstone, Emerson, Victor Hugo, "Religion in Art," etc., etc. If there is another Unitarian parish east or west who can and will show such a corps of lay-workers on high themes as this little parish far out on the Iowa prairie, UNITY and its readers are anxious to hear from it. Why is

it so? We answer: 1. Humboldt was planted upon an idea. S. H. Taft founded his colony there with religion, morals and reform, on the banner around which the immigrants rallied. 2. The "Humboldt College," which so many Unitarians east and west mourn as dead, lives in the power that makes this programme possible. We wish those who mourn ill-invested money in that institution which was born out of a great prophetic dream, might each have a copy of this programme, and that they might be able to read between the lines what the present writer can. 3. The two pastors which this church has had, have believed in ideas, and in working for them during the week-days, as well as preaching them on Sunday. 4. These two pastors happened to be women. This has had something to do with it. How much?

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—The fourth quarterly meeting of the Directors was held at the office on Thursday March 8. Present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Marean and Miss Graves. The minutes of the December meeting were read and approved. The treasurer read her report, which was accepted. Letters from absent directors were then read. The general expression was of interest in the work of the conference and hope for its continuance and increase. Mrs. Savage was "grateful" for the Post-office Mission as "another up-lifting power brought to bear upon the human race—a power whose extent and capacity are yet unmeasured." Mrs. Dow and Mrs. Hilton spoke from recent intelligence of the zeal and activity of the women of the church in Denver. Mention was made by the secretary of a box received in February from the Women's Auxiliary Conference—branch of the Church of the Disciples, Boston—containing for the Loan Library ten volumes, 884 pamphlet sermons by Doctor Clarke, twelve volumes of *Old and New*, a large package of *Registers*, copies of UNITY, with a number of miscellaneous pamphlets—all excellent for distribution. Voted, that the secretary should send the thanks of the W. W. U. C. to the donors. Some time was next devoted to the discussion of a programme for the annual meeting in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 17, which it is hoped to make attractive and of practical value.

M. H. G.

Luverne, Minn.—Less than six months ago the Western Secretary gave the first Unitarian sermons ever heard in this enterprising town, and to-day Brother Hunting writes: "We have a Sunday-school and a Bible class of twenty-five persons, adults, and a Unity circle of ladies, reading and working, and much enthusiasm. The weather has been very bad since I came—a hard storm every week and railroads blocked up, but I continue to go from Luverne to Rock Rapids, Sundays, sixteen miles travel; a Bible class and two preaching services. We will soon organize a Sunday-school here." S. S. Hunting is renewing his youth and the good work goes cheerily on in the Northwest. So may it continue until the flame of enthusiasm reaches Duluth on the North and Wichita to the South! From both these rapidly growing centers come calls to our Western headquarters for a forward movement.

Indiana, Kentucky, Ohio.—Rev. A. G. Jennings, Missionary Agent of the American Unitarian Association for the three states above named, drops in on us all aglow with interest and enthusiasm in his work. He returns from a somewhat extended tour of observation—through Richmond, Dayton, Knightstown, Westfield, Evansville, Louisville, Cincinnati and other places—with encouraging reports from several important centers, where the time seems ripe for organizing Unitarian churches. He has spoken in these cities and towns eight times, and is planning for a vigorous spring campaign with

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

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[NUMBER 3

EDITORIAL.

FROM a letter: This is one of our friends who feels in his heart his religious isolation, and lack of fellowship, in a community where there is no Church of the Spirit, but many churches of creed. He is one of a large army of such lonely souls in this great West. "I am making arrangements to leave this locality to get into a climate where there is more external, internal, and eternal light."

WE believe in local organization and the development of home resources, and so we welcome the *Unitarian Record*, a prettily printed eight-page monthly that is to be the organ of the North Middlesex Unitarian churches in Massachusetts. The general editor is Rev. J. A. Chase, and Chelmsford is the place of publication. Subscription, 25 cents per annum, or clubs of ten for \$10. Let other conferences go and do likewise.

ATTENTION has already been called in these columns to Dr. Lewis G. Janes's "Study of Primitive Christianity," but the appearance of a second edition bearing the imprint of Charles H. Kerr & Co., of Chicago, warrants the reiteration of the fact that it is a painstaking, scholarly study of great value, the reading of which will put at rest many of those in whose thoughts the ideas of Christ and Christianity are ill adjusted to their reason, and their knowledge of science and modern thought.

THE poet Longfellow wrote in his journal at Genoa: "The Strada Nuova, the most beautiful street I ever beheld,—a long succession of palaces. But what misery at their gates." This is a dreadful sight that all kind 'eyes see. Luxurious waste jostling gaunt want! The palace and the hovel. Oh the pain, the terror of having very much when "there is not enough to go round!" At Florence the poet wrote of Demidoff, a "Russian count of immense wealth, living on an income of a million dollars a year,—about two a minute."

IN the early training of children, spiritual courage, which is the most pressing of the needs of man, is rarely taught at all, or, when touched upon, is never presented except in the sense of being an adjunct to the heroism of the individual corporeally. Perhaps the most radical change needed in all popular educational methods is that which will bring about a concession of this as of the first importance. That which men may need most in early and after years it is a first duty to impart. The specific facts will come soon enough, but the spirit will never develop if the native love is maltreated.

AN important demonstration took place at Central Music Hall, this city, last Sunday. It was a joint meeting of the Clerks' Union and several Assemblies of the Knights of Labor, in the interests of Sunday closing of stores, barber-shops, markets, etc. Some fifteen-hundred people were out. Addresses were made by a large number of laboring men, and C. C. Bonny and John V. Farwell as representatives of the business men, and Messrs. Barrows (Presbyterian), Lorimer (Baptist), and Jones (Unitarian), for the clergy. The speeches were temperate but earnest; all the speakers based their plea on social and economic grounds. The demand was for a rest-day, leaving the conscience to determine its worship habits. A petition was extensively signed, asking for better legislation. The request is reasonable, and ought to be granted. Jews, Catholics and rationalistic Germans were recognized on the platform.

WE have the following from a friend: "Twenty years ago at Ann Arbor, I heard my first Unitarian sermon preached by C. H. Brigham, of sainted memory, in the old Court House. Descended from a long line of Puritan ancestors, on the mother's side, a series of ministers of the strictest sect, it was a long struggle to break away, but slowly and surely by help of Emerson and Parker especially, and the evolutionary views of Darwin and Spencer, a very glorious vantage ground has been reached, from which I can at least look over into the promised land. Pardon me for this much about myself, but I wanted to thank all UNITY workers for the comfort gotten monthly, and now weekly, from your pens."

A NEW York journalist has been investigating the latest thing in the way of "reception dresses." They are to be trimmed with jet. One of the specimens weighed 34 pounds, and another 49 pounds. These are being prepared in Lenten obscurity, but the true penance will begin when the dresses will be worn with a patience and submission such as old time devotees were wont to exercise when they wore hair shirts, or slept on naked stone. The later penance is done in honor of the goddess Fashion. If one of the ladies who will voluntarily carry this load of jet through an evening had to carry a 50 pound sack of flour home from the Grocer's, the charity organization would want to send her a "friendly visitor" in order to give her strength and encouragement.

UNITY's motto is "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion;" and the first of these three principles we have always supposed referred to what is otherwise called "free inquiry," "free thought," "freedom of the mind," "intellectual liberty," or, more specifically, as our paper has once or twice defined it, "freedom in religion, i. e., the method of free reason in reaching religious convictions, as against the method of tradition or outward authority transcending reason;" "the intellectual method by which, as Unitarians hold, men ought to reach their intellectual convictions, whatever they may be." We had further supposed that this principle, so understood, was one of the commonplaces and household words of Unitarianism, and that not *one* thoughtful Unitarian could be found, even among those who valued tradition most, who would not say, "Yes, Freedom in Religion, in just that sense, is a first and fundamental principle with all of us; we value tradition and scripture, certainly, but only as sanctioned and confirmed by reason. Nothing transcends that, nothing is co-ordinate with that." But it seems we have been mistaken. A pamphlet has lately appeared, signed by ten Unitarian ministers, which repudiates our definition. *That* is not what Unitarians mean by their principle of Liberty; *that* is "an extreme and dogmatic rationalism," and "extreme rationalism has never been a Unitarian essential." The true Unitarian principle of liberty means "simply that character should not be tested by doctrines," and that one has "the right to speak his convictions without danger of personal obloquy;" so say the Ten Signers, and they are very thoughtful men. We have felt of late that a little more of *their* kind of Unitarian liberty would be a good thing too; but some of the sentences in "Doctor Channing's Note-book," just published, so well illustrate our own mistaken conception of Freedom in Religion, that in another column a few of them are printed. If not profitable to our brethren "for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," they at least give ourselves some comfort. But then, not all persons are Channing Unitarians.

NUMBER 10 of the tracts in the "Social Purity" series, published by the "W. T. P. A.," is written by Anna Garlin Spencer, and is entitled "Literature and Vice." It is one of the most timely utterances we have seen for some time. After calling attention to the amount and character of pernicious reading, she speaks of the duty of parents in the following vigorous terms:

"There are two inflexible rules which every parent should obey and make the child obey, in respect to all reading outside of that required and suggested by a competent and trusted teacher in connection with school work. The first rule is, *get the best and widest knowledge possible to you in respect to mentally and morally desirable books and papers for your children to read.* The second rule is, *allow no child to read anything which you have not selected yourself understandingly.*

"What would be thought of a parent who turned a baby loose upon a table of indigestible and poisonous foods and drinks prepared for feasting grown-up and depraved appetites, and let it eat and drink at will? Yet, inasmuch as the mind and conscience are more precious and costly than the body, to permit a child to range, unattended and unrestrained, through the field of literature, is far more murderous and criminal!

"There can be hardly one mother in all America so isolated from educated people, or so poor in literary opportunity, that it is impossible for her to get something good, wholesome and attractive for her children to read. Cheap editions of standard books, and low-priced magazines, free libraries, and friendly advisers among ministers and teachers and helpful people, abound. It is failure to appreciate at its full power the evil that is in bad or poor literature, rather than inability to find out and procure good literature, which is the real trouble. It is the failure of ordinary parents to appreciate the duty to control and protect the growing mind, as of the same binding importance as the protection and care of the little body, which is the real trouble in this matter. It is, deeper than all, *a false taste and vitiated moral judgment in the parents themselves* that leave the children a prey to bad and silly books and papers. Let the parents "begin at Jerusalem." Let them cultivate in themselves a refined taste, a discriminating mental choice, and a real elevation of moral feeling respecting literature, and then they can and will surround their children with reading matter which will be altogether helpful."

Saint Patrick.

On Thursday, March 17, was celebrated one of the most universal Saints Days in christendom. Not even the boasted tap of the British drum equals it in its universality. St. Patrick dates so far back that of necessity the details of his life are buried in obscurity, and his name is overlaid with florid growth of miracle and myth. But enough is known to warrant us in believing that beneath this growth there must have been a large-minded, great-hearted, and strong-handed man, who in one lifetime and without bloodshed essentially changed the religious tendency of a whole people. Humanity never yet deified a pigmy or glorified a spiritual dwarf.

This festival also leads us to a reconsideration of a strange and interesting people, a people that is represented by the electric O'Connell, the heroic Emmett, the wit of Sheridan, and the fancy of Moore, as well as the "Pat" and the "Paddy" which are associated with the whiskey bottle and the shovel, a people whose home once deserved the title of the "Island of Saints and Sages," a people who have been the pioneer's schoolmaster in all English frontiers, for many centuries, and for the tardy recognition of whose wrongs a permanent glory gathers around England's great statesman—Gladstone.

Back of the people is the mother-church, which demands our attention. St. Patrick's own connection with Rome was very slender if there was any at all. He probably represented that Christianity that reached the British isles before Romish ecclesiastics did; but still St. Patrick to-day belongs to the Romish church, which is the most stupendous projection

of the human mind and heart into an outward organization known to history. So sublime is it in its ideals; so comprehensive is it in its realization; so cosmopolitan is it in its communicants; so majestic are its cathedrals; so stately its rituals; so magnificent its art; so searching its standards of self-abnegation; so present its restraining power over the lives of men; so divine its actual charities,—that all combine to silence quibbling and grumbling. It is a stupendous though imperfect model of that actual catholic church, the church universal toward which all true thinking and high living depend.

Back of the church this festival suggests an inquiry as to what constitutes true sainthood. We know not what secures admission into the calendar of Rome; but the real saint is made not by credulity but by inquiry. Investigation as well as submission is a road that leads to the power of God. Archbishop Hughes boasted that Ireland had no Hierarchy, but if this is true, so much the worse for Ireland. He is the true saint who is manly, who has the power to shape circumstances, who keeps serene in the face of danger, and sweet in the presence of hatred. He is the *saint* who carries heavenly grace here on earth, who traffics in the humane instincts, who has refinement of mind, and delicacy of soul, to whom nothing human is foreign, nothing lowly is ignoble, nothing common is unclean. He is a saint who disarms hate with love, drives error off the field, with weapons of truth; he is a saint who makes the Lord's business his own, and then minds his own business. That man or woman is saintly that is gentle, and still strong; free, and yet reverent; independent, and yet devout. No vote of cardinals is necessary to admit this one into the calendar of holy saints, i. e. whole men and women they are already apostles, and martyrs, priests, and prophets in the true catholic church that, without creed, and without pope, is now the church universal, that commands universal respect, whose communicants already link the centuries and encircle the globe.

Facts.

Charles D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, New York, writes us, with his usual wide and warm wisdom: "A high place is to be assigned to works that speak to the imagination in the young mind—in all minds for that matter. It is this element, the beautiful symbolism found oft there, that gives for me the charm to studies of mythology, and the 'Thousand and One Nights' is a great storehouse of quickening suggestions, full of stimulus and enlargement to the soul, as we penetrate the meaning of this magnificent oriental imagery. I find very much the same in Norse, Greek and Hindu mythology; yes, even in the mythic conception of savage races, as I am able to get access to them." These are wise words, we say, and in some quarters needful, for we have met grown men and women who either were so little of children at any time of their lives, or have so far ceased to be children (which is the same as being far from the kingdom of Heaven), that they actually despised everything but what they called "facts" in the education of the young. But a thing may be fiction and yet fact. A picture is the very embodiment of truth, if it be a good picture, albeit it is neither a creature nor a landscape itself; but it is a presentation of these same by the human mind, and what the human mind adds thereto is a very great and instructive fact, indeed. What is a fact? Is it merely a thing! Surely not. Is it merely relations between things? Something more than these; for an expression of the relations is itself a fact, ay, an important fact. And if that expression be in glowing and imaginative forms, I know not but the expression itself may be a fact every whit as important as the truth expressed. Our revered and learned teacher, Doctor Noyes, advised us, long ago, to have fiction and poetry in ample proportion among our few books. Whoever lets his imagination lie shut, how wide-awake soever his reason, is like a person with one eye—he never sees quite straight, and some things that require two eyes he never sees at all. It is a truth

and even a blessed truth, that an imagination well stored with beautiful images is as wholesome to the soul as a memory filled with scientific knowledge, or a mind ripe with reason. One kind of knowledge, very valuable for happiness, the reason never will reap alone in its fullness: I mean the knowledge to judge justly and move wisely toward others in life. For imagination and reason must serve each other like sisters, and both be handmaids of the heart, which is ill served if either be wanting. No one will judge another well, or help him best, who has not quick imagination to put himself in another's place and weave in his own mind a map of another's mental and moral journey, albeit he has set no foot in it himself. This is akin to that power which Galton calls "visualizing"—indeed in many situations it is the same thing, and this power Galton sets very high, and says it is rare. No doubt it is rarer than what are called understanding, reason and the like—which is one cause of the lack of sweet wisdom among men, while knowledge so much abounds. Let him who would know events keep his eyes open, and him who would use them keep his mind open; but let him who would gather them into a unity be open in all faculties, and fill his soul with pictures. Let the children have fairy lore, and enchanter's enchantments. And woe be to him from whom this tide has ebbed and left him dry. He is like a crab who faces the sea but has forgotten it, and walks backward up arid sands.

J. V. B.

Orthodoxy and Ethics.

Among the several addresses heard from Phillips Brooks during his stay at Philadelphia, there was one in which the ethical constitution of the universe was so beautifully and generously interpreted that a listener of radical faith could have felt nothing but gratification in being so confirmed. It was as though Emerson had at last given root to orthodoxy, and Gannett had been echoed in a land heretofore under his reproach. It did, indeed, seem proper enough for Brooks personally to project his thought beyond lines of orthodox custom, but that the fashionable assemblage about him should have been asked to look upon such a picture is unusual and happy. And yet this is not an assumption that Brooks took the most advanced position, but simply the remark that he reached out towards it, in terms to some extent theological, but with human sympathy ever in the foreground. Such incidents are evidences of religious growth. In the presence of a Presbyterian clergyman recently discoursing of the love of God, some of us were much struck with a curious impression he left upon our minds. We found that when he spoke of God, he put up barriers, seemed to encourage dissension, sought out differences, enforced hatred, outlined in a time-worn fashion certain things of the spirit as though they were lost and forsaken; but when he had turned from his speculation to the love he knew to abound in human hearts, he was all generosity, inclusiveness, gentleness, invitation. Now, this man endeavored to philosophize an identity of his two moods, with what dismal effect, to one who might deeply ponder it, may be imagined, yet the real divine force for which he appealed must reside in his larger rather than his narrower definition, for the love thus outgoing turns again to the ethical significance of the universe. It is not whether you can comprehend the ultimate circle of things, but whether you rightly estimate your relationship to it all and really respond to such conditions. Because man knows so little of the world at large, it need not follow that his impression is altogether unreal. It is a strange front the orthodox lines present at this day. With every practical bent in the drift to affirm the purely ethical basis of life, there is a painful effort to make the new thing mean the old, as if there could be no weakness to follow upon that unnatural association. Goethe saw clearly enough in Faust the larger meaning of modern discovery. Science does not suppose atheism, pessimism, surrender to despair, but a vaster hope, a broader horizon, a gentler, profounder sum-

moning of men to their duties. And Goethe, in discerning that this thought might never grow into definite shape, after any strictly pictorial manner, did not assume the necessity of absolute exposition. With the optimist's eye, who may not see to God? And though the lips dare not utter the name, how often the heart arises to it when venturing all for the moral law! And this is the recognition for which the Radical faiths, in common with Brooks and our Presbyterian fellow-believer, are pledged, whether nomenclature is united upon or not. All ripe thought at this day has the one direction. It is not orthodox Christians alone who feel themselves present to a scene pulsing with ethical influences. Many, who disclaim any desire to be of the current faiths, are allied with them, in so far as they are mutually invested with reverence for "the law of duty within." And the religious outcast may well feel that he, too, participates in a larger purpose than can be destroyed by the momentary stupidity or passion of men. Though none of the platforms indorse him, the universe is his if he be rightly sensible of its suggestions.

This is the topmost round of faith, and when we witness it, we have no need to put theological questions to its owner. The world is centered upon the cosmic men, who put themselves into instant relationship with universal ends. And the first step by which to gain that vantage ground consists in a realization of the infinite sway of beauty, law and justice. Orthodoxy could never wholly see this result, because it holds itself to the necessity for contradictions and dissensions. As the eye loses its passion and gains in sensibility to the universal, the inevitable conviction comes sweetly to human heart, and takes calm possession, just as if it knew the day had been waiting all along for its joyous arrival. When men once surrender everything to love—to justice—in their bearing one towards another, the fear of atheism in the word will die in a glow of divinity in the fact. Welcome to Brooks that he forefeels the larger day! Welcome to the sweet Presbyterian who dethrones his false God with love, and makes divinity manifest in seeming to deny it! The brain and heart of man are to come right, after the worst has been done and said that is possible to him.

H. L. T.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Uplifts of Heart and Will.

Uplifts of eager heart and earnest will!

Pulsings of soul!—

These, in their high, unintermittent surge,
Make Being whole.

Surgings of Spirit tow'ards the unknown source
Whence cometh all;

Surgings of Will to Duty, fair or hard,
Whate'er befall:

Ambitions high, to follow nobly out
The earthly Real;

Resolves no less to breathe heaven's purer air—
The far Ideal!

Struggling for self—to win and nobly use
Time's fairer good;

Strugglings sublime for others—to make fact
Man's brotherhood.

Not surgings for an hour to rush and roar,
And then subside;
But higher, holier surgings, that shall pour
In endless tide.

These are the Race, the Goal, the Home, the God,
In all earth's strife;

These are and shall be ever, soul of our soul,
Life of our life.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Spirit of Jesus.

BY AN ENGLISH LAYMAN.

"Now if any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."
—Rom. VIII, part of 9th v.

Dr. Norman McLeod once said, or wrote—I forget which—"As for church government, I always look on it as a question of dress, of clothes—or, rather, of spectacles. What suits one eye won't suit another." He might have said this of a good many things beside "church government." Half, nay, nearly all, the contests about religion and religious beliefs resolve themselves into the question of the mode of looking at these matters; and people will never get thoroughly to understand each other on these and kindred subjects until they recognize, more fully than they generally do, the standpoint of those from whom they differ. If you carefully study the controversies that are going on at the present time, or those that have recently subsided, you are pretty sure to find that the controversialists rarely grasp the fact that each side looks at the matter from an entirely different point of view to the other. It is this that makes nearly all controversy such a wearisome thing, especially to those who would like to see more of agreement than of difference. And yet controversy, particularly when it is between fair-minded persons, is a very useful thing. It makes one look into matters that are too apt to be lost sight of; it serves very often to confirm a faith too loosely held, or to destroy a false belief based on wholly insecure foundations.

There is, however, to controversy this unpleasing aspect, namely, that as a rule the subject matter is very trivial. This very triviality has a tendency to make the disputants veil their pettiness in big words and sounding phrases, and to give the controversy an appearance of importance wholly in excess of its real merits. The exact meaning of some particular word, the relative merits of some particular phrase, the value to be attached to some isolated act, call forth more animated debate, more searching into the pros and cons of the matter than it at all justifies; and all the time men lose sight of the spirit, the essential life, in the dust thrown about by the noisy rivals. For, be it remarked, the search for truth, which frequently can only be carried on by questioning, and refusing to take for granted all the beliefs that have had a long historical pedigree, is a very different thing from controversy. In the latter case the desire for victory over an opponent is regarded as of far more value than the establishment of the truth of some particular proposition: in the former, the skeptical attitude is assumed with the sole object of getting at the truth. I doubt then whether on the whole controversy is of much permanent service to the cause of truth, unless indeed it be carefully guarded, and the parties engaged in it be animated by the desire,—alas, too rare!—of thereby arriving at the truth. Bacon in one of his essays says: "As those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone, so are those doctrines best and sweetest which flow from a gentle crush of the scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and common-places." And this expresses pretty much the view I have presented as to the merits and demerits of controversy.

It would be a nice calculation, were it only possible, for the theological statistician to ascertain what is the extent in time that the progress of religion has been hindered by discussions about the veriest trifles. If all the energy bestowed upon these could only have been spent in urging the claims of pure and undefiled religion upon the world, a very different spectacle would be presented from that which we now see around us. Even now we have not learned the full lesson that the life and example of Jesus have taught us, because of the controversies that have been

carried on about his nature and person: even now there is more vitality displayed as to the right of certain persons to be called "Christians," than as to the best method of spreading the religion which Jesus sought to teach.

It is, I admit, very difficult to do that which it is of the utmost importance to do, namely, to get at the spirit of a thing and not to allow oneself to dwell too much upon the mere outward covering in which that spirit is enfolded. It is doubtful whether one can ever wholly shake off the prepossessions that education, or training, or temperament, give birth to. I don't believe in a thoroughly impartial historian: he will not be an effective one, depend upon it. I can conceive it possible that persons may be found willing to do justice to the opinions of others from whom they differ; but, unless they have no opinions themselves, in which case they will possess no merits as historians at all, they cannot be wholly impartial. It is better to recognize this at once, and to correct whatever mistakes we may be likely to fall into by making ample allowances for the standpoint of the author. In this way we may succeed in arriving at the truth.

There is another thing, too, which must be borne in mind, and that is, that in reading of the life of some great man, or the history of some particular period, you cannot in the latter case draw a fixed line and say, "here this period begins, and here it ends;" nor in the former case can you say that the man's life really ends when he ceases to breathe. For a man's life is not simply the vital principle by which he lives and moves and has his being: it is the spirit by which he not only acts himself, but causes others to act, by which he exerts an influence far beyond his immediate circle. It is not enough then to chronicle the date of a man's birth, what he said, what he did, and when he died, if you wish to find out all about him. All this may be very important to know, but it is not *all* that one should know. Just think for a moment how true this is of the life of Jesus.

There are four biographies of him which are extremely incomplete. What do they tell us? We get from two of them a sort of genealogical tree; we are told that the circumstances of his birth were very different from those of most children; numerous sayings of his are reported; there are stories told as to certain miraculous acts said to have been done by him; some beautiful parables are ascribed to his authorship; the circumstances which led to his death are told with some slight degree of variation; and certain manifestations are recorded of what took place immediately after his death. How meager, in one sense, all this is! We know nothing of him during the period covered from the cradle to his going to Jerusalem when about 12 years old, nor during the period extending from that time till the commencement of his ministry, when he was about 30 years of age. Does what we read in the four Gospels tell us all we feel to know about Jesus? Must not we know something of the history of the centuries that have elapsed since the body of Jesus was laid in the sepulcher hewn out of the rock, if we wish to get at his spirit, at the real influence he exerted? As a thoughtful writer has recently expressed it, "the real history of Jesus is found, not only in the Gospels, but in that sum total of all the influences which as inspirations from him have been, and still are, shaping the world's thought and life."

All this goes to show that when we fix our gaze upon one portion of his career, or on one special phase of his character, or on one particular act of his, we get a very incomplete notion of the man, his life and work. And here it is that creeds do so much mischief. Attempting to sum up very shortly all that is necessary to believe, they not only exclude much that it is important to take into consideration, but they tend to fix all thought upon just that which is included, and that only. Thus men come to regard all that is outside of the included statement of belief as calculated to do harm to the believer and to weaken his faith. Their whole strength is used to defend the creed from destruction; their whole object is to ward off attack; and they attain this by pains and penalties, restrictions and threats, so that thought, which

should be free as the air, becomes "cribbed, cabined and confined," and truth is lost sight of in the desire to maintain a proposition, which, however tenable it may be, can after all contain but a portion of the truth.

(Continued next week.)

Death.

The gentle summons comes not late,
The darkness falls unsought;
We bridle not the ways of Fate,
Whose soul the heavens wrought.

There is no day too quick for thee,
Nor yet a night too dark;
Thy children wander by the sea,
And at thy will embark.

He who had faced the storms of years,
And paled not at thy tread,
Made deeds of days, and love of fears,
Till Life and Death were wed.

M. L. T.

Woman's Help to Women.

We hear much of the labor question, yet, perhaps, not enough. The stories of the hardships of sewing-women in New York and other large cities make one heart-sick. Every woman must wish to do something to better such a state of things, and I think it is possible for women to abolish many of these wrongs at once and directly.

For one thing, avoid the ready-made garments which are so alluringly cheap. Remember that, cheap as they are, they represent a considerable profit to jobber and merchant. They are cheap because of the starvation wages of the poor women who make them,—sometimes working sixteen hours a day for twenty-five cents. Deal directly with the working-women. Pay *them* for the value their work has added to the raw material. This alone would be a great benefit to them; but we can help them still more by simplifying our dress.

To the eye of a painter or a sculptor, our unhealthfully heavy drapery and profuse trimmings are distasteful. Can we not educate ourselves to this point? Can we not really *believe* that the highest outcome of culture is simplicity?

I recently heard a gentleman talking in this strain, denouncing in no measured terms the waste of time and strength involved in such dressing. A dressmaker present said: "What you say may be true, but remember that it gives employment to many poor women who could ill afford to have their income lessened." From her standpoint she was right, and many people justify their superfluities on this ground. But from an employer such an argument is absurd. If a woman can afford to pay ten dollars for an elaborately made dress, she can afford to pay ten dollars for one simply made. Indeed, she can better afford it, since the material costs her less. Her dress would thus occupy less of her time and thought, while to the dressmaker it would mean comparative leisure and possible culture. Is there anything to be said against it but the one word "fashion"? A few leading women could soon make *this* fashionable.

When your seamstress comes to do the family sewing, ascertain what constitutes a day's work on the ruffled, tucked, and puffed garments which your neighbor's children wear. If she can probably make two of their aprons in a day, she can probably make three or four of your simple ones, but she ought not to be allowed to do it. When the two garments are done, feel that she has earned her day's wages, and send her to browse in the library, to inspect your flower-garden, or to take a brisk walk in the open air. You owe this to humanity. No woman can sew continuously six days in the week, and week after week, without suffering for it. Whatever undermines the health of women, inflicts a direct and far-reaching injury on the race. To my mind, there is nowhere in the Bible greater wisdom displayed than in the exemption of the

mother of the race from any command to toil, when Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden.

While this woman is beneath your roof, you can protect her from overwork, and you ought to do it. Depend upon it, her life will be brighter and better always for such consideration, you will be better for the thoughtful kindness, and your children will be better for the plain clothing. This is *true* charity—love—which, unlike conventional charity, detracts nothing from the independence and self-respect of the recipient.

Observe the time ordinarily required for your washing. When your washer-woman comes next time, instruct her in your new way of washing which greatly shortens the time and lightens the labor. She will look askance at this, naturally, for longer hours mean more pay to her, and this is her only source of income. When the work, which before took most of the day, is done at eleven o'clock, do not say, as many women do: "It is not worth more than fifty cents to-day," but rather think: "To this poor woman who supports her family by washing, the improvement in her craft rightly belongs; I can afford to pay her what I did last week." Is it not enough for you to know that you have given her a few more hours in the home which so sadly needs her? Better than money or baskets of groceries at Christmas is it to give the children their mother.

So in all departments it is possible for women of means and leisure to raise and help their overworked sisters,—not by charity suppers and balls, nor relief funds, however great, but by serious thought and inquiry into the best methods of work. When such methods and appliances are found, they must not be allowed to fail of their mission as the sewing-machine has done. They should be given to the working-women, and used not that the rich may save more, or enjoy more for the same money, but that the poor, by honest labor, may *earn* more and have more leisure.

LIDA MINNISS BROWN.

Freedom in Religion.

SENTENCES FROM "DOCTOR CHANNING'S NOTE-BOOK."

"To those here and across the water whose lives are bound up with all movements for freedom, this little book, as a voice for individual liberty, will carry its own special welcome; and to the friends of Channing everywhere it is offered."—So reads the dedication of the "Note-Book."

If there be one interest dear to me on earth, it is the freedom of the human mind. If I have found my existence a growing good,—if I have gained any large views of religion or my own nature,—if I have in any measure invigorated, I know nothing to which, under God, I am so indebted as to my freedom. This has been breath of life to me.

Worlds should not tempt me to bend my mind to the yoke which Christians here bear. I owe too much to intellectual liberty. If I have made any progress,—here the spring.

We want no limits to the range of the human mind.

The veracity of reason can neither be proved nor disproved, for we must use reason for the process. To doubt whether reason be credible, is it not equally unreasonable?—for doubt is an act of reason.

Freedom is the well-being of a rational nature. To take it away is to violate the essential law and aspiration of that nature.

I am to live listening to the voice in my own soul, and to no other but as sanctioned by this.

He who adopts conscience, the opening *law*, as his guide, breaks all other laws both of thought and action. Prejudice is renounced. Unbounded truth is his aim.

We cannot chain our future selves—this is well. We might obstruct growth, fix permanently our present weaknesses or narrow views. But in following present conscience as conscience, we are doing much towards determining our minds to future following of it. The true loftiness is a feeling

that there is a divinity within us—a law superior to outward authority—a self-directing, according to the voice of God within.

What may be right for me to-day may be wrong for me to-morrow. Some new impression, knowledge, power, may entirely vary my duty. No other is the judge.

The care which I take of my own mind would be usurpation if extended to another. Each is to act from his own inward law.

It were better for a man to do a wrong act in obeying his own conscience, than a right one in obeying mine.

I am sure Christianity will endure because it is founded on man's nature—answers to his deepest wants—his essential and noblest wants. I do not say that what we now call Christianity is to live forever. I think not—I hope not. Christianity is obscured—almost lost.

The church is meant to make the free spirit, to aid its flight to God, not to subject it to *man*.

We have no forms in domestic life. Friendship has none. Is not religion more free? The heart has its own mode of utterance, free, spontaneous. The soul is too great for forms—to bring it out is the end of churches—machinery keeps it in.

It is as incongruous to profess religion as to profess benevolence.

The adoration of goodness—this is religion.

Man would confine Thee to his church—would subject Thee to his interests. We adore Thee as Infinite.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Home Life of Great Authors. By Hattie Tyng Griswold. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1887.

Though it may seem that this book has received tardy notice at our hands, it has not been for lack of interest in it. It has been written chiefly for those busy people who have not time for much reading and yet feel sufficient interest in great writers to wish to know more about their private life and personal experiences. There is, of course, no attempt to give complete biographies of these thirty-four authors, all but four of whom wrote in English, but the story of their lives is told with running comment and contemporary gossip that is sometimes amusing, often pathetic and always interesting. We never look over a book of this kind without a certain feeling of sadness. Will those who read of the faults, even sins recorded here, remember, too, the offsetting virtues and the peculiar temptations? Dr. Hedge has spoken of the way some people read biography. "Burns drank; Coleridge took opium; Byron was a rake; Goethe was cold;—by these marks we know them." Mrs. Griswold has touched on the frailties with a light hand, and shown that tenderness of the truer appreciation. She was fortunate, too, in finding so many great authors for whose private lives she needed to seek neither excuse nor explanation.

It seems ungracious to criticize even slightly a book in which almost everything is well done, but we cannot help wishing that the sketch of Goethe had not been the first one in the book. Instead of a picture of Goethe in his home life, we have chiefly an account of the different women who at one time or another exercised a fascination over his errant heart. Hardly a word is said concerning his relations with others. No account is made of his life at Weimar, and there is not a single mention either of the sister or the friends, whose influence helped him and without whom his private life can hardly be guessed, much less appreciated. This criticism would be entirely unnecessary except for the fact that Goethe's character is too often looked at in this light alone.

We hope that this book will stimulate its readers to go to these writers themselves to discover the secret of their influence; otherwise it would fail of the higher purpose which Mrs. Griswold doubtless had in mind as she wrote it. That young man who "knew all about the German philosophers except their philosophy," might have enjoyed this book, but

he certainly would not have deserved it. It will have a better fate, and minister to those who will know books better because of this acquaintance with their writers. It is well worth possessing, too, by those who have already well-filled libraries, for the reason that it presents in small compass those facts which one often wishes to verify.

E. E. M.

Doctor Channing's Note Book. Passages from the unpublished manuscripts of William Ellery Channing. By Grace Ellery Channing. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"They did all eat and were filled; and they took up of the fragments that remained twelve baskets full." The old story comes to mind as now, nearly fifty years after Doctor Channing's death and more than fifty since his word has been passed about as bread of life among the multitude, this little basket full of "fragments that remained" is offered us. They are simply sentences gleaned with careful study from his unpublished manuscripts, and reproduced without change or revision, notes jotted down in "the absolute unrestraint of self-communion," as he read and thought in his study—there on the other side of 1842. The title of the book just fits it. Here and there a broken sentence shows the pen poised while the thought flowed on unworded. In the "Life" of Channing we find this picture: "If he is reading, he studies pen in hand, and his book is crowded with folded sheets of paper, which multiply as trains of thought are suggested. These notes are rarely quotations, but chiefly questions and answers, qualifications, condensed statements, germs of interesting views; and when the volume is finished, they are carefully selected, arranged, and under distinct heads, placed among other papers in a secretary. If he is writing, the same process of accumulating notes is continued, which at the end of each day or week are also filed. The interior of the secretary is already filled with heaps of similar notes arranged in order, with titles over each compartment. When a topic is to be treated in a sermon or essay, these notes are consulted, the reflections, conjectures, doubts, conclusions of many years are reviewed, and then, with treasures of memory orderly arranged he fuses and recasts his gathered ores under the warm impulse of the moment." Probably to that secretary we owe this "Note-Book." To read in it is like surprising Channing at his work; it is to watch a prophet *getting* his inspiration. In our modern days note-books go, as they ought, before the oracle, and after the inspiration comes the interlineation. Witness Emerson in both respects. Channing himself said it: "I have great faith in inspiration; but it is a fruit and reward of faithful toil, not a chance influence entirely out of our power."

The folded sheets have now become a hundred pages of dainty paper, print and binding, in which the sentences are grouped under forty-nine subjects—subjects moral, social and religious, not theologic. Some of the sayings are but a few words long; none more than ten or twenty lines. If there is nothing very new or striking, there is much that is very noble and characteristic, and now and then a crystal of expression. "Home—the nursery of the Infinite." "Many traverse Heaven without meeting God there." "There is never so much novelty as when the new is seen in the old." Did the grave eyes smile at all as he wrote: "A man might pass as insane who should see things as they are"? Did he think of himself—for he *had* a true worker's sense of vocation—as he wrote: "There is one great office in life—that of Soul Quickener"? He did *not* think of himself, though his test of genius suggests himself to others, as he wrote, "That is a work of genius which partakes of the eternal and unchanging; which associates itself with all that we see and is confirmed by the development of time and our own nature. Shakespeare is as a prophet whose writings are fulfilled by all which takes place." Himself again in a portrait of "the true manner:" "Perfect self-possession—arising not from high opinion of ourselves, but from moral superiority to opinions—this is the true manner. This is carrying reverence for virtue into common movements." And here is Channing's thought of the sources of joy and peace: "Joy comes from having *great*

interests, not from idleness; from great affections not from selfishness; from self-sacrifice, for this knits souls; from great hopes." "There is indeed a peace on earth—but it is not the peace of inaction, of prosperity. It is the peace of him who accepts the conditions on which life is given, who girds himself for the conflict, who has a clear strong faith that conflict is wisely ordered, and who has an earnest, in the energy it calls forth, of the perfection of his soul and the triumph of a higher world."

We group a series of sentences on "Fellowship and Service." Here is the Good Samaritan *generalized*: "How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is nearest whom you can bless most." "Not a being should pass through my mind without moving some love, good wishes, prayers—without some union with him. Let this be the case when rivals or enemies enter. "When I meet a being whom I cannot serve I know my ignorance." "Is not the mind to be made strong by exposure? Let it associate with the wise as *friends*, but, like Jesus, dine with *sinners*." "He does not understand self-sacrifice who does not desire to conceal it." "Is any class of men to be so honored as those who espouse the cause of the most friendless and who can gain nothing but reproach, who make no compromise with opinion?" "Infinite, endless punishment would make hell the most interesting spot in the universe. All the sympathies of heaven would be turned towards it."

Truly, as one writes of these same hundred pages, "To lovers of this high soul (and who is not his lover who knows aught of him?) this little book will be like a friend's hand."

W. C. G.

Love's Ladder: A Novel. By W. De Witt Wallace. Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 253. Price \$1.

This story—evidently the author's first book—indicates thorough understanding on his part of the manner in which, in many places, so-called religious circles are made to serve Satan under pretense of serving God. Its chief interest centers in Julia Somers, a poor working-woman deserted by her husband, against whom the pastor, his wife, and most of the session of the Presbyterian church of Marbleville, fired by a set of malicious gossips of the missionary society, set themselves until they not only bring reproach upon her, but drive her into an insane asylum, and finally cause her death. The sentimental portion lies mainly between Charles Marshall, a thoughtful but not orthodox young man, and Charlotte MacGregor, only daughter of a member of the session—not herself orthodox, however. These become innocently entangled in the net-work of scandal which the gossips create, and between such embarrassments and Miss MacGregor's difficulty in convincing her father that her lover was a good man if not orthodox, they have lovers' usual share of trouble. The picturing throughout is vivid, and usually natural; there is very little exaggeration, only at the close is the story melodramatic; the style is reportorial, yet dignified enough for readers of the best literature. The dress of the volume is elegant and tasteful.

E. R. C.

THE HOME.

Grandfather's Inscription in Ethel's Bible.

May no vain thoughts thy mind harass;
Let faith and hope thy soul possess.
The truth within this volume lies
But 'tis not bound to earth nor skies.
Let not the letter thee affright
The secret's in the spirit's light.
Fear not to search the sacred word
Tho' guarded by an angel's sword.
No truth was ever yet found out
That was not offspring of a doubt.
Guard well thy speech, give no offense
To those who see not with thy sense.

GEORGE DOW.

A Bird Sermon.

The very first snow of the season had come; just enough to slide on, without going in over your boots. It was a sunny November day, and Ted and Mamie were out on the terrace, all ready for fun. Mamie wore her blue hood, and red mittens; her eyes matched the hood, and her cheeks matched the mittens. She wanted the first slide down the terrace.

"Oh, please let me, Teddy!" she begged, in a happy flutter.

"No," said Ted; "I'm going to slide first, 'cause I'm the oldest. Sides, it's my sled."

"Then you're a mean boy," said Mamie.

"Say much, and I'll slide all the time," answered Ted, coolly.

Wasn't it a pity that a quarrel should cloud the beautiful bright day? Mamma thought so. She had opened the window to get a handful of fresh snow, and she heard it all.

"Ted! Mamie!" she called, "I'm going to give Tony and Cleo a bath. Don't you want to see?"

They came, hanging back a little.

"O yes!" cried Mamie.

It was yet one of her delights to watch the new canaries bathe. Ted didn't say anything; he didn't care much about such fun himself; but he looked on while mama took off the cage-bottom and set the cage over a glass dish full of water on the oil-cloth mat. Tony hopped to the lowest perch with an eager flutter, and dipped his yellow bill in the water. Then all at once he seemed to remember something. He looked up at Cleo.

"Chip! Chip! Chip!" he said.

Cleo understood. "Che-up!" she answered softly. Then down she came, and into the water she went, while Tony stood by and sang as if he meant to burst his little throat. When Cleo had finished her bath he took his, scattering the water-drops like rain. Mama looked at Teddy. "What do you think of it?" she asked, with a twinkle.

"I think Tony's a little gentleman," answered Ted, promptly. "And I'm going to be one, too. You can slide first, Mamie."

"No, you can," said Mamie.

It was to see who shouldn't be first, this time, But Teddy conquered.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Not Worth a Pin."

The saying, "Not worth a pin," is common among us. But this expression would not have suited our great-grandmothers. They knew the worth of a pin. Metal pins were first used by English ladies about the beginning of the sixteenth century; they were so expensive that a lady was very glad to have one given her for a New Year's gift. This is why a sum of money was settled upon ladies at their marriage for the toilet and called "pin money."

Fifty years ago it took twenty people to make a pin—one to draw out the wire, another to straighten it, a third to cut it, a fourth to point it, a fifth to grind the top, and so on. The pins of to-day are made by machinery: consequently, they are cheaper than ever. The value of a pin is as nearly nothing now as anything can be. A noisy, rattling, snappy little machine turns out between two and three hundred pins every minute, so quickly that it is impossible to count them as they fall.—*Scattered Seeds*.

"KINDNESS, like grain, increases by sowing."

"Mind's step is still as death and all great things
Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good."

"Earth is in the very midst of heaven!
And space, though empty, feels full of God."

"Truly to love ourselves, we must love God;
To love God, we must all his creatures love:
To love his creatures, both ourselves and him."

"Peace hath more weight than woe: high brows are calm;
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns
Stir not, but many systems tend around them."

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Monday noon teachers' meeting convened as usual at 175 Dearborn street, Mr. Blake, leader. The lesson was upon the chapters of Ezekiel xxxiv to xxxvii, including the vision of the Valley of the Dry Bones. The shepherds spoken of in the thirty-fourth chapter were the unworthy or oppressive rulers. The chapter in regard to them is one of the most impressive and beautiful pieces of ethical prose in the Bible, and will prove most excellent Sunday-school material. In this connection the tender and beautiful dialect poem beginning

"The massa ob de sheepfold
Dat guards de sheepfold bin"

was recommended for reading in younger classes.

The vision of the valley of dry bones shows the very vivid imagination of the prophet. Its meaning is simply that Israel is to be reunited and restored to their own land; Jehovah will do this for his own name's sake, although it now looks so impossible. Mr. Utter spoke of this chapter as possibly being the origin of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, though Ezekiel meant nothing of the kind by it.

—An interesting touch of inter-denominational courtesy and sympathies occurred at All Souls church last Sunday. The pastor spoke on St. Patrick. On the pulpit was a basket of bright and well arranged paper flowers which an old Catholic lady, house-bound, had prepared and sent with the request that her tribute might thus be recognized on the altar of a Unitarian church. Several Catholics were in the audience, and the manuscript of the sermon was borrowed to extend the word into Catholic homes.

Philadelphia.—On the eve of the dedication of the Camden church it looks as though matters would proceed to some excellent effect. With Furness, Calthrop, Clifford, Ames, Weston, Mangasarian, Reynolds, Camp, May, besides James Shrigley, who are Universalist in sentiment, and one other whose faith is unknown to me, it is expected that the evening and day may be filled with the good things of the spirit.

—The young men's section of the Ethical Culture Society, in having semi-monthly instead of monthly meetings, alternates its studies at present between Socrates and Co-operation, the latter as interpreted by Mill.

—The Hindu lady, Pundita, is to speak at the next meeting of the Contemporary Club.

—The lecture course adopted for Unity church, Camden, will open with Chadwick's story of "Thackeray." Other speakers are to appear later on, among them Mr. Ames, who will relate some of his Californian experiences, and Walt Whitman, who is to deliver his lecture on Lincoln.

—A little circle of Unitarians at Woodstown, New Jersey, has succeeded, through meetings of their own and through securing speakers from other cities to assist them, in establishing a sentiment which may get into more effective organization in time. An effort made several years ago in Media, Pa., to do a similar thing met with ill success.

—Weston holds a memorial talk on Beecher this day (the 13th) as I write. Haskell, over in Camden, is having the same subject under consideration.

—Clifford, in a recent discourse on "Happiness," confirmed to me my persistent conviction that under adequate treatment subjects often thought commonplace may be made to yield us beauty, justice and universality. For as all things have the large relationship, commonplaceness consists in nothing more than in failing to see them so.

—Mary Grew, aged with many summers and winters of toil for man, is, I hear, severely ill, though not seeming to be in anything like a precarious condition. I do not think the world at large can ever leave to Unitarians a monopoly of love for her sweet and heroic character.

H. L. T.

St. Paul, Minn.—Much cheery news from many voices about the new minister, Mr. Crothers, and his work. Among other items is this: "Our Post-office Mission has won quite a triumph this year. At the annual meeting the people adopted it by unanimous vote as part of the missionary work of Unity church, pledging it their financial support. I have made one discovery that I hope may prove valuable,—an educated Iclander, who wants to translate some of our tracts into the Icelandic language and circulate them among his countrymen. He will give time and labor, but needs financial help in getting them published. I have put him in communication with Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Janson, and hear that the work is in progress. So we may soon have another helper and another language in the field. I have fewer *Unity Mission* tracts to use than I wish I had, because I cannot afford to buy many, and the W. W. U. C. furnishes almost none at all this year. But I have used the *UNITIES* quite freely this past winter, receiving each week a package of sixteen copies direct from the office,—these paid for by a friend especially for my work." If only tracts would print themselves! Should anyone overhear this St. Paul word and send us the \$10.00, the worker there shall have ten dollars' worth of tracts. Should anyone overhear the word and send us \$500.00 to use in this year's distribution, all the Post-office Missions round shall share.

Free Religious Association.—The following resolutions, lately passed by the executive committee of this body, are here published by request of its secretary, Rev. F. M. Holland:

"Resolved, That, in company with all friends of progress, and admirers of purity and independence in journalism, we regret deeply the inevitable discontinuance of *The Index*; and, that we are satisfied that this is not due to any lack of fidelity, energy, or ability, either in its noble and gifted founder, Dr. F. E. Abbot, or in his successors.

"Resolved, That we hold the names of its recent editors, Messrs. William J. Potter and B. F. Underwood, who have conducted it most ably under the auspices of the Free Religious Association, in gratitude and honor; and that we now render our warm thanks, not only to them, but to all who have aided with pen or purse."

Keokuk, Iowa.—On the evening of the 8th inst. the Keokuk Unitarian church held a jubilee over its emancipation from a debt which has hung over it like an incubus for several years. A Keokuk paper of the 9th says: "There was a large attendance at the Unitarian jubilee last evening. A splendid supper was served in the parlors of the church from 6 to 8 o'clock, after which exercises were held in the auditorium." Addresses were given by Rev. O. Clute, Prof. W. D. Gunning, Rev. Robert Hassall, Mrs. C. P. Birge, R. B. Ogden, I. M. Sheffer and others. It is to be hoped that this is the beginning of a better day for this pioneer church of our faith. Being now, through heroic effort, free from financial embarrassment, with its beautiful church edifice and devoted people, it must arise and shine as in days of old.

The Ministers' Sustentation Fund is the rather formidable name of a most important missionary fund among the Unitarians in England. Nearly eleven thousand dollars have been expended in helping out the salaries of faithful ministers working on small salaries, in obscure places.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.—Mr. Hunting is busy as ever; recently he has been lecturing on John Calvin, speaking to the whole town on temperance at the skating-rink, leading a Bible class of twenty-five adults, and doing about the same thing at Luverne, Minn.

There is Room for Both

originality and art in advertising, and we should be glad if we could impress upon our advertisers the value of tasteful and well-conceived advertisements. Some advertising agents understand this. For example, Mr. Joseph H. Richards, who has done business with us for many years. Look at his cut of the *Estey Organ* in another column. It is neat and attractive. Such advertisements bring customers, and one reason of the success of the *Estey Organ* is the constancy with which it has been presented in these passing advertisements in the *Observer* and elsewhere. —N. Y. *Observer*.

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"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. Mrs. S. H. Elliott, Ridgefield, Conn., says: "I have never been without them for the last thirty years. Would as soon think of living without breath." They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

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on account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COWEN of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite."

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UNITY

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EDITORIAL.

So far as Unitarianism is anything but the noblest truth, the noblest life, the universal and permanent in religion, do we want Unitarianism? And the same of Christianity.

THERE is nothing too great or too good to be believed, but many things too little or too bad. That we must say "Lord, Lord" of Christ, or "God, God" of God, in order to be religious, is one of the things too little to be believed.

MONTESQUIEU said: "If Europe is to be ruined, it will be ruined by gaming." May not the same thing be said of America? The speculative spirit that expects to get something for nothing, or, what is about as bad, that expects to get the best things for the cheapest prices, will slowly but surely disintegrate the foundations not only of the individual character, but also of the state.

THE man who feels the present unpoetical is the unpoetical man. Let him study the case of the humblest individual he knows until he discovers the hidden beauties there, thus beginning the development of the wanting faculty. If he continues faithful, he will begin to see around him as much marvel and glory as ever graced the imagination of a great poet, for every age is thus rich, though it takes eyes that have been opened, to see.

"THERE was a man—some thought him mad;—
The more he gave, the more he had."

So quotes the *International Record*. We reprint it as a text for Sunday-school, teacher and preacher, and commend it to those who like everything pertaining to the church better than the subscription list. He who goes to church to receive, does well; but he who joins the church that he may give, does better.

Few see that men, in worshipping idealized Mankind, in worshipping the God incarnate in Man, in worshipping the "personal" God, are really worshipping one and the same object; are really saying, each and all, that the *highest human is the highest divine we know*,—that Man and God are one. Perhaps still fewer see that *this* is but to say, that the *nature of Man is the nature of Things*,—that, through and through, the world is but enstructured Soul.

THE following were the dedication words spoken by the minister and people at the dedicatory services at Unity church, Camden, N. J., on Wednesday of last week. May the high words find noble realization:

"To the Supreme Being, the All-Father; to the True, the Good, the Beautiful; to the God-love in human hearts; to the Christ ideal; to that ministry which enlightens the ignorant, counsels the erring, strengthens the weak, comforts the sorrowing; to the ministry of good will and good deeds, we dedicate this building."

"THERE are two Theodore Parkers now: one is dying here in Italy; the other I have planted in America. He will live there and finish my work." They were his own words, as he looked up from his death-bed into a friend's face. "Of course I am not afraid to die, but there is so much to do!" Had he known, he might almost have said: "There are *three* Theodore Parkers: one is growing in India." At least, we judge so from the frequency and reverence of the words about him in one of our most religious exchanges, the *Indian Messenger*, a Brahmo Somaj paper published at Calcutta. A "Life" of Parker in one of the native languages has recently appeared.

Sending some of these notices to a friend who knew him closely, this word came back: "I made those notices of Theodore over to one whose enthusiasm for everything connected with him is undying. She has placed, all uniformly bound, in the Boston city library, fifty handsome volumes relating to him and his work; and still she increases the collection as material accumulates. I can recall no recognition of him which gave him pleasure so deep as the earnest acceptance of the 'Discourse of Religion' by some Brahmins of Calcutta; the living reverent voice from the Far East came as sweetest music among the jarring discords of orthodox denunciation and Unitarian aversion."

NEVER has Mr. Howells made so true a stroke of nature as in the last section of his story, "The Minister's Charge". Lemuel Barker desperately tells of the ignominy of his past life—as he believes it to be—to the lady he loves, fearing that she, without knowing it, will think better of him than he deserves. Instead of letting him fall in her estimation, she says, in a glow, How little we know of the real bravery of those we meet day by day! How insignificant my trials seem when I think of what you have borne! And so Lemuel forgets his humble birth, his eccentric mother in her "bloomer" costume, his menial service,—all, that had seemed so heavy upon him the moment before, and feels the man that he is.

TO INSIST on a creed for fellowship shows that, after all, one only half believes. To believe your truth *wholly*, believe it as the inevitable Fact, and you will know that another's and all others' creeds are their best approximations to that same inevitable Fact, the one which you believe in; they *mean* your Fact, but see it best under a differing symbol. And knowing that, both mind and heart refuse to longer say, "No fellowship except under *my* symbol." The man who limits religious fellowship by sacred rite, or sacred name or sacred doctrine, excommunicates himself more than he does the other man. The only fellowship worth caring much for in religion is that which no man can confer and no man at his best will care to deny.

CHICAGO is on the eve of another political tumult. Last Saturday the republican convention put in nomination John A. Roche for mayor of this city. Mr. Roche is a gentleman from the west side whose name and face are very familiar to many of our UNITY readers. He is an active member of the Third Unitarian church, one of the officers of the Channing Club, and is serving his second term as the President of the Illinois Unitarian Conference. In all these relations, Mr. Roche has displayed an ethical earnestness and religious sensibility that bespeaks qualities that will make any city fortunate that finds them embodied in its mayor. We recognize no party allegiance, and deplore sectarianism in politics as we do partisanship in religion; but in the interest of morals and decent government we will sincerely hope and earnestly work for the election of John A. Roche to the mayoralty of Chicago, because we believe him to be a man with "clean hands and a pure heart".

"I WOULD not be a timid friend to truth." So said Dante to his great-great-grandsire, the martyr-soldier of the crusades. The poet met him as he made the upward journey through Paradise. For Dante had told his ancestor that messages had been delivered to him by various spirits touching the eminent ones of Florence, which, if he bore them, would kindle great resentment against him, yet "he would not be"

timid friend to truth"! This is the manly attitude of the truly loyal soul, whether of the thirteenth or the nineteenth century. Yet, fearless as is the great soul in defense of truth, it is not unsensitive to the rebuffs and misrepresentations and wrath dealt against it. How pathetic are Dante's words, when, realizing that he must lose country, home, friends, for the cause he stands for, and the suggestion coming that his loss may be yet more complete, heart-loneliness creeps in and he exclaims, "If I should lose all others by my song!"

THE Concord School of Philosophy this coming summer takes as its subject, "Aristotle and his Philosophy in Relation to Modern Thought." Already the students are preparing for their work. Mr. Edwin D. Mead has led a Boston class over the foot-hills of the subject, and now Mr. Thomas Davidson, assisted by friends, announces courses on Aristotle's theory of Education and his theory of Art. These lectures, some thirty in all, will be given at St. Cloud, on the summit of Orange Mountain, near New York. They begin June 20th, and last three weeks. It is in short a Summer School of Philosophy for the New Yorkers, who, of course, need one as much as the Bostonians. Perhaps Chicago has not yet reached the need of such a thing. The country holds few such masters of philosophies and classics as Mr. Davidson. He is the translator of Rosmini, "the greatest philosopher of Italy and the Roman Church since Aquinas"; and of a "Dante hand-book" by "the first of living Dante scholars, Scartazzini",—which contains "everything the student needs to study intelligently the supreme Christian poet, 'the voice of ten silent centuries.'"

WE welcome the *Reporter of Organized Charity*, to be issued monthly by the Charity Organization Society, edited by the secretary, Alexander Johnson. The first number contains a column setting forth the different enterprises and departments, and the officers, of the Charity Organization Society, and giving advice what to do with beggars, and where help may be procured for certain classes of cases. The third and fourth pages are filled with short articles about legal protection of the poor, safeguards for children, various charities and illustrative cases of the C. O. S. work, two of which cases show how important investigation, with registration added, is, before charity be given in a great city like Chicago. Under the head of "Legal Protection for the Poor", we are very glad to notice that Messrs. Dunlevy & Whitman have offered their services free as attorneys of the society, and that in this capacity they have already rendered important service in defending the defenseless from imposition and wrong. All the articles are marked by a style equally lively, earnest and condensed; no words are wasted. In the prospectus the secretary says that "Charity Organization has come to Chicago to stay", which is not to be doubted, seeing that this method of charity is a scientific certainty, and that now Chicago has a man with equal ability, heart and experience to administer it. Four things are mentioned as "Some of the objects of this little paper", namely: (1) to give knowledge concerning the C. O. S.; (2) to give in general "the world's ripest thought in matters of charity" in all directions; (3) to report "items of local charitable interest"; (4) to "warn the benevolent public against the more flagrant of the numerous impostors who apply for aid" and to make known "cases of distress for which a larger measure of aid may be needed than the usual relief agencies can afford". The *Reporter* will cost but 50 cents a year. It is not too much to say that every household ought to have one, and hardly a house but would save money by having it, since the inmates would be saved from unwise and hurtful alms-giving. The April issue will be of 8 pages instead of 4, and 10,000 will be printed.

Is The Western Conference Ready to Give Up "Executive Functions"?

Last week's *Christian Register* contain a seven column editorial entitled "Unitarian Missionary Work", in which is advocated, if we understand it, the abandonment of executive functions and missionary work by the Western Conference,

and the referring of all such problems and responsibilities to the A. U. A., with its headquarters at Boston; this in the interest of a "national Unitarianism". The editorial is most fraternal in spirit, and represents, as we know, the judgment of a considerable number of our friends, east and west; but by its ignorance of the history and methods of our Western work it affords another illustration of the need of greater familiarity with facts before our eastern friends can properly diagnose the western case or prescribe a remedy for what some think is a disease. We hope a generous correction of certain statements in the article will be made in the columns of the *Register* itself. At present we content ourselves with begging those who favor the dismantling of the Western Conference to consider the following points:

(1) Missionary forces are not primarily money, nor even the men that may be specifically commissioned to take the field; but the enthusiasm and co-operation of the churches, the laymen and settled pastors already in the field. If the West is ever to be evangelized by the Unitarian gospel, it must be mainly by western interest and western instruments. Everybody here must feel that the primary responsibility rests upon him. Himself must speak, himself must go, himself must pay; and whatever weakens this sense lessens the result.

(2) There is a *geographical* limit to the sense of comradeship, which has so much to do with waking personal enthusiasm. You cannot establish the same vital relationship between an Iowa parish and the headquarters at Boston that you can between that parish and the headquarters at Chicago.

(3) It is not easy to break, nor economic to undertake to break, lines of *historic* development; not economic to throw away dearly bought experience and helpful traditions. The history and experience of thirty-five years which belong to the Western Conference should not be lightly estimated, and cannot be readily transferred.

(4) Centers of religious activity must follow centers of trade and travel, and the Unitarianism of America, instead of having a single capital city, a single center of independent and executive action, must have several. Signs are not wanting that such centers are already growing in Philadelphia, San Francisco, and most plainly of all in Chicago. One may be looked for some time in the South. [In our vast country these are natural working centers, intermediate between the states and our religious "Washington". This as a simply practical matter. And these centers can better be developed independently by local needs and local forces than by external superintendence. We believe much in a "national" Unitarianism, but it must come by growth, not by manufacture. Too much haste in this direction will surely retard. An artificial allegiance will end in practical indifference; undue insistence on allegiance may end in something worse. The "national" Unitarian interests will be best developed and served by the growth of a few independent metropolitan centers. Home rule in Australia contributes more to England's prosperity than management of Australia by a London parliament with a few Australian delegates sitting in it; and yet the British Empire *is*. Rather, *thereby* it is.

For the Western Conference to abandon the purpose of making Chicago such an independent center would probably result in a loss of much of the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice that in these last years has made our headquarters of vital value. To ask for such surrender is to ask for the abandonment of certain tools and tool-users, without any probability of their place being made good. To make the surrender would be likely to seriously lessen the contribution of western men and churches to missionary work.

(5) The existence of such a center is made *more* necessary by the existence of the State Conferences, whose work we consider all-important, and the creation of which is directly traceable to the inspiration of the Western Conference.

(6) Previous to 1885 there was no serious embarrassment of administrative relations between the A. U. A. and the Western Conference. Existing methods were working well. The present friction does not arise from either

practical or organic difficulty, but from theological distrust. If the Western Conference has rendered itself unworthy the confidence of the A. U. A. by its Cincinnati resolution in behalf of a non-doctrinal fellowship, certainly the State Conferences cannot claim that confidence, for nearly all of them have always been on that basis. And if existing State Conferences be ignored or set aside, then the individual churches and ministers will be challenged, as some of them have been already.

(7) Is not rather this the thing to do? Quietly, lovingly, to work on, A. U. A. and Western Conference, each in its own way, if in any way they really differ; each helping the other all it can, to be stronger and more useful; both seeking by consultation and experiment all possible means of better co-operation—heartily we counsel this; both waiting for time to prove, as we have abundant faith to believe it will, that the deep verities, large sympathies and inspirations represented by the word "Unitarian", are equally dear to all of us, and that to this name the western churches are the more, not the less, entitled on account of the spiritual confidence and the Christly inclusiveness of the Cincinnati resolution—is not rather this, we say, the thing to do? Let east and west work on, and prove their faith by their works; loyalty, anywhere, strengthens the cause everywhere. Success in service anywhere, is success for all. It is not western pride or bluster that leads us to dream of a time when in Chicago we will have a Unitarian building, a Channing Hall, potent and vital like that which Boston now rejoices in. Aye! we will not only dream, but work for it. But if it ever comes, it must come largely from western men, and western resources. To develop these, we conceive to be our largest "national" duty.

Dissent Without Disfellowship.

It is a question that interests all the Congregationalists of this country, whether dissent from the prevailing creed may be allowed, or whether dissenters should be disfellowshipped. Certainly it has been the practice among Congregationalists, especially of late years, to allow, at least in the way of ignoring, great latitude of opinion in all minor matters, if not, indeed, real heresy upon central points. Among Unitarian Congregationalists this practice has probably been more open and extensive than among our orthodox brethren. The results of this practice among us most of us would pronounce good; what the results have been among our stricter sister churches is more doubtful. But what has been practiced among us until it might perhaps be truly spoken of as a custom among us, has never been formulated as a part of our faith or polity. The Rev. Mr. Judy, however, at Cincinnati last May, made an earnest speech in favor of legitimatizing dissent, and to him, also, credit is due for the phrase we have made the caption of this article, "Dissent without Disfellowship." He urged that what we have openly practiced for perhaps all the years of our history with good results, should be formulated as a sort of law among us, or at least declared as our custom and approved. And this indeed is almost exactly what was the real intention of the Cincinnati resolution.

This resolution, stating that "We condition our fellowship on no dogmatic test, but welcome all who wish to work with us for truth, righteousness and love in the world", has been much objected to and ably defended, and it has also been variously interpreted. To understand what its meaning and force really is, and also to see whether it is possible or would be profitable to legitimatize dissent, we must first consider what we mean by fellowship. This is a word of quite extended meaning. In its broadest meaning it differs little from mere friendliness, or a disposition to agree with everybody on as many points as we can find in common, and to dispute as little in regard to our differences as we can, without in any way compromising our own position. But this sense of the word has nothing to do with the case in hand. The word fellowship has at least three other meanings, or applications with meaning somewhat varied. First, it may mean counting a person in as a member of a Christian church

or congregation. Secondly, it may mean counting a minister in as one of our denomination. And thirdly, it may mean the counting in of a church or society as a member of a conference, that is, recognizing its rights to be represented by its officers and delegates.

Now little or no difficulty has ever been experienced among Unitarians from counting in anybody and everybody, in all these ways, who wished to join us and work with us. Perhaps the only sort of disfellowshipping that has ever been found necessary has been in the way of rejecting ministers by individual congregations for reasons that seemed to them sufficient, whether doctrinal or otherwise, and the withholding of fellowship from certain ministers who had made application to join us, on grounds perhaps always purely ethical. This custom of free and open fellowship, welcoming all and rejecting none who wished to come to us, has undoubtedly worked well, and would probably continue to work well in the future. But when it comes to legitimatizing it, it has to be logically considered. And when it is so considered, it will be found to fall short of a consistent and rational scheme of organization. Think first of a religious society, an individual church or congregation. While it may practically receive members of various shades of belief or unbelief, so long as it is understood that the church itself stands for certain things, yet, for such church to say distinctly, "Everybody is welcome to join this church, no matter what his belief or unbelief may be", is to stultify itself. It is equivalent to saying, "This church stands for nothing and allows its character to be determined by the persons who may, for whatever reason or whim or fancy, see fit to join it. It may be taken possession of by the Roman Catholic or the Calvinist or the Agnostic, we have no choice; and when the majority see fit to change its name, after having changed its character, they are welcome also to do that."

In the second place let us think of our ministry. While practically we may, with benefit to our cause, use very great tolerance toward earnest young men desiring to enter our ministry, or towards those already ministers who become heretical, as we might count heresy, yet, do we not stultify ourselves when we say that a person of any belief whatever may be a Unitarian minister? The Unitarian ministry in the past has stood for as definite a body of belief as the ministry of any other denomination, or nearly so. But that is no matter. We wish to be broad and free, and suppose we say we will throw down all barriers and be absolutely free. Any man of good character who wishes to come among us and preach may be a Unitarian minister. Is that what the Cincinnati resolution means? Is that what it means to legitimatize dissent, and if so, is it not a foolish thing to try to do? It leaves the character of our ministry to be determined altogether by chance, or by those who choose to come among us and take the name Unitarian. And, as was said in regard to the church, logically nothing would stand in the way of even a change of name by the majority by and by, and thus the Unitarian ministry might become extinct, root and branch.

And the same principles apply to our fellowship of churches within the bounds of a Conference. Practically we may be broad and tolerant of dissent in dissenting churches who have worked with us, or radical or peculiar societies that may wish to join us. But, for us to say that any society whatever that wishes may join us and be Unitarian, is equivalent to saying, "We stand for nothing; Catholic or Protestant societies, Charity Organizations or Knights of Labor, may send their representatives, may come in and take possession and make of us what they will."

Legitimizing dissent, then, upon the whole, is as irrational, when logically considered, as it would be for a government to legitimatize treason. The ideal of a free and open fellowship is a grand one, because the ideal of tolerance and breadth of opinion and the feeling of brotherhood, regardless of minor differences, is grand; but the ideal is to be realized only as we have realized it in the past, by standing for certain ideas in so far as we are organized at all, and then ignoring dissent in so far as it may be possible without too far interfering with our practical aims and the accomplishment of our purposes.

And for one, I am no more in favor of a statement of these purposes, or a statement of the doctrines for which the Unitarian church stood, and stands, than I am in favor of legitimizing dissent. Whether we shall make any kind of statement or not, as a Conference, is purely a matter of policy; and since all experience among Unitarians proves it is bad policy, the experiment should be abandoned. What we stand for is known and read of all men in our churches and in our work, and it has not been, and is not at all necessary that we should in words try to say it, and since trying to say it is so sure to make us trouble, let us give it up. And for exactly the same reasons if for no other (though I think I have shown others that are unanswerable), should we abandon the attempt to declare in conferences by majority vote, that we are the most liberal religious body on the face of the earth.

U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Dover.

Mouse-hole in December,
 Quiet little Dover!
 What shall I remember,
 Now the days are over?

Snow in hushes falling;
 Blue days creeping by;
 Trees in still processions
 Etched upon the sky;
 And a silent village
 Where the grey stones lean,
 Whispering of a Dover
 They alone have seen;
 And one home of kindness,
 College of the heart,—
 Living for its lessons,
 Loving for its art!

This shall I remember
 Now the days are over;
 Mouse-hole in December,
 Quiet little Dover!

DOVER, MASS., Dec. 20, 1886.

W. C. G.

The Spirit of Jesus.

BY AN ENGLISH LAYMAN.

Continued from page 39.

I think if you carefully consider the spirit of the life of Jesus, you cannot fail to see how utterly foreign it was to his character that he should seek to impose any sort of creed upon his followers. The system of religion which he found existing in his own country was a dogmatic one, and it had followed the invariable tendency of all dogmatic systems in degenerating into mere formalism, dead and dry as every kind of formalism is. Doctrine and legality were supreme in that Jewish church at the time of Jesus. It was no part of his work to set up a rival dogmatic system; the failure of such a method to meet the real wants not only of the time but of all times, was only too apparent to him. Whatever of system Jesus sought to establish was individual; he troubled himself very little with method, but sought to enforce the end to be aimed at. And that was to be the establishment of the kingdom of God in the heart and soul of every man, every brother and sister of his in the world: in other words, to attempt to make *goodness* and not *evil* the preponderating, the conquering influence in life. And this was to be obtained not solely by intellectual assent to any dogma or set of doctrines, however true these might be in themselves, but by any righteous means. If a certain belief really made a man better,

such belief would not be excluded from consideration in the great purpose of his life, but it would not be insisted upon for all. Jesus, therefore, would welcome all who were prepared to carry out the great work he had in hand, no matter if they did not quite fall in with his method. You remember the answer he gave to one of his disciples who had told him that on seeing some one casting out devils in his name, he had forbidden him to do so "because he followeth not us." "Forbid him not," said Jesus, "for there is no man who shall do a miracle in my name,"—in other words, no one who tries to do good as I seek to do—"that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us is on our part." There was no setting up of a creed here, no demand for correctness of belief, no insisting upon any dogmatic system of theology as a basis of fellowship. It was enough that the man was working in the same spirit as he was. No question was asked as to what church he belonged to, what sect he favored, whether he was a Pharisee or a Sadducee, whether he believed in God or not, whether he felt assured on any one of the numerous questions which theologians delight to put in order to test the soundness of those they pester with their inquiries. It was a fellow-worker for the kingdom of God that was welcome, not a mere fellow-believer.

And take any of the parables of Jesus; the same thing is apparent. I do not recollect one in which any sort of attempt is made to teach the importance of belief, but I do recall more than one which seeks to enforce goodness and purity of life, and the essential need of being possessed by the spirit of holiness. The Priest and the Levite were no doubt orthodox enough in their creeds, but the Samaritan excelled them, in that he was filled with the spirit of love and tenderness, which puts all questions of opinion into a secondary place. The rich, orthodox and respectable Pharisee who thanked heaven he was not as other men are, occupies an entirely inferior position to that of the humble, heretical, and outcast Publican.

Is there not here a lesson for us at this day? Is there not in this method of Jesus something for us to study? It seems to me that we may do well to consider if in some of the plans that are recommended to us there is not a danger of our following, not the method of Jesus, but of those who, seeking to set up an organization after his death, did so much to contradict the spirit of his life. Forms and ordinances, churches and societies, are admirable institutions in their way, so long as people continue to recognize them as no more than forms and ordinances, churches and societies; but the moment that they begin to be looked upon as the all-important means to an end, they cease to be admirable: they are no longer helps but hindrances. But how are we to know that these forms and churches have had their day? Is there any sure sign of their loss of vitality, and their start-in on the downward path? I think there is. It is when men begin to try and crystallize the forms, to erect barriers around their churches, to impose tests and statements of faith, to regard all outside their circle as beyond the pale of fellowship. These are all signs that the spirit of Jesus is being lost sight of, and that the spirit which animated the false prophets against whom he warned his disciples is in the ascendant. I do not think, I never did think, that there is any probability of our branch of the Free Churches ever adopting any creed or authorized statement of belief. Nor do I think that the open avowal of one's opinions has necessarily a tendency to credalism. To believe firmly, and to insist on others believing as you do, are two very different things. But one cannot shut one's eyes to the fact that now and again attempts are made to define, in an informal sort of way, who are, and who are not, in fellowship with us. Ministers are regarded as "sound" or "unsound"; men are called "advanced" or "conservative;" in some quarters there is a tendency to set up belief as of more importance than character. It is

insisted that there can be no fellowship between those who call themselves Christians, and those who prefer from various motives to be known by the name of theists. In some quarters we are told that we are to have no dealings with agnostics or secularists, that it is wholly inconsistent for persons who worship God to join with those who do not recognize the existence of God. I for one cannot assent to this; I do not think that this is the spirit of Jesus. It is scarcely necessary for me to say where my sympathies lie; I have already said enough to indicate that. But I cannot lose sight of the fact that there are many agnostics and secularists who are far better than many theists; and that there are hundreds of theists whose lives are just as sweet and pure as thousands of good earnest Christians; that, indeed, the difference between them is purely one of name, and not one of substance. I do not feel called upon to abate one jot of my own private opinions, but I rejoice to belong to a religious body which is so free and open that the exclusion of any person from it is not the act of the church, but that of the person who excludes himself. I do not consider it at all necessary to give up my freedom of worship in order that another man, who no longer believes in that worship, shall not be offended; but I see no reason why I should insist upon every man worshipping as I do, or else that he should forfeit all claims to fellowship. There is, or should be, only one test of fellowship with us, as there was with Jesus. Are we seeking to spread the cause of righteousness, of truth, of honesty, of purity? Then, we should welcome all who are trying to do the same thing. I call that advancing the kingdom of God. Others may call it what they will: the name is of no matter; the fact is all important. We may differ as to methods; we may think one better fitted than another to effect our purpose; all that may be left to the teachings of experience: it is not upon such things as these where real differences should exist.

It is well that we should now and again look back over the centuries that have passed since Jesus died, and see how the spirit which animated him became dulled and crushed under the mass of formalism, officialism and organization which grew up soon after his personal influence began to grow faint. It is still better to observe what was the spirit of Jesus. Is it possible that at this time that spirit can animate us? Or has it been so crushed out by the efforts of churches to crystallize it into creeds, by the quarrels of rival sects, by its apparent neglect in the dealings between man and man, nation and nation? On the contrary I believe that we may see in much that is going on around us a very real manifestation of that spirit, which proves how powerful and enduring was the influence Jesus exerted, and how unique in the world's history this man was. Wrong-doing has not ceased from the earth; wretchedness, misery, and sin still exist; but side by side by these there are to be found institutions whose sole aim is to grapple with them and if possible to alleviate and destroy. It is not right to dwell upon one aspect of the question only, and point, with the pessimist, at the evil side of life, while all along there is another side.

I see, too, and rejoice in, the broadening spirit of the churches. You may say, and say truly, that there is still much ignorance, and bigotry, and exclusiveness in them. But there are not wanting signs that here and there this exclusive spirit, which is *not* the spirit of Jesus, is losing its hold. Just run over in your memory some of the measures which during the present reign have been passed by parliament for the relief of Jews, Roman Catholics and dissenters from the oppressive restrictions and harsh enactments that led, either to dishonest evasions, or to suffering for conscience's sake. Is there not in all these ameliorative measures an evidence of a broader spirit among us? You may say that all these came from outside the churches and not from within. I reply, that it matters little for my argument

where the spirit exists so long as it does exist. But cannot you call to mind other evidences of liberality existing in the churches themselves? I do not mean that the churches are all coming over to our position, and intend to view things from our standpoint. A Quaker lady was once talking with the late Frederic Davison Maurice on the subject of war, a subject on which, as you know, the members of the Society of Friends hold strong opinions. Said she, "Won't the world come to think with *us* some day?" Maurice's reply was a wise one: "They will be brought to think *rightly* on the subject, though it may be very differently from either you or me." No, it is not merely that there is a spread of rational thought in some of the churches that I say there is more liberality—I am glad to see that; but it is good to know that there is an increase of that spirit of kindness which enables men of strong views to recognize the good that exists in others of equally pronounced opinions. Various circumstances have contributed to this state of things; one of the chief of these is the increased means of knowledge that men can now have, not only of each other, but of their differing thoughts. We owe much of this to the printing press, the steam engine and the electric telegraph; still, these are but correctives of the unhappy results of centuries of misapprehension and wrong. The spirit that is at the bottom of the newer life is that which animated Jesus, and for which we may well thank God. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said, "The only Broad Church possible is one that has its creed in the heart, and not in the head,—that we shall know its members by their fruits, and not by their words." This is a church, call it what you will, that is filled with the spirit I have spoken of. But it has no bounds, no fences, no big gates to get open. It has no geographical limitations; it is simply wide as humanity. "Where is the Christian's Fatherland?" asked Dean Stanley. "Is it in Palestine, or Greece, or Rome, or the land of Luther, England, or America?" he asks, and then he answers:

No, Christian! no. Not even here,
By Christmas hearth, or churchyard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh.
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry—
Nor Western pontiff's lowly name,
Nor Eastern patriarch's hoary fame—
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's spirit breathes a hollier air;
Where Christlike faith is keen to seek
What truth or conscience freely speak—
Where Christlike love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man—
Where 'round God's throne his just ones stand—
There, Christian, is thy Fatherland!

Yes, friends, would we but know it, it will not be defining overmuch; it will not be simply by proclaiming our opinions far and wide, though I do not think that that is a useless operation; it will not be by reviving old forms and ceremonies; nor by shrinking with dread from every new form of thought; nor by erecting barriers to thought; nor by excommunicating those who cannot pronounce our shibboleth; nor by refusing our fellowship to those who seek it, that we shall help to build that great church of the kingdom of God that Jesus strove to found. That can only be done by working in his spirit; in the spirit of love, of peace, of faith, of hope. May it be ours so to work that in the time to come, when the great church of the future shall be coextensive with the kingdom of God, there may be some evidence of our labor, some sign that the spirit of Jesus has animated us with a zeal for righteousness, a desire for the good of others, a longing for the realization of those hopes, which the good of all time have firmly held!

Hebrew and Other Religious Growth.

In connection with other movements having a similar direction, the impulse in Hebrew circles that makes havoc of traditional associations is one that should be studied in its broadest relationships. It is not always recognized among

liberals that the modern "come-out" Jews have, in spite of present want of organization, a profound reason for their development. The statement that now seems wanting will come in its own ripe time. Even at present such a convention as that which assembled a year or more ago at Pittsburg is able to express some united sentiment on the question. The importance of the fact, however, is aside from any possible formal utterance of it. What leads it forth? What is to explain its origin, and to what end does it work? All that is serious and interesting centers there. We look abroad upon the fields of thought and see the growth of the Ethical cause. In all searching religious aspirations the world is coming upon a recognition of the moral meaning of life. Even as Emerson predicted, a drift of man toward the affirmation of the sublime truths affecting human justice is becoming more and more powerful, till soon it must hold everything in its grasp. The Hebrew seers of modern days are as conscious of this evolution as any others in Christian or alien association could be. Indeed, the tendency is world-wide. Talking with a Japanese scholar now here on a lecturing tour, the writer was assured that the same leaven was at work in the East. There the visitor believed was the contest by the identical forces—the one content only with the external assistance, the other convinced of the immanence of the divine; the one stript of self-dependence, the other full of it: the one regarding justice as something of time and place, the other living in atmosphere of perpetual ethical significance. That this present dividing line is calling upon us for all emphasis of life and speech cannot be questioned. And yet the world seems about to break with old bonds and welcome this necessary step forward. It is altogether the finest proof given this modern mind of an immediate presence of something strong and saving in the soul of man. Even while men turn to Hebraism and become critics of its formal thought, Hebrews step forth and declare themselves not justly to be so accused. And in Andover an old-time impeachment is met by a disclaimer from those presumed to be Calvinistic. And amid all the shows and gew-gaws of Episcopacy, Brooks and Newton give shame to any general external criticism. And alert in certain moral problems, we find even Catholicism entering protest against being believed averse to the general current of life here. And right among nearer associates, in Unitarian circles, the grand ethical consciousness is asserting itself as never before. What does it all mean? Man is struggling for the light. Our general charges of delinquency against any one sect are no longer just, and are therefore of no avail. Everywhere word comes of unity on the basis of the infinite moral beauty necessary and possible to man. That gives us daybreak for all dismay.

H. L. T.

Need.

Through need the soul doth climb
Toward heaven and light,
And mount the heights sublime
While yet 'tis night.

Yearn, soul, for God, and bring
Thyself to rest,
A tired child slumbering
Safe on his breast!

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Rev. E. L. Rexford and Universalists.

Mr. Rexford is a prominent Universalist clergyman of Detroit, Mich., whose reputation extends into the cities and villages of the east, and who has been identified with Universalism for years. Recently a sermon of his, called "Loyalty to Christ," came to my notice, and by reading a foot-note I was informed, much to my surprise, that the sermon was refused publication by the organ of Universalists under orthodox management, the *Christian Leader*. Any one perusing the sermon would be struck with its thoughtfulness, clearness, vigor and seriousness. He wrote it out of a deep mind

and a true heart. He wished honestly to tell the little he knew about truth, and confess ignorance of what he did not or could not know. He repudiates all fetish notions of Jesus, and wishes men to realize as they ought that universal man is a religious creature. Hence, he boldly yet rightly declares that we ought not to be seclusive, saying, "We are God's chosen people." He maintains that all people have a glimmer of truth at times, and that they have "their New Testaments and Old Testaments, though not often the pattern of ours, but meaning the same." He argues forcibly that "Christ" or "Christos" is not the name of a person, but indicates a moral quality, and that good people everywhere are Christian. "It is," he adds, "a larger word than Jesus, * * * as the word 'water' is more comprehensive than the word 'lake,' Therefore to be loyal to Christ should, in a literary and religious sense, mean to be loyal to righteousness, truth, justice.

Denominationally we walk around in our peck measures, digging in exhausted mines, battering on a moor, and are reluctant to climb over sectarian fences to cull truth in the broad field of universal reality. We sit in our studies or churches, bowing to and worshiping our impartial, insipid and little almighty, never realizing that God in nature is the God of all alleged revelation, if by revelation we mean "moral evolution." Therefore it is high time, as Doctor Rexford suggests, that we drop our conceits, our pride for name, our pretended love for truth, and indicate the nobler aim of being by trying to be truth seekers.

The word "Universalist" ought to be sufficiently large to be inclusive and universal. We claim it is, and we are working to make it mean more than an "ism." To parcel out the denomination into rings or cliques, making them masters of all the denominational literature and press, is an imposition and imperialism for which there should be a speedy opposition and redress. One half of the denomination protest against such "Russianism," and intend to make the cause of Universalism mean the most for humanity and God. Doctor Rexford has the heartfelt sympathy of all those who like him dare to tell the truth.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Post-office Mission Work.

A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY MRS. E. R. STEVENS,
ST. LOUIS.

From Gainesville, Texas, comes this word: "The statement of belief on card sent found a hearty response in me. It expressed a belief I thought I was the only possessor of, as I had never once heard a statement of Unitarian belief before, and I am 45 years of age and have lived from Boston to Texas. Your post-office method of evangelization is a grand one and will do much good. Wishing you God-speed in the work, I remain, yours, etc."

From a young man who addresses us as "Kind Lady" comes a very interesting letter. He begins the letter with thanks, adding: "I shall ever be grateful for the favor." When quite a little boy he was converted and joined the Southern Methodist church. But when he became old enough to reason for himself (as he is but 19 years of age now, it shows that his mind has worked quickly in this matter), he could not conscientiously endorse many of its leading doctrines, so severed his connection with that body. In his own words I give what follows. "In the meantime I have been lingering in doubt and fear." By accident he saw a copy of *Our Best Words*. The motto attracted his attention, he read the copy carefully, and for the first time learned of Unitarian thought. "To say I am favorably impressed will not express it. I am already convinced. What can I do for the dissemination of this Liberal Faith? Am but 19 years of age, and teach school for a livelihood; would like to enter the ministry."

From Linn county, Missouri, a gentleman writes: "I am delighted in the perusal of the various sermons sent to me. James Freeman Clarke's sermon, 'Has Unitarian-

ism done its work?" removes many doubts from my mind. I am happy to say that a number of my neighbors agree with me. I have distributed the tracts and sermons, and am requested to say that a very favorable impression has been made. I would be pleased to receive anything you have for distribution."

From another point in Texas a school-teacher writes: "I am too poor to buy what I would like to read, but really would like to see what way out of the labyrinth the Unitarian offers." He has in the beginning of the letter expressed himself as one so torn up by the contending sects that he is half way tempted to cast himself "into the heathen abyss of Nihilism, or leap backward into the arms of Rome, and by either rid myself of all this bother."

A gentleman from Kansas writes after this manner: "Having been brought up in strictly orthodox faith it is somewhat of a difficult matter to get rid of those early ideas; but I must confess my faith is rapidly undergoing a change. Should you be pleased to still further furnish reading matter, believe me it will be given due consideration."

From Missouri one says: "I have read with much satisfaction, and have read to some of my neighbors who are dissatisfied with the orthodox faith. I know so little of the nature of Unitarian publications that I cannot specify what I would like, but will say I am much interested. Yours, gratefully."

A young man writes he would like to subscribe for UNITY, yet cannot spare the money, as he has small means, and parents to support. "The tracts and papers sent I have read diligently, and it is the first that I have ever read of the Unitarian doctrines. I like them very well, and if you have any that relate to future punishment, would like to read them. I have loaned to my neighbors those already received, and will continue to do so. I belong to the Cumberland Presbyterian church, but do not hold to all their belief."

An old lady writes from Texas, that many years ago she heard a Unitarian minister preach, and from that knew with whom she stood. Is now thrown in a strictly orthodox community, where a wide-spread revival has taken nearly everyone into the churches. "You can't turn a chip over but you find a church member." A clergyman whom she met on New Year's day at the house of a friend, told her she would never reach heaven; wondered where she had lived all these years "that she had never been converted to God." The old lady would be glad to be able to hear a Unitarian sermon every Sunday.

The mother of five children writes from a small town in Missouri, saying: "Your kind letter is at hand, and will say your kindness is manifested by the excellent reading that the papers which you have sent to me contain; and more particularly the interest and solicitude of the letter at hand. I belong to no church, and I am truly delighted with the progressive ideas advanced in the papers and tracts sent. Some of my children are very fond of reading, which is a satisfaction to me. My love to you as a friend; will always be pleased to read anything you wish to send. I leave the choice to you. Thanks to you for your kindness. Your sincere friend."

For the Last Time.

(PLYMOUTH CHURCH, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.)

The preacher's evening task was done;
The crowd had gone away;
But something pleaded with his heart
A little while to stay.

For him alone the organ pealed;
For him alone the choir
Sang soft and low, in sweet accord,
The song of his desire:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come, weary one, and rest.'
What prophecy for him was there
How little any guessed!

As lovingly he lingered there,
Ere yet the music died,
There came two urchins from the street
Unfearing to his side.

The old man bowed, and lifting up
A soiled and homeless face,
He kissed it as a mother might,
Then turned to leave the place.

On either side the urchins trod;
And on the left and right
A loving hand on either pressed:
So out into the night.

Out, little thinking as he went
That never any more
His willing feet should inward go
That sacred threshold o'er.

And it was well: more fit good-by
No genius could devise;
No thoughtfulness of loving hearts,
No wisdom of the wise.

The "little ones" had always been
His chiefest joy and care:
With them alone let him go forth—
And God be with them there!

And down the future he shall go,
And through the enfranchised land,
A loving smile upon his lips,
A child on either hand.

—John W. Chadwick, in the *Christian Union*.

The Liberal Church of To-Day.

In every society and sect, and outside them all, there are men and women whose religious life is independent of any records or dogmas; who aspire to live above the plane of controversy, where truth shines with its own light, and is its own sufficient authority; who "accept the universe" as a realm of moral order, and are not dismayed by its unanswered problems, though they never give over asking; who hold their minds open to new intelligence from all quarters, and recognize no break between past, present and future. They attach little importance to profession; their religion subsists in simple *loyalty to all received instructions*.

They are known by a certain mental hospitality and teachableness; by breadth of sympathy; by freedom from prejudice and bigotry; by a manifest desire to be fair toward all people, parties and opinions; by a quick faculty for perceiving the truth in things erroneous and the good in things evil, and by their tenderness toward that truth and good which are found in bad company; by hating only what hurts or darkens or degrades humanity. With faces to the future, they easily forgive the failures of the past, including their own.

And all this, not because they are indifferent, but because they aim to be *just*. If they have one passion stronger than love of truth, it is the desire to apply truth to life, to make it the first working power in the world, so that henceforth men shall follow the better way, not from selfish hope of reward or fear of punishment, but from clear vision and glad choice. They do not destroy, they build.

Without knowing it very well, yet with gradual approaches every year, these people constitute a spiritual brotherhood,—a fellowship and communion of faith and faithfulness. They are the Liberal Church of To-day, they bear the germ of the Catholicity of To-morrow. They may be zealous churchmen or radical non-conformists; they may cling with tenacity to the Christian name, or they may be too intent on things to care for names; their vision of God and immortality may be

clear or clouded; but they are held fast by the living law and the Holy Power, and they love all the good they know, and love it with heart and soul and might and strength.

To me these are the true brothers and successors of Jesus, the children of the New Covenant. The same blood is in their hearts, and they lay down their lives in the same cause. They belong to the company who have washed their robes and made them white; they are a "peculiar people, zealous of good works."—*Charles G. Ames, in the 1887 Year-Book of the Church in Philadelphia.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Shelby Seminary Memorial. Printed at the office of *Our Best Words*, Shelbyville, Ill.

It is a loving tribute to a "dear old Seminary", by one of the old boys,—the story of the lighting of a candle in a dark place, thirty-odd years ago, with glimpses of the lighters. Five thousand such candles, some larger, some smaller, some older, some newer, make together the light that we call "the higher school system" of the country. Our chief interest in it is in the little sketch given of Jasper L. Douthit, the editor of *Our Best Words*, and the man who has done his up-hill best these last two years to overthrow the "Unitarianism" which UNITY would fain illustrate and establish. His school-mate, Wendling, the anti-Ingersoll lecturer, and an Episcopalian, writes the sketch, but Jasper has to furnish a few facts. Our readers will be touched by this:—

"I was born four miles from Shelbyville, Illinois, October 10, 1884;—raised to hard work on a farm;—went to school winters, about nine months altogether;—left home against my father's will in eager search of an education;—attended the first day the Seminary opened at the old Methodist church;—swept floor and built fires to pay tuition, and worked nights and mornings for my board till I began to teach in the primary department;—left the Seminary in 1886 and went to Wabash College for six months;—boarded myself while here and lived mostly on bread and baked potatoes, and stopped because of failing health;—always puny from birth and inclined to suffer from nervous prostration, and have not got over it, although I do more mental work every year;—tried the drug business and failed in 1887, about a month after being married to Miss Emily Lovell, of Abington, Mass., by whom am father of four children, two sons and two daughters—circle unbroken and all at home. My parents were Hardshell Baptists, but I worshiped with the Methodists after going to the Seminary, until 1862, when I made the acquaintance of, and was ordained to preach by, the Unitarians. In 1864 I entered Theological School at Meadville, Pa., and graduated three years later;—preached a while at Princeton, Illinois, and then began missionary work in Shelby county, Illinois, where I have labored ever since 1867 to do all the good I can to everybody I can. Must regret that I have not done more. You know the rest. But I beg you, my brother, *make it brief and simple.* I only want credit for good motives through life's battle so far; but candidly, I don't feel that I deserve any praise."

There Wendling takes it up:

"Yes, many of us 'know the rest.' And that 'rest' means seventeen years, long years, since 1867, of self-sacrifice and ceaseless toil in sunlight and by starlight, and upon my word I do believe he suffered it all and did it all for Christ's sake. For seventeen years this sickly sort of a man has been a poor Unitarian preacher here at our doors. This poor Unitarian heretic went his quiet way as I saw him year after year, lived down a senseless prejudice against his church, erected a beautiful place of worship in our town, and gathered about him a large congregation, most of them sadly needing the influence of a good man (almost to the same degree as other congregations in our town), and now has a splendid Sunday-school, maintains a country mission, edits a pure newspaper, and I will testify everywhere that his whole life, work and example in this county has been an evangel of peace, temperance and purity. It is the life we lead more than the *isms* we hang to; and so I write it down as my calm judgment that Jasper Douthit, by his pure, self-sacrificing and unostentatious life, has furnished a better example of genuine heroism and nobility than any man our county has given birth to . . . The best of all the boys our dear old Seminary sent forth"

High praise that from one who has known a man "year after year", and agrees with him neither in politics nor religion. And most of us who know Mr. Douthit would echo heartily that kind of word about him. It is a pleasure here to print it. And as to things far less important than life and character and self-forgetting, he would smile if he knew how trustingly we look forward fifteen or twenty years (should he

live so long, and may that be!) to a feeling on his part,— "Well, I thought I was right, and that it was serving truth; but I didn't *see* as widely then or as deeply as I do now, and I am sorry for some of my old insinuations on names in religion, and *sorry* for some of the words I used.." W. C. G.

How Shall my Child be Taught? Practical Pedagogy, or the Science of Teaching, illustrated. By Louisa P. Hopkins. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

In this book the author gives the actual results of a year's work in a home school with a class of little children whose minds are fresh and unspoiled, and having had the previous awakening of a wisely directed kindergarten. Measured by public school attainments the result seems an exaggerated impossibility, because with the present conditions of the average primary school, where suppression takes more time than direction, and the controlling thought of the latter is too often to have the wheels on the right track for the grammar school examination, it would be so. Mrs. Hopkins uses the "natural method," and it is beautifully illustrated in the chapters giving lessons with the children. With the wisdom of the true teacher she satisfies the natural restlessness of the childish mind by leading it into the beginnings of all sciences. Reading, writing, numbers, etc., receive due attention—because these are the tools with which the child is to work; but in the meantime, while learning the use of these, he needs food, else the task will be drudgery and his class-room a prison-house. He sees a thousand phenomena before him, and he is inwardly impelled to find out something about them; if hindered, the mind is stultified and the child becomes dull; or if the activity does survive it will be used in the wrong direction; oftentimes a child becomes vicious by being kept from learning what he has a right to be taught. One sees in these lessons how the little minds, led by the magnetic influence of a consecrated teacher, unfold; how observation leads to thought—thought to learning in a harmonious, orderly way; no forcing or cramming, but it is all children's work done in children's way. One chapter is an address to primary teachers, in which she urges the importance and magnitude of their work. She says: "To usher a young mind upon the infinite vista of human learning is a *great* task for a *great* mind."

The last chapters are given to the science of teaching. The book is wise and inspiring. Its readers should be many, especially among primary teachers. J. J.

Shakespeare's Insomnia and the Causes Thereof. By Franklin H. Head. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. \$1.00.

Probably few heads in Chicago knew as early as last year that, among the Southampton papers now in the British Museum, some letters addressed to Shakespeare had recently been discovered,—among others some from the Rev. Walter Blaise, clergyman at Stratford-on-Avon, from Messrs. Shallow & Slender, London lawyers, and from Mordecai Shylock, a Fleet-street money-lender; one or two concerning "Nicholas Bottom, whom you brought from the Parish workhouse in Stratford", another concerning Mistress Anne Page, etc. The letters breathe of trouble, threatening law-suits, such as might well breed bad dreams and cause insomnia. And our author has ingeniously woven from these letters an explanation of Shakespeare's frequent and feeling reference to the charms of sleep and the horrors of sleepless nights. If any one doubts the authenticity of the letters, Mr. Head can produce more letters from the same source, to which he has access by a sort of patent right. Since the first edition he has added, for instance, a letter from Bacon in reference to his authorship of the plays. Not many men can tell a story more steadily than Mr. Head. The title historian cannot be awarded him, for that is reserved for the shining ones; but he has parts. He invents well, and every historian needs imagination. G.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Retribution and Reward.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. ARTHUR M. JUDY, AT DAVENPORT,
JANUARY, 1887.

Published by the Congregation.

"Say ye of the righteous, it is well with him; for he shall eat the fruit of his doing."—ISAIAH.

"He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled."—EMERSON.

At one time in their wandering the children of Israel began to faint for water. In their weariness and want they bewailed their folly in having left Egypt, and upbraided Moses for having led them forth. Moses, who had before borne with their unreasonable and ungrateful fault-finding, at this time lost all patience, and in a burst of wrath berated them roundly. It was for this burst of wrath, according to the historian, that Moses was not permitted to enter the Promised Land.

What, we may ask, could have led the historian to such a conclusion? For Moses to have borne the anxieties of leadership for forty years, to have given up all the advantages which awaited him as a member of the royal court of Egypt; to have devoted his great genius to this wearying task of leading his people into freedom, to have done all this, and then at the very last to have missed the joy of entering the Promised Land,—and for what? Why, for one outburst of anger. Was not that a sad, hard fate?

Did Grecian or English dramatist ever conceive a retribution more severe, more tragic than that?

The Greeks had a wholesome fear of their Nemesis; they taught in splendid form the doctrine of retribution; but in no drama or story of theirs which I recall did they depict so severe a punishment for so slight an offense.

But now, severe as the punishment visited upon Moses is represented to have been, I believe that as a parable, as an illustration of moral principle, it is true—tragically, not melodramatically, true.

To translate the parable into plain language, it means that every wrong act shuts us from some enjoyment.

But mark, I do not mean to say that each specific misery we suffer is due to some specific wrong we have done. It is *not* true, for instance, that a person is always to blame if he is maimed in a railroad accident; and it is not true that a person who suffers from the hatred of another is always to blame. This parable of Moses' exclusion from the Promised Land cannot, then, be taken to justify the universal proposition that all suffering is due to sin. It would be a sorry consolation to tell a virtuous and loving parent that his child had died because he had sinned: a sorry consolation to go to a Socrates in prison or a Christ on Calvary and say—Behold, you sinned, and now you suffer.

But while it will not do to say that all suffering is due to sin, it will do to say that all sin brings suffering, that each burst of anger, for instance, does keep us from some promised land. Emerson must have believed so when he wrote: "He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled." For this saying, of course, carries with it its corollary: "He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted." The one statement cannot be true unless the other is, and I believe both are true, and I believe that it is just this truth above all others which needs to be preached in this day. To my apprehension the church has been preaching an injurious view of retribution. For wrong doing she has preached either punishment by prodigy, or punishment in hell: punishment by law and punishment in the every-day life she has preached all too little. I am inclined to believe that there is a large class of people who would say, "Well, then, God does not punish us at all," if I should say I do not believe he punishes us either by lightning flashes or by hell fire.

The gentleman who exclaimed the other day, "Oh! I don't care anything for the church; I'll take my chances of hell," must have held this idea of the retribution.

Now, I do not claim that the church has preached this doctrine of retribution alone, but it is on this doctrine that she has thrown the emphasis of her preaching; it is to this doctrine that the fundamental schemes of Catholic and orthodox salvation are adapted; it is in this doctrine that the mass of her followers believe. Of course, along with the loud preaching of this doctrine, the church has been insisting that happiness of the individual, the home and the state, depends upon righteousness. But this insistence has been mild, indifferent, compared with the furious stress which has been laid upon the tortures of hell and the terrors of catastrophe.

It is high time for the church to change all this. The melodrama of hell and catastrophe is practically played out. Men now know that the lightning has a preference for the church rather than the saloon, and that hell is something to be smiled about, as one smiles about the Greek Hades, or Dante's Inferno.

But is the doctrine of retribution also played out? Not in the least: never was it so capable of demonstration and of forcible presentation as to-day.

But the doctrine must be presented in a new shape: it must be declared that punishment is by law and not by prodigy; that it goes on in all places and times, and not in one distant place in the remote future.

Emerson struck the keynote of this new preaching when he wrote: "He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled." That is the gospel this age needs to have preached; a gospel which the great astronomer-poet of Persia preached when he declared: "Hell is but a spark of the useless troubles which we have given ourselves."

And yet, smooth though this new doctrine of retribution sounds, there is something exceedingly terrible about it; something unescapable, more relentless than Nemesis, more implacable than hell. If a person does a good deed he is instantly ennobled thereby; if he does an evil deed he is instantly degraded thereby. Think what that means; illustrate what it means. A child puts its fingers into the fire; it is instantly burned thereby. So when a man puts his soul into any moral fire, does any wrong deed, his soul is instantly burned thereby; Christ cannot help it; nothing can help it. Throw yourself from a precipice and you must fall; so step from any height of righteousness and you must fall. Your soul will be bruised in one case as certainly as your body will be in the other.

But let us face this thought not in figures and generalizations merely, but rather in details and in facts.

You are at a party and give way to a fit of envy. Is not the punishment, the degradation, instant? Is a state of envy a happy, a noble, condition? Contrast that state with one of loving admiration. Relatively speaking, is not one a hellish, the other a heavenly, frame of mind?

Likewise contrast a state of lust with a state of love. From the height of love look back upon the depths of that lust. Consider the merciless selfishness—disregard of mother, society, God—which that lust implies; consider, too, the deceit which it necessitates, the dark night, the hypocritical face, the lying answers; consider, farther, the deprivation which it occasions; moments when you are without noble thoughts, away from great books, lost to true friendship,—yes, consider the merciless selfishness, the despicable deceit, the sad deprivation into which lust instantly, necessarily, brings one, and then tell me, is there not retribution, certain, sure retribution?

So, too, with other sins. Can a man cheat and escape punishment? Look back at the cheat's state from some height of sterling integrity. How foul it shows in the contrast! In the cheat's home, something is lacking to the highest love between husband and wife; children, neighbors, books yield not their highest delights; birds, flowers, sunlight, keep back something. In one chamber of the cheat's soul is an ugly secret; around that chamber must be thrown a thick, gloomy wall. Through that wall the tenderest whispers of love, the sweetest words of reverence, the highest voice of nature, cannot penetrate, and the very moment the cheating is done, the foundation of that wall is laid, and on that foundation the wall will rise as certainly as the coral reef rises where the coral dies.

The *inevitableness* of punishment—the *inevitableness* of reward—that is the great thought.

But first, there must be no false notions as to the kind of reward or punishment which comes. Every creature brings forth after its kind, we know. So does every deed.

If your good deed has been one of friendship, then be content to receive the fruits of friendship; do not ask for the fruits of financiering.

To expect that all goodness will issue in some tangible, material benefit, is to take the falsest view of this great question of retribution. Some persons speak as if goodness must be unprofitable if it does not make a man rich. Now there is a dependence of riches upon goodness, as one can easily demonstrate by citing the history of nations; but in the case of the individual, riches do not necessarily follow because a man is good in one or twenty ways.

Kindness does not necessarily bring riches, neither does honesty, neither does reverence, neither does generosity. All these qualities and more help to riches, when certain other good qualities are present, such as industry, shrewdness and economy; but they cannot separately or collectively insure riches, and riches will often come when they are wanting.

No, what each virtue insures is not some reward extraneous to itself, unlike itself, but a reward germane to itself, in its own line.

The rewards of honesty, for instance, are the delights of honesty. I name but one of those delights, that of trusting and being trusted. Is that a trivial delight, a small matter? Nay, a great matter, something sublime there is in a large, generous trustfulness. Just consider what a factor trustfulness is in civilization.

The savage ventured a few miles from home at the peril of his life; the civilized man travels through continents with little fear. The savage had dealings with few men and in few ways; the civilized man deals directly and indirectly with millions, and with those in ways innumerable.

Now think what a demand for trust these large dealings and these extended journeys require. Indeed trustfulness, the joy of trusting and being trusted, is a strong leaven, a sweet odor, a genial sunlight penetrating, gladdening, lightening the whole life of the civilized man. Conscious of this great joy he may not always be,—but there it is, the unnoted benediction resting upon the soul.

If trust be such a factor of civilization, think what it is in the life of the individual. Where would be the joy of a thanksgiving reunion without trust, and is not that joy greater in proportion as the company is trusted and trusting? Where, too, would be the blessing of a family but for that heavenly trust which holds between parent and child?

Facing, then, the full significance of trust, all of the joy and delight and peace which it implies, who but will say that honesty, the sure fruit of which is trust—who but will say that honesty is rewarded, that it does bring a man to a Promised Land? that he is instantly ennobled thereby?

And as with honesty so with every other virtue, its reward is sure *after its kind*; its promised land is reached—not some other, but *its* promised land.

Just at this point we must criticise the parable of Moses and the Promised Land.

That Moses was punished for his impatience, I doubt not; that he was shut out from the Promised Land for one burst of anger, I do not believe. That would have been punishment *not* after its kind. The reaching of the Promised Land was something material, and it depended upon hundreds of conditions—not upon the one condition that Moses always keep his temper. To say that Moses suffered for his bad temper in this material, sensational way is to make a very rough, though striking exhibition of the law of retribution—something to catch the attention of children, but surely nothing to satisfy a careful student of morals; nothing, either, in the line of which a great institution like the church ought to conduct its teaching.

The church must have a truer statement of the law of retribution than that.

Men see to-day that dishonesty does not keep them from riches; that riotous living does not exclude them from the good society; that lying, hypocrisy and deceit are quite compatible with good health and immunity from calamities.

But what men do not see is, that while dishonesty may not keep them from riches, it does keep them from something of infinitely greater value than riches—a noble character, a beautiful manhood.

To say it roughly, lightning and earthquakes and pestilence do not care a snap whether a man is honest or dishonest. They go by a law which concerns itself, but remotely with such things.

But there is a something which does concern itself with these moral qualities, that is, manhood. The growth of manhood is something as actual, as awful, as lightning or earthquake.

The laws that made those grand characters whom we revere under the names of Christ and Socrates and Epictetus and Emerson—are not the working of those laws something to be dreaded, respected as much, yea more, than the laws of lightning and earthquake?

Well, *those* are the laws which care whether you are honest or dishonest,—*those* the laws which decide whether you are to enjoy the supremest happiness.

Oh! why can we not be forever done with this teaching which degrades morals by making reward always a matter of dollars and cents, or of a front seat in heaven?

Has the poor man whose unspotted life and tender heart make for him a home where love and reverence abide—has not such a man his reward? Yea, even if the earthquakes were to swallow up that home to-morrow, or want find lodgement there, would not the man still have his reward; still have entered his promised land? Not a land where everything is perfect, but a land where each good quality is rewarded after its kind; not a land where an apple-tree can be made to bring forth every good fruit under the heavens, but a land where every apple-tree does bear apples.

Now, friends, when you come to look at the question of rewards and punishments from this point of view, I think it will acquire a dignity and significance for you which it has never had.

You will look about you and say, See that sweet but firm temper—is not that a promised land? how is that to be reached? by the money-making road? by the road of religious speculation? Nay, but by the road of self-control; by the way where love gives the strength to mount on stepping-stones of your dead self to higher things.

And following this same line of thought you will say, Consider that life of Christ—so arduous in its labor, so sad in its ending, and yet, how many promised lands were in it—what purity, what gentleness, what love for others, what trust in God, what assurance of deathlessness!

Can I attain those promised lands? Yes. Stop the angry word as it springs to your lips; shut out the impure thought by a pure one; go forth and do the kind deed to some suffering neighbor; force yourself to read, to think of noble lives and noble things; acquire the firm-set habit of being severe with yourself—of honestly seeing yourself as you are; and then cultivate the beneficent habit of devout longing and aspiration—of seeing yourself as in God's eyes, and lo! one by one you will enter the promised lands of a beautiful character.

You will not enter *all* the promised lands at once. No, just as you are getting happily into one such land, lo! another will appear, and yet another, and another.

But do not be discouraged, rather rejoice at that, for it is that which tells you how endless in grand possibilities is this soul of yours. Be as great as you can to-day—as true, kind, devout—to-morrow you can be greater, and the next to-morrow greater still, and the next, and the next.

Numberless, numberless, are the promised lands of the soul, each a more beautiful land than the former. In that thought lies the inspiration of life here, and the joy of the life to come. In that thought, too, is seen the source of our highest reward, namely, that each height we gain puts us in a position to gain

a higher. As the reward of the child who learns his alphabet is not a knowledge of the alphabet itself, but the possibility of learning other things which that knowledge brings, so the highest reward of doing what we see to be right at any moment is not the satisfied conscience of the moment, but the possibility of right-doing, of a still higher order, which that good deed brings.

Yes, all things are prospective, preparatory. The little good which the child does is prospective of the splendid deeds which the man can do in consequence of the start made in childhood. So, too, the little good which we men and women on earth can do is but prospective of that untold doing of good to which we shall be helped in the heavenly life by the good done on earth.

THE HOME.

Raiment of Light.

Once—so runs an ancient story—the clothes of men were made of light. There were only two to be clothed, for this was when there were no human beings but Adam and Eve in Eden. The common story is that these two were left unclothed, and this is the elder story as it is in the Bible; but after this, as if men were not pleased to think of their early parents all bare and unmantled, there rose another story, also very old, that they had robes made of light, beautiful scarfs and kirtles of sheen vapors falling from neck to foot in graceful and swaying folds. These we may believe were put on and off as Adam and Eve willed; and there were night garments as well as day robes, that the happy pair might sleep in a softer and veiled glow. Now if thus our first parents were draped in the raiment of light, of course their faces must have shone also, for their faces, if they had not beamed, would have seemed very dark and dull in the midst of that shining dress. Thus their eyes and all features gave out rays even brighter than their garb, so that they were creatures of light clothed with light. After they had sinned, as the story is, and were driven out from their lovely Paradise, they no longer had this apparel, but had to find clothes for themselves of common materials. Yet a little of their former bright raiment clung to them, and became the finger nails, which, though no longer giving light, yet still remained so much like the light that the rays pass through them, so that they are transparent.

Of this story I ask, as of many others, Is it true? And I answer, Yes, it is true. What then—do I mean that there were two persons called Adam and Eve living alone in a paradise, and that they had garments actually made of beams of light, woven or felted together in some way, and draped around them? No, I mean not that. Who ever saw such raiment? How is it possible to believe it? But this is only a language, a very ancient and primitive language which tells by images, imaginings and wonders what the people were thinking of. It was the ancient and child-like tongue in which they said that innocence makes all things full of joy, and that it is clear, pure, transparent. In truth, the words that belong to light apply so well to goodness, and so often are used to express it, that in writing this last sentence I had to be very careful not to say that innocence was bright, shining, glowing, beaming, radiant, illumining, sunny; for these are the words that came first to me by which to describe the blithe and sweet cheer of innocence. And if I were speaking not of innocence only, but of great, strong, faithful goodness, such words as luster, splendor, glory, effulgence, would come to me. Light is everywhere the symbol of goodness and of the joy that comes of goodness. We call a smile bright, and happy eyes bright; the eye, also, we say, flashes, and the face, we say, lights up. There must be something that is like light, that is of its kin and moves us as light does, in these expressions of the soul in the face; for why else should we call them bright, shining, light-giving? If we love any one very much we even say, "He is the light of my eye"; and we can hardly think of warm things except as shining things, so that we speak of a glowing love, and also call it a flame or

a fire, and speak of love-light on the face or in the eyes. Now all these things were seen and felt by men thousands of years ago, and their way of telling it was in such stories as this of the garments of Adam and Eve made of light. In the same way they thought of the face of God as being light. This, you know, is found in the beautiful benediction given to Moses, as told in the sixth chapter of Numbers, whereby to bless the people,—“The Lord make his face to shine upon thee;” and in prayers, as in the fourth Psalm, “Lift up the light of thy countenance upon us”; and in happy expressions of trust and joy as, “They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.” In the little book called the First Epistle of John, in the New Testament, in the first chapter, is written,—“We declare unto you that God is light and in him is no darkness at all”; of which thought a very beautiful image is given in the book called Revelation, the 21st chapter, where the heavenly city is said to have “no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it;” and the gates of the city are not to be shut at any time because there is no night and so they need not be closed. Now, as thus God is called light, so he has made creatures of light. The angels have shining faces, as we read all through the Bible, and even shining bodies; and men were to have the same; they were to become again bodied with light as Adam was robed in it. This is Paul’s meaning when he says (1st Cor. xv. 40): “There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.” For I think Paul conceived this as a body made of light, or full of light. In like way, some of the Arabs say that all spirits were made by God of the fire; the good angels of the light of the fire, and some not so good, of the flame; and others, that were bad, of the smoke. As light in this ancient story language meant goodness and joy, so darkness meant evil and pain, as you will find in many places in the Bible and in many stories out of the Bible. A sad and frightful use of darkness in men’s story language is what some people said of the fires in the awful pit called hell, where (so little did they know of infinite goodness) they said the bad men were to be tormented. Some said that the flames which burned them were not bright like most flames, but dark flames without light, which made the pain of them worse, and the horrors of the place more dreadful.

Now, is not the story of Adam’s clothes a true story? For, though it cannot happen just so, and no mantles are made out of sunbeams, yet this was the language in which men said that goodness is light in the world, and, like the sun shining on our path, shows us the way to go. No doubt those ancient men believed the story also just as they said it; but more deeply still they believed, and meant to say by it, that goodness is like light in the earth. So I say that story is true, and in the same way the Bible story about the heavenly city is true. This was another part of the ancient way of saying that goodness shows us all things like light.

J. V. B.

A Street Picture in Naples.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.)

Two beggar boys I noticed in the street,
Both clad in tatters, one with shoeless feet;
The other’s shoes so worn and ripped and rent
They scarcely held together as he went.

Yet his companion enviously eyed
His richer brother, strutting in his pride;
For though much mangled by Time’s keen-edged tooth,
The shoes had charms to tempt a barefoot youth.

And the first coppers begged from passers-by
He gave a boot-black, while his heart beat high,
Telling the world with a triumphant grin
The fortune that he happened to be in—
“The man with shoes can pay to have them shine;
Nobles and princes wear such shoes as mine.”

—Our Youth

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Monday noon Union Teachers' meeting was held as usual in the Channing Club rooms, Mr. Jones, leader. Subject: Ezekiel, chapters xl to xlviii. This is the prophet's vision of the New Jerusalem, the renovated home of the Jews after the restoration of the people, by the power of Jehovah, forever. We are not to try to reconcile the vision with the known geography of Palestine. The features of the vision are wholly priestly, except the provision that the king must regulate the weights and measures honestly and exactly. Probably this was a very important and difficult matter in ancient trading. Ezekiel in this passage drops flatly into the priest. The only poetic touch is the river flowing from the temple. This dream of Ezekiel has had a vast effect on the hopes and faiths of the Jews—which fact has a pathos in it.

—Upwards of one thousand people were present at Central Music Hall last Sunday evening. The meeting was given to a consideration of the work of the "Moral Education Society". Addresses were made by Doctor Thomas, Rabbi Hirsch, and Mr. Jones; the first speaking of Heredity, the second of Environment, the last of the Will. Judge Booth and Professor Swing were prevented by sickness from attending. There is no subject more pressing than that of social purity, and none more difficult to speak of. This meeting was such a success that others ought to be undertaken.

Philadelphia.—Unity Church, Camden, has just had its successful dedication, and if the days to follow become as forceful as those past, its important future may be confidently counted upon. On the evening of the 16th, and all through the day succeeding till the sun had set, there were meetings and greetings, and songs and social comminglings enough for the hungriest mind. One could wonder, when casting thought back to the infant parlor circle of a year or less ago at which the project now hopefully afoot was bruited, how the few then in service should so soon have effected a lodgment upon that conservative community. Yet it was all there, with an evidence of determination which, wisely directed, can become a necessary adjunct to Camden's local life. For one who doubted Wednesday held the solvent. Through much music, aspiration, speech-making, their novel experiment was launched in appeal to a popu-

lace previously undisturbed by Unitarian affirmations. The sermon was from Mr. Grindall Reynolds, who gave a general review of the Unitarian's position in respect to the hopes of mankind and the need of a broader gospel than that commonly accepted. Clifford was given the prayer, Camp the invocation, the elder Hinckley the reading. Through all there was a happy interspersal of anthems and hymns, some of them from selected voices and some rendered by the entire audience. When the moment for installation came Mr. Haskell received his "right hand of fellowship" from Mr. May and his "send-off" from Mr. Ames, who, in what is called the "address to the people", introduced some felicitous illustrations which went to the mark and should have been cherished. Whittier's hymn, commencing "All gifts are Thine: no gift have we"—was sung with considerable unction, and the concerted reading of the dedication statement—"To the Supreme Being, the All-Father; to the True, the Good, the Beautiful; to the God-love in human hearts; to the Christ ideal; to that ministry which enlightens the ignorant, counsels the erring, strengthens the weak, comforts the sorrowing; to the ministry of good-will and good deeds"—was developed, as I thought, in a measure that became unconsciously musical. So the evening wore on, to the evident enjoyment of all. The morning introduced other exercises, first among which was a certain "Devotional Meeting and Communion," the latter attended with an explanation from Mr. May and Mr. Reynolds of its rationalistic adoption by Unitarians. The Rev. James Shrigley, Universalist, assisted in this ceremony. The essays that followed were from Furness, Calthrop and Reynolds, the first using Easter as his subject, the second treating of "The New Piety," and the third, together with the Rev. H. R. Wilson, of Wilmington, Del., touching upon matters of cognate interest. At this session the gentleman, Gilbert, who recently left the Methodist pulpit and caused some orthodox unrest in Philadelphia, gave a brief explanation of his present religious attitude. Mr. Mangasarian, who was announced to talk, was ill and therefore not present. Thus the hours came and went, the ladies furnished the delightful mid-day meal, and afternoon, with its Ethical studies, was upon the conferees. Clifford came here foremost, with a consideration of "Religion and Morality," Weston following with a paper on "The New Basis of Religious Fellowship." Then Camp had a thought upon "Organized Charities," Calthrop a brief word supplementally to his forenoon talk, Hinckley some gentle gratefulness for good things said there, and Ames, in his usual vein, a dream of unity with which to close the day's feast. Clifford spoke in his full, generous, philosophic way upon an interpretation of religion which made morality the subordinate power. Weston, in beautiful spirit, appealed for unity in human work, assuming speculative unanimity to be impossible, but a fellowship in the essentials of ethics to be idealistically within reach and necessary. Camp dwelt particularly upon the work done in his section for the humanization in the intellectualizing, as I read it—of charity. Hinckley congratulated the people upon the broad and inclusive programme arranged for the occasion. Ames dwelt upon the palpable harmony which subsisted between the many notes from various voices which had been struck throughout the celebration. During this sitting Clifford read a poem on "Aspiration", which had been contributed as fitting for the hour.

Now we have seen these people well-housed, genially welcomed by compeers in the similar work hereabouts, and sent on their way rejoicing. May it be a journey of sufficing helpfulness! All their good work has been done within a year. This fact was univer-

sally commented upon with surprise. They have there a church-building which gives them two large auditoriums, a parlor and a home for the minister, which is cozy beyond complaint. They have their two sermons each Sunday, a Sunday-school, an Ethical Association, a lecture course in preparation, and a regular Tuesday evening social entertainment for the public, which is literally sought by crowds with strangers. This is their opportunity, the invitation to spiritual work, the suggestion of what may be done to the enrichment of the moral sense in that newly-visited constituency.

—Rev. Charles G. Ames paid a running visit to Washington, D. C., last week, exchanging pulpits with Rev. R. R. Shippen, Mr. Shippen occupying the Spring Garden desk with a goodly gathering of the members of the society.

Woman's Work.—The first movement towards organic missionary work among Unitarian women in this country was made at the Western Conference at Toledo in 1877. In 1878 the women "resolved that they were not only willing but had an honest desire to share henceforth in the labors and responsibilities of their brethren", and steps were taken to organize the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. In 1880 the Woman's Auxiliary of the National Conference was organized, and now Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, Cincinnati and other places have their Women's Associations that hold monthly meetings for study and missionary work. The March meeting of the Philadelphia Association "brought together about seventy-five representatives of the congregations of Philadelphia, Germantown, Camden and Wilmington. A paper on 'Jesus' was read, and gave rise to remarks by many of the ladies present." Thus the good work goes on. The suggestion made at Toledo, that *women might do something through independent organizations*, was greeted by many with opposition, and even ridicule. "How far that little candle throws its beam."

Will Some one Answer.—EDITOR OF UNITY: Desiring very much to know what and where anything is done for the instruction of the deaf mutes in Chicago, I request those informed to give in the next issue of UNITY the facts of the case. There are those in the city who would be greatly pleased to hear of any relief work or teaching done for the benefit of the deaf mute children. It is a subject which is new to the thought of a large number of people of whom inquiry has been made.

J. CROSSETT.

A Deep Mystery.

Wherever you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upward daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortune await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay: now is the time.

Children Starving to Death

on account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. COBB of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite."

A Tribute to American Genius

were the recent awards at Liverpool and Edinburgh of silver medals to Seabury & Johnson, Pharmaceutical Chemists, and proprietors of Benson's Caprine Plasters. These plasters are indorsed by 5,000 physicians and pharmacists as the only reliable external remedy for coughs, colds, rheumatism, etc. Beware of nostrums advertised by quacks.

For an Irritated Throat.

Cough or Cold, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy.

UNITY

FREEDOM. FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

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EDITORIAL.

Is there not a feeling in society that the changed conditions of life, rapid transit, the telegraph and the like, have done away with the need of the old-fashioned slow virtues of industry, economy and faithfulness, and the endeavor to build up a character by patient continuance in well-doing on one spot?

W. W.

As will be seen in our "Notes from the Field", our Holland friends at Grand Rapids have invested in the "Hamilton Vocalion" of which we have spoken before. The pastor, a man of fine musical tastes,—as all pastors ought to be,—writes us: "Its accompanying power is very satisfactory, and there are very lovely combinations for single playing. It is attracting attention, and many come to see it."

SAYS the poet Longfellow: "In the elder days of the Church, when the Presbyter invested with his singing-rob the Psalmist, he said to him: 'See that what thou singest with thy mouth thou believest also in thy heart, and that what thou believest in thy heart thou confirmest also in thy life.'" Not a bad text for a discourse on Church Singing. Compilers of hymn-books, too, might find here something to be regarded.

BEECHER will pass down into history as the man who won his popularity because he was always ready to lend his great gifts to unpopular causes. Did the slave need a friend; secession sentiment in England need a rebuke; did the Chinaman in San Francisco need a champion; the infidel Ingersoll a courteous introduction; did woman's suffrage need a defender; the republican party a rebuke from one of its own members; evolution an advocate in the pulpit—Henry Ward Beecher dared always to do it.

MR. HOSMER, of Cleveland, recently said in his pulpit: "While Colonel Ingersoll is not likely to be an applicant for admission to mine or any other church or religious society, yet were he to become a resident of this city and to be drawn to me and my people and our associated work, I would myself welcome him in the spirit of brotherhood. I am not personally an admirer of Col. Ingersoll. His methods are not my methods. I dislike in him what often to me seems want of reverence and tenderness for others' faiths. But if he, being as I suppose an honest agnostic, were to be drawn to my preaching, who am not an agnostic, and to this service where we have prayer and hymn and serious thought upon the issues of conduct and life, my basis of fellowship is, thank God, large enough to give him the hand of welcome; nor in so doing should we have the worst member, let me add, among the churches of this community, nor the least valuable. Indeed, were some of the ministers of this city to have him and others of his intellectual keenness before them every Sunday, it might conduce to the vigor and logic of their pulpit utterances. It would hold them from rash and reckless assertions, for they would then know that there were those in the congregation who would detect them. But the implication that this breadth on my part, or on the part of that fellowship of churches to which I belong, denies or overlooks the value and importance of men's beliefs, is the preacher's own hasty inference."

REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL, in his sermon on Henry Ward Beecher, at Hartford, Conn., tells the following story: "Beecher was confronted by an indignant conservative mob, who were determined that he should not preach his anti-slavery word. Every time he opened his mouth to speak they met him with a storm of hisses that overwhelmed every other sound. Smiling on them good-naturedly, as his wont was, he waited patiently for a lull and then managed in his drollest way to get in the words, 'Gentlemen, you remind me very much of my grand-uncle.' The curiosity of the audience was at once excited to know what the point of resemblance was between them and an individual apparently so far-fetched, and in a great hush he was allowed to go on. 'My grand-uncle', he said, 'was a blacksmith, and I am sorry to say, for family reasons, a very poor blacksmith, too. Once on a time, however, he got a fine piece of steel and said to himself, I will make a broad-axe out of this. So he put it in the fire and heated it, and took it out and hammered and hammered and hammered on it, but all in vain; it would not make an axe. Then he said, 'Well, I'll make a hatchet of it at any rate'; so he put it in the fire and heated it again and hammered and hammered, and hammered, but still all in vain; he couldn't make even a hatchet of it; and then,' said Mr. Beecher, 'my great-uncle got mad and seizing the red hot steel in his tongs he plunged it into a tub of water and exclaimed, 'Well, there is one thing I can do with it: I can make a plaguey good hiss.'" The audience saw the point and with a round of applause and roar of laughter, allowed him to pour into their ears one of the strongest anti-slavery speeches they had ever heard, conquered and won over as no denunciation or reason could have made them, by his good-natured tact."

WE are sorry that it is so hard to tempt our Minneapolis associate into our columns. When we can do no better we are glad to catch him on the wing. A local paper thus reports a fragment of a sermon on the "Blessedness of Breathing"; which he described as "burning out our substance and ourselves to produce warmth and work. Breathing is what most lifts the animal above the vegetable kingdom, and the higher animals above the lower. The tree only selfishly accumulates and stands still; the animal breathes and burns out his accumulations, and moves. The poorly-breathing alligator is cold-blooded, and dozes all day on the bank as if dead; but the swiftly-breathing bird becomes warm and so active that he takes a tour of a Minnesota county in the summer morning and spends his winters in Florida like a gentleman. So in all fields, not only physical but spiritual, higher life comes from burning out. Morality advances by consuming itself, just as a breathing animal does; and how many old moral standards and sentiments have had to be destroyed before the world could advance from savages making meals of each other to society giving meals to the unfortunate. So religion advances by breathing and consuming its old tissue;—and how many ideas of religious duty and of deity have had to vanish in smoke and ashes since Samuel ordered innocent women and children to be slain in the service of God? And warmth of heart and high religious life comes to-day only from burning. Christendom keeps the memory of a man who was ready to consume himself to warm the world. And whatever critics may think about the real facts of Jesus's life, Christendom keeps the memory of an ideal of love and self-sacrifice, which has been accepted by the civilized world as the highest and divinest ideal to follow. And such it is. Nothing else in the

world is so noble as a generous deed; nothing else so divine as a life of self-sacrifice. Nothing so warms and consecrates us as to breathe deeply of the divine spirit of love and let it burn out our substance and our selfishness and ourselves in acts of helpfulness to others."

The Cincinnati Resolution—Was it Uncongregational.

If there be one thing which all Unitarians, from the beginning almost to the present day, have asserted with repeated affirmation and enthusiasm, it is that they are a church without a binding "creed": The Cincinnati resolution simply said that for the thousandth time,—*"The Western Unitarian Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests."* It follows then—it is no separate and independent affirmation, but it *follows*—that Unitarians, and of course the Western churches as a part of the body, and the Western Conference speaking collectively for that part, *do* "welcome all who wish to join them to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world". If Unitarians have any welcome at all to offer, and it is not based on intellectual assent to doctrine, what *can* it be based on save the spirit of truthfulness and right and love?

But this position has been attacked on two sides. First by a credal party—the party whose insistence at last brought the Cincinnati resolution into being as reply to their demand. This party—be it always remembered, we believe in their honor while they say it—says that it does not *mean* a "creed": it only wants the Conference to declare that Unitarianism "stands for" Theism and Christianity. But when they show what they *do* mean by calling these intellectual beliefs "essential" to Unitarianism; when they point to the open door and say publicly to ministers, Unless you teach them, your work ought not be named "Unitarian"; when they say of the Conference, "It voted down every resolution to describe its basis or purpose to be Christian or even Theistic: after this action the Conference had *no right to call itself Unitarian*" (the italics theirs); when some of them call our Cincinnati words an "atheistic resolution"; when they start a vigorous propaganda by paper, magazine, pamphlets and bands of printing ministers, to break up the Western Conference and split the churches that support it; and when, as condition of ceasing from their attacks, they offer the Conference the alternative, Either say those doctrinal words or surrender all executive functions,—in shorter phrase, the alternative of *shibboleth* or *suicide*; and when they do all this against brethren who, as they know well, are spending their lives preaching, worshiping, writing out, and trying to live out the faith of "Theism" and the ideals of "Christianity", but who do *not* hold and therefore will not say that these beliefs and terms are "essential" to the Unitarian name and fellowship,—we say, when they show in all these ways what they *do* mean, that meaning comes so near to being "creed" that we feel no sense of injustice in describing them roundly as the "credal party". If, as is claimed, "many Unitarian ministers give their cordial approval" to this sort of thing, then the more need for other Unitarians to give it a frank name and stand openly against it.

The Cincinnati resolution has also been objected to in behalf of a very different interest,—an anxious "Congregationalism". It is said to be "absolutely contrary to Congregational polity". A warning to this effect was sent forth last fall by Mr. Crooker of Madison. His pamphlet sketches the sturdy congregational liberty of the early Massachusetts churches,—that liberty untrammelled by presbyter, bishop, synod or liturgy,* in virtue of which the Calvinistic meeting-houses of the fathers gradually became the Unitarian meeting-houses of the children. It then describes the Conferences, purely consultative, not judicial, of these early churches,—reaching the conclusion, "No such thing as congregational statute-law is, in the nature of the case, possible." Then, more specifically summing up the functions of a Congrega-

tional Conference and applying them to the Cincinnati case, the pamphlet says:

"Such a Conference has no right to formulate a creed; much less to decide authoritatively what the religious opinions of any particular church shall be. *It may report what views are taught*; it may advise a church respecting the soundness or unsoundness of its pastor [!] but it has no right to declare what its beliefs ought to be. And in describing at any time the common beliefs and purposes of those churches, it must be careful not to coerce any particular church, and also not to take positions that shall in any way discourage freedom and growth." * * * "It may extend the fellowship of the associated churches to a church applying for it, but this must be done according to the principles and spirit of those associated churches. As such a Conference is not an independent ecclesiastical body, but the creature and servant of certain independent churches, it follows that it no more has a fellowship of its own to dispense than a pulpit of its own to fill. It has no power to legislate about fellowship, * * * no authority to make for itself a basis of fellowship"; * * * and "no position of its own to describe." * * * "Unitarianism cannot be made this or that by any action of that Conference respecting a 'basis' of fellowship. * * * Whatever resolution respecting a 'basis' of fellowship that Conference may adopt, each church will determine its own fellowship, and that is the only Unitarian fellowship there is in the west. The fellowship of these local churches makes that Conference, and the creature cannot dictate to its creator."

To which we reply,—All true, and well stated; but who supposes it is *not* true? Who supposes that the Conference has a fellowship, a basis, a position of its own as distinct from that of the individual churches which compose it? Who dreams that it can legislate about their fellowship? Who imagines that Unitarianism can be changed by Conference vote? Not we, at least. And what connection has all this with the opinion that the Cincinnati resolution was "absolutely contrary to congregational polity"? It may be contrary,—we will try to see if it be,—but if it be, then from something careless and coercive in its phrasing, and *not* because it is a resolution about fellowship. Mr. Crooker misses the mark all through his argument by forgetting the *declaratory* function of a Conference. He only forgets it, since in the sentences above, which we have put into italics, he expressly remembers and allows it: "the Conference may report what views are taught" by the churches,—*"the Conference may extend the fellowship of the associated churches to a church applying for it."* What more do we need than that to justify the Cincinnati resolution, provided it report the churches truly as to fellowship, and also to justify that twin resolution about the doctrines commonly believed among us, which was at Cincinnati rejected? If he stand by these, his words,—and surely he is right in them,—why should he drive so hard at the expressions "*its basis*", "*its position*", "*its fellowship*"? Nothing more is meant—except as he reads meaning in—than the position, basis, fellowship of the local churches uniting in the Conference and collectively declaring themselves through its voice; doing just what he says they may do. "After talking about what '*it*' represents", the next step will be to dictate to churches respecting their own affairs": what justifies that inference, when he allows that "*it* may report", etc.? Our "*it*" and his "*it*" are the same. Poor little "*it*"! the Western Conference *knows* that it has no head of its own,—that its brains are all in the separate churches; no heart of its own,—that its love is all there in the churches; and as to "*position*" and "*basis*", that it has no more standing-power, nothing more to stand on, than a cherub!

Nevertheless a Congregational Conference has functions which no single church has, just because it is not a single church, but a body of churches. Using the long words, it has no *legislative* and no *judicial* functions; it had better rarely allow itself *advisory* functions towards its constituent members; but it has ample *declaratory* and, parallel with these, *executive* functions; and, of course, it has *consultative* functions. As to the "*declaratory*" power, that is largely what a Conference is *for*,—to voice the common mind of the churches composing it, in regard to spirit, aims, teachings, fellowship,—thereby to get inspiration and the sense of comradeship inside the circle, and to exert influence for good outside. And whatever it may *say* in common, it may *do* in common by agents and otherwise; whatever it may do, it may say. And what it may say and do in the *concrete*, it

* Trammelled, however, by their own church-state which, in lieu of presbytery, etc., exercised ecclesiastical discipline: witness Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, Pynchon, the Quakers.

may say and do in the *general*: for instance, it may not only "extend the fellowship of the associated churches to a church applying for it", but it may formulate and announce the principle or terms on which it acts in so doing. Surely we must guard our congregationalism jealously, whenever men invade it; but we must not make our fort our prison, cutting ourselves off in the name of liberty from liberty and influence. There *is* such a thing as imprisoning ourselves in congregationalism: have, or have not, we Unitarians long done that very thing? There seem to be persons who really think that creedlessness, asserted by a Conference, thereby becomes a creed; that it binds us to declare together, We are free; that it would be *uncongregational* to say in chorus, We are congregationalists! We may simply confer, but to summarize results of conference in resolutions is to endanger local liberties. The position refutes itself. It would render impossible any associated expression of opinion on the part of Unitarians, and *a fortiori* any associated action; for if a Conference may not *speak* its common thought about theological beliefs and moral aims, it is still less legitimate for such a Conference to *act* out its thought through agents and publications in missionary ways. And why should this principle of illegitimacy end with our General Western Conference? It would apply as well to the State Conferences, and silence and kill them, too. Nay, why should this principle arbitrarily end on the outside edge of a congregation, instead of going on to apply *within* the congregation, resolving it into individuals and rendering even congregational opinion and action impossible? The position, stated out full length, refutes itself.

We are past this whole stage of individualism in our Unitarian church and Conference life. We are all confessedly engaged on measures of organization and extension of influence. We are trying to find out more efficient ways of making known the ideas and the ideals that we hold in common. *Our problem is to guard our congregational and individual liberty,—and at the same time to get choral power.* The ideal relation of Conference to congregation is not attained by making the Conference a *mute*. Rather we should learn to employ its voice as we never yet have dared to do.

But *carefully*. Mr. Crooker is right: "In describing at any time the common beliefs and purposes of those churches, such a Conference must be careful not to coerce any particular church, and also not to take positions that shall in any way discourage freedom and growth." That warning can not be too strongly emphasized. For instance, the National Conference in 1870 formulated and announced its terms of fellowship by Article IX. of its Constitution:

"Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ."

That was both credal and uncongregational. Credal, because it replaced a previous Art. IX. passed two years before, in 1868, which read:

"To secure the largest unity of the spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby understood that all declarations by this Conference, including the Preamble and Constitution, are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, and dependent wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our fellowship."

Of course, to deliberately rescind that, against protest, and insert in its place "allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ", etc., meant "creed". And it was uncongregational, not because it stated terms of fellowship, but because the specific terms laid down coerced, and with knowledge aforethought coerced, the congregations that did not require those "Christ" terms as condition of their individual fellowship. Twelve years later, in 1882, the Conference returned, clumsily, to an uncredal and congregational position by adding to its second Art. IX. an Art. X., which reads:

"While we believe that the Preamble and Articles of our Constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude

from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims."

That is the old rescinded Art. IX. brought home again. Sometime our National Conference will reach a faith and courage large enough to take in hand its patched Constitution and make it over into an impressive charter of Religion, Liberty and Faith. The story illustrates the need of Mr. Crooker's warning.

And now to return to the Cincinnati resolution: "Resolved, that the Western Unitarian Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world." It was passed after long debates by a large majority, 34 to 10. Do its terms violate "Congregationalism?" (1) By the "it"-ness of it? No; so far as that is concerned, they are the usual terms employed in any Conference resolution, and mean simply that the churches, speaking through their Conference voice, "condition", etc. (2) By its being a resolution concerning fellowship? No, that does not make it uncongregational, if what is said above be sound. (3) Then is it made uncongregational by the *specific terms* in which it tries to formulate the churches' fellowship? The writer—and he was the one who offered the Cincinnati resolution—frankly owns that now it seems to him too roundly put; that it probably does at present fail to represent all our congregations; and as that fact is not allowed for in its wording, to the extent by which it fails it is too coercive. We gladly add that, if it be not Mr. Crooker's argument, it is, in part, by thinking over his pamphlet that we have come to see this. It may be called coercive, not by exacting dogma, but by exacting none, when some would fain exact; coercive by seeming to require freedom, for which not all are ready yet.

Not that it is more coercive than any ordinary majority vote; but this is a matter for the most careful justice. And we must say again, that the resolution, just as it is worded, seems to us the simple affirmation of creedlessness which all Unitarians from the beginning have asserted with enthusiasm,—*that affirmation, turned boldly inside out, so that we and all the world may see just what it means*; and we believe that all Unitarians will yet have the full courage of their faith to say exactly this. But it has grown very plain this year that *not* all Unitarians, and not all those who have been in the Western Conference, do *mean* their creedlessness. That the large majority within the Western Conference mean it, is quite sure; but the faith-full and noble resolution, in order to be "congregational", ought to have been framed as simply the words of the majority. It doubtless would have been, had any one at Cincinnati thought of the suggestion. And if it ought to have been framed so then, it ought to be framed so now and at once,—that our Western Conference may not consciously stand one moment in the attitude in which the National Conference stood between 1870 and 1882. The change weakens the resolution, of course, takes out the full ring of it; but in the long run exactest justice always makes for strength. We Unitarians will yet pass that resolution *with one heart and voice*, making it thereby "congregational"; and in that day of jubilee we shall pronounce it with a full consciousness of meaning and of gladness in the meaning that few feel yet. Meanwhile that a large majority has a right to pass such a resolution, if explicit to claim it as only *their* position, coercing none, is certain. The Conference need not wait for the last reluctant voice before it begins to utter welcome to "all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world".

Therefore we would suggest that, at the next May meeting of our Western Conference, the resolution passed at Cincinnati be reconsidered and again submitted, this time *under such a preamble as will make it only the thought of the majority, binding none, and always open to revision.*

In next week's paper the other resolution, we offered at Cincinnati in immediate connection with the one then passed, will be spoken of,—the rejected resolution concerning a declaration of the doctrines commonly believed among us. That, too, we earnestly trust, may at our coming meeting receive at least the thoughtful consideration for which last year we had no time, not so much as one moment. W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Aspiration.

Written for the dedication of Unity Church, Camden, N. J., March 16th, 1887.

Wrapt in the slumberous fastness of the night,
We search for thee whose sacred stream is Truth;
We follow near the buoyant dream of youth,
And would have patience for the growing light.

While men may suffer with a nameless pain,
And hearts are troubled, and the dark is here,
We pillow Trust upon the morning's cheer
Which makes the hilltops ruddy from the plain.

In lands of love, kissed by the tender sea,
Thy spirit broods, through peace and through distress,
Till men uplift weak men in tenderness
To sweeter days which gather close with thee.

Out of the past, in countless deeds fulfilled,
Born of a hope that knew not all thy fire,
There came unseen to earth a wisdom higher,
And prophet-souls did know thee and were thrilled.

Thy music sought them in the halls of old,
Thy guests were fewer but their hearts were strong,
And days were years, and years then grew more long,
And morning came upon the human fold:

The keener morning! Men were children now
To live new dreams, to fix upon the skies,
Full-orbed in glory, worlds for eager eyes
Which see in beauty the celestial glow!

Unfathomed Presence! Thou whose latest day
Is new to virtue; 'tis of thee we ask
Such ardent strength to meet each fateful task
As made our fathers glorious on their way!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

Is Unitarianism Adapted to the Masses?

The heresy implied in this question is widespread. The feeling that our gospel is for the few, hampers all our missionary work. Who are the masses? Do we mean the unlettered people who are doing the world's rough work? The overburdened men and women whose bodies are deformed by toil, and minds dwarfed by disuse? Are these the masses? The great unschooled, unwashed majority with sleeping consciences wandering in darkness? If these starving souls are vaguely reaching after something, they know not what, have we no food? If for all these "weary and heavy laden", Unitarianism has no rest, then so much the worse for Unitarianism. If ours is a philosophy for the cultured few, if we have to offer a rose-colored bed of ease for dilettantes in religion, if, instead of food for the hungry, we have only delicacies for epicures, then our end is at hand. Is our message so abstruse only the wise can comprehend it? Must it exclude all who are not familiar with the technicalities of science? There were never heresy so benumbing as this, that denies at once the divine in humanity and the power of God's truth.

The masses you will not trust may not know the latest discoveries of science. They have not read Spencer nor Abbot, but they have looked through nature up to nature's God, and will be glad for any revelation science has to make, and be careful how you dilute the truth for them. This weather-

beaten man whose hands are so deformed by toil he can hardly turn the leaves of the book you read so glibly, has been thinking while you were reading, and although his data may be more limited than yours, it is life, not books, from which he has taken his facts, and his conclusions are vital ones. More than this, these hearts have known sorrow; these consciences have known remorse. When shall we learn that "We have all one human heart by which we live," and that the real needs of one class are the needs of all. I cannot believe with Mr. Brown that, "For a certain portion of the unchurched in this country, our form of faith is undoubtedly too simple and too much lacking in purely emotional power." Surely no form of faith ought to have the emotional power our sublime hopes can give.

Our simple message is intended for the weakest, most despondent children of the All-Father. I wonder not that they who believe in man's total depravity and fall, his everlasting condemnation, should hesitate to approach the lowest prodigal; but for us with our faith in man, with our message of hope and good cheer, where can we hesitate? Into the lowest hell of remorse we may go to cry, "Look up, you are God's child; there is hope, there is help for you."

Into the darkest night of sorrow we may take the light,

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Alas, how sad, if by our starfimering we fail to deliver the message for which the weary "masses" are waiting! If it fail to reach them let us blame neither the message nor the people, but our bungling delivery. "How did you like that sermon?" was asked a farmer of one of our church-door pulpit tracts. "Wall, the fodder was a leetle too high in the rack." Let us lower the rack, brethren, before we condemn the fodder.

ELIZA T. WILKES.

The Leadership of Jesus.

FROM A SERMON PREACHED AT ROCK RAPIDS, BY S. S. HUNTING.

What are the elements of character which constitute good leadership? This depends on the nature of the leadership, whether it is that of a general, a statesman, a poet, a philosopher, or religious leadership. What of the leadership of Jesus? Mohammed was a religious leader, so was Peter the Hermit. Both were enthusiasts of the superstitious order. At the opening of the Christian era the expectation of the Messiah among the Jews led them to hail any person who would lead them, as the one who would redeem Israel from Roman despotism.

The common people heard Jesus gladly. Was it from what he said? Was it how he said it? Was it not his personality which swayed their wills? When he spoke there was power in his speech. When questioned by his opponents he so answered that they ceased to question because unable to wrestle with his answers.

There are and ever have been Seers of a spiritual order whose visions are clear where others cannot see. While others are led by their senses, they see the realities of things. Such leaders are not understood in their day. Jewish history did not deign to give Jesus a passing notice, even the paragraph in Josephus being an interpolation; while Luther, dogmatic and controversial, made the history of his day. But Jesus was his master. Bonaparte ruled by sheer force of character by making his word despotic law, which was obeyed as the decree of fate, but heroes like him have a short career, their fame is bounded by a century and their worshipers belong to one nation. Not so with those who teach the world wisdom or reveal the secret laws of the better life. The disciples of the Grecian Sage are found among all people, and his fame is destined to be immortal on the earth. The spirits of the great and good command our hearts after they have gone; though dead they yet speak.

The religious leader fathoms deep after deep in the human spirit and reveals man to himself, because he is himself a man of like passions. Every great religion of the world has had

a representative Son of Man who stands in the human forest like the mammoth trees of California among the small ones by their side. Great minds with love and thought in equipoise, having a fullness of life to impart to others, are as natural as the great trees, whose shade is a shield from the heat. It is reasonable to expect exceptional greatness in moral teachers as in other departments of life, and history confirms the reasonableness of the expectation. All must acknowledge that Jesus of Nazareth has been to the world such an exceptional leader. The Christ ideal has possession of Christendom. Beginning with the last half of the second Christian century, Gnostic speculations made a demi-god of the Christ, and the man Jesus Christ of St. Paul was eclipsed and buried, except to the few heretical sects who always clung to the Jesus of the Gospels. To such in these days Jesus is the grand man of Hebrew history and the perfect fruit of the religion of his nation. His life and teachings are a perpetual testimony to those spiritual qualities which are the sum and substance of true manhood and pure womanhood. His life is useful and appreciable only so far as it is rooted in the experiences common to all mankind, but as the God of Gnostic speculations he is only a useless idol.

Christendom is finding the real Jesus of Nazareth just as fast as it is rejecting the dogma that he was a God in some way subordinate or equal to the Father. So far as our ideal of that Father is love, Jesus had divine qualities of character; so have those who are like him; for, said Paul, "As many are led by the spirit of God, they are sons of God. If sons, then heirs of God, and joint heirs of Christ", and suffering as he suffered they are glorified with him.

The originality of Jesus is like that we find in nature on every June day. To have originality is to live near the sources of life and drink from its fountains of experience. In the records of all religions, we find that minds lifted to the same moral heights have taught the same essential views of moral truths.

That poet inspired by the life he finds in nature and in the human spirit, inspires us the most. Who can ever tire of reading that poem by Whittier on the "Goodness of God"? Jesus saw the same goodness in the flowers and the phenomena of nature. Jesus saw by the same faculties with which we see, only he was original in his perceptions like a true scientist, like a real poet. He came to man as he is and was, hence his words had life in them. Tempted like all others, he knew how to help his fellows. Touching the inner consciousness of man, and appealing to his nobler aspirations, he therein showed that he drank from original fountains.

In every child there is something that relates him to the Eternal Life of this universe. Reason in every person is the incarnate word, and it was no exception in Jesus, except in degree, and in the measure of its power.

The poet is not only in sympathy with his subject, but his mind moves in the rhythm of spiritual law, and he sees what no other sees in a less exalted state of imagination and emotion.

Thus Jesus leads the moral teachers of the ages, and while he originated no special precept, he put a new life into the old and gave a new view of worship. He taught mind-worship in opposition to body-worship, which is made by the postures of the body. He taught the living of truth in opposition to a form of worship. His life was set to a human scale, and we interpret it by other noble lives, as we interpret all music by one musical scale.

That we may appreciate the teachings of Jesus, we must live as he lived, trust as he trusted, act as he acted. We must live near realities that we may know the truth and be made free by it. We must have an ideal by which to mold our actual lives.

In their zeal for the fictitious Christ of the creeds, persons dispute about the supernatural, as the soldiers contended over the seamless garment of Jesus, greedy for their share of the plunder, while Jesus is crucified between their bigotry and superstition,—the two malefactors.

One of the durable qualities of a leader is fidelity, a char-

acteristic which Jesus always possessed, being true to God and truth itself, even unto death.

If we carefully study the recorded career of Jesus, we will find that he was full of the love of truth, hence the teaching that the spirit of truth went out from him. If the church had kept to this beautiful idea instead of inventing the "Holy Ghost" of theology, people would be much more readily attracted to religion. The marvelous power which Jesus had over the honest-minded people is accounted for by his perfect sincerity and truthfulness which the humble could appreciate; hence the "common people heard him gladly".

The hope and trust which Jesus mingled with all his teachings must have had a peculiar inspiring power over the minds of those persons who were bearing the yoke put on them by a Pharisaical religion, just such a yoke as thousands of Christians are bearing to-day.

With all these and other characteristic qualities, we hold Jesus as our leader. With all his personal authority he did not oppress the conscience of his hearers, but told them to judge of themselves what is right. They were asked to test the truth of his word by doing the will of God—what a contrast with dogmatic preachers. "Truth for authority, not authority for truth", is a motto which Lucretia Mott drew out of the life of Jesus.

How can we gain an appreciation of the leader? Only by fidelity as he was faithful. Do we think we will be saved from our sins by trusting in his death? What greater delusion could possess the mind?

Said Mr. Emerson: "It is curious that we believe as deep as we live." This is what we read between the lines of the story of Jesus, when we see how he subsoiled human character and life, tracing all virtue to its roots in the motives of persons.

Jesus fathomed the life of the people of his day and was competent to answer the sharpest of the Rabbis. When the Roman coin was shown him and he was asked if it was lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar, what was the reply which involved a principle and a rule? "Render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's, but unto God what is God's." Was there anything more to be said? As the words of a man they penetrate to the core of the subject.

What was the greatest assumption which Jesus made? It was that of the office of a prophet. In Luke, fourth chapter, it is reported that he preached in the synagogue of Nazareth and took the text, "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, for he hath anointed me." That was his christening. The spirit of God stirred in his spirit, giving an "enthusiasm for humanity." This is the Christ in whom we believe. For what was he christened? Hear him. To preach glad tidings to the poor—to bind up the broken hearted—to proclaim liberty to the captive, to open prison doors, to proclaim the year of jubilee for all the enslaved by every kind of slavery and of every nation. This is the Christ who was expunged from the creed of the church of the fourth century of the Christian era, and a monster of Grecian speculation was put in his place. Away with it all, and give us as our leader the Jesus of prophetic christening.

Must the Church be Protected?

IF SO, WHAT IS IT FOR?

Is it not a superfluous apprehension,—this apparent tendency to suppose that the average human mind does not *know* when it is in the wrong place, and in due time voluntarily withdraw itself? A clause in an editorial of UNITY's last issue, entitled "Dissent without Disfellowship", would so imply. A church stultifies itself by welcoming everyone who wants to stay. It is plain that one of two inferences must be drawn from such a statement. Either the person who wishes to stay in a church where he is considered out of place is one who has no moral character and cannot judge for himself, or the church which would wish to take measures to keep such an one out against his will, is, itself, of an unwarrantably *frail* moral character.

and does not *dare* to let him stay. Upon comparing these two inferences thoughtfully the average experience would be compelled to say that the former occurs more rarely than the latter,—a sorry confession to be made. What! a live, active church society, whose purposes are abundantly expressed, and with a strong current of human and divine fellowship, make objections to bearing upon its surface any craft that may seek to venture? If the craft is not endangered what else can be? If snags or shallow places exist to cause disaster, buoys are afloat, so that whatever intrusts itself to the current may be protected. But to fear to admit any who want to come and stay, not only implies that people have no minds of their own, but also seems an unwitting admission that the *people* are the current, and the *church* the craft to be protected. Then let the churches deepen and broaden their current, rather than make it narrower; dredge out the shallow places, remove the snags rather than multiply them. A church aims to stand primarily for the purpose of leading human beings toward a purer, more spiritual standard of life; not from shutting them away from such help as they can find. If, then, it has not a sufficient resolute spiritual life of its own to stand the test of a few temporary dissenters within its borders until they drop off voluntarily or are “converted”, it *is* stultified indeed. * *

Life's Gift.

My youthful years had passed,
With their lessons of joy and pain,
That slowly taught me to value life's gold
And to know it from glitter vain.

When Life one day said to me,
“Here's a treasure I sometimes give
To those who have learned my meaning deep,
To those who have learned to live :

“A casket that holds true love,
And pleasures that heart-ward tend.”
My heart was glad, for life had given
The beautiful gift of—a friend.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

With an Eye to Perfection.

The advice of Lessing to a young brother artist was: “not to begin by painting twenty pictures, lest he should reduplicate and confirm his own faulty method; but to paint one picture twenty times, with an eye to perfection.” Might not this principle be somewhat applied by the writers of sermons? Instead of delivering time after time the same old manuscript, the preacher would do well, if he could, to write it anew every time he preaches it, so that the sermon may never become an old one, but may grow ever greater and better, in style, in substance, in freshness, in adaptation to new circumstances and needs.

But the proper growth or perfecting of a sermon does not imply increase of quantity, or length; but often condensation and curtailment. The true sermonizer, however, does not make his sermons short just simply in order to save time and labor. In fact, it requires more time and labor to write a short *good* sermon than a “good *long*” one.

Not always do readers or hearers realize the amount of scrupulous care and toil represented in the productions of the best authors and preachers. Yet the workman of true conscience is bound, all the same, to put in his utmost and best work. The case of the historian Gibbon presents a suggestive example. He first contemplated writing the “Decline and Fall” in the year 1764, and wrote the last lines of it in 1787, twenty-three years afterwards. After working at it seven years, he was tempted to cast the work aside; but fortunately for the world he persevered. And he thus describes his painstaking process: “Many experiments were made before I could hit

the middle tone between a dull chronicle and a rhetorical declamation. Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with their effect. In the remainder of the way I advanced with a more equal and easy pace; but the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced by three successive revisions from a large volume to their present size; and they might still be compressed without any loss of facts or sentiments.”

So of many a sermon; it “might still be compressed without loss of truth or sentiment”. Among the preacher's desirable arts, the often difficult art of compression is not the least important one to be studied and habitually attempted.

J. F.

Perseverance.

“Yea! though Thou slay me, still will I trust in Thee.”

To human eyes the path I tread is lonely;
Thorns choke the way, I pass with bleeding feet.
Yet I, who see the goal, cry, Lord, if only
I may press on, I still will name it sweet.

For high endeavor blesses all the doing,
Though men may scoff and women do me wrong;
O, none the less will I, Heaven's mercy sueing,
Strive still to join the ancient Prophet's song.

What tho' the sun rain down his fiery lances,
Or icy winds scourge me with whips of steel,
If but my soul a vision of Heaven entrances
And round my stony pillow angels kneel.

In burning noon if oftentimes I would linger
Beneath the palms that nurse some desert spring,
Stern duty points the way with warning finger,
I faint, hope fans me with her snowy wing.

I will go on, though danger be about me
And clang of arms, and tramp of charging steed;
No foe shall daunt, within me or without me,
If I but follow where my Captain lead.

MARTHA S. KIRBY.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Golden Justice. By William Henry Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is so much the fashion for our story-tellers to lay the scene of their narratives in the languid air of eastern cities, to concern themselves chiefly with the struggle between “new riches” and “blue blood”, or to dissect some other phase of the hydra-headed tyrant Society, that to take up a book which savors nothing of these is a delightful surprise. The cool breezes and clear atmosphere of our own “inland sea” are decidedly invigorating in story, whatever different tale neuralgic nerves and tender throats may tell in actual existence.

Mr. Bishop's new book brings before us with clear and graphic touches the town of Keewaydin, on the shore of Lake Michigan, which may be easily recognized by those familiar with the “Cream City”. The book opens with the story of the “Golden Justice”. David Lane, merchant, prosperous, popular, choleric and proud, betrayed by momentary passion into a deed which bears fatal consequences, and prevented by the universal incredulity from making open reparation, places a record of the circumstances and a confession of his share in the accident among the papers confided to the uncertain custody of a golden figure of Justice on the dome of the City Hall. This beginning prepares one to expect a powerful delineation of character, but the progress of the story is, unfortunately, tame, being an account of the chance arrival and sojourn in Keewaydin of a Mr. Paul Barclay, whose father was killed in the accident referred to. David Lane's daughter, married, but separated from her husband, is living with her father, and the history of her slow relenting toward Barclay, whom she had known abroad, is given at length. David

Lane, stung by remorse, at first tries to prevent the attachment between the two, but during a severe storm the Golden Justice falls, scattering its contents, the momentous confession, of course, coming direct to Barclay. There is a general explanation and forgiving. The inconvenient husband kindly betakes himself to another life, and "all is merry as a marriage bell".

So much for plot, which is singular enough, yet somehow fails to make due impression. The treatment is rather disappointing. Here a description and there a touch of characterization of unusual power, and the rest mere shadowy outline. The best chapters are the first, already mentioned; the fifth, which gives a glimpse of a rich and hitherto unworked mine in the unfamiliar types and old-world quaintness to be found among the Polish element in our large cities; and the fifteenth, describing David Lane's midnight attempt to climb the City Hall dome in the windy darkness, in the hope of abstracting from the base of the statue the record of his crime. The latter chapter is particularly strong.

Mr. Bishop does not seem to be always aware where his best work is done. Had he kept to the chord first struck he might have given us in David Lane something to equal the finest character studies lately presented to the reading public. It might be that the rare character of a man with a conscience would be more inspiring than the minute analysis of Mrs. Varemberg's scruples, which occupies so large a part of the book. Certainly, in the latter field, Mr. Bishop does not manifest the power and skill which his readers have a right to expect from his pen.

Agatha and the Shadow. A novel. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. \$1.50.

This book is full of quaint life and strong personality. Among the fervent exile Puritans of the seventeenth century, we become acquainted with fine nobility of character side by side with inevitable human weakness; "Agatha" is not unlike Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter", possessing much of its sympathetic power, as in the frenzied attack upon Bernard Anselm in the public square of Leyden by the Jewess Leah,—through all of which "Bernard stood with folded arms, quietly"; and in a subsequent chapter the portrayal of the humiliating public punishment endured by Rachel. Historic characters and situations are used which are accurate and well sustained. But the character of Agatha is in every degree admirable; and there exists between her and the ocean a tie known only to those higher natures which contain a reverberating chord, conversant indeed with the whole heart of Nature. It is elevating to meet, among the characters too many books contain, one whose life is so full of perfect beauty and purity.

S. E. E.

Nuttall's Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Revised, Extended, and Improved throughout by the Rev. James Wood, author of "Stories from Greek Mythology". London and New York: F. Warne & Co. Price \$1.50.

This dictionary, which first appeared in 1870, is based upon the works of Johnson, Webster, Worcester, Latham, Goodrich, Walker, Craig, Richardson, Ogilvie and others, and embraces, besides the indispensable features of those works, an etymological section, a list of new words brought up to date (1886) and a list of foreign and classical phrases recently imported into the English language; also a considerable addition to the original list of scientific names, including classical names with their accentuation, and geographical names with their pronunciation. Those who have reviewed the earlier edition need not be assured of the clearness and fullness of the definitions. We know of no dictionary of its price which is more satisfactory in these respects. With all the other concomitants of the modern dictionary, and printed on new and fairly large type, it should not fail of general patronage.

E. R. C.

Romanism; or, Danger Ahead. The Reason Why a Good Roman Catholic Cannot be a Good Citizen of this Republic. By A. J. Grover. Chicago: Published by the Author.

We are free to say that we do not like Mr. Grover's little book; for, while there is unfortunately very much truth in what he says, his manner of saying it is coarse and

heated. We are sorry for this, for we have no sympathy whatever with the doctrines of Romanism touching the relations of church and state, and we look with concern upon the increasing efforts of Romish priests to obtain control of American politics. We do not see how such pamphlets as this which Mr. Grover has written can do any good. If the author of "Romanism" will take the trouble to read a few pages of Bishop Spalding's "History of the Protestant Reformation", he may learn with what finished politeness the Romish pot may call the Protestant kettle black. A modicum of Bishop Spalding's scholarly finesse might make Mr. Grover's pamphlet fit to be read in the family.

C. D.

The Library Magazine. John B. Alden, Publisher. New York: 393 Pearl street.

This magazine is published either as a semi-weekly or monthly. The semi-weekly issue contains 22 pages; the monthly numbers average over 190 pages, in which form they have a neat cover—first issue of the monthly, March 1st. The aggregate number of pages of reading matter given in twelve months is 2,288. Price of either semi-weekly or monthly, \$1.00 a year. The publisher declares that he means to deserve half a million subscribers. This magazine, like the *Living Age*, the *Eclectic* and others, gathers its reading principally from foreign publications. As a specimen of its contents we give the following titles: "Hill-Digging and Magic", "University Education in the United States", Gladstone's "Locksley Hall and the Jubilee" and "Rural Life in Russia".

THE HOME.

Cloud Land.

While threading this vale in a pensive mood,
Peering about for ambrosial food,
My ear caught the sound of a gentle neigh
Like a breath from the winged horse, gone astray.

Stretching my hand to the fiery steed,
He tried to respond to the kindly deed,
For he dropped his haughty head on my breast,
In his dumb way begging to be caressed.

I called him my sweetheart, I called him my friend,
Till his wild eyes softened and seemed to blend
With the dazzling light that about him played,
And his glorious birthright thus betrayed—

"Pegasus, my Pegasus, mount with me
Aloft to the shimmering, starry sea."
I flung myself on his quivering neck,
And we buried ourselves in the misty fleck

Of unbroken sunbeams of burnished gold,
And diaphanous pearls of wealth untold,
Floating round and about us everywhere,
And brightly radiating thro' the air,

Making shad'wy castles, and mystic curls
Of weird little ghosts of boys and girls;—
Nothing substantial above, or below,
My horse was plunging about in the snow.

Not a sound to be heard in this strange place;
Everything melted away into space;
Even the jewels, so lustrous and clear,
Dissolved themselves quickly into a tear.

Pegasus' mane congealed as he flew.
And I felt a frost stain over me, too;
The clouds dropped icicles one by one—
(Knowing my race to be nearly run).

I grasped at the nearest, spun myself round,
Then straightway fell headlong down to the ground;
Now groaning and humbled, and full of pain,
I never want to see Cloud Land again.

J. M.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston Notes.—The Unitarians of our city are active in a non-sectarian effort now making, viz., to place the Hampton Institute for educating Indians and Negroes on a safe financial footing.

—The Unitarian Club lately recommended a non-sectarian project which meets very general approval in the religious and secular newspapers, viz., to build at the north end a workingmen's club room.

—Young men, delegates from our Unitarian churches, have organized the "Channing Club of Boston", with the aim to promote intimacies, and to stand ready to aid our ministers in any active work. The membership is limited to one hundred delegates. Four regular meetings, with a collation in each, are planned for each winter. With commendable forethought, these young men are to qualify themselves to do the church work of their elders of to-day. All the club rules suggest enthusiastic, intelligent church work.

—A western custom is here coming largely into vogue, viz., to place on chapels, and as well on costly churches, a large, gilt, wooden sign, informing the public and stranger the name, sect, pastor's name, and the weekly work of the society. Until lately, no sign-board was usually permitted on any church, except a little shield giving name of the sexton, and possibly of the minister.

—A new horse car road company wants to tunnel Beacon Hill, and make its depot there a union of spur tracks to all our suburbs. Meanwhile, an elevated road is getting a short trial track located.

—Dr. James Freeman Clarke rides out every bright day. Dr. L. H. Hedge and his sympathizing wife are both feeble in health.

—It is proposed to initiate in Channing Hall normal classes in graded lessons for Sunday-schools.

E. R. B.

Grand Rapids.—The Liberal Holland church has recently been cheered by letters received by its pastor, Rev. F. W. Hugenholz, from Castalia, Dakota. A liberal religious society is being formed in a Holland community out of those who recoil from the very orthodox ministrations of the Dutch Reformed minister of the neighborhood. The new circle already counts 50 male adults, for the greater part fathers of families of from six to twelve children. Our correspondent says:

"They hold their meetings alternately in their residences, but they will have soon their own meeting-house. Although they are poor,

—their only riches being the fertile grounds of their farms, promising the most splendid harvest if in the summer-time rain shall come in time,—still they have spared money enough to start a small church in the coming spring. In their meetings the principal religious and intellectual food is procured by our Holland monthly. *Stemmen uit de Veeje Holland Sche Gemcents* (voices from the Liberal Holland church at Grand Rapids). The articles are read with great interest and afterwards made the subject of debate. The remainder of the evening is sacred to general developments: addresses, lectures of every kind.

"Thus they do what they can. They give what they have, but feel deeply that it is not enough. They want a library, and more than that, they want a man who can lead their meetings and instruct their children. Of course we will assist our brothers in faith as much as we can, with books and perhaps with some other material help. Next summer Rev. Mr. Hugenholz will at their invitation visit them, strengthen their faith, and see what may be done to start a second Liberal Holland church in this county. I need add that all are very much pleased with our New Hamilton Vocation. Rev. Mr. Jones of Chicago first spoke to us of this new kind of organs, afterwards Rev. Mr. Hugenholz went to hear it in Chicago, and resolved to buy. Through the friendly help of Mr. J. Vila Blake, of Chicago, and Rev. Russell N. Belows at New York, we have a very fine instrument, which gives entire satisfaction. Monday night, March, 21, Mrs. Neill, organist of the Universalist church, gave a concert on it, attended by a large audience. All who see and hear it are surprised at so much variety and power for so small a sum of money. By this new acquisition the last lack is filled in our church, which gives us joy and thankful pride every Sunday."

Minneapolis.—DEAR UNITY: You will, I feel sure—since we belong to your family—be glad to know that the little handful of folk who several years ago listened for the first time to our Mr. Simmons, in a dingy up-stairs hall, now sit close to make room for the hundreds who gather every Sunday morning in the cozy basement of our new home church; and also glad to learn that the audience room is nearing completion, and we hope before many weeks to "go up higher". Though but a handful in our busy city of nearly 200,000 people, we are working with a will for ourselves, and when the church-home is furnished and paid for, we hope not to be drones in the larger hive of liberal workers. So by and by expect to greet us as co-laborers in missionary and benevolent efforts. About forty of the young people attending the State University here sought admission a few months ago to the Christian Association of Students connected with the institution, with the privilege of occasionally inviting liberal speakers to lecture. Being refused, they have formed a separate association and secured their own lecturers. The first lecture of the course was delivered—not as reported in the last UNITY, by Mr. Simmons, but by Rev. Mr. Shutler, associate pastor of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), and was listened to by an audience which filled the Second Universalist Church. Mr. Simmons, Kristofer Jansen and other liberal ministers are to follow, and thus is the good seed scattering.

Dakota.—A Second Holland Liberal Church. And now it is from Dakota that word comes of such an organization. Five years ago hundreds of Holland families settled in Castalia, Charles Mix county, Dak., not far from Yankton. Two churches were organized, but upon so narrow a basis and as espoused to a theology so medieval, that forty-four male adults formed a union for social gatherings and mutual edification. From this developed a Liberal Society. The articles of organization establish that at the opening of their meetings, at least an hour shall be de-

voted to the reading of religious literature, after which the meeting is open for general discussion or the contribution of anything not in conflict with good morals. In the meantime, as the gatherings are from house to house, the women offer a cup of coffee to the assembled congregation. It is the hope of these friends that they will have the funds for a little church by next summer. They need still more a pastor, but are not disheartened. Another great need is good literature—English and Dutch. Being pioneers, and withal poor, one copy of *Stemmen*, from Grand Rapids, does service for them all. One of their number, Mr. A. D. Franssens, contributes a letter to *Stemmen*, from which we gather our information.

Philadelphia.—Chadwick lectured in Camden on Thackeray.

—It is possible that the senior Hinckley may have Haskell's one-time place in the Vineland church.

—The ex-Methodist Gilbert has spoken from Mangasarian's platform. It is said of this man that he grew to his present sentiments without any aid from liberal literature or people; and that he never entered a Unitarian church till three or four weeks ago, when Mr. Ames yielded his pulpit to him.

—Professor Lesley lectured at Mr. Ames's church on Tuesday evening, the 22d.

—Professor Frances Emily White, of the Ethical Culture Society, delivered the address at the commencement of the Woman's Medical College.

—At the last meeting of the Contemporary Club, George Kennan, who has done some special traveling in Russia and Western Asia for the *Century* company, related certain of his experiences while upon that mission. As he knows Tolstoi and other Russian reformers personally—is, in fact, in personal communication with them—what he had to say of Russian political and religious disturbances was interesting and valuable.

—Miss Alice Ames is to read a paper respecting college incidents, at the next meeting of the Ethical Association of Unity church, Camden.

—There were Methodists here, too, who objected strongly to any united expression of condolence upon the death of Beecher, when that matter was brought up at a recent Monday's meeting of ministers.

—Miss Helen Hinckley, whose noble work in the charities of this city, and especially in those multiplied by the First Unitarian church, is everywhere recognized, and her sister, Mrs. Goodwin, whose parallel efforts for the poor boys under charge of the Society for Ethical Culture is entitled to equal applause, have met with a blow in the death of their mother, which only the remembrance of a nobly-rounded life and of the facts of that necessity which, as Emerson says, "plants the rose of beauty on the brow of chaos", can soften and explain. In the presence of the Universal, we dare all of us brave the years that pass and the duty that points the way.

H. L. T.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The Western Secretary, J. R. Effinger, preached in Music Hall, Sunday morning, March 27. In the face of a driving snow-storm there was a goodly attendance. A large number of those present remained to a business meeting, of which Mr. Herman Fox was chairman and Mr. H. S. Loomis secretary. By unanimous rising vote it was decided to continue weekly services. Looking to a more permanent organization, a working committee was appointed, consisting of the chairmain and secretary, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Burt, Mrs. Temple and Mrs. C. T. Warren. A report from this committee is expected next Sunday morning. Earnest words were spoken by Messrs. I. Van Inwagen, F. Van Inwagen, Judge Tiffany and H. S. Loomis. The meeting was enthusiastic and full of encouragement.

UNITY

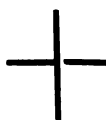
FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1887.

[NUMBER 6.]

Easter.



"For unto him all live."

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that through these ye may become partakers of the divine nature."

*The fool asks, "With what flesh? in joy or pain?
Helped or unhelped? and lonely, or again
Surrounded by our earthly friends?"
I know not; and I glory that I do
Not know; that for Eternity's great ends
God counted me as worthy of such trust,
That I need not be told.*

*Believing thus, I joy although I lie in dust;
I joy, not that I ask or choose,
But simply that I must.
I love and fear not; and I cannot lose,
One instant, this great certainty of peace.
Long as God ceases not, I cannot cease;
I MUST ARISE.*

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

God, even our Father, who hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort your hearts and stablish you in every good word and work.

EDITORIAL.

THE right of anything takes care of the end of it.

IDENTIFY man with Nature, and you identify Nature with man. "Materialism", thought out, spiritualizes the universe.

"NATURE" names the *Community* of things: "God" names the *Unity* of things; and each is true name when the other is recognized, and neither is true if the other be not recognized.

A MAN can do *anything* he ought to do, can bear *anything* he ought to bear. It is not always easy to tell what that thing is,—but that, too, shall gradually open if one simply does the *next* duty to be done.

WHAT a melancholy thing it would be if there were no to-morrow to look toward. To sorrow to-morrow brings hope and a sense of relief. To the happy, more of happiness. The great trouble is that we cram to-morrow into a time bounded by twenty-four hours. The morrow which is so beneficial to all is the morrow which never is completed.

FEAR no hard things,—but *fear* the easy things.

"PERSONALITY is the lever of the world's history", said Bunsen. No: personality is the fulcrum, and idealization—the people's imagination applied to the person—is the lever.

THE *heights* of the Old Testament or the New—of all Scriptures—are those passages which look towards the identification of morals and religion. Try this test and see if it be not true.

I HATE myself when I find out that I have been thinking a man worse than he is. But a mistake the other way—thinking a man better than he is—does not much matter. Besides, it may not be a mistake!

It would be a good thing to remember at all times that at every meeting with friend or foe something is added to or taken from each other's life, and equally good to be the one to add to and not subtract from the other.

THE purest delight on earth comes when one we love achieves some surprise of goodness or of grace. It is the joy of discovery, of attainment, of reverence,—these three separate joys in one; and with oneself left wholly out, save as the after-thought occurs, "This is *my* friend."

THE newspapers say that a recent fire destroyed the ancestral home of the family of Confucius, with all its literary and art treasures. In the building, erected 600 B. C., generation after generation of the male heirs of the Chinese philosopher have dwelt in an unbroken line for 2,000 years.

"SELF-REVERENCE is not reverence of what we are, but of that higher nature, which reproves and condemns and abases us." This brings to mind the following, from Epictetus: "A man who was reproached for doing good to a shipwrecked pirate, answered: 'It was not the man I honored, but mankind.'"

"I AM sure Christianity will endure because it is founded on man's nature, and answers to his deepest, essential, noblest wants," says Channing, in his "Note Book"; and so say we: but that religion which insists on being *called* Christianity for fear it will not be recognized as such,—is it yet Christianity?

STRANGE to pray through another man, and that a foreigner! "A god"? Strange, then, to pray through a second god to a first God. But strange to pray at all in the sense of petition; you can have all you can take, and can only have it *by* taking. True praying—communion—is like truth-seeing, and has the same laws. It is truth-seeing.

THE election of Mr. Roche as mayor of Chicago, with a majority of 28,000, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. For the first time in our memory partisan issues gave way to moral and practical ones. It was Law, Order, on one side, *versus* a mixture of rash enthusiasm and tempestuous lawlessness on the other. Socialism at its center is a crudely thought-out dream of Utopia, which when eliminated of the crudeness is the gospel of unity, the religion of human brotherhood; but at its circumference it is a rebellious discontent, without either the insight or the grace to see subjective defects or the real encouragements and the slow way forward. Mr. Roche enters his responsible office under enviable circumstances; he is not a mayor of a party, but of a people, and we believe he appreciates the solemnity of his responsibility, and will labor hard, and wisely, to utilize his opportunity.

IN answer to the question asked in a recent *UNITY*, "What is doing in Chicago for deaf mutes", Alexander Johnson, secretary of the Charity Organization Society, writes us that there is a Catholic school for deaf mutes at St. Joseph's Home for the Friendless, 409 South May st. The third season began September 7th, 1886. There are two teachers and a large suite of rooms. Instruction is given in both methods, namely, articulation and signs. The instruction is free and books are supplied. It is intended, by and by, to add instruction in the arts and sciences.

BANCROFT wrote of his father, the clergyman Dr. Aaron Bancroft,—“Age may have impaired his vivacity; but his last years were serene; and whenever it was discussed whether a man would like to live his life over again, my father always expressed himself so well satisfied with his career that he would willingly run it once more.” How few can make such a remark in good faith. For either we are deploring errors, or grieving over disappointments, or suffering from ambition, because all these feelings stand naked and alone. No one can speak like this clergyman but one who has robed all life's experiences with a humble and faithful piety.

MANY strange and interesting things happen between churches and ministers, which are worthy of psychological study. One of the most singular instances we have met is a story told regarding Dr. Zedekiah Sanger, one of the early Unitarians in this country. It is told that, “When the vote for giving him a call was taken, it was in fact unanimous, though one hand was raised in the negative. When the man who thus raised his hand was asked what he had to object against Mr. Sanger, his reply was,—‘Nothing at all, I voted against him to take off the curse; for the Scripture says: Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you.’”

“WHAT is the argument for the Immortality?” This chiefly: There has been much mind, and love and character on the earth,—what has become of it all? *What* has become of it,—that is a question! But that it has become *somewhat*,—of that there is no question. “Perhaps it is no longer *you*, a self.” Perhaps not; but how do I know it is not better joy to be a part of a god, or of God, than the whole of a man? or only part of all men, rather than the whole of one? or only a part in the future than a whole in the present? And truly, the only real joy of being at all is in being a part of larger being; if one can get more of that joy by remaining a self, then I want the personal immortality,—and quite surely shall have it; for the best possible will be. “Best Possible” is Nature's other name.

REV. CHARLES ELLIS, in a recent number of the *Saginaw Evening News*, gives an interesting account of Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody and her even more remarkable red sister, Princess Sarah Winnemucca of the Piute Indians, a tribe always friendly and devoted to the whites, both friends and foes—of the latter, alas, they have known most. Should the Indians judge us as we judge others by their treatment of us, we would, I fear, sink far below the Piutes in the scale of all that is honorable and Christian. Mr. Ellis simply tells the story of this red woman, who through untiring zeal and self-sacrifice has not only educated herself so that she is mistress of five languages, and published the story of her people, “Life Among the Piutes”, but has collected the remnant of them together, and on the 160 acres of land given them by Senator Stanford, built a home and school-house where she is trying to lift them into self-helpfulness through culture. In an appeal to her people she says:

“When I were a little girl there were no Indian schools and I learned under difficulty. Your children can learn much more than I know and much easier. There is no excuse for ignorance. * * * A few years ago you owned this great country; to-day the white man owns it all and you own nothing. Do you know what did it? Education. You see the miles and miles of railroad, the locomotive, the mint in Carson, where they make money. Education has done it all. Now, what it has done for one man it will do for another. You have brains same as the whites; your children have brains, and it will be your fault if they grow up as you have. I entreat you to take hold of this school and give your support by sending your children, old and young, to it; and when they grow up to manhood and womanhood they will bless you.”

Through the efforts of Miss Peabody and others, they have fenced in the land and secured the necessary appliances for irrigation, and this year hope to cultivate ninety acres of it. *UNITY* joins Mr. Ellis in an appeal to the hearts and pockets of all friends of culture and civilization for aid to this woman's work. Donations may be sent here, or to Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, Concord, Mass.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in the *Christian Record*, admitting the limitation of the sermon, the stupidity of the preacher, and all that, still urges what seems to us an unanswerable truth, that the sermon is one of the most potent moral and spiritual factors in society. He says:

“But I say that the opportunity given to the listener, fifty times in a year, to know what a man of experience merely thinks, believes, feels and sees about the moral life of the world, is an opportunity which society cannot afford to throw away. I do not see that society finds just the same opportunity anywhere else. Whom do you know, outside the very nearest friend you have, who fifty times in a year goes to the very depth of his conviction or his feeling, and, from the very foundation, tells you what is? Where do you find, except in the church, the discussion of the life of your time and your own duty, based on the principles which are absolutely eternal? Certainly not in the newspaper press. It does not even pretend to discuss them on such principles.”

MUCH has been said in regard to hero worship in American churches. Perhaps none too much has been said against the tendency to go to church chiefly for the sake of hearing one voice, and the spiritual and mental imbecility that can find no worshipful communion and helpful meditation except under the leadership of the one chosen minister. But this tendency has never been carried so far, to our knowledge, in this country as it recently has been in London, where the Bedford chapel was closed during the temporary illness of Rev. Stopford Brooke, because no one else could be found whom the congregation cared to hear. That there should be great choice in preachers, and that church-goers should have the right of selection, is obvious; but it is also obvious that any congregation, with associations accumulated around a common altar, ought to furnish a nucleus which, with or without the minister, summer or winter, ought to find delight in keeping the door of the church open, and the Sunday welcome warm to each other and to the stranger that may be passing.

Easter.

We like the expression Eternal Life better than everlasting life, because it suggests *quality*, rather than *quantity*. Continued existence is no great boon; mere deathlessness may be a horrible thing to contemplate: witness the “Wandering Jew”. The eternal life must be measured by intensity, rather than by duration. Continuation is an attribute, not the essence, of the Eternal Life. The Eternal Life is the life in love, in truth, in righteousness; it is immortal because *these* are indestructible. To find Eternal Life, one must needs clothe himself with law rather than take advantage of a miracle. One is saved by growth and not by a spasm. Character allies one to God. Love and helpfulness are the gateways to Heaven. We believe in the immortal life because we believe in eternal things. We shall be immortal so far as we impersonate eternal verities. We do not wish for a spiritual life that is smaller in its spiritual dimensions than the one we now enjoy. Here there is a chance for us to do a little towards making the ignorant wise, and the vicious gentle. Here Florence Nightingale, Dorothea Dix, were permitted to walk as angels of helpfulness, through long aisles of mangled humanity. Here Doctor Howe was permitted to open the prison bars that shut in the soul of Laura Bridgeman, and to enlarge the cell wherein the idiot dwelt. We do not want to go where there will be less patience for weakness, less love for the sinner, and less opportunity to exercise these virtues. We deny that Jesus moved into a narrow circle when he rent the fleshly veil, and escaped the persecutors on Calvary. We believe in the endless life, because we believe in the Eternal Life, the life unconditioned by time and space. Jesus helps us into this eternal life of love and goodness by his life more than his death. New Testament parables are

worth more to us than New Testament miracles. The writings of Luther and Cromwell, the imperishable words of Milton and Wordsworth, are finer "intimations of immortality" to us than the incoherent utterances in Indian dialect that purport to come from a disembodied spirit, or the perishable writings of planchette. In those, rather than in these, do we find the inspiration that enables us to live with eternal things. Emerson says: "It is not my duty to prove immortality," but it is our duty to *deserve* immortality by living now as immortal beings. We know of nothing more pitiable than to see men and women begging for immortality, when they ought to be busy in trying to deserve it.

Such thoughts as these lead us to the Easter festival of universal religion. The bequest of all nations, rather than the gift of one,—it represents the irrepressible longings of the race. The thanksgivings of all nations ring in its carols. The triumphant life of Jesus and all his Christly comrades enrich its devotions; and Nature, the ever unfolding book of revelation in swelling bud, and bursting flower, in greening grass, and singing bird, puts Easter tributes in our hands, Easter joys in our hearts, and Easter confidences in our souls.

"The Things Most Commonly Believed To-day among us."

We think our old comrades who have been doing so much this last year to maim the Western Conference, have been trying in a wrong and hurtful way to get a right and helpful thing. The right and helpful thing is a choral affirmation of what Unitarians usually believe. The wrong and hurtful way is the attempt to secure this by resolving on a few doctrinal words to be understood as "essential" and binding on all who take the Unitarian name,—binding in the sense that, if one cannot with pure conscience use these words, he can be pointed to a Conference resolution and warned off as a dishonest intruder. This intention to *require* and exclude was plain from the outset,—in fact, warnings to begone were echoing widely before any resolution was proposed; but it has grown still plainer as discussion has gone on. A recent announcement, for instance, is that "a statement of the beliefs of a majority would not express what is fundamental and essential in Unitarianism"; so that there is no reason for "surprise that the proposal of such a statement was not satisfactory to the Christian-basis brethren at Cincinnati". It does not better the brethren's case to concentrate their demand on two or three words, almost universally accepted among us, and say, We only require the "general ideas" denoted by these words, without any definition or explanation of them. For this is still a *requisition*, a "Thou *must* believe"; so that the generous vagueness really lands us in that least intellectual, least religious, least availing, and most dangerous form of creed, a Shibboleth, i. e., a test of religious fellowship by words and sounds, instead of meanings. This is our old comrades' wrong and hurtful way of aiming at a right thing. And their wrong way had at last to be sternly faced and negatived at Cincinnati for the good of all concerned, themselves included.

But bar out the compulsion, bar out absolutely all intention to test by doctrines and to exclude, and their aim becomes—a choral affirmation of what Unitarians usually believe. Amen to that! That may be right and safe and helpful. If on careful thought it seem so, let us all join in it; and do this, not for *their* sake chiefly, whom it will not satisfy at present; and not for the sake of publishing the meagre claim that we are theists and are Christians—the world knows that; but for the sake of answering effectively what the world does *not* know and keeps on asking,—“What is it that Unitarians believe?” Let us do it as *missionaries*, speaking aloud and together so that at last the world can hear.

It was to this end that, last year at Cincinnati, the resolution proposing open fellowship, which was passed, was rounded out by our second resolution, offered in immediate connection with the first. We quote the words of both:—

“Resolved, That the Western Unitarian Conference conditions its

fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

“Resolved, That while the above expressly represents the basis and width of our fellowship, and while the Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind itself or any single member by a declaration of doctrines, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us, the statement being always open to re-statement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority: and that to this end a committee of five be appointed to draw up such a declaration of belief, to be submitted to the Conference at its next annual meeting.”

This second resolution no time was left us to discuss at Cincinnati, and it was rejected by a vote of 24 to 20. Better so than to have been passed by a bare majority. Not until most of us favor such a missionary declaration heartily, has the time come to make it. But *had* the resolution been heartily adopted there at Cincinnati, or rather, had the “declaration” been then and there submitted and heartily adopted, we believe, and the belief has grown stronger as the year has passed and we have met men east and west, that nearly all this year of trouble would have been avoided, that our friends would have had hardly an inch of ground on which to stand, had they withdrawn, and that the misrepresentations of the Conference would have carried their own refutation and condemned their makers. And we think that much of the “issue” trouble would soon disappear, were we to make such a declaration now.

Yet no wonder that that resolution was rejected. A Unitarian's natural first thought goes straight against all joint declarations of belief. All our traditions point the other way, and they rest upon well founded fears. Does not the history of every creed-bound body warn us? was it not creed-pressures that drove us from our own mother-church seventy years ago? and right in our midst, as this year shows, are not creed-dangers lurking still? All very true is this. And yet the other thing is so true, too,—that Unitarians have always been *signally* ineffective in missionary work, and that of this crippling one cause, at least, has been the people's difficulty in finding out “what Unitarianism means.” In truth, this chronic question among outsiders has been a chronic question with not a few insiders too, the old as well as young. “Enter into thy closet to pray,” said Jesus, but “*preach* ye on the *housetops*!” Through our individualism we have always preached in the closet, too. Seventy years of this; seventy *necessary* years, perhaps. But now as we enter our third generation of church-life, now as we near the new century, now when the Spirit is beginning to stir deeply in us to carry our glad tidings unto others, *now* the question is worth asking seriously, Must the old tradition always cling? Must Dr. Channing's word forever be the Unitarian's watchword,—“Remember that I speak in my own name and no other?” *Is there no way in which we can unite in affirmations of our faith and at the same time avoid credal dangers?* We believe there is a way, and that it was suggested in the double Cincinnati resolutions: (1) Open wide the Unitarian fellowship; make its basis purely and frankly ethical, not doctrinal,—thereby fulfilling the fathers' glory and the children's pride, that “Unitarians have no ‘creed’”; eliminate the last remnant of that *Credo* element; and (2) *Then* begin, all credal danger past, to pronounce together the great *Credo* common to our hearts and minds. (*Credo* means, “Believe thou must!” *Credo* means an “I believe”). Pronounce that *Credo*, taking care anew, in justice to reluctant voices and to the helpful differences among us, to enstructure in the very words we use the fact that we utter what binds none, not even those who speak it—nay, that a face-fact of faith with us is expectation that to-morrow's vision will be larger than to-day's.

We hope the Western Conference at its coming meeting may be willing to consider the right, the safety, the advantage of such a declaration. The *right* and *safety* and *advantage* of it. That the Conference has the *right*,—that the declaration, made in that way, infringes by no

shadow's fall on the congregational and individual liberties we all must guard,—we tried to make clear in the last UNITY.

As to the *safety* of it,—what *are* credal dangers? (1) The spirit of exclusion; (2) limitation set to intellectual progress; (3) shibboleth and evasive double-meanings, when creeds are reduced to a single word or two. Try by these three tests the thing proposed. How does it exclude? Its whole spirit is that of welcome, and it specifically says, "binding on none." How can it limit progress? Its whole spirit is forward-looking, and it specifically says, "our thought to-day," and "ever open to revision." And how can it tempt towards shibboleth and double-meanings, when its whole spirit is liberty? Let any credalist try to use such a declaration as a coercive instrument, and it would not even be a boomerang,—it would be a lively cannon turning round on its own center to hurl liberty-clauses at the recreant and protect the one he aimed at! Such a declaration, joining ethical fellowship *and* faith, the world would rank, not among the "creeds", but among the charters of religious freedom.

And that would be one *advantage* of it. The devil is but an angel out of place—an angel usurping functions not its own. Every devil has potentialities of good in him. To utilize the devil is the secret of each advance in civilization,—some obstacle is converted into aid, some danger into safe-guard. So it is with this thing called "Creed". In all its *Crede* forms it is devil: eliminate the *Crede* principle, and lo, an angel stands before us called *Credo*, potent to serve and bless! She waits to serve and bless through *us*. We ought to speed her on the way. When it becomes *safe* to join in affirmations of belief, it becomes our *duty*—a duty that we owe the world. We Unitarians *must* somehow learn to give out our faith more generously.

The first good, then of such a declaration of faith as we propose, would be its missionary service. Not that any *great* result from it will startle us. Much more than a choral affirmation it takes to touch men deeply with our, or any, faith: yet people will hear *that* who never hear our closet whisperings. It will help more than many preachings, more than many tracts, to answer that chronic question with which our ears ache, "What do you believe"? And made in the way proposed, it would exhibit Unitarianism in its true shape and proportions, i. e., as more distinctively a method and a spirit in religion than a body of religious doctrines. "Here are our doctrines", it would say; "but great, inspiring as they are, we hold them *in that way*". By what other means could our method and our spirit be so effectively illustrated? And should our Western Conference next May resolve upon this act of faith, the notoriety—for shame or glory—that our Cincinnati resolution has given us would make the word a far more signal announcement of what Unitarianism stands for than any it was in our power to make a year ago. That widened missionary service would be reward for the hard year.

Greater yet the good of such a declaration to Unitarianism itself. (1) It would lift us to a higher spiritual plane to base our Unitarian fellowship, below sacred name or rite or doctrine, solely on the deep things of the Spirit,—truthfulness and righteousness and love; trusting the sincerity and warmth of our free worship to generate whatever other atmosphere we need to draw our own to us, and keep those not our own away. It would make our theism, noble now, of a still nobler type to make it free, to treat it as the belief inevitable, to trust it, unprotected by one "necessary" word, to the thousand words which our unceasing speech and life should give.—(2) It would develop a freer, better-working kind of Congregationalism among us. Under our distre-sing individualism, both majorities and minorities are suffering; the former lose their rightful place to act,—the latter, as this late experience shows, are not protected against dishonoring challenge. The plan

proposed secures the rights of both; to the former the due opportunity for influence,—to the latter, freedom of dissent without disfellowship.—And (3) it would exorcise by one operation the twin superstitions of our Unitarian heart, the two devils of fear that have so long possessed us, hampering us in every work from the beginning. "What are the two?" *We fear uncredal fellowship,—and equally we fear a creed.* But what danger in that open fellowship proposed, if with it comes the choral *Credo* which most of us believe? and what danger in that choral *Credo*, if with it comes the opened fellowship? We do not wonder that some friends were frightened at the Cincinnati work,—for we did but half the deed. Suppose that we had done the other half alone, then frightened friends, instead of "Atheism!" would have cried out "Creed!" The secret lies in bravely driving *both* our devils out *together*. Until we rid ourselves of *both*, Unitarianism is doomed to remain the paralytic church that it has ever been. When we have rid ourselves of both, we shall have less time to *talk* about "the Unitarian opportunity", for we shall be using it more. We shall be in attitude *to* use it. This brings us round again to that "missionary" gain. We set a Pauline yearning and a Pauline method against a Petrine fear and Petrine method. We long for ten years of the self-reliant self-surrender to which that double declaration would commit us Unitarians,—long for ten years of those "dangers!"

The plan proposed has nothing new about it, except its frankness and its fullness. In principle it is the plan on which the National Unitarian Conference is now organized. The doctrinal position of the National Conference was intentionally indicated by its founders in a few phrases ("the Lord Jesus Christ", etc.) inset in its Constitution; and by the last article, added to the Constitution in 1882, these phrases are, as expressly, declared to "represent the opinions of the majority of our churches", and to be "no authoritative test of Unitarianism", and to be "not intended to exclude from our fellowship anyone who, while differing from us in belief, is in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims". In other words, the National Conference tolerates, where the Western Conference, by its act at Cincinnati, welcomes; the National Conference lets in dissenters at a postern-gate broken through the wall, while we have one front gate for all. The National Conference seems to make the spiritual fellowship subordinate to doctrinal beliefs, while we (were the plan proposed to be adopted) would be far more communicative and helpful as to the doctrines, and yet would distinctly make them subordinate to the spiritual fellowship,—which, if we mistake not, is the way the two things rank in the Supreme Courts of Religion! But in *principle* the two Conferences would then be organized alike, each indicating Unitarian doctrinal belief, and each declaring that belief to be the belief of only a majority and not a test of Unitarianism and the Unitarian fellowship. Whatever objection would hold against *us* on this score, holds against the National Conference already. But if frankness, explicitness and rightly proportioned emphasis be objection, we would have to bear that reproach alone for awhile. It ought, in fairness to the National Conference, to be added that its position has been affected by historic circumstances from which the Western Conference is free.

"But it would be hard to frame a statement of beliefs satisfactory to most; or, if done, hard to keep it satisfactory without constant change." Not so hard, and no such frequent need of change, as possibly we think: for, if framed in the way proposed, there is no longer need of exacting the precise shape and shade of one's own thought. "To set forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us, the statement being always open to re-statement and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority,"—is the thing suggested. If we meet ready in heart to do that thing, the noblest of the statements offered would probably command a large assent;

for we surely do think very much alike. Or it might be well to agree upon two quite variant statements and let the vote for each reveal the Conference mind: that published variance would again illustrate the spirit and the breadth of Unitarianism. As to the *kind* of statement, we think it should be no two-word or two-line claim that we believe in this or that, nor the three or four lines which we might naturally use for a church-covenant, but something that would answer with brief fullness that question of 'inquirers, "What do Unitarians believe?"' It should be an effective missionary tool.

In the last *UNITY* a change in the "fellowship" resolution passed at Cincinnati was proposed in the interest of an exacter justice—a change that would place that resolution by the side of the declaration concerning doctrines, under the "majority" preamble. In some form or other we hope the Conference may be willing at its next meeting to consider all afresh, appending without farther delay the declaration of belief. If it should not only consider, but with one heart and mind, or nearly with one mind, should *approve* the measure, we think that, within ten years, all around our churches, west, east and English, some uplift would be felt from it; that our Western Conference deed would prove an object-lesson both in faith and in the missionary business; that it would tend both to the spiritualizing and to the organizing of Unitarianism everywhere.

The consolidated resolutions, two or three minor changes being also made, might fall into some such form as this:

Resolved, that while the Western Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to re-statement and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

Therefore, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, delegates of the Western Unitarian churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May—, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests, and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

And, inasmuch as many people wish to know what Unitarianism stands for, we, speaking always in the spirit above set forth, make the following statement of its past history and our present faiths.

To which preamble the "statement" should be added. Should the Conference consider these suggestions, more than one such statement ought to be submitted to it. We may ask our readers' leave to print in another *UNITY* such a "statement" as it seems to us desirable to make.

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Twins.

"I BELIEVE" AND "THOU MUST BELIEVE."

"Credo," "Crede," were two brothers,
Scarce they knew themselves apart;
One in voice and one in feature,
One in thought and one in heart.

While the boys still played together
Credo ever took the lead,
But the lusty fellow *masked* it,—
All was "Credo's" word and deed.

Many a prank he led his brother,
Into many a cruel shame;
Was it banning, was it burning,
Credo smote in Credo's name.

Oft he made his brother victim,—
Credo stood at Crede's stake:
Still the burner wore the halo,—
All was done for Credo's sake!

Thus to manhood: then the Angel
Dawned in Credo's noble grace,
And the Devil slowly faded
Even in dark Crede's face.

Burning now was all in dogma;
Banning only barred the door;
Credo sailed as missionary,
Pleaded in revival lore.

Credo died among his heathen,
Saying with his latest breath,
"I am Credo, brother Crede,—
It is Credo's day of death!"

Credo spoke in thousand voices,
Credo blessed by myriad hands,
Credo's benedictions showered
Gospels over all the lands.

Science, listening half-averted,
Mindful of her blackened youth,
Found his music shaping for her
All her boldest dreams of Truth!

Art anew plied stone and canvas,
Left her old cathedral tower,
Soared in poems, swept in anthems,—
Credo taught her hour by hour.

Duty heard her two commandments
Blending into deeper one:
Credo sang it, "Love of Neighbor
Is the Love of God well done."

Lands they listened! Lands they echoed!
Credo's chant of faith out-rung,
Organing as mountain-valleys
Thunder praise with mountain-tongue!

W. C. G.

Retribution.

The excellent sermon on Retribution, by Rev. Arthur M. Judy, printed in *UNITY* of March 26, reminds me of a noteworthy characteristic of Theodore Parker, on whose whole ministry in Boston I was a punctual attendant. I never heard him pray for forgiveness, the pardon of sin, and never heard him teach that it should be prayed for or desired. Believing, with various Scripture writers, that God will deal with every man according to his works, whether good or evil, he took for granted that chastisement would certainly follow sin, and that the wrong-doer must necessarily suffer for every unrighteous thought, word or deed. But, believing also, with another Scripture writer, that the rod as well as the staff of the Heavenly Father is designed for the comfort and welfare of His human family, Parker taught that His chastisement for wrong-doing was to be welcomed with thankfulness as a benefit, not deprecated as if harmful. To this effect are the following extracts from the published volume of his "Prayers":

"Are we weak,—and we know we are,—give us strength; sinners,—and our heart cries out against us,—chastise and rebuke us until we repent of our sin."—Oct. 6, 1850.

"We remember the millions of our brothers whom our fathers chained, and whose fetters our wicked hands have riveted upon their limbs. O Lord, we pray thee that we may suffer from these our transgressions till we learn to eschew evil, to break the rod of the oppressor, and to let the oppressed go free."—Nov. 27, 1856.

"O Lord, we pray thee that we may suffer for all the wickedness that we commit, till we learn to turn off from the evil of our ways, and execute thy commandments, and follow after the righteousness which thou hast written in our heart. We pray thee that thou wilt chastise us in our property and in our lives, till we learn to put away from the midst of us the yoke of bondage."—Feb. 22, 1857.

"We remember our daily lives before thee, the wrong things which we have done, and the unholy thoughts and evil emotions which we have not only suffered in our hearts but cherished there. We pray thee that thou wilt chasten us for these things, and that we may suffer and smart therefor till we turn from every wrong."—Jan. 31, 1858.

"Father, we thank thee for any suffering which comes upon us for wrong doings, knowing that thereby thou recallest us from the evil of our ways, and would save our souls from suffering yet worse."—March 21, 1858.

The view thus given of the dealings of the Heavenly Father with his human creatures still seems to me, as it did thirty years ago, the view most honorable and therefore most reverential to Him. By this both his justice and his love are vindicated. Instead then of supplicating for pardon and mercy, let us welcome the chastening rod which proves to us, through all the experiences of life, that we are worse off for every indulgence in wrong-doing; let us thankfully adore the love which shows us in this life, and no doubt will continue to show us in the next, that welfare can be attained only by righteousness; and let us cling with confidence to that highest view of God's purpose and action which assumes that He can and will permanently gain the victory over every instance of human depravity and perversity, letting no soul escape evil until it ceases to choose and to do evil. C. K. W.

The Origin of Snow.

Written for the Study Section of the Fraternity of the Church of the Messiah, Chicago.

Long, long ago, I dare not say how long,—
Perhaps the age of which the poet sung
That even Father Time was gay and young
And not yet settled down
To systematic work in months and days,—
Juno and Jove sat in a shady place,
Whiling away their time in various ways
On Mount Olympus' crown.

When suddenly, before their wondering eyes,
There came a blooming youth, in mortal guise,
Who in his hand held like some precious prize
A box of Russia leather.

Jove did not know him; but it was, in truth,
He whom we call "Old Prob", then in his youth;
And then, as now, his thoughts and words, forsooth,
Were all about the weather.

"Pedlars and agents are not wanted here!"
Said Jove; his tones were terrible to hear,
And Juno, though she tried to look severe,
Enjoyed the fun the while.

But young Prob stood before the astonished pair,
Serene as one who knew not fear nor care;
Tho' Jove began an awful frown to wear,
And Juno would not smile.

"Your Majesty", calmly responded he,
Producing as he spoke a silver key,
"I've something here that you may like to see,
"Although my own invention.
"Thro' many an anxious day and sleepless night
"I've labored, all unconscious of their flight,
"And the result I claim, is worthy quite
"Your Majesty's attention."

As thus he spoke, raising the box to view,
He turned the key, and up the cover flew;
Then with his breath a sudden puff he blew.
Before their wondering eyes
A flock of feathery flakelets, white and fair,
Whirled from the box and fluttered through the air,
Hither and thither, floating everywhere
Like white-winged butterflies.

They decked each tree and bush with blossoms white;
They fell on Juno's hair all glistening bright;
When she would catch them, vanishing from sight
In her white hand so warm.
She clapped her hands, and laughed aloud in glee,
And Jove forgot his wrath, and smiled to see
Her merry mood, while noting carefully
Each crystal's perfect form.

Then Juno took a handful from the ground
And shaped it to a ball, smooth, white and round,

And dropping Jove a courtesy profound
She turned with childlike pleasure
Where groups of goddesses her coming wait,
To show the wonder, and the tale relate.
Young Prob with Jove was thus left tête-à-tête
To urge his cause at leisure.

All that between them passed I must not tell;
Jove questioned much, and the youth answered well;
And tho' night's shadowy curtain round them fell,
And Juno was complaining,
Still in low tones went on their earnest chat
On the effect of this—the cause of that—
Till morning came, and there the two still sat,
Expounding and explaining.

They could not leave the fascinating theme
Till Prob related every darling dream,
From glacial epoch to vanilla cream,
And the toboggan slide.
He solved each knotty problem o'er and o'er,
And proved each step with scientific lore;
Probed every difficulty to the core
Till Jove was satisfied.

At last he rose—"I make but one request;
"Give me yon world, that I may try my best
"With practical experiment and test"

He cried with eager face.
Then Jove looked up, and, as it chanced, his eye
Fell on a bright young planet whirling by,
Fresh from the mint, and whizzing thro' the sky
To its appointed place.

"Granted," said Jove—"it's yours for good or ill.
"Mix up your snow, and scatter it at will.
"Here's rain, cold, wind and clouds, just take your fill,
"A million years from now
"Please call again, and your success report;
"If all goes well—your fortune's made, in short."
And Prob retired from the monarch's court
With many a grateful bow.

Did he succeed? Why, if you think so, yes.
So much depends on what you *call* success.
What pleases some, to others brings distress.

Then, too, we know not whether
The million years have passed. But this we know;
Taking the seasons as they come and go,
With frost and sunshine, wind, rain, hail and snow,
We get queer things in weather.

R. P. U.

Comfort.

Blessed be Nature's recuperative forces, stored in her beauty
of sky and wood and river and meadow and wayside flower!—
in the very chemistry of her soil! And blessed be hard work!
It is *that* which saves and "comforts" us.

We are always surrounded by beauty, by helpfulness, by
"comfort", if we but open our eyes! We do not need to
soar for any of these, nor dive for any of them. We shall
find them if we look about us *near to*. God's quiet, eternal
stars are reflected, ever, in the river that runs by our doors.
The very God-life is in the throbbing, warm caresses of our
children's hands and lips, and gleams in our mothers' smiles!

When once we begin aright to recognize that we,—all of
us,—individually,—not a few high souls only over the world,—
are capable of soul-perceptions, capable of thought-flashes,
and helpfulnesses, which are direct gleams, always, in *our*
souls, from out of the universal soul,—then shall we gladly
disburden our lives of much of their "hoarded treasures of

old rubbish", and be, thenceforth, free, serene, "comforted", forevermore. And strong, also.

We seek, too much, mere emotional drugs of being. There is such a thing as Heroic Bearing. And of a surety, in the very act of the self-striving, if done with the high, pure, purposeful intent of becoming a true, soulful conqueror under the universe's divine methods of operation, the loftiest heights of human peace, of human greatness, yes, of human-divine blessedness, become ours. Self-reliance links us to the strong forces of the worlds; to the developing energies of the spheres,—which forever work on as a Mighty Will.

"Strong and wise thou canst not be,
Knowing naught of agony"—

nor yet if the lingering, frequent-coming, corroding obstacles and griefs of life be not led by us as captivity captive.

JAMES H. WEST.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Deaf-Mutes.

EDITOR OF UNITY—I see in a recent issue of UNITY a request for information regarding the deaf-mute schools in Chicago. Prof. P. A. Emery, 43 South May street, near Madison, is the principal of these schools in the city. There are schools for these people in every part of the city. By addressing Professor Emery as above, your correspondent will receive the desired information.

Respectfully yours,

W. S. WELLER.

Chicago, March 23, 1887.

"Blessed be Drudgery."

EDITOR OF UNITY:—One of your UNITY leaflets, by W. C. Gannett, has the heading "Blessed be Drudgery"—a good title to a good leaflet. I mean not a fairly good one, but one of the very best. It is short, but gold is less bulky than common rock. It is full of strength and wisdom, full of grace and wit and common sense. I wish a million of those leaflets could float away on the wings of the wind, as I used to see the elm leaves wafted freely and far from the great elms in my native New England. Far away in my early boyhood were those days when I lay on the grass, looking up into the lofty and wide-spread foliage and wondering how far those "elm blows" would float; but before taking time for this dreamy luxury all my blessed drudgery was first done,—the garden was hoed, the wood sawed, the wood-box filled, the water supply cared for, all the tasks and chores finished, and that finishing made the dreamy hour on the grass a boy's luxury. Blessed be the memory of the good father and mother who always trained me to do my work well and on time.

I call to mind the year spent as clerk in a large hardware store. Work and care were constant. Toil and moil among iron and steel and piles of heavy goods, book-keeping, and no end to the constant duties. Sometimes it seemed hard, yet I knew my employers were never unkind. I was only under a thorough training. Now, after a half century, I can say: Blessed be their memory! Habits of persistent and courageous industry, of order and system and promptness, formed or strengthened then, have made the labors of life easier, the joys of life sweeter, than would have been possible otherwise.

I am not going to write a dissertation, but only to call attention to what Mr. Gannett has said so well on the discipline of work and its high importance in forming character. To muster out work and not let it waste us, to do the drudgery of body and brain, yet not be drudges, to feel that culture comes of labor and not from idle dreams, that high thinking comes of plain living more than from luxurious ease, is the aim and idea. Let everybody, especially all the young folks so unfortunate as to have been "born with al

gold spoon in their mouths", get this leaflet and read it thoughtfully.

Yours truly,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., March 14, 1887.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Progress from Poverty. By Giles B. Stebbins. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 25 cents.

This volume is little in size, for it covers only 64 small pages, but large in thought and effective logic. As an answer to Henry George's two works—"Progress and Poverty", and "Protection or Free Trade"—this performance has many claims upon the reading public, being short, timely, interesting, instructive, courteous, very fair, and powerful in argument. Several other reviews and criticisms of Mr. George's remarkable position on the land question have been published, yet not one has pointed out, as this one does, the great wrong and harm inextricably interwoven with his system—that is, its inherent tendency to place on the road to despair all who accept his opinions as true, with all the consequences which follow from desperation. The writings of Henry George cannot fail to cultivate a fierce discontent, bitterness and resentment of mind, distaste for steady industry, impatience with the slow gains of self-denial and economy, and a spirit of wrath and revenge, leading straight on to strikes, idleness, suffering, and acts of violence. A book with such evil influences cannot possibly be endowed with correct principles. Nothing worse can befall a man than to lose hope in the efficacy of his efforts. Perhaps it is for this reason that nature abounds with evidences of hope. The sun disappears only to rise in the morn; wintry death is succeeded by the rejuvenance of spring; the grave of the acorn becomes the cradle of the oak; the rainbow spans the skies with a joyous sign; and all the realms of phenomena are aglow with bright promises. It is thus with history also. Religious persecution was the badge of recent ages; now, at least in this country, there is perfect tolerance; serfdom has gradually eventuated in freedom; the houses without chimneys or windows have developed into abodes of comfort, where even the poor enjoy what was once beyond the reach of wealthy ancestors; the day's labor which, at the start of this century, was from sunrise to sunset, has dropped to ten, nine, and even eight hours. This radical idea of progress from poverty—this idea of an increasing betterment in the condition of society—is presented by Mr. Stebbins in many forms of argument and illustration, to prove that the facts deny Mr. George's theory of progress toward poverty. As adverse evidence is piled upon adverse evidence, until the array becomes formidable and then overwhelming, the reader is forced to the conclusion that Mr. George has built his hypothetical system upon a parcel of bold assumptions which have no support in experimental circumstances; and that he is only a closet-thinker—one who ranges through his mind and his library for his general propositions, without testing their accuracy by actual measurement with the outcome of long experience, or going out into the world of occurrences to make comparison with certainty. Mr. Stebbins shows very clearly that wages are not falling, but rising; that the tendency throughout the United States is, on the average, to decrease, not to enlarge, the size of the holdings of land; that wages are not high where land is low, but high where and is high, man and land thus increasing in value together; that advance in wages is not concurrent with advance in interest; and that capital is not produced by muscular labor alone, but still more by the directing power of mind, conjoined with industry, invention, self-denial, economy, and wise laws—all of which proofs flatly contradict Mr. George. It is also shown that the latter, in attributing poverty to private ownership of land, has left out of the problem some radical and indispensable factors, as drink, tobacco, gambling, and other costly vices, the expenditure upon which, if saved and applied to the betterment of workingmen, would suffice, in a few years, to raise them to a level of comfort never before

attained, and at length enable them to own their homes and to be comparatively independent; all, too, in the presence of the two so-called robber systems—private land ownership and tariff protection—which are made responsible for the poverty of the manual toilers.

The second chapter of the work is devoted to a refutation of sundry assertions in Mr. George's "Protection or Free Trade." It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Stebbins, in that department of criticism, is an expert of eminence. For many years he has been engaged in studying all the various phases of the tariff question; he has often discussed the subject by tongue as well as pen; he is recognized as an authority; he is actuated by conscientious motives; and he would not stoop to misrepresent an opponent. Henry George never had a fairer reviewer; so, if he gets knocked down repeatedly by heavy blows from the logical clubs, fact and experience, he will have to attribute his discomfiture to his superficial statements and to his unfounded assumptions.

This little book deserves, and, be it hoped, will have a wide circulation and reading; for it is destined to carry enlightenment,—therefore to accomplish good, wherever it may go.

D. H. M.

Hints on Writing and Speech-Making. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., 134 and 136 Wabash avenue.

This little book of 70 pages contains two articles by Mr. Higginson, one being "A Letter to a Young Contributor", from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the other, "Hints on Speech-Making", from *Harper's Magazine*. It is needless to say that both are treated with the author's own lively directness; both also contain wise and useful counsel. The following are good sayings from the first essay: "Goethe says that if a person once does a good thing, society forms a league to prevent his doing another. His seclusion is gone, and therefore his unconsciousness and his leisure; luxuries tempt him from his frugality, and soon he must toil for luxuries; then, because he has done one thing well, he is urged to squander himself and do a thousand things ill." "Above all, do not seek to encourage yourself by dwelling on the defects of your rivals; strength comes only from what is above you." "To-day is a king in disguise, and this American literature of ours will be just as classic a thing, if we do our part, as any which the past has treasured." Regarding compactness of style Mr. Higginson gives the advice,—“Be noble both in the affluence and the economy of your diction; spare no wealth that you can put in, and tolerate no superfluity that can be struck out. Remember the Lacedemonian who was fined for saying that in three words which might as well have been expressed in two.” We quote this in order to show that a skillful writer may offend by carelessness against his own rules. For the author has this sentence,—“Wendell Phillips rarely made special preparation; his accumulated store of points and illustrations was so inexhaustible that *he did not need to do anything more than simply draw* upon it when the time came.” The italics are ours. We think they mark careless English. Here are twelve words which could be reduced to five, thus: *he needed only to draw*; or, if the author would think this not quite inclusive of all his meaning, he could reduce his phrase to eight words, thus: *he needed no more than simply to draw*. Mr. Higginson's style is very easy and bright, but he is far from taking the care needful to be an example of his own rule to “tolerate no superfluity.” Nevertheless it is a good rule, and should be heeded more than it is; for whatever heeds it not is loose writing.

Foes of Her Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.50.

Forced Acquaintances: A Book for Girls. By Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor & Co. \$1.50.

"Foes of Her Household" is a rather tame account of the vicissitudes of "sweet simplicity" among the unfriendly relatives of her dead husband. Supposed to be a mercenary adventuress and a supplanter, she nevertheless succeeds in

conquering all hearts by the "might of gentleness", and finally marries her young husband's favorite brother, thus restoring the property to the rightful heirs. There are many girls who have found in the cheery, wholesome atmosphere of this writer's former books an inspiration toward nobility of purpose in the homely routine of ordinary life, sufficiently helpful to outweigh the artistic shortcomings and inaccuracies. These will be likely to read the new book for the sake of the old favorites.

Of the same class, from perhaps a more original, though a less practiced pen, is "Forced Acquaintances", by Edith Robinson, which is a bright and interesting little story, with sufficient charm to make palatable the very wholesome moral of mutual forbearance between the members of one family. There are, moreover, some clever passages and quaint turns of phrase; and some others which are startlingly bad, as in the first page, where Doctor Ware is introduced "wringing out the last dish-towel with his handsome, physician hands".

S.

Sonnets in Shadow. By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

There are thirty-nine sonnets in this little volume, exclusive of the introductory and closing pieces, of which there are four, and all express phases of a personal grief. Naturally, little of literary value would be expected in such a collection; but Mr. Bates has given some lines, if not *one* sonnets, here, which are equal to the best of current productions of minor verse-makers. There is, often, in these pieces a freshness and aptness of figure quite striking, while the variety of illustration and of sentiment which marks the forty-three productions is very pleasing. One is occasionally reminded of Job in reading the speculative passages, though the reflections are all natural, and not in any sense quoted. Some parts of the sonnets are strained in expression, and there are some false rhymes; nevertheless, as already intimated, the collection is respectable for a group of verses expressive of personal sorrow. The sonnets are dedicated to "H. L. V. B."—the wife of Mr. Bates, who died a year ago last winter.

E. R. C.

The Will Power: Its Range in Action. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. New York: James Pott & Co., 14-16 Astor Place.

This is a thoroughly edifying book. We use the word advisedly,—edifying, building up. No one can read these chapters on "The Will in Relation to the Inherited Character", "The Will in Relation to Self-culture", "Will and Circumstance", "The Will Fight", "The Will in Disease", without being instructed, warned, incited and inspired. The style is easy and clear. There is abundance of illustration by fact and fancy. The tendency of the book is to show the supremacy of character not only over all persons, but over everything that is called circumstance—a salutary lesson. 184 pages.

English Synonyms Discriminated. By Richard Whately, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co.

No one need be urged to think a book of this kind useful, who thinks that clearness of thought and clearness of expression are useful, and that the latter helps the former. Whately's little work has been revised by the present editor. Pages 179, with classified table of contents and with verbal index of 7 pages in double columns. The index shows that over 600 words are delicately compared and distinguished as to signification. Nicety of words is no mean delicacy, and a critical study of them a good drill in exactness.

Two little leaflets for the Easter season have been issued by D. Lothrop Company. One, "Easter Lilies", price 35 cents, is a collection of Bible texts, prepared by Mrs. E. R. Fairchild, who, both in her preface and in her selections, seems to us to lay undue stress upon the resurrection of the body. The other, "Sunshine", price 50 cents, by Katherine Lee Bates, is a charmingly written poem, with a number of illustrations, in which the wild flowers and sunshine play their part in driving away the bad temper of a little lass who had hidden away in the grass in a fit of sulks.

UNITY CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.

The True Voice.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, BY THE
PASTOR, REV. S. M. CROTHERS.

Published by the Congregation.

"His sheep follow him, for they know his voice; but a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."—JOHN x, 4, 5.

Every message which comes to us involves three elements—the thought, the words by which it is expressed, and the tone in which it is uttered. We often take for granted that the thought is the only essential thing, and that it makes little difference how it is uttered, or by whom. But practically, we find that even the division lines between sects and parties do not always follow the line of cleavage indicated by logic. Fully as often the difference is in the method of expressing a common thought. There are words, hallowed by long association, to which we cling even after the original meaning has been forgotten. And people using the same form of words are attracted to each other, just as are people who speak one native language.

But when there is a similarity in thought and language, there still remains another element of attraction or repulsion: it is the tone in which the thought is uttered. Children learn the meaning of tones before they learn that of words. *What* is said they may not understand; *how* it is said they feel quickly. One tone means joy, another grief, another anger. Even animals understand this. The sheep, says Jesus, recognize the voice of their own shepherd, and obey it. The voice of a stranger they will not obey, though he speak never so wisely, simply because it is a strange voice. The tones do not express metaphysical distinctions and abstractions, but they do express the emotions of the heart. The intellect speaks in a language which must be with difficulty learned, but the heart utters itself in the primal language which has outlived all confusion of tongues. Indeed, speech is the least flexible medium for the expression of emotion. The inarticulate cry sufficiently expresses surprise, grief and passion; and pure aspiration breathes not in words, but the tones of music.

Now if religion be not simply an apprehension of the intellect, but is supremely a matter of the heart, it follows that it will be recognized more quickly and infallibly by its tone than by its words. We shall know it as we know the voice of a friend. And it is thus that we do continually recognize it. We hear men talking together. We hear one voice, harsh, irreverent, arrogant, and we say, There speaks an irreligious man. His voice sounds discordantly among the many voices that are in the world. Here is a soul that has not been attuned to the harmonies of the universe. We hear the voice of another and may not know what he is saying. But *what-ever* he is saying, he is saying it modestly, and reverently, as if in the presence of something greater than himself; he is saying it manfully, with that earnestness which comes from personal conviction; he is saying it with all kindness, believing it to be for the good of those who hear him. It needs no analysis of his thought to tell us that that man is speaking religiously, for he speaks as becomes a true man and a servant of the Most High. We recognize the difference just as we recognize the difference between discord and harmony. The one is a stranger's voice, the other is the voice of a friend. He speaks our mother tongue, and our hearts burn within us as we listen.

That is the way great religions have grown up around teachers sent from God. Religious sects have divided and sub-divided over points of doctrine, and over verbal quibbles; but the religious spirit has only been awakened by the living voice. At the Master's voice it arises, and follows, that it may hear again.

"I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness", said John the Baptist. And Jesus, coming after, was also recognized by his voice. He spoke, men said, with authority.

We often talk of the "essential truth" of religion as if we

could find it and preserve it in some form of words; as if it were the residuum left when all personal qualities are abstracted. But the most essential truth can not thus be found: it is an element of personality. We ask what is religious truth, but we cannot understand it apart from a religious soul. There have been men so sincere that it was impossible for them to produce an absolutely false impression. Their mental limitations colored the light of truth, but could not shut it out. Through myth and fable, and outgrown theory the eternal verities shine, as in cathedral windows the blessed sunshine streams through the pictured faces of saints. And on the other hand there are those who can not repeat any form of sound words, without robbing it of its vitality, and "turning the truth of God into a lie".

"Now, consider the bearing of all this on the question of truth-telling. We often talk about speaking the truth as if it were a very common-place achievement; and people whose habitual talk is flippant and thoughtless pride themselves upon being truth-tellers.

How often we hear an arrogant voice passing judgment on questions which have perplexed sages: "I cherish no illusions", the man says, "I waste no time in meditation. I indulge in no poetry. I simply speak the plain, unvarnished truth." Ah, good friend, are you sure of that? If you can do that which you claim, you are worthy of all reverence; for it is not often in this world of chaotic thought and still more chaotic speech that one attains to that. Only now and then in ages is there a voice of such full compass that it can speak more than the smallest fragment of the truth. Seldom is there one so free from prejudice as to be able with perfect plainness to describe a fact as it is. But if you think that in that tone of arrogance you are speaking truth, you deceive yourself. We read of sacred oracles issuing from the mouths of beasts, from whispering trees or hollow rocks; but never did the word of the Eternal find fit utterance through the lips of shallow self-conceit.

Consider what it is to speak the truth. It is through our words to give some veritable representation of a reality. Not every fact can be represented by speech. As no picture can represent *all* the qualities of an object, so no words can give a complete reproduction of any fact. But what the artist attempts to do upon the canvas, the truth-teller tries to do by the use of words.

Do you not see what a wonderful thing this is, and how far short the best endeavors must fall? But what shall we say of one who, not realizing the difficulty of it, attempts in a few hasty words to declare the final truth in regard to anything? Shall we not think of him as we would of one who, with no knowledge of color or perspective, should attempt to paint a picture of a sunset. We would say, "Friend, if those splashes of paint represent to you a sunset, rest in peace and admire your work to your heart's content. Only because I do not enjoy your work do not say that I do not enjoy the beauties of nature."

So when any one tells me what he thinks about God and man and the world he is simply showing me the picture which he has made of these realities. And how inadequate all those word pictures are, to which we are often called to give the reverence which is only due to the things they are intended to represent. How grotesque often are the outlines; how crude the coloring; how absurdly wanting in perspective.

When the arrogant dogmatist brings out his elaborate articles of faith, or the arrogant skeptic parades his latest denials, the effect is the same. That which they call "The Truth" falls short of the reality which we have felt. After we have listened to their definitions we have to answer, "Is that all? That mechanical creature which you have described you say is man? Was it a man then who wrote the Iliad, or built cathedrals, or prayed to God, or died for his fellows? You give us your definition of God and what He can and what He can not do. Ah well, the word-builders may be forgiven for their poor imagery when we know how long He has borne with the clumsy similitudes of the stone-cutters! But if the God who made heaven and earth is no

greater than your thought of Him, it is passing strange that men should have ever dreamed of worshipping Him."

But no! when from the inspiration which comes from a direct outlook upon nature, or a direct contact with the Divine Spirit, we come back to our books, our sermons or our speculations, and are conscious of a sudden chill and disappointment, let us not be deceived.

Last summer the forest was wonderful in its dark beauty and you were strangely touched by it. To-day your friend shows you a picture of that scene which he painted on the spot. But the picture does not impress you as being cool or restful or in any degree lovely. Do you say, How mistaken I was in that forest scene? Do you not rather say to yourself—I remember the spot which this picture is supposed to represent, and it misrepresents it. It is not a true picture.

So when in our deepest experiences we become conscious of realities which transcend our definitions and elude the analysis of our science, let us not deny the felt reality, but rather say, We have felt the influence of facts for which we have yet found no fit utterance.

All speech must be inadequate to express the full realities; but we can at least make it suggestive and symbolic of the reality. The test is that our words shall, at least in some faint degree, produce the same impression as the facts for which they stand. To do this is to speak truly. Need I say that to attain to this in any way is the work of a life-time. The voice of the truth-teller must have in it no trace of self-sufficiency, or it will misrepresent the truth it would declare. Tennyson describes the growth which is in grace as well as in knowledge:

"One indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed
Who struck a jarring chord at first
But ever sought to make it true.
Perplexed in faith but pure in deeds
At length he beat his music out."

The first expression of an independent opinion is apt to strike a jarring chord. The individual word does not harmonize with the universal consciousness. Hence come all manner of schisms and misunderstandings. It is not enough that the new word stands for a fact which can be demonstrated. It must be spoken truly.

We sometimes wonder at a certain conservative instinct among those most naturally religious. They are repelled by novelties and say, "Tell us the old, old story".

In part this may be a weakness, but in part the instinct is one which has its justification. In the old, old, story there is likely to be a quality which is not to be found in the latest statement of opinion. No doctrine can pass through believing souls, and be uttered, generation after generation, by believing lips without coming to have in its expression a certain truth—truth not necessarily to the external fact, but to the nature and needs of those who utter it. Even the harshest doctrines thus come to have a certain tenderness and sacredness; even "as the trees that whisper round a temple soon become dear as that temple's self".

And so to the fervent apostle of some new idea which he is sure is the gospel the world needs, we can only say, "If you believe it proclaim it, with all the earnestness that is in you; but if the world is slow to accept it do not blame the world too much. For the world is old, and has heard many voices as confident as yours, which have come to nothing. Your voice is that of a stranger, your first work is to make it the voice of a friend. Go preach your gospel to every creature; if it can not be thus preached and is fitted only for some circle of the initiated, you may be sure that it is not so important as you had thought. Tell it to the young and hot-blooded and see how strong it is for guidance or restraint; tell it to little children and see if it harmonizes with their pure instincts; tell it to the sick and dying and see how much of comfort there is in it; tell it to the poor and the struggling and see if it is indeed tidings of great joy to them. When all this has been done, and the false glitter of novelty has worn off, and your word has become in its turn an old, old story, you will be able to estimate in some measure its spiritual worth.

There are in the world many kinds of voices: there are

sacred voices, reverent, earnest, hopeful; and there are profane voices, harsh, scoffing, cynical. It is for the sacred voices that we listen. It is not enough to say that truth is mighty and will prevail. Much depends on how it is spoken and by whom.

All about us are young minds opening to the facts of the world. In some shape these facts will present themselves—but who will be the interpreters? Shall it be a revelation of life, of joy, of God, or only a fatal knowledge of good and evil? Shall the truth be learned from the sacred voices of parents and friends and trusted teachers, or shall they be left to hear it from the profane and strange voices? How much of impiety and impurity arises because those who could speak most wisely are silent upon so many of the most vital questions. The boy learns some things from those whom he reverences; and these things always seem holy and beautiful. Other facts he is allowed to learn from the unclean lips of those whom he meets upon the street, and these seem to belong to a lower world, casting discredit on all with which they are connected. The positive side of religion he learns at home and in the church. The elements which might inspire doubts are concealed. Do you wonder that when these doubtful elements are forced upon his attention he is apt to cast the credible things aside also? Happy is he who hears all that concerns him through the same friendly medium, who hears the same voice speaking of the care of the soul and the body; who hears the same voice which proclaims the realities of faith, pointing out also the necessary limits to our knowledge: then does Truth not appear divided against itself, but stands all pure and radiant in seamless robe.

There are those who shrink from the responsibility of religious instruction because of their consciousness of their own liability to error. They fear to teach what must afterwards perhaps be painfully unlearned.

But there is a truth of tone and of temper which may belong to one who makes no pretensions to infallibility. *What* you teach may be discredited, but *how* you teach can never be a thing of little import. Your words may be forgotten, your thought may be outgrown, but rest assured that the sincerity and earnestness which you may have manifested will remain a harmonizing, inspiring influence through the future years. A modern scholar, who has passed from Romanism to the extreme of rationalism, tells us how still he is influenced by his early teaching, and compares it to the legendary city which was swallowed up by the waves, but whose church bells were still heard, after many years, ringing in sweet melody beneath the waters.

It is no narrow duty, then; this of the right utterance of our heart's belief. To express our belief arrogantly, is to clothe it in the tawdry garments of our own self-conceit; to express it controversially is to arm it with sword and dagger, and so send it against our neighbor. No wonder that he repulses it. The hidden truth we saw and loved is not what arouses his antagonism, for he only sees our vulgar caricature of it.

Our work is not simply to find truth, but also to speak it in love and simplicity. To rid ourselves of our prejudices and our personal affectations, to cultivate our sense of spiritual harmony, to learn the meekness of wisdom—this is our first essential. Only when our faith has worked by love and purified our souls, will it harmonize with what is best in our neighbor's soul, and be recognized for what it is. ●

LAST month's issue of *Shakespeariana*, the one periodical devoted exclusively to topics connected with Shakespeare, has for the leading article "Portia and the Office of Woman in the Serious Comedies." Other articles continue the series on the editors of Shakespeare, and the department called the "School of Shakespeare". This number contains a course of historical reading in Richard II. The usual departments of Shakespeare societies, the drama, reviews and miscellanies are presented. Philadelphia: the Leonard Scott Publication Co.

THE HOME.

Easter Bells.

Easter bells are gaily ringing,
Life pervades the air;
Children's voices, sweetly singing,
Banish thoughts of care.

The bird on the bough is chanting away,
The sun bids the flowers arise to the day;
Tho' dark my winter may be,
The sunshine will come to me.
Bright Easter bells joyously ring,
A precious hope ye bring!

All that's true and all that's noble,
All that is divine,
Shall above decay forever
Rise, and live, and shine,
The flowers lift their heads from long winter sleep,
Their graves have no terrors, tho' gloomy and deep.
Ah, why should mortal then fear?
Our maker, our God is near.
We'll burst the bonds of our night,
And dwell in the blessed light.

AUBERTINE WOODWARD.
(AUBER FORESTIER.)

Madison, Wis.

Three Seeds.

One furious gust of wind on that boisterous and unrelenting day in October, wrested three remaining seeds from the tip of the last head of Scarlet Caccalia in the garden, and sent them frisking off into the open lot adjoining. That was a blithe moment for them. Ripened and fully fledged for flight, they had only waited the sufficient force to tear them from their parent stem, and start them on a mission of their own. They were like three hearty young people going out into life for the first time, conscious of capacities developed ready for use, and longing for the unfolding of new ones. The children, who loved to visit the garden, had been fond of "poor pussying" the feathery tops of "Flora's paint brushes," while they were still firm and well closed in by the parental calyx. Perhaps it was something in the touch of little fingers which caused the plummy wings of these three to cling so closely together that they sailed through the air without separating. Down they came at last, caught by a whirling leaf, and settled rather suddenly into a convenient jog not far from the cart path running through the open space. Then the dust whirled in on them, while another leaf fluttered down, making them a nice warm blanket, and so they fell asleep.

Near the last of the next April they began to waken, and sleepily whispered to each other as an occasional impulse seized them to stretch and make ready to bestir themselves. They could not, so easily as we can, jump out of bed and slip from their night-dress into the clothing for the day. Their sleep had been longer and the waking must be more gradual. It would take a regular tug to get out of that bit of a brown night-dress. Not a vestige remained of the flimsy wings that had helped them to fly so far away from their old home. Neither the wings nor the wind could help them now. If they went into the world again away from their cozy nook, it must be by other helps; by the stirring of new instincts within them. If they were to grow they must strike both ways; they must reach downward and cling fast, if they would aspire upward and live outward.

Said No. 1, "I'm longing to be off. How can we do it?" No. 2, "Let's stay here. I'm comfortable." No. 3, "My jacket is so tight I believe I shall have to tear it to get out of it. But get out of it I must or I shall suffocate!" and with a push and a squeeze, open came the jacket. The little seed had just drawn a long breath of relief, when, crash! What had happened? This open lot was a sort of thoroughfare for carts, cows, small boys and girls, etc., and a cart load of stone in passing through had got a little way out of its track. The

thing which had happened was that a stone had rolled from the cart and landed directly on the spot where the three seeds lay awakening. "Something has killed me," moaned No. 1. "I'm so shocked and frightened I never can get over it. Yes, let's stay here." "I told you so," sighed No. 2 faintly, "We'd better stay where we're comfortable," and she went to sleep again, but somehow,—never woke up.

No. 3, having just burst her jacket, felt the crash more than either of the others. But she had also just known the joy of a full, long breath of freedom; she had inhaled the fragrance and felt the warm loving touch of the good All-Mother Earth, so she sooner recovered herself than they, and answered, "But I wasn't comfortable staying here; I think I must go and find out what it was that frightened us so." Only No. 1 remonstrated, for No. 2 was asleep. "I haven't the least idea how I can go, nor how I can find out," she continued, "but now that my jacket is open I can reach out and feel around here. Perhaps I shall find something by-and-by. It smells nice and fresh out here, although it is all dark,—why don't you get out of your jacket, too?" "Oh, dear, don't speak of it!" quivered No. 1, as she shrunk up closer into herself, folding her little brown wrap so snugly that it was all wrinkled; and then she too went to sleep and didn't wake again.

Later in the summer a brother and sister were walking through the lot and sat down to rest near by. "See what a strong, hardy bunch of paint-brushes," said Florence. "The seeds must have blown over from that garden, and then this big branch has got lodged over the place and kept the cows from nipping the leaves. It is ever so much more thrifty and firmly rooted than those in our garden. They most always have such little roots for their big leaves that the plant gets all loose and torn up by the wind." "Let's pull away the brush," said Dan, "and get at it. Just look here! They are growing up all around this stone, and such big, full blossoms! I wonder if the stone made them root better. We can try it next spring. I'd like to know how many seeds there were in all." "We'll pick your little scarlet brushes, my dear, and show them to their cousins in our garden, so they will want to grow as fine as you another summer." "Clear the track!" sang Dan. "Here comes a new installment of underbrush to save them till we come again."

E. T. L.

It is from out of our direst consternations bravely met and well lived through, that the fairest blooms of our heart's Easter come.

Evening Calm in Early Spring.

There is a calm which steals upon the heart
As fade the beams of daylight in the west.
The cares of day with its last rays depart,
And peaceful twilight settles in the breast.

There is a voice then speaking of the past
In tones like far-off music to our ears;
To bring the sigh, the shade of sadness cast,
While yet he feels a happiness who hears.

The stars peer forth and look with chilling gaze
From underneath the eyebrows of a cloud.
Beneath, a darker cloud, which hides all rays,
Hangs from the mountain's shoulders like a shroud.

And, gleaming through the softened evening shade,
A raft of moonlight lies along the stream.
Which feels the kiss of gust, then, half afraid,
The dimpling waters light with merry gleam.

While checkered shadows limn our lonely way,
Glow at the setting sun each treetop's crest.
And skies that lowered at the close of day
Light with glad thought, and gleam along the west.

J. N. Eno.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Pacific Coast.—Rev. Charles W. Wendte is visiting Southern California in the interests of our cause, and arranging for increased missionary effort in that quarter. He reports that Rev. B. F. McDaniel is preaching to overflowing congregations at San Diego, and a new or an enlarged church edifice is imminent. A fine deposit of coal has been found near the city, and Lower California is being opened up for settlement, assuring the further increase and prosperity of the town.

—At Santa Barbara Rev. A. W. Jackson has a largely increased congregation. The church lot is in a valuable business location, and has already quintupled in value, assuring a new and better church edifice in the near future.

—In Los Angeles Dr. Eli Fay continues to draw large congregations to the Opera House, and is the most popular pulpit orator in Southern California. The fair held by their Ladies' Association for the church building fund netted \$3,000. Dr. Fay has recently withdrawn the application of the Los Angeles society for aid, and they will hereafter pay their own way. This saves the A. U. A. treasury \$1,500.

—In Oakland the new society continues to prosper, and is enjoying at present Rev. A. M. Knapp's lectures on art, and able discourses. This society has assumed half of Rev. Mr. Wendte's salary—a further saving of \$1,500 to the Boston treasury. A Unity Club, of which the poet, John Vance Cleary, is president, and which is studying Concord Authors, and a promising Woman's Auxiliary Conference, have recently been organized.

—The San Francisco society has sold its church, endeared by many historic associations, but now surrounded by business structures, for \$120,000. A new edifice will be erected at once in the heart of the residence quarter. Mr. Wendte recently organized in this church a promising Woman's Auxiliary Conference. Dr. Stebbins is thought to be preaching better than ever this winter.

—The Sacramento society is prospering under Mr. Massey, a scholarly and devout man, and deeply in earnest.

—Spokane Falls, W. T.—The new society organized at this point is awaiting the coming of its pastor-elect, Rev. E. M. Wheelock, under whose experienced and able guidance we may look for a strong Unitarian church in this young Minneapolis of the northwest. Eleven men recently subscribed \$1,100 toward this new movement.

—Tacoma.—Mr. Greer's society have planned an attractive and useful church structure. The location is an admirable one. The Unitarian Building & Loan Fund has lent \$1,500. The entire cost will be \$5,000. Mr. Wendte hopes to lay the corner-stone in June next.

—The Seattle society holds its own, and plans are maturing for its permanent and prosperous establishment.

—At Salem, Oregon, we have a foothold, and will ere long have a society.

—The Portland society is weakened and saddened by the removal of prominent members of the church. But this is a strong congregation, and Mr. Eliot a host in himself.

—The Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches will hold a session in Portland on June 12, 13, 14 and 15. Doctors Horatio Stebbins and Eli Fay, and Messrs. Wheelock, Greer, Eliot, Jackson, Massey, Spriggs, Wendte and others will take part. Revs. T. J. Van Ness and Robert Collyer are also expected.

Toronto.—In the view of the present demand for a more national Unitarianism, it was a pleasure to the senior editor of UNITY last week to do something towards developing the international Unitarianism, that is sure to lead the way into the inter-racial and universal Unitarianism which is his hope and faith. Twenty hours from Chicago, and he was in Toronto, to take part in the installation of Rev. A. T. Bowser, as pastor of the Unitarian church of that place. The weather was bright, clear and crisp, and the church was filled on Wednesday evening at the installation exercises. The sermon was preached by Grindall Reynolds of Boston, secretary of the A. U. A. The installation prayer was offered by Mr. Jones of Chicago, the charge to the pastor by Mr. Cutter of Buffalo; the welcome on behalf of the parish by G. M. Rose, of the board of trustees, and the talk to the people by Mr. Jones. The present writer may be indulged in saying, that all the parts were good, but to one listener, at least, the freshest and most inspiring was the breezy talk of the layman, who graphically told the story of thirty-five years of life, the humble beginnings, the loyal standing by the flag, through long stretches of vacant pulpits by the laymen, sometimes reaching into years, and the labors of Dall, Mellen, Bygrave, and other faithful pastors. The next day the three visiting ministers with a cordial local convoy "did the town", and found it a bright Western-American city of a growing hundred and thirty thousand people. If Brooklyn is the city of churches for America, Toronto must be the city of colleges on this continent. Here have been gathered most of the higher schools of all the religious denominations in the province of Ontario. Above them all is the University of Toronto, that looks suspiciously down upon the standards of Harvard and Yale. Here American applicants for university honors at Oxford and Cambridge in England, go for their examination. It has a building that is the richest specimen of Norman architecture that is probably to be seen on the American continent, a building worth a trip to Toronto to see, with its rich entrance, and its rarely carved ceilings.

Thursday evening we gathered at the church again, and although we had Patti's voice to compete with, the church was well filled. We were to talk about Unitarian principles, according to the programme, but the spirit moved the good secretary to speak on the Unitarian opportunity, the good doctor from Buffalo to tell of the new theology movement, and the editor of UNITY to speak of character as the word in this coming religious life and organizations, and the new pastor's word and joy welded the three speeches into one. Next day the visitors went their respective ways, carrying with them pleasant memories, and hopeful expectations of the Unitarian church at Toronto.

Philadelphia.—At the last meeting of the Unity Ethical Association, Camden, Miss Alice Ames related some of her college experiences to an interested circle of listeners.

—Weston closed his series of addresses on Buddha on the morning of the 27th. As giving apt finish to his studies, he had present on this occasion Tatin Baba, a Japanese traveler, who gave some account of the state of the Buddhistic faith as it impresses a rationalistic native. Baba has been lecturing at the Franklin Institute and the University here, and evidently possesses a ripe and generous mind. His English is quite good, and has that indefinite charm which always distinguishes the early handling of a language by a talented stranger.

—Ames has delivered his California lecture in Unity Church, Camden. Walt Whitman comes next in the course.

—Mangasarian wrote a letter to certain orthodox ministers of this city inviting them to accept the hospitality of his platform and explain to his people the reasons they hold against his movement. Of the four messages sent, two were unanswered and two received refusals. This gave rise to certain obvious criticisms from Mr. Mangasarian.

H. L. T.

Boston Notes.—Our winter courses of Sunday lectures and week-day classes are closing as Easter approaches. Much good work will however still be done before warm weather comes on.

—At the late notable tribute to the poet Longfellow, the popular authors taking part in the select readings were remarkable men of whom any religious denomination might be proud. Hale, Holmes, Howe, Higginson, Curtis and others. The financial result was about five thousand dollars.

—Our spring local conferences will emphasize missionary work at home and in the west. They will also turn their faces toward the uses of the coming anniversary meetings.

—Rev. J. H. Heywood will soon visit his early home and parish in Louisville Ky.

Janesville, Wis.—The tender privilege of speaking the word of love and appreciation over a faithful mother in our Israel, and a devoted parishioner of former years, Mrs. S. L. James, enabled the editor to realize once more with joy the good and faithful work that is being done there by Rev. Joseph Waite. The two parishes in Janesville and Baraboo, under his charge, were never so flourishing, either in point of interest or attendance, as now.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

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[NUMBER 7.]

EDITORIAL.

THERE is nothing which so strengthens a rising cause as persistent attack, because it compels people to seek truth for its own sake alone.

ONE pleasing feature of the Kansas Conference report in our columns this week, was the post-office mission report by Father Brown, the *young* octogenarian of Kansas, whose enthusiasm for work is unabated, and who appreciates the rare opportunities opening out before us in the post-office mission field. The whole paper is so full of inspiration and vitality that we print it entire.

THE whole edition of the Louisville Woman's Congress reports (held last fall) was totally destroyed by the burning of the Richmond hotel, Buffalo, on the 13th of last month. The papers are safe and will be issued directly. The reports of secretary, treasurer and list of members can be furnished, with a few of the others; but the bulk of vice-president's and committee's reports cannot be rewritten.

AN interesting and touching bit of fellowship was realized last Sunday in All Souls church, Chicago. On the desk was a pretty vase of pulsatilla, the "Pasque flower" of the east, which the little children of the baby All Souls church of Sioux Falls, Dak., had gathered, the first-fruits of the prairie, and sent as a love offering through the mail to the four-year-old mother church in Chicago. Thus it is that subtle bonds of kinship reach out; the undogmatic fellowship of the west is becoming vascular; "cut it anywhere and it bleeds." This "veined humanity" is sure to clasp hands and hearts around the growing things of the spirit.

Rev. N. M. Mann has recently been preaching "On the folly of preaching", and has given the stay-at-home Christian many points which this Sunday sleeper might not think of. Mr. Mann has been behind the scenes and knows; but still we are glad to find that he concludes with the confidence that the preacher must go on with his preaching and not be discouraged, for it is the appointed means of saving the world. It is slow, like many another divine operation,—like the building of the hills or the scooping of the valleys. God makes not haste. He is patient, as one has said, because He is eternal. Progress, we have learned, is nowhere by sudden leaps. Nature abhors the miracle, and guards by infinite precaution against cataclysms. The preacher is often anxious to make a stir, but Nature holds him to her bosom, and will not admit of much commotion.

A STORY told of Dr. Charles Stearns, a Unitarian minister at the beginning of this century, is a good illustration of being as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove, and shows how well tact will serve when springing from real kindness: "An invitation had been given in the papers to meet at Concord and form a Bible society for Middlesex county. It appeared that the invitation had been published in only two papers; and consequently it had been seen by few, and our gathering was very small. Doctor Stearns was chosen Moderator. The question came up, 'What shall we do? Shall we *now* organize, or adjourn till we have a fuller meeting?' Doctor M—— pleaded earnestly for organizing *then*. Doctor R—— pleaded as earnestly for adjournment. Thus we were in quite a quandary. The Moderator, looking blandly around, said, 'Doctor M——, I admire your zeal, for it is

good to be always zealous in a good cause; and I also, Doctor R——, admire your conservatism, because we should let our moderation be known to all men, inasmuch as the Lord is at hand.' Then addressing the little company, he said, 'Gentlemen, is it your pleasure that we adjourn?'—and the general response was an emphatic *yea*."

THERE is a Greek story of a sophist, who desiring to sell his house carried a specimen brick around in his pocket, hoping thereby to satisfy the purchaser of the merits of his building. We have also read of an artist who submitted the cast of a nose and the big toe to the committee that was to pass upon the merits of his statue in competitive contest. These men remind us of certain Unitarian ministers and writers, who are still busy in trying to give "perfectly fair" representations of certain parties, by printing and commenting upon certain fragmentary sentences and half sentences, carved out of rounded discourses, and certain lines which, compared to the whole life and conviction, purpose and intention of the parties concerned, are far more fractional and unjust to the whole than the brick and the art fragment indicated above. We have read somewhere of a *doctrinaire* who justified suicide on Biblical grounds, offering the following easily authenticated Bible text in point: "And Judas went out and hung himself. Go thou and do likewise."

The "Mothers' and Daughters' Meeting" at All Souls church, in this city, which began a week ago, promises to be a decided success. The first lecture, by Dr. Elizabeth Chapin, on "From Girlhood to Womanhood", was largely attended. We quote the following appeal to the young grandmother:

"Oh, mothers! do not fold the hands across your empty lap, and say at fifty, 'The story is told'. If home has been so all-absorbing that outside interests have fallen away from you, find the broken thread, or take up a new one, and you will soon find yourselves among the world's creators. The summer sunshine went with the children, but your autumn may be long and bright, with real 'halcyon days' here and there. Your daughters, now young mothers, will feel that your example has given them a larger life-lease, and the world must needs acknowledge its errors. The promise for the 'golden age' for women is fair, but its realization will never be reached until home training undergoes the needed reformation, and its girls and women secure a physical poise which shall give judgment and stability to all their undertakings. Upon the women of to-day devolves a mighty task, but when filled with glory and honor, it teems with rich possibilities."

The Arbor Days that have been started in many states are good signs, and should be fostered. Eleven states have already established these Arbor Days by acts of legislature. Public schools are to take part in the celebration. A circular of the Bureau of Education says: "The celebration of Arbor Day, as instituted by Governor Morton, in Nebraska, is one of the most powerful means thus far employed in this country for educating the people in the important facts relating to trees and to forests. In the prairie states it has stimulated the planting of many thousand acres of forest trees for economic purposes, and it has given an impetus to practical forestry that is moving on in geometric ratio across the treeless plains toward the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, carrying innumerable blessings in its course. But the celebration of Arbor Day as instituted at Cincinnati in the spring of 1882, by the planting and dedicating of memorial trees, I would have observed by the public schools everywhere. No better method, and none half so attractive, has been discovered for

arousing enthusiasm and imparting correct ideas to both young and old of the beauty and utility of trees and forests."

MRS. G. E. GORDON, secretary of the Wisconsin Humane Society, in the seventh annual report of that society, recounting the amount of work accomplished, says: "Something has been done to prevent the wanton destruction of our song-birds, though with less well-marked results than in other directions; and for the reason, I suppose, that all boys have, or seem to have, to pass through a 'barbarian era' in their growth, when the instinct for killing is very marked." But Mrs. Gordon does not touch the primal danger to our song-bird: it is not "the barbaric era in the boy", but it is the passion for decoration in the woman reverting to barbaric conditions, that still persists in enjoying the plumage of butchered birds, in her hat. The barbarian also remains, in the man who under the guise of "sportsmanship", still delights in taking life. The son of such a father and such a mother must needs be expected to delight in throwing stones at birds, impaling flies, and robbing birds' nests. Example is the most potent teachers: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

WE share in the surprise, though we try not to share in the impatience, of the diligent brother who writes us as follows:

Permit me to say that I am made ashamed, almost every week,—made ashamed, and all but disheartened,—by the persistent falsity to truth of many who call themselves Unitarians and print Unitarian literature. For one instance, in the *Every Other Sunday* for April 8, circulated among the children of my school yesterday before I had seen it, occurs a "Scriptural Geographical" exercise—prepared for that paper, and impliedly recommended as an example for Unitarian Sunday-schools,—in which the places in Palestine where "Christ" performed all his "miracles" are pointed out with labored and scrupulous time-serving: "Cana, where he turned water into wine;" the lake-side, where a sifted sediment of a residuum of fish and loaf was increased to more than enough to feed thousands; the roads and hedges where blind and dumb men were made to see and hear; the towns where the dead, even, were "raised";—and all the remainder of the wicked and foolish fabrications and exaggerations. All this is cruel and disastrous! * * * Not long ago a friend, visiting in Massachusetts, wrote me of a Unitarian "service" which she attended. The opening hymn was "Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee"—with the "river side", the "blood", and all! And the remainder of the "service" was of a similar nature. I wrote back somewhat like this: "I am surprised that many who call themselves Unitarian call themselves also liberal, rational, progressive. Perhaps, however, the surprise should really lie in the fact that many who call themselves liberal, rational, progressive, call themselves also Unitarian."

THE attention of the country needs awaking to the subject of Forestry; but no doubt it will take many and long trumpet blasts yet to arouse our wasteful people to a wise economy in this matter. It seems to be one of the last things that human beings learn, that the balances of nature are to be touched with reverent hands. Our Department of Education at Washington publishes the statement: "In the early part of the eighteenth century the governments of Prussia and France had their attention seriously called to the rapidity with which the forests were disappearing within their borders, and the disastrous effects which were sure to follow. The great Frederick cast the horoscope of the future for his beloved Prussia, and saw that his little kingdom could grow and prosper only through the observance of a policy that would preserve and increase the forest area—assist, rather than war against, nature's method of preserving the fruitfulness of the soil. He made it a law to divide the forests into equal sections, and to fell the timber in successive annual portions—in fact, to institute a systematic treatment of the forest domain with a view to its improvement and perpetuation." This is simply wisdom, nay, even common morality. We ought to do likewise. Let us learn from whosoever is wiser than we. As a result of this care in Prussia, we are told that for the year ending with March, 1881, the income from the 10,000,000 of acres of public forests in Prussia was something over \$12,000,000, and all the expenses for care of the woodlands, and for the cutting and transportation of products, was somewhat over \$7,000,000, leaving thus a net income for the year of

nearly \$5,000,000; this, too, although the expenses included the payment of an army of foresters numbering more than 4,500 men. How different it is here in this country where the crime (for it is little less) and the impiety (for what else shall we call a disregard of God's good gifts?) have wasted our forests so much that an officer of our American Forestry Congress says: "It has been estimated by good authority that if we go on at the present rate the supply of timber in the United States will, in less than twenty years, fall considerably short of our home necessities." Our Bureau of Education publishes that in the year 1884, over five and one-half millions of acres were stripped for timber, "an area as large as the state of Massachusetts", and nine and one-half millions of acres more for fuel, and ten and one-half acres more stripped of their forests by fires. We repeat that this flagrant, heedless waste is an impiety. We know not all that may come of it. Sacrilege comes home at last, always. What calamities to agriculture, what destruction by floods, and what inscrutable plagues falling on human life and health, may come of this abuse, no one can say. It is time to stop this headlong, selfish destruction in the name of patriotism and common humanity.

WHAT are the dangers of the "ethical" fellowship established at Cincinnati? Those which Unitarians have always been exposed to. If a little greater than before in virtue of the frank invitation, also less than before, should we make a frank declaration of our general beliefs,—with the balance probably on the side of the lessening. What has ever prevented "the agnostic, materialist or atheist" from coming among us, claiming our name, entering our ministry, if they would, but the fact that we are still less attractive to them than they to us? To the churches based on creeds we have always seemed unprotected and all-out-of-doors. And yet the spiritual affinities which draw kin together, and keep those not akin apart, have proved ample for protection. Non-worshippers don't care to go with worshippers, unless some deep thing in their being holds them spite of their own logic; and in that case they are our kindred, and we want them with us, and our name like our hearts should hold them,—whatever be the consequences in the world's eyes: which consequences in the long run would be, of course, to help and not to hurt us. Yes, "a new meaning for the Unitarian name" is this,—new in the sense in which Jesus said, "I come not to destroy the law and prophets, but to fulfill them;" new by the right divine which live things have, to grow. When was the meaning of the word "Unitarian" closed,—and who, or what closed it? Practically, "fellowship" can be left in the future, as in the past, to common sense, to common sympathies, and to the congregations who alone have all the right and power there is in the case. The "agnostic" cannot find a Unitarian pulpit unless a Unitarian congregation wants him; and if it do, has any Unitarian Conference the right to forbid the bans, or even to hint its disapproval by public resolution? Individually, the churches and the ministers can do what their hearts bid them as to fellowship. As for ordination, the "Unitarian" minister needs none whatever; and if the "atheist", who yearns to be this minister, asks neighbor preachers to help ordain him, neighbor preachers ought to have the courage to act according to their own conviction of the best, whether that prompt the yes or the no. That "atheist preacher" is our Unitarian sea-serpent! There has been much talk about him recently, but it is quite uncertain yet if he exists; and if he does, is he going to impede navigation? He is almost pure *bogey*,—good to frighten those who are easily frightened. To actually limit our Unitarian freedom, in order to exclude him, would be to sell our great birthright for about the smallest mess of the thinnest pottage that ever a religious body hungered for! It would be to build a high fence around the house and shut the sunlight out, in order to get a place to nail the horse-shoe up! No, we are denying the power of the great God in us to talk about organizing one of his young churches on such policies of exclusion. Our "protection" is to be worshippers free but so deep, theists free but so intense, Christians free but so true and brave,

that the worship, the theism, the Christianity, shall become, not our protection, but our invitation and our charm and our converting power to whatever is outside of us.

We have received and read with warm interest the *Reporter of Organized Charity*, for April. It is enlarged to eight pages with this its second number, which means, we believe, thrift in the good work, and an increasing understanding of that work by the community. The leading article is a sketch of the late Judge Rogers, adorned with a pleasing portrait of that benevolent man, the first president of the Charity Organization Society; and, the article says, its "faithful friend in adversity and prosperity". But we hope and believe that the day of adversity for this really scientific charity enterprise has passed in Chicago. There is an excellent article on Individual Benevolence, which benevolence the editor thinks of the utmost importance,—to guide and to aid which must, for a long time, be one of the best things the society can do. There is a wise two-column treatment of the overgrowth of institutions; in which Wisconsin is praised for the wise decision of its Board of Charities, that Insane Asylums should be limited to 50 or, at the utmost, 100 inmates. Mr. Johnson, secretary of the Charity Organization Society, says: "Personal human influence is the only influence that avails to help mankind, and without it all rules and systems, how good soever they may be, are of little avail;" and to the same effect quotes the following: "The work which charity has bidden us undertake, while it is practically unlimited in its scope and in its demands, is a work which can only be done at its best by the individual and for the individual. Our methods must differ, our fields lie far apart, but always the truth holds; that what one can do for one includes the most and the best that can be done for the human family by its members"—wise and true words, which touch the foundation of the aim and methods of the Charity Organization Society. The paper contains also interesting instances both of frauds and of wise assistance, which show the nature of the society's work. We say again, as we said last month, that this little paper should go into every household, as it easily can by its price, which is only 50 cents per annum.

In closing his sermon on Mr. Beecher, Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass., said: "I was once crossing the Alps over the Simplon Pass, and was very desirous of getting a glimpse of Monte Rosa. The *diligence* had slowly climbed to the highest point on the road, and the driver halted by my request. The company consisted of half a dozen people evidently of as many nationalities, as I could hear, without understanding a word of their confused jargon. I knew where Monte Rosa ought to be in the distance; but on account of the billowy clouds of August that loomed up in the lambent skies in the direction of the object of my search, it was hard to distinguish between the clouds and the snow-capped mountain dome. I wanted to be sure that I had seen it, and without success I made signs to the men about me to get their word of assent or denial. It was all Greek to both parties. Finally I said, I will prolong the halt as long as possible with a few francs, and stand and gaze toward the snow-mounted height, and perhaps the clouds will shift and I can distinguish between cloudy billow and snow-crowned dome; and my patience and perseverance were rewarded. In no great length of time I could see the clouds move and scatter, and I caught the sight of lovely Rosa, and there I gazed till every film of cloud had swept past the imperial sentinel, which stood out before the clear blue sky, a thing of beauty, and imaged in my memory a joy forever. Now, my friends, let this picture fasten a truth in your minds, and make it, I care not how vivid and impressive to your thought,—the truth, which I believe is a truth, that, if we are only patient enough, and, failing to get from the differing views of others a vision of the man of whom we speak, as he really was,—watch and wait till the clouds that somewhat obscure the beautiful outline of his character shall have passed, we shall be rewarded; all who have ever been made happier or better by his heaven-inspired utterances will be, in beholding

that unique man of finest fiber and rarest soul and tenderest womanly heart, in the grandeur becoming his real worth and his towering splendor, making the common man, detractor or admirer, a pigmy at his feet. And still further, as at the foot of this same mountain, streams of water find their way down its sides to quicken and refresh the valley and give bloom and beauty and fruit to multitudes for their enjoyment and help, so I believe streams of influence and soul-refreshing life will continue to flow to millions of souls this now silent tongue has courageously and continuously addressed for nearly fifty years. Set your eyes upon the mountain beyond and not the passing cloud; at least, gaze toward the reality and believe in the divinity that abides in him and in all essential nobility, in spite of weaknesses and imperfections that so often cling to great natures. It would be a different world and a better world if, in our judgments, we were all as beautifully and as magnanimously charitable as was Henry Ward Beecher!"

The Western Unitarian Conference.

In this number the preliminary announcement for the approaching annual meeting of the above organization appears. This meeting will be looked forward to with especial interest, because at its last session this conference was forced, by parties who tried to check or change the direction of its slow, long, and earnest development, to formally declare the open spirit and, doctrinally speaking, unconditioned fellowship which, from its inception thirty-five years ago to the present time, has become more and more a part of its spiritual endowment, its religious earnestness, and its inspiration. We look forward to a meeting that will be marked with peculiar earnestness of conviction, warmth of fellowship, and religious unanimity and enthusiasm. Probably those who distrust its present position and are afraid of the untrammelled fellowship, will renew their pamphletarian agitations of a year ago, and do all they can to provoke schism. But we think our western churches have grown tired of such tactics, and that the delegates will have little interest in such disputes. Those who think the conference occupies a prophetic position—that the Cincinnati resolution is religious and noble, but for pecuniary and other reasons that it was *inexpedient* and impolitic, will stand aside awaiting the catastrophe which we believe will never come. Those in whose hearts there is a love for our western cause, a pride in the traditions of the Western Conference, a faith in its prophetic mission, will gather in goodly numbers, anxious to deepen their own religious life, to dispel all discord by love, to find the wisest co-operation with fellow-workers of all localities and every shade of belief.

The first great concern of the conference will be for high, devout, loving BEING. It will seek to be true, Christ like and God fronting, though its dollars be reduced and its words be misinterpreted and misunderstood.

Its next concern will be for worthy DOING: the great unfarmed spiritual fields of the west, the lonely churches, the still more lonely men and women without churches, the feeble state conferences needing fellowship and neighbor sympathy, the great tides of love and good-will in the east, needing western outlet and western trustees; the readiness of the A. U. A. to help and co-operate, and its need of western agents and co-partners,—all point to the fact that the Western Conference has a measureless work before it. There is no danger of too many workers or of rival administrations among generous and noble laborers. It is not difficult to adjust co-operative relationship between the A. U. A. and the W. U. C. Such relations have existed in the past to the strength, satisfaction and inspiration of both parties. Better ways and larger ways doubtless await us.

Brothers and sisters from Denver to Cincinnati, come! Let us take sweet counsel together. Come! Let us see how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Come! In the spirit of Jesus and in the love of God. Let us be and do the things that will hasten the coming of the Universal church, the Kingdom of Truth, Righteousness and Love in this world!

Character and Citizenship.

In a recent circular of information of our bureau of education at Washington, we find the following statement: "The last census shows about one and one-half millions of adult males who could not read. The popular vote for president in 1884 was some ten millions. This shows that more than one in every ten who voted may not have been able to read the vote he cast." Surely this is enough to arrest the attention of thoughtful people. It is a bad treatment of republican power and citizen dignity to make it worth so little that a man may wield it who will not take so much pains for it, nevertheless, as to enable himself to verify the meaning of the vote which he casts. This is an anomaly, a disgrace and a danger. It is an anomaly because it sets a man to do an important thing for which, confessedly, he is so unqualified that he cannot know of himself whether he does it or not. It is a disgrace because it sets a mean value on liberty and citizenship, and tosses sacred responsibilities about like so much dust. It is a danger, because where ignorance is, passion and impulse rule; and what is more dangerous than power in the hands of untrained impulse? It is simply monstrous that a man should cast a vote who cannot read it; for if he *cannot* learn he is too imbecile to exercise the power of the ballot; and if he *will not* learn he holds the privilege too cheaply to be worthy of it. Whoever sees not this and will not preach it, bedizens Liberty with bold flatteries, but clothes her with no virtue.

In another part of the same circular we find it stated that "The total expenditure for public schools in the United States was in round numbers in 1886, \$83,000,000." But it is estimated that the trade in liquors in this country amounts to \$800,000,000 a year; and this statement, probably, is under rather than over the truth. Whence it appears that \$10 are spent for drink for every \$1 that is invested in education. This \$800,000,000 worth of business employs an army of 400,000 men in the liquor traffic; which is to say that, of the 10,000,000 of voters for president in 1884, one in 25 was in the liquor traffic in some way.

Truly, what with ignorance on the one hand easily to be seduced, and with selfish vice on the other eager to lead astray, civilization and liberty war with fearful odds. The more need that the good, the instructed and the honest should rouse up to the strife. The more need of wise reflection, too, till we understand the immense miseries and loss inflicted by such open sluices of waste as the liquor traffic, and shut them as the first steps in reform.

Finally, we shall do well both for education, temperance, citizenship, and every other good thing, to keep in mind the German proverb that, "Whatsoever we would have appear in the nation's life we must introduce into the public-schools."

J. V. B.

A Declaration Concerning Unitarian Fellowship and Doctrine.

In the last two numbers of *UNITY* the right, the safety and the advantages of Conference declarations concerning the Unitarian fellowship and doctrine have been set forth in long articles. With *obligatory* beliefs Unitarians have nothing to do. The kind of declaration meant is one which, instead of prescribing "essentials", pre-affirms itself as "binding on none, always open to re-statement, and representing only the thought of the majority". The first article maintained, against the "congregational" objection, the *right* of a Conference to make such statements, and proposed a change in the Cincinnati "fellowship" resolution to make it more exactly just to any congregation not yet ready for its freedom. The second urged the *safety* of an open "doctrinal" statement as against the "credal" dangers, and its *advantages*: (1) As a missionary voice it would answer loudly the chronic question of outsiders, "What do Unitarians stand for?" (2) While the open fellowship affirmed at Cincinnati will tend to spiritualize Unitarianism, the open doctrinal statement proposed would tend to organize us more effectively for work and influ-

ence. As a minor good—should the Western Conference at its May meeting heartily adopt such a declaration—it might help to allay our present "issue" troubles, or, at all events, would do much to correct the misrepresentations that have been so widely spread this year about the western Unitarians.

If the Conference is willing to consider the proposal at all, of course more than one "declaration" had better be, and doubtless will be, submitted to it at the meeting. We ask leave to lay one before our readers now. Some such resolution with "declaration" as that affixed immediately below, the writer hopes to offer at the May meeting, if he be allowed to. It is printed now on purpose to invite examination, and to stir others to make a still nobler statement of our faith. To the same end, it will be put in pamphlet form, in connection with the substance of the two previous articles referred to, and will be mailed from this office for one cent a copy. If our proposed "statement" look long, let its missionary purpose be remembered,—that it is meant to answer with compact fullness that chronic question, "What are Unitarians, and what do they believe?" If it deal little with negations or contrasts with the faiths of other churches, that, too, is intended: these are our Affirmations,—the things which, as we think, will abide when there is no longer need of the contrasts and negations of the day. It is a considerably revised form of what has already appeared in *UNITY* three times and is circulating as No. 10 in the list of "*UNITY* Short Tracts"; and several brains and hearts, eastern and western, ancient and modern, may claim joint authorship in its clauses.

This "issue" year has brought much light. We all ought to know what Unitarianism really means and stands for better than we did a year ago. If the plan here proposed would secure us against credal influences, would make us trust more bravely and simply to the force of the Spirit working in and through us, and would more widely sow the blessings of our faith, then the plan is worthy of examination from earnest men and women. And we put it to the minds and consciences of those who have tried so hard to break up the Western Conference on account of the Cincinnati action,—we put it to the gray heads and to the dark heads of the band,—whether, on careful second thought, this plan is not really what they *mean* and *all* they want,—whether it is not a safer, a holier, a more effective way than their own of doing the work given "Unitarians" to do.

W. C. G.

Resolved, THAT WHILE THE WESTERN CONFERENCE HAS NEITHER THE WISH NOR THE RIGHT TO BIND A SINGLE MEMBER BY DECLARATIONS CONCERNING FELLOWSHIP OR DOCTRINE, IT YET THINKS SOME PRACTICAL GOOD MAY BE DONE BY SETTING FORTH IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THINGS MOST COMMONLY BELIEVED TO-DAY AMONG US—THE STATEMENT BEING ALWAYS OPEN TO RE-STATEMENT, AND TO BE REGARDED ONLY AS THE THOUGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

Therefore, SPEAKING IN THE SPIRIT AND UNDERSTANDING ABOVE SET FORTH, WE, DELEGATES OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED AT CHICAGO, MAY—, 1887, DECLARE OUR FELLOWSHIP TO BE CONDITIONED ON NO DOCTRINAL TESTS, AND WELCOME ALL WHO WISH TO JOIN US TO HELP ESTABLISH TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE IN THE WORLD.

AND, INASMUCH AS MANY PEOPLE WISH TO KNOW WHAT UNITARIANISM COMMONLY STANDS FOR, SPEAKING IN THE SPIRIT ABOVE SET FORTH WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF ITS PAST HISTORY AND OUR PRESENT FAITHS.

OUR HISTORY.

In this country Unitarians came out from the Congregational churches of New England some eighty years ago,—came out as New Protestants, asserting,—

- (1) The Supremacy of Character above Belief, in Religion;
- (2) The Rights of Reason in the use of the Bible Revelation;
- (3) The Dignity, as against the Depravity, of Human Nature;
- (4) The Unity, not Trinity, of God; the Divinity, not

Deity, of Christ; and that Christ was sent as teacher to save us from our sins, not as substitute to save us from the penalties of sin.

Channing was their leader then. Since Channing's day belief in the Bible as a miraculous revelation, and in Christ as having any authority save as his word coincides with natural reason and natural right, has largely faded away among them. This second movement of their thought began some forty years ago; and Emerson and Theodore Parker have been their real, though at first their unaccepted, leaders in it.

To-day few Unitarians but trust free thought, and trust it everywhere; we only fear thought bound. Therefore our beliefs are still deepening and widening, as science, history and life reveal new truth; while our increasing emphasis is still on the right life and the great faith to which the right life leads—faith in the Moral Order of the Universe, faith in All-Ruling Righteousness.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

In all matters of church government we are strict Congregationalists. We have no "creed" in the usual sense; that is, no articles of doctrinal belief which bind our churches and fix the conditions of our fellowship. Character has always been to us the supreme matter. We have doctrinal beliefs, and for the most part hold such beliefs in common; but above all "doctrines" we emphasize the principles of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in religion. These principles make our all-sufficient test of fellowship. All names that divide "religion" are to us of little consequence compared with religion itself. Whoever loves Truth and lives the Good is, in a broad sense, of our religious fellowship: whoever loves the one or lives the other better than ourselves is our teacher, whatever church or age he may belong to. So our church is wide, our teachers many, and our holy writings large.

OUR DOCTRINES.

With a few exceptions we may be called Christian theists; theists, as worshipping the One-in-All, and naming that One, "God, our Father"; Christian, because revering Jesus as the greatest of the historic prophets of religion; these names, as names, receiving more stress in our older than in our younger churches. The general faith is hinted well in words which several of our churches have adopted for their covenant: "In the freedom of the Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." One struck our key-notes who said, "Unitarianism is belief in the humanity of God and the divinity of man." And another who defined it as "that free and progressive development of historic Christianity, which aspires to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion." But because we have no "creed" which we impose as test of fellowship, specific statements of belief abound among us. One such we offer here.

We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion:

We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief:

We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion.

We believe in the growing nobility of Man:

We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this Order is truth; to obey it is right, and liberty, and stronger life:

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that heaven and hell are states of being; that all things work together for the victory of Good:

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all:

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal,—

the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of a life to come:

We worship One-in-All—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name,—the Eternal God, our Father.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

On Easter Morning.

F. L. K., OBIT APRIL, 1887.

On Easter morning in the place
Where late shone her uplifted face
Turned pulpit-ward, some loving thought
A miracle of bloom had wrought.

Pure as these flowers, her spirit rare
Was touched to love of all things fair.
How fit to mark her vacant place
With the pure calla's stately grace!

Sermon and lesson were unheard;
More eloquent than spoken word
The shining lilies spoke of her
New-risen from the sepulcher:—

"Even as the seed in blossom bright
Sends up its soul to greet the light;
In fairer realms a soul new born
To bliss, is risen this Easter morn!"

A. W. B.

CINCINNATI, April 10.

The Kansas Post-office Mission.

A REPORT READ AT THE LAWRENCE CONFERENCE.

In the *Open Court*, Moncure D. Conway says: "In the statistics, Unitarianism appears one of the smaller sects. In reality it is the largest. The fallacy arises from the fact that Unitarianism is not viviparous, does not bring forth its young alive; it is oviparous, and most of its eggs, like those of the cuckoo, are hatched in other nests than its own. The bad name of the cuckoo comes from the European species, which shove other eggs out of the nests they invade before depositing their own. The American cuckoo respects the broods of other birds, and leaves its child to be brought up with them, and for a time to be confused with them. When the broader wing develops in the Congregational nest, or the Episcopal or the Quaker nest, there is a good deal of fluttering and scolding among the parent birds; but the new creature is strong, not easily pitched out, and is gradually adopted as one of the family."

If Unitarianism recognized all its children in other churches, and outside of all churches, it would feel patriarchal as Abraham, the father of generations. The late Dean Stanley said that while he was in America every sermon he preached had some of Channing in it, and every sermon he heard was largely from Emerson. Yet Dean Stanley did not go into any Unitarian church.

This parable is a good exordium or prelude to what I may have to say about my post-office mission the past year. An orthodox brother in the Congregational church writes me: "I get from the papers and pamphlets you have frequently sent me some very suggestive thoughts, and above all I get that impression and lesson which is so hard to learn, that there are many ways of the spirit, and that *Truth* is so manifold that no one can expect or hope to see more than one phase of it." And again, "I have read with great interest a sketch of Doctor Eliot in the *Unitarian Review*, and I could not but think that while I had always heard of Doctor Post, b

contemporary, who had maintained the cause of New England Congregationalism in St. Louis for the past fifty years, I had had but a very dim and imperfect notion of the great work which Doctor Eliot had done in the same place."

Another good egg has been laid in the nest of a "Christian" preacher, who writes me: "I receive the *Christian Register*, *Unitarian Review* and Mr. Savage's sermons regularly. Am now reading Clarke's "Vexed Questions in Theology", Channing's works, Emerson's Essays, Herford's "Unity of God and Man", Savage's "Social Problems", and Clarke's "Problem of the Fourth Gospel." So far I find myself in sympathy with these works. I find myself more and more in sympathy with your people, and no doubt will take my stand with them sometime.

A very thoughtful and sincere man living in Western New York, who was brought up a Baptist, and who has listened to Baptist preaching for fifty years, writes me: "I have never been able to mark out a line of theological thought that I could feel justified in proclaiming as a guide to others. I find no difficulty in marking out a line of moral conduct which I *should* follow. These considerations have deterred me from joining any religious organization. The views of your organization, as I gather them from the literature you have sent me, come nearer to my own conclusions. I am prone to skepticism; by this I mean that my organism seems to be such that no sooner I receive an idea, than I begin to weigh the *pros* and *cons* of its truth. I can not take another man's idea till I have fully digested it and made it my own. You will readily see that I could not feel at ease in a religious body where I would feel obliged to accept unquestioned what was dropped to me. But I now think if I lived near an organization like yours, I could readily join it, feeling that my honest convictions would not be stifled." From a lady who believes herself orthodox, I have lately received a letter from which I make an extract or two: "Maturer years have liberated me from the bondage of opinions which never seemed rational to me. I can hardly conceive how I made myself believe that the Bible taught what is called the *Trinity*. I would not teach my class of boys doctrines their parents fear,—nor will I teach the opposite. I *leave creeds* to try and train good, true and Christian men. I admire Mr. Hale. Thank you for his sermons. Wish more of you liberal Christians had his views of the Son of God and of the Bible. The *Christian Register* is always welcome."

One whom some of our creed-bound friends would regard as an infidel, or perhaps an atheist, speaks thus in a letter: "I thank you for the tracts sent me. 'Are they such as you approve?' you ask. The majority of them are read with pleasure. Some, however, I should question as to their merit, in these times of advancing thought. Yes, anything from the brain of Minot J. Savage is always acceptable, or from any other individual thinker who has courage to give utterance to a grand thought, however antagonistic it may be to musty theology. I am pleased to say that there is a liberal club organization here, and I have read all the best tracts sent me in our meetings. Again I thank you for continued favors."

From a gentleman well-known in public life, and a member of a Congregational church, I receive this message: "I read every tract you send with pleasure."

From a friend, unknown to me personally, comes this note: "Accept thanks for documents and papers sent bearing upon the subject of advanced religious doctrine. Be assured I have read them with no little interest, and have started a loan office, and will pass them on to my inquiring neighbors."

From a lady in California, once a resident of Lawrence, I received a letter from which I make one or two extracts: "You remember that I used to call myself a spiritualist? Well, I still keep the faith, thank God; but I realize, as once I did not, that spiritualism is not a religion, but simply a philosophy; while Unitarianism is a religion so comprehen-

sive in its nature that it only asks, Are you living your highest and truest life; that calls for no argument, and enables me to reach right down into the hearts and lives of those around with the blessed teachings of the divine master.

"Your papers, after being read at home, are sent on their mission of enlightenment and love to other souls struggling in the darkness after the divine light. For them I want to thank you more than pen can write or tongue can tell."

All such thanks and acknowledgments of our papers and tracts received are, to be sure, very encouraging. But there is far greater encouragement to persevere in my work from the fact that the times are ripe for such a mission. There is a spirit of inquiry now thoroughly aroused throughout Christendom. The old theological foundations are crumbling away. The idols which former generations have worshiped are being cast to the moles and the bats. There is no longer any fear that harm will come to the wheat by separating it from the chaff. The age in which we are living is diligently and earnestly searching for the *truth*. It wants to build on the truth, and not on the shifting sands of error. The timidity of the past is giving place to greater boldness. The narrow partisanship of sect is gradually, though surely, widening into broader channels. Denominational lines are daily transgressed. My Chicago paper tells me that one Sunday lately the members of Case Presbyterian church at Cleveland were astounded when their well-paid pastor, Mr. Ogden, one of the ornaments of that sect, read the following:

"I hereby present my resignation as your pastor, to take effect April 1st. My only reason for this step is a change, or rather growth and maturing of theological opinions, which make it impossible for me in good conscience to longer assent to the doctrinal standards of the Presbyterian church."

The same paper tells me that *three* Presbyterian ministers changed their base from this Presbytery last week. This very probably is the result of the ova of Unitarianism deposited in Presbyterian nests.

And so I remain firm of heart. Every tract which I send away I regard as good seed, and a prayer follows it that it may fall upon good ground. I sow in faith. I have no doubt of the fruitfulness of the post-office mission. In the nature of things it can not help doing good. It is good for the intellect as well as for the heart. It goes where the living voice is not heard. It is a still small voice which whispers in secret. It is clear and affirmative.

I am sometimes asked how I am paid for my work—my work is my pay. The consciousness that I am doing good is my reward. Where do I get stamps to send off my 4,000 papers a year and to place on my letters of correspondence? They are sent by the friends of the mission. If they do not come as they are needed, I pray for them, and they come in answer to my prayers. Thus far in my year's work I have received something less than forty dollars. To carry me well through the year (ending with me the first of June) I shall need ten dollars more.

I need not here particularize the sources from which funds have come. Suffice it to say that about 30 dollars have come from friends in the east and ten dollars from friends in the west.

My sincere thanks are due to the American Unitarian Association, and to the Western Unitarian Conference, for papers and tracts which they have gratuitously furnished for my work. Papers, pamphlets and sermons from various individual sources I am happy to acknowledge, publicly, as I have by private letter acknowledged when I have known the source from whence they came.

Upon the strength of those resolutions I am emboldened to urge upon the members of this Conference the importance of strengthening and enlarging the influence of your state post-office mission.

I desire to say still further, that I was encouraged and strengthened in my mission by the resolutions passed by the Kansas Unitarian Conference at its last session held at Topeka, in reference to the usefulness and efficiency of my work.

You can do this by your individual contributions in money

or in stamps, in large or small amounts, in proportion to the generosity of your hearts and the fullness of your purses.

You can do this by looking up people scattered here and there over the state who would be willing to receive and read and who would be benefited and enriched by receiving and reading, the papers and pamphlets and sermons which are sent through the post-office mission.

There is not one present who by the exercise of a little thought and care could not send me in the course of the ensuing year the name and address of ten persons in this state, who seldom or never attend any church; who have little sympathy with the irrational dogmas warmly contended for and vigorously urged by the sects around them, but whose hearts, hungering after something higher and nobler, would be cheered and comforted and fed by the gospel of sympathy, tenderness and love which Jesus proclaimed—and which we are glad to preach. We must go out and search for these sheep that are not shepherded and bring them into our fold. I am not afraid to use the self-same words which Jesus used. Other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them I must also bring in, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. If we have the truth let us speak it boldly, and bring all we can under its influence. Men do not light a candle and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, and it giveth light to all within the house. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

JOHN S. BROWN.

The Chicago Gamin.

WHENCE HE COMETH AND WHITHER HE GOETH.

There are in the city of Chicago about one thousand boys who earn their living on the street. Only about fifty of these can be accommodated at the Newsboys' Home. Some four hundred have no abiding-place. The remainder have homes, and in a few cases both parents.

The first class, who live permanently at the Home, pay five cents for meals and lodgings, and style themselves boarders. They are the better class of boys, who mostly are sellers of the morning papers. They are nearly all capitalists, and some have in their employ even as many as ten small boys, of whom they exact the strictest business settlements. When poverty makes a hard task-master, it makes him very hard; when it makes a kind one, it makes him very kind. Of this class the boys more easily yield to whatever authority or discipline is necessary. They are more ambitious and anxious to better themselves and improve their surroundings. They are loyal and true to each other, and remarkably generous to their companions when unfortunate; keen, sharp, and ready readers of human nature. 'Tis said a stranger in town accidentally jostling him, he is able at a glance to tell in what language to swear at him. They are, as a general thing, quite philosophical in their misery, and bear it with far less complaint than many older ones in the most trivial affairs of life. Many of them have secured good places in the city, and on the whole turn out, perhaps, as good a percentage of honest, capable men as the more favored ones.

The next class includes the entirely homeless. Alleys, doorways, lodging-houses, under sidewalks, or any place that offers a friendly shelter for a temporary abiding-place. The boys of this grade are largely received from runaways and children of criminals; they are lawless and liberty-loving, always sleeping in the open air when the weather is fine. One of this class would answer to the description of Victor Hugo's "Gamin", that lives like the cat or sparrow. Freedom is the one prevailing idea with him, and the fear of losing that liberty does more towards keeping him in order than all the laws that can reach him. He fights, sings, swears, steals, and yet is angry if called a thief, as he never steals except for necessities. He loves

the theater, with its lights, warmth and music; it transforms his poor life to a shining paradise. The theater and the mission rooms are about the only friendly roofs that cover his poor head. The little fellow gambles, like his brother, the Italian lazzaroni; he may be found morning, noon and night, whenever he can secure a penny, in sly places trying his luck with the dice, in a game called craps.

Dirty, soiled, ragged, cold and miserable, he forgets it all, and his delight knows no bounds if the lucky number, four or eleven, turns in his favor. Though he *knows* this passion keeps him colder, hungrier, wetter and more ragged, yet he cannot resist its fascinations.

The last class, the most unhappy, have what are *called* homes, but which are far more cruel than the friendly sidewalk or warm cellar, and these are the ones that most appeal to our sympathies. Their homes are occupied by lawless, drunken parents from whose treatment the children suffer more than they do from the biting blasts of winter or the scorching heat of summer. These besotted parents, controlled by their degraded appetites, drive these poor children at the tenderest age upon the street, not only to earn bread for themselves, but to furnish money for the vices of the parents. Many a little one has gone to bed hungry and supperless, marked with blows, crushed in heart and spirit, because the money earned has not been sufficient to supply the miserable appetites of these parents. They are not like the little Gavroche, who thought all mothers were like his, and so did not complain; but more like the man who dies a lingering death of thirst in sight of water. We see him denied of every right, denied the right of decent birth, of precious childhood, of honest love. What wonder if he in his turn should repeat the cruelty? Many a pathetic story of their loves and sacrifices, their shame and sorrow, which would seem new in this world of old things. There is one boy twelve years of age in the news-alley, whose parents are both irredeemable drunkards. He will not live at home, but prefers any other place. Every three days in the week his besotted mother comes to the street nearest the alley where the boys stay, and collects what her poor boy has struggled so hard and suffered so much to obtain, only to stop at the first saloon she reaches to spend for that which has ruined her body and soul. Yet this boy has steadily given this woman four dollars per week without urging, sending it to her by a policeman because he is ashamed to let the boys know it is his mother. On being asked why he did not keep it for his own comfort he replied, "I do it for my little brother who has such pretty blue eyes and long white curls." But the pleasant and hopeful feature of it is the good work the missions all over the city are doing. There has been a great change in the condition of the boys during the last four years. If it be true that God intrusts the happiness of many in the hands of a few, then surely there has been good work done by the few. Still there are enough left who need help,—enough homeless, houseless waifs who never knew a mother's love, or a father's care; who never heard the name of God except as a curse, who know nothing of love except to hate and fear, to whom hunger and cold have become a second nature, whose highest aspiration is food and warmth; enough of them in spite of the work of Newsboys' Homes, and Mission Schools, in spite of the self-sacrificing labors of strong men and tender women to cause us, who at evening see our own loved ones well fed, well clothed, to wonder whether some neglect of head or heart is not making each one of us more or less responsible for the condition. Perhaps we are all too much like the man in the late theological discussion who said if God could stand it to destroy the heathen he thought he could. Still, we are hoping and believing that God in his own good time will send them a Moses, who will lead them into the light, broad lands of Canaan.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—Easter at All Souls church was marked many striking features. Offerings in the shape of contributions from the Sunday-school and other members of the parish to the furnishing of the parlors and the general decoration of the church came pouring in Saturday afternoon, the Sunday-school making its offering by classes. In this way five or six easy chairs, rugs, hassocks, vases, a clock, an elegant pulpit Bible, a pair of brass andirons for the parlor fire-place, etc., came in. The teachers of the Sunday-school presented a handsomely framed copy of Waltner's etching of Muncaksy's Christ before Pilate. One lady presented Da Vinci's Last Supper. Another, a copy of a recent painting of Ruth, by Laves, a Spanish artist. These in connection with the flowers and the birds rendered the Church-House beautiful and musical. Every seat was occupied; the Easter festival service was used, as found in Mr. Blake's "Unity Festivals", for the fifth time. Eight children were christened. Nine boys and girls were welcomed as children of the church, after having studied in the Pastor's confirmation class for the last eight months; and, most interesting of all, the Church Book was opened for the first time, and those who had already given their hearts gave their hands by signing their names, having first pledged their interest by standing and joining hands in the interest of the following

BOND OF UNION:

We, whose names are hereunto affixed, join ourselves together in the interests of morality and religion, as interpreted by the growing thought and purest lives of humanity, hoping thereby to bear one another's burdens, and to promote truth, righteousness and love in the world.

—The Chicago Woman's Unitarian Association held its March meeting on Thursday, the 31st, at the Third church. There were present one hundred and twenty-five ladies and one gentleman, J. V. Blake. Mrs. Wooley gave the paper, subject: "What shall we do with our doubts?" The usual discussion followed. Mr. Blake, who was called on, and responded with some remarks bearing on the subject, Mrs. West, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Remick, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Boyeson, Mrs. Effinger and Miss Graves were among those who helped make the discussion an interesting one. The April meeting will be held at All Souls church, Thursday, April 28.

Mrs. E. A. DELANO,
Sec'y C. W. U. A.

Philadelphia.—Weston is shortly to speak again in Unity church, Camden. Gilbert, the seceding Methodist, is likewise expected there before long.

—The April section meetings of the Society for Ethical Culture were made notable by an essay and speeches upon matters of import. Mr. Sallinger read a paper on "The Needs of Cities", and Miss Frances Emily White, Miss Mary Thorn Lewis and others followed it with pertinent comment.

—Plans have several times been broached for holding one of the meetings of the Free Religious Association here, but something or other has always come between the thought and its fulfillment.

—Professor Westbrook is mapping out an elaborate examination of the Girard Trust proceedings, through which the founder's wishes, in regard to religious teaching, have been violated.

—Unity church, Camden, is about to establish a kindergarten in furtherance of the theory of practical religious work.

—Walt Whitman lectured on Lincoln in the Camden church to an audience upon which his unaffected eloquence was supremely effective. As he sat there by the light and read, and the flowing beard and massive frame and utter composure attracted one's thought, an aroma of greatness seemed strangely diffused. Whitman uses two words: "love" and "death", with an exquisite music which goes straight to the heart. Feeble in body, strong as of old in brain-bone, his cheer is like the fresh air of a spring morning. April 14 he reads this vivid story from the stage of the Madison Square theater, in New York.

—The next meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary Conference occurs in Germantown.

H. L. T.

Charleston, S. C.—The restoration of the Unitarian church, so generously provided for by the conference at Saratoga, nears completion. The church is much simplified, stripped entirely of its terra cotta pinnacles and all its castellated battlements. Happily the old beauty is all preserved within,—indeed, heightened by slight changes in the coloring of ceiling and walls. The congregation, now worshipping in Masonic Temple, expect to return to the church on April 24, at which time Secretary Reynolds, returning from the Southern Conference in New Orleans, will tarry in Charleston to share and assist in the rejoicing. The cost of this restoration, using the utmost economy consistent with strength, will run near to \$12,000. A new organ was hoped for, but the old one—of which the front was demolished—has had its interior doctored, and is to do service a while longer, with some artistic drapery to hide its external bruises and nakedness.

—A few weeks ago Mr. Browne gave a public reading of "Locksley Hall" in the two parts, with comments, and some defense of the later part from the easy charge of pessimism. The ladies of the congregation served refreshments in the intermission. The reading was in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association.

—The Southern Conference, organized in Atlanta in April '83, holding its first meeting in Charleston in Jan. '85, now holds its second in New Orleans, April 20. Robert Collyer preaches the opening sermon.

Hinsdale, Ill.—Unity church, named April 6, 1887. Our youngest born! Can its record be beaten? The initial word was spoken March 27 by the Western Secretary. W. C. Gannett preached April 8. On Wednesday evening, April 6, a business meeting was held and a constitution and by-laws adopted. On the following Sunday, April 10, a new organ was on hand, a new choir, a new book bearing on its back in gilt letters the name of the bantling, and three dozen copies of "Unity Hymns and Chorals".

The church was made beautiful with floral decorations. Mr. Effinger led the service, and after the sermon presented the parish register, reading the constitution and by-laws and names of newly elected officers. Thirty-four names of new members were entered, with gladness of heart. How hearty the greeting! how inspiring the day! those only can know who were present. Too much, do you say, to be accomplished in fourteen days time? Probably not. The conditions were favorable. The preparation began years ago in other parishes and localities, and the auspicious hour had come for the flowering out of these earnest souls in the new hopes and affections which consecrated that Easter day.

Boston Notes.—Our Easter services have been unusually interesting. The day was fine. The churches had a large attendance. Floral displays and appropriate exercises for adult congregations and for children were held by ministers of all denominations; by some even who had not before observed the festival.

—Rev. James J. Clarke gratified his parishioners by attendance on their communion service on Easter Sunday. He gains strength slowly.

—An effort will be made the coming summer to sustain liberal preaching at several seashore resorts near our city.

—Hon. George T. Hale is trying to realize his ideal philanthropy by canvassing our rich men for subscriptions to the building fund of a workmen's exchange.

—Arrangements are nearly perfected to assure the projected social reunion in May of Universalist and Unitarian ministers, with ladies.

—The Easter Register contains communications from several eminent scientists—generally giving opinions that early and late scientific researches do not tend to oppose or to affirm a belief in the immortality of man's soul—and that spiritual researches are quite distinct from scientific studies. The writers generally believe in immortality on other than scientific grounds.

Duluth.—We are not much given to gossiping about churches,—we do not wish to anticipate news; but we have known for some time that things are moving steadily toward a Unitarian parish at this place. Messrs. Clute and Crothers have already been on the ground, and this week Secretary Effinger is spying out the land.

A Ghost

is a myth, but solid reality will be known by those who write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, thereby learning, free, about work that they can do, and live at home, wherever they reside, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not needed. Hallett & Co. will start you. All is new. Delay not. Pay absolutely sure from start. Wealth awaits every worker. Both sexes. All ages.

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175 Dearborn street Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 23, 1887.

[NUMBER 8.]

EDITORIAL.

A CORRESPONDENT from Los Angeles, Cal., says: "I greatly approve of the position of *UNITY*, in its demand for the individualism of the several local organizations, as well as that of individual men and women. On that line is co-operation most certain."

In response to frequent inquiries, made at this office, for further copies of our "Special Bird Number" of *UNITY*, the issue of April 17, 1886, we would say that the entire issue has been exhausted for some time, although an extra issue of 5,000 was printed. A correspondent in Providence begs for a reprint, and starts the suggestion with a subscription for 200 copies for her own use. The "slaughter of the innocents" still continues. If a sufficient number join in the call to warrant the expenditure, we shall be glad to reprint the entire number in the interest of our Fellowship of Mercy.

"How We Got the Temperance Society in the Church; A Story of What Might Be." The substance of the editorial which recently appeared in *UNITY* under the above title, has been reprinted as "*UNITY* Short Tract No. 16", and can be obtained at this office at the rate of 60 cents per hundred. It is something to set folks to thinking upon a topic of continual importance. We hope it will be widely circulated,—not only among the Unitarian fraternity, but also among the sister churches of other denominations. There is no heresy to-day in the temperance agitation. Even the most suspicious can stand so much of ethics in their religion.

WHILE looking over an old file of *UNITY*, we accidentally stumbled upon the following letter, written by Mr Herford, and published in 1881. It is so apt to the needs of this occasion, and voices so well the thought that was groping in our mind towards an editorial utterance, that we venture to reprint it, in lieu of any word of our own. Perhaps Mr. Herford's estimate of the value of the Western Conference has somewhat changed since the writing; but we believe that these meetings are capable of as much inspiration and spiritual potency now as ever; and we know that the isolated workers in our western parishes are as lonesome and as much in need of fellowship as ever; and so we appeal to these churches in the words of Mr Herford, changing only the date, from St. Louis, May 3-5, to Chicago, May 17-20:

SEND YOUR MINISTER!

I want, through *UNITY*, to be allowed to say a word to our parishes throughout the west. It is: "*Send your minister to the Conference!*" Every year since I have been in Chicago, I have myself felt the helpful encouragement of these yearly meetings, and wished that more were present to feel it. But each year I have been saddened by missing the faces of many of my brethren who are working in the furthest and most isolated posts of service, and yet it is these who, most of all, need the cheer and inspiration of such a gathering. Moreover, in the course of my year as treasurer, I have had forced upon me how little practical interest many, both of our ministers and people, have in the good work which the conference is doing, and I am convinced that this is simply because they know so little of it.

In our band of churches we have no general church government to unite us. Our ministers are, for the most part, working in extreme isolation. Some of them hardly see the face of a brother in six months. No wonder that they sometimes become disheartened, and that the "blues" get into their sermons. Of all churches, ours most need to foster the spirit of sympathy and brotherly co-operation. So, friends, all over the west, send your minister to the approaching conference at Chicago, May 17-20. It will freshen him up, and make him preach all the better for six months to come.

If there is only one friend in a congregation who happens to see this appeal, let him (or her) straightway speak to other of the friends, and have the matter arranged. It will be easy enough. What would be a considerable tax for a minister to pay in traveling expenses, will be very little divided among six or eight. Besides, the minister goes as the officer of the congregation, and to adapt an ancient scripture to modern institutions: the laborer is worthy of his car-hire!

So, *send your minister!* Go yourselves, if possible; but, at any rate, *SEND YOUR MINISTER!*

CHICAGO, April 20, 1881.

BROOKE HERFORD.

LET what is said in another note about the "Old South Historical work" in Boston,—after making its own impression as a good suggestion,—serve as a *whereas* to the word that our friend, Mr. Mead, will himself be in Chicago soon to give another course of lectures. His subjects this time are:

- (1) Dante—His Religious Significance.
- (2) Dante—His Place in History and Politics.
- (3) Lessing's "Nathan the Wise."
- (4) Immanuel Kant.
- (5) Carlyle and Emerson.

On Tuesdays and Fridays, beginning Friday, April 29. The time, 3 P.M. The place, Apollo Hall. The Unity Clubs and Study Classes and Browning Circles and Fortnightlies and Athene-s of the city will find the lectures something to enjoy.

THE *Register* for April 14 contains an additional editorial on the Western Conference, and its relation to the missionary work of the west, in which it generously corrects the mistake committed in a previous article. It now rests its chief argument for the dismantling of the W. U. C. of its missionary purposes and activities on the ground that from 1868 to 1874 the Western Conference abandoned all missionary work, and that during that time the A. U. A. invested a large amount of capital, and did direct a good deal of its attention to the western field,—a fact which we gladly recognize. But, upon the experience of those years, we rest our assertion that that cannot be efficient missionary method that reduces the self-reliance, self-denial and enthusiasm of the local churches. During that time the tendency of all our western churches was to become pensioners. They were the least fertile years of Unitarianism in the west, so far as home-energy and self-sacrificing zeal was concerned. When that plan was abandoned, and the Western Conference assumed its legitimate responsibility, then state conferences sprang into being; and since that time about one-third of the existing societies in the west were organized. Headquarters in Chicago became a vital force, Sunday-school society, woman's conference, publishing committee and post-office mission work became possible. We know that the *Register* does not contemplate the reduction of these activities; but without an earnest, confident and aggressive financial policy on the part of the W. U. C.—the brooding mother of all these—it will be impossible to find the money to carry on these various activities, unless they are to be subsidized directly by the A. U. A., in which case it becomes a co-partner in whatever of heresy or theological dynamite may be dealt in by these activities, and its complications become more embarrassing than now. In any discussion that may arise in this matter, let us keep to the text. The trouble is a *theological* one, and not an *administrative* one. The various state conferences of the west and the W. U. C. did enjoy practical, rational and mutually helpful co-operative relationships with the A. U. A.

until the foolish alarm and the *odium theologicum* had been aroused by the passage of the Cincinnati resolution and the agitations that led to it. No shying of the question, by bringing up merely administrative questions, will settle this matter. If, in order to allay fears, the churches of the west were to give over their direct interest in and control of the missionary work of the west, they will soon lose their interest, or be compelled for the sake of peace to silence pen and tongue. To us the matter is plain. Mutual co-operation and mutual helpfulness are possible whenever there is mutual confidence. Perhaps time alone will demonstrate that nothing revolutionary or demoralizing happened at Cincinnati; that the Western Conference is still holding itself steadily to the lines of historic development, and that it is true to its law of spiritual evolution; that it still is to continue to be a vital, loving and loyal part of the Unitarian movement of America. Meanwhile our duty is plain. To do more and not less than ever before; to work harder, to be more patient, loving and self-sacrificing; to have a better, warmer, more generous and more spiritual fellowship than ever before. Hence, we greet with cordiality the brotherhood, the good wishes, and sincere and kindly intentions of our eastern contemporary. Let the faithful workers of the east gather in increasing numbers at our coming meeting. Let us be more determined to be loyal to the diviner prophecies in the soul, and to be more obedient to the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

AFTER the women of Boston by noble efforts had succeeded in saving the Old South Meeting House from destruction, they turned it into a sort of school to teach national history and the national spirit to Boston children. The floors and galleries are full of relics and reminders of colonial time. On Washington's Birthday the public schools pour their flocks into it for a patriotic festival. In the summer vacation weeks large audiences of the young folks gather to lectures from some of the best of their elder fellow-citizens,—one year they were on the Boston story, one year on the Massachusetts story, one year on the War for Independence, one year on the War for the Union. Since 1879 John Fiske has delivered almost all his lectures *first* in the Old South Meeting House. As its annex this embryo college has started a winter evening school of history for children at the "North End"—the court end of the Boston of one hundred years ago. It also publishes a series of valuable historical leaflets, and offers four annual prizes for historical essays on named subjects to new graduates from the Boston High and Latin Schools. Altogether a unique and worthy undertaking,—or not quite unique, as the idea has begun to catch a little in other cities. If Indianapolis can have her annual course of "Historical Lectures for Young People" given by men and women of that city, with hundreds of her boys and girls listening, why not Chicago? We have history enough right here to go round for a summer vacation or two, and when the stock runs out we can borrow the romance of the whole Mississippi Valley—its discovery and exploration and settlement. In Boston one rich and patriotic lady has mothered the work, so far as money has been needed for it; and one man, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, has had practical charge of its development. Where is our Mrs. Hemmeway, and where is our Mr. Mead?

"If we cannot lay the foundation, it is something to clear away the rubbish; if we cannot set up truth, it is something to pull down error."—*Macaulay*.

SPEECH may be compared to the art of painting, the color being the emphasis, tones and gestures by which the feeling of the speaker is shown. Writing is sculpture, where there is nothing but form to show feeling, and yet the sculptor shows it not less powerfully than the painter, and the writer succeeds not less than the speaker in communicating it. w. w.

A Unitarian and an Ethical Society.

"He that is not against us is for us."—*Jesus*.

When the proposition was first made public that Doctor Adler was coming to St. Louis to assist in the organization of a Society for Ethical Culture, there were those who said: "What do they want of ethical societies here? Our Unitarian churches are ethical societies." The idea seemed to be that we stood on their ground and for their objects, and that any one who was in sympathy with Doctor Adler and his co-workers might feel at home with us. Hearing such statements, it is natural that the inquiry should arise as to what are the distinctions between us.

First, let us give suitable emphasis to the resemblances; for we can do justice to this movement only by understanding the similarity in origin and the identity of object discernible in both organizations. In their origin both were revolts against ecclesiastical tradition and authority,—both were tired of the dogmatism of the churches. And in their object both were moved by the philanthropic spirit,—the services to be rendered men in this world; to make them better, and consequently happier here, were substituted for the practice of priestly magic fixing their fortunes hereafter. The conduct of life, in short, was made of more importance than form of faith. They believed in the deed rather than in the creed, in character rather than in confessions.

It is necessary to remember that the Unitarian movement began a hundred years ago, in order that we may appreciate the radicalism of its declarations, and the bitterness of the reproaches it had to endure; in order, also, that we may realize some of its hindrances. The ethical culture movement is an institution of to-day; starting in an age that has been freed from a multitude of strong delusions which clouded men's judgment and sharpened their prejudices. To-day the field of thought is well cleared and greatly enlarged by a thoroughness of religious criticism and an extent of scientific exploration then undreamed of. The new movement has the advantage in all this. It stands forth in the freshness and freedom of youth. Its loins are well girded. It trails no cumbering traditions behind it. It has no inherited sentimentalisms to treat with and pacify. It has no conventionalisms of old respectability to keep up. It can give all to truth and duty.

Surely there is good ground for high hopes for such a movement. It was wanted, and it came. It sprang up in obedience to a growing demand in the changed conditions of religious thought. And those who flatter themselves that it is wanting in vitality, or that it will prove an insignificant or short-lived movement, are, we believe, mistaken.

Nevertheless, we remain a *church*. Nor have I any expectation that in the coming time the church will be wanted less than now. I think it will be wanted more. Not any and every church, but the *right* church; the church of reason, fraternity and hope; the church of truth, of righteousness and of love. If we are able to grow into or become that church, then we shall be wanted. Not less and less, but more and more. If we have not this power of development, this sense of consecration to the great needs of the world, then we shall decline and be displaced; and some other church will rise to shame our unfaithfulness.

Now, let us look at some of the differences between a church like our own and a Society for Ethical Culture. We have seen wherein their objects are the same, viz., to develop human character, to enable men to live upon a higher plane of helpfulness and duty. *But the method is different.*

They say ethics is first, conduct is supreme; so say we. They say theology is to be ignored, is out of court—virtually has no rights which any man is called on to respect. Not so, say we. We believe in rational theology. And while we will not allow it to be the standard by which men are judged; while we will not permit the acceptance or non-acceptance of its phrases to be the condition upon which we form our religious fellowship, yet, we refuse to lock our lips on that subject, and thus discourage freedom of thinking or conference on its lofty themes. The moral sense is first and last, is constant and

fundamental, throughout the entire experience of man in his struggle after perfection. But that power which assembles, in its majestic unity, all the conditions of our little life; that Universal Being on whose lap we lie to work out this problem of our character and our life; the Supreme Ideal rising high over all human realizations, upon which our highest thought; center, and toward which our deepest aspirations turns moreover, that question of immortal life which in all ages has made us ask of the *infinite*, if this *atom* which we call man, possessed of certain spiritual qualities, is dead when it changes its form, perishes just where it passes out of sight,—these thoughts of God and of Immortality we are not ready to rule out of our assemblies. Nor are we by any means certain that ethics is entirely “independent” of them. It can not be if these ideas have any influence upon sentiment or life.

The very fact that we entertain these conceptions, that we find them interesting and even commanding, making it impossible to ignore them, doubtless leads to and creates the most conspicuous difference in our administrative methods. In an Ethical Society, not only would a theological *theme* seem to be out of place; but *that language* which is the product of a theistic spirit would be unsuitable to its purposes. If their work is to be carried on and their instruction is to be given “*independent of theology*”, as some of their declarations imply, they would seem to be limited to the use of secular language and literature. Think, however, what this exclusion, if admitted, must signify! What men have said and sung out of their deepest experience and holiest emotions, if couched in theological phrases, if uttered under the impulse of worship, if clothed in the utterances of prayer, could hardly take a place in their services. Not only the great body of psalms and hymns of all the ages, but the Bibles of all religions; and what a large part of all the literature of devout genius—and scarcely a great work of art or of letters exists which was not conceived and executed in the theistic spirit—all must be in some sense inappropriate for habitual use, if not for reading at all, in a society that is organized on a professed purpose of excluding theology from its discussions and from its thought.

For ourselves we should not like to limit ourselves on any side of human learning or human culture. Some have tried to confine the church to certain narrow bounds of sacred literature. Only prescribed portions of the canonical scriptures and the authorized liturgy were fit to be read there; the only language to sing was that of the Jewish Psalms. Now the psalm book broadened into “*Watts’ and Select*,” then into a choice from all the ancients and moderns who had embodied beauty and praise in lyric verse. Beyond the canonical Bible men reached out into the apocryphal writings,—then into other sacred works of the past; until now from many a liberal pulpit, Unitarian or otherwise, you may hear a scripture lesson from a modern as well as from an ancient saint.

But the use of the language of worship, if employed in an earnest spirit, is a part of the service of worship. Now, worship is not recognized as a factor in the methods of an Ethical Society. With us it is otherwise—we have not given up worship, nor dreamed of making it a necessity for any to do so. We approve of *worship*, which in our services means a tribute rendered to the highest *worth* we know. And while I think there ought to be greater flexibility in our devotional forms, permitting even that Quaker liberty of silence rather than repeating any language of prayer into which the heart does not enter—this in the interest of absolute sincerity—yet to be of a religious institution which prohibits worship or prayer altogether, this seems to me a limitation of liberty which we do not need. License in the direction of devout utterance does not seem to be our special danger.

Again, and closely related to the office of worship, we have certain services which we have dared to call by the old name of sacraments, which means simply the symbols of sacred emotions, the emphasis with which we celebrate sacred events. Some of us are accustomed to these, and like them. We find them natural and helpful so far as they really and sincerely express and hallow the feeling of our hearts. When the child

is born into the household we are glad to rejoice together in the circle of the larger family we call the church, over the babe that is henceforth to be of our company. When youth and maid, or those older grown, are drawn into that relationship of union which means a life for each other, the founding of a home, then it seems right that, in the face of these marriage obligations, religion should be called in to deepen the impression and bless the purpose. And when death darkens not only the windows of our souls, but all the outlook of our hearts, again it does us good to lift a thought upward to the infinite light and calm, and to look forward, if we may, with a bright hope, if not with complete assurance, that the future keeps for us all and more than all that we have loved and lost. Now, these rites and sacraments, if not expressly prohibited by the terms of organization of an ethical society, are unprovided for,—apparently because their work is independent of theology.

And yet I was glad to know that the brave men who represent this new phase of religious development were coming to plant their organization here. I believed there was need of it, and room in St. Louis for men who were willing to make the sacrifices which they have shown themselves capable of making; willing to bear the odium which they have had to bear; believed they saw in this new form of organization a means of helping men join together for needed work, of leading them up to a higher plane of conviction and of life. I saw around us, as you see in this great city, many good men and women who, for one cause or another, feel themselves out of place in any church. Some have reacted against the despotism and unreason of an inherited theology until the very name of church, or preacher, or worship, or Bible, is a sort of red-rag to rouse in them all the antagonisms of their natures. And yet, as I said, these may be good men of conscientious conduct, whom we respect for their honor. They may be men, also, who crave a religious fellowship in the place of that which has been lost. Deep down in their natures they are not less religious than others, than ourselves. They are moved by the same affections, they are struck dumb by the same sorrows, they are confronted by the same problems, and they wish their children instructed in all these high moral duties which will make them upright, generous and self-respecting members of the community. Shall we not rejoice, then, that the Ethical Society offers in its fellowship and aims a grateful opportunity and an admirable instrumentality for their use? And when I consider the careful and laborious preparation which the leaders of the Ethical movement have undergone to fit them for their work, the courageous and true spirit with which they have entered upon it, and the already apparent fruits of these organizations in the citier where they are already established, I feel that we owe them our heartiest respect, and that we cannot withhold from them our unfeigned sympathy as co-workers with us in our efforts to lead men to surer and higher standards of well-doing.

I should do injustice to these men if I left the impression upon your minds that either the societies or the lecturers themselves were by any conditions of the movement necessarily either atheistic or agnostic. I believe the contrary could be more safely affirmed. And yet if worship, which seems the blossom of our church life, is made to seem rather a blemish in their administration, we must keep in mind the reactionary class, whose wants the ethical society is meant to serve. It must be left out of the polity of their organization. Nevertheless I believe that in the coming time,—though they will never depart, as they should not, from the ethical basis and constitution of their fellowship,—we shall find them gradually developing a ritual and sacraments for their use. The spirit of religion, the spirit of reverence and trust and a sense of the infinite, is strong in all the leaders of this cause. No men are more sensitive to all the poetic and emotional influences of life. Behind them, from Felix Adler down to the latest member of the fraternity of lecturers, lies an ancestry of religious feeling and religious faith. We may safely assume that it has been with pain, with struggle, with deep sense of loss, though with the resolves of unfaltering conviction, making the path of duty clear, that they have severed them-

selves from the churches and from the faiths of their childhood, to do in our day their much-needed work.

If only we, as Unitarians, as believers in a liberal church, might be found as ready to act upon our convictions, as ready to make sacrifices and bear reproaches, as ready to serve our fellow-men as these, a new day would dawn upon us. When we can send forth young men into new and untried fields, so admirably trained, so thoroughly filled with patient purpose and high resolves, there will be no lack of liberal churches and no lack of men and women seeking admission to their fellowship.

J. C. L.

Do We Want a Fellowship Resolution?

Two years ago the Western Conference was asked by its secretary to put into some simple form of resolution its faith, to express "the deep central things for which Unitarianism stands". The matter was much discussed for a year, and last spring at Cincinnati,—whatever else the Conference did or failed to do,—it refused to say, "The Western Conference stands for" anything. UNITY, with one voice, has opposed all such expressions of faith by the Conference; not because its editors, or the Unitarian churches composing the Conference, have no faith, not because they are not willing to stand for that faith in all ways that seem to them right, but because they are unalterably opposed to defining the Unitarian movement or Unitarian name, in abstract or theological terms, in any way that may ever be authoritative. In this unalterable disposition we feel that we have the whole history of the Unitarian movement behind us. The best men, the great majority of all the best among us to-day, nearly all of the original leaders of the Unitarian movement in New England, have been united in the opinion that Unitarians should never write their creed, and make their definition authoritative. Nevertheless, it has been against *written* creeds, and creeds used as tests of fellowship, that is, as defining what Unitarianism is, or what a Unitarian must or must not be, that their arguments have been directed; and at the same time and all the time, the truth has been reiterated, *we have a creed*, in sense of real beliefs which we hold in common, and which are very dear to us. Had it not been true that Unitarians have always had a real creed in this sense, nobody would ever have supposed that there was ever such a thing as a Unitarian denomination or sect. It is a fact, that in most cyclopedias and books of reference concerning the Christians of this country, Unitarians are set down as one body of Christians, or religious people. And by all their work and their history they have deserved the good name that has been given them. The good works and the noble history correspond to the great and noble creed which Unitarians have always held, and as a general thing have not denied holding. When some one has said that we are creedless, the meaning has been simply that we have not defined our creed by vote, and made its acceptance incumbent upon those entering one of our churches or even our ministry. No doubt this refusal to limit or define our creed has cost us much, in the way of numbers and power, as a religious denomination. And Unitarians, it is probable, have generally understood how much they were losing in this refusal; but they were acting on principle. They would not abandon the principle of a free and open fellowship on account of any gains in numbers or organic strength. Upon this principle, the Conference last May refused to even state the purpose for which it existed. This seemed to many people carrying our love of liberty to an almost absurd extreme. Mr. Sunderland had, for the most part, ceased to urge that we should name the great central things for which Unitarianism stands, but was only urging that we should declare the purpose for which the Conference exists to be something religious and Christian. It did seem following an idea to a great length to refuse to say in a simple resolution, so straightforward and true a thing, as, that "this Conference exists to promote the religion of love to God and love to man". But to the sincere, religious and Christian people composing that majority, all of them religious and most of them Christians, it seemed necessary to refuse for consistency's sake.

But did not the Conference then proceed immediately to do an inconsistent thing, in passing a resolution defining our fellowship? The resolution has been recently interpreted as merely declaratory of the conditions of fellowship already existing among Unitarian churches; but is there any difference here between declarative and legislative? Practically, there is not, however it may seem verbally. If a Conference by majority vote declares its fellowship to be conditioned so and so, that settles the matter for all honorable men. All those, if there are any, who have been accustomed to act upon different principles in regard to fellowship, will feel excluded by such resolution. The Cincinnati resolution for all practical purposes might as well have said, "No one ought to come among us and call himself a Unitarian, unless he is willing that all people shall be called Unitarians who wish to join us and help establish truth, and righteousness, and love in the world." Now, there happen to be a good many people in the west who have always thought themselves Unitarians, who have always passed as such, who have believed that a Unitarian must, of necessity, be a Christian. The Cincinnati resolution disfellowships these, obliges them to withdraw because the majority of the Conference has said in effect, "We do not wish anybody with us who is not broad enough to welcome as Unitarian everything that wishes to come under the flag to work for truth, righteousness and love." Truth, righteousness and love are great and noble words, but should we set up any words as a shibboleth? Is it worth while to pass any resolution on the subject of fellowship that results in disfellowship and division? We lived many years peacefully and harmoniously without a fellowship resolution; why can we not rescind this unfortunate one passed at Cincinnati and go on without any? Because it is a true word and a great and noble utterance? But, from the discussion that has arisen, does it not seem doubtful whether it is true? Is it not evident that there are Unitarians who do condition their fellowship on dogmatic tests, though unwritten, and who are not willing to welcome to their fellowship all who profess to work for truth, righteousness and love? Of course minorities cannot always be considered; minorities must submit or secede sometimes. To be sure it is doubted, and there is reason for the doubt, whether the majority of Western Unitarians believe that the Unitarian name does not necessarily signify Christian or religious. But we will pass this for the present. But at any rate, is this a case where it is so necessary to pass a resolution, that it must be done, even though division be the known result? It may be said that there should be no division, that all ought to submit to so easy a yoke, to be willing to bear so light a burden as this. But, put the burden on the other shoulder. Mr. Sunderland and his friends think in all reason that all Unitarians ought to be willing to bear the light yoke of the name Christian.

A resolution concerning fellowship may contain just as arbitrary a shibboleth as a resolution concerning belief. One who is excluded because he finds himself too narrow in his conceptions of what Unitarianism is to welcome as fellow Unitarians all that his brethren wish to welcome as such, is just as really excluded as he would be if "made to feel that he ought to go" because he believed too little of a certain sort of theology. Now, if it is a matter of conscience with us to say this word in regard to fellowship, why then it must be said, whatever the consequences. But is it a duty? Is it not purely a question of expediency, whether we now or ever pass a resolution in regard to fellowship? Nay, it has even been urged that it is unecumenical for the Conference to pass any resolution on the subject, and with this opinion I agree; but if congregational, it is yet impolitic because its effect is to exclude so many of our brethren.

Of course it will be said that it is not this resolution that excludes these brethren, but the refusal to pass that, declaring a Christian purpose. But had we stopped with that refusal we would have been on defensible Congregational ground. Every one could have been brought to see that we were consistent, and had a reason for our action. The condemnation that would have fallen upon us for refusing to say anything upon either belief or fellowship, would have carried little

weight among Unitarians in general; but to refuse Christian and theistic resolutions for fear they might be made tests of fellowship, and then to turn right about and set up a test of fellowship, albeit the test is purely a matter of fraternizing ability, this is what makes it appear that we wished to legislate upon fellowship, and put a new meaning into the name Unitarian. The truth is, fellowship belongs to the churches, and not to the Conference as such, at all. It has no right on this subject, nor on that of belief, to say a word as a Conference until it says it with no voice of dissent. No Conference should say "we fellowship", nor "we believe", so long as one church cannot join in the we. To say the word sooner, even as the "voice of the majority only", and as binding on them only, is saying to the dissenters, "There is the door, and you see we are unanimous if only you were outside." To do this in the name of breadth and liberty and prophecy, does not better it. Why need we do it? Why not simply refuse all resolutions on these subjects, until we can make them unanimous?

U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Barriers Overthrown.

I look upon my work, and sadly cry,
 "Undone, undone—how can I e'er tear down
 The barrier raised between my toil and crown?"
 I saw afar those brighter regions lie,
 Which courage sought to conquer, aiming high
 To build the fabric of my fair renown.
 Ambition foiled, all hope in tears I drown,
 And curse the fate my deeds could not defy.

"Oh scale the battlement", again I hear,
 "Unfurl the ensign of a prouder soul;
 Let all thy spirit's strength at once appear
 In thine own uplifting. Undwarfed and whole,
 Thy nature yet can stand in the white flame
 Of that divinity, from whence it came."

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

Browning in Chicago.

A story is told that Browning, dining with some Americans, when the conversation turned on the recent interest in his poems, asked one of the guests, a resident of New York, if he knew in what city on this side of the Atlantic the largest number of his books were sold. The gentleman replied that he should like to think it was his own, but that he supposed he must say Boston, upon which Browning quietly corrected him by saying "Oh, no; it is Chicago."

At first sight it might have appeared that there was little in the second annual meeting of the Chicago Browning Society, held April 11, to bear out this assertion, for the attendance was unexpectedly small even to the least sanguine member in attendance. But the president reminded us that numbers is only one means of estimating the worth or interest in a good cause, quoting the poet's words, "The size of things in this world, the sort of things in the next." But though small in numbers the meeting proved to be quite a representative one in the reports which were given of the work going on at different centers in the study of the most inspiring poet of the age. The rapid growth in the west of the interest in Browning during the past four years is almost phenomenal. Probably no writer, much less poet, has received such loving and diligent study, study at once so helpful and enlightening to both the head and heart of the student, as this one. I cannot help thinking that one of the most inspiring features of this study lies in the fact that it is the study of a living author, though I once heard the singular postulate laid down by an intelligent critic and scholar, that no writer could be made the proper subject of class and club work, such as has recently begun to be given to Browning

by his contemporaries, the reason being that no interpretative study of an author should be necessary during the age in which he lives. We may concern ourselves to advantage with the difficulties of Dante and Homer, since each wrote in an age widely remote from ours, and must be judged by the life and standards of his own time; but the difficulties and obscurities of Browning are *malice prepense* in their nature, wilful and deliberate, and the poet who will not write so that at least his own age can understand him deserves neglect and oblivion. The growing number of Browning circles and clubs offers a better reply to this kind of criticism than any other. The fact that Browning is read and studied, to the growing profit of all who are engaged in such study, outweighs all the labored arguments to prove that he is not worth study.

The work of nine or ten Browning societies springing directly from the work in our own city was reported with more or less fullness at the annual meeting of the Chicago society. The more distant sister-cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Quincy and St. Louis received a word of mention from the president, who had visited all of them and was instrumental in many cases in starting the work. The outlying towns of Oak Park and Evanston were also represented. In the former place the work is just begun, a small class of women meeting every other week, beginning with the love poems, and the biography of the poet and his wife which these poems naturally lead to. The class, I believe, is under the leadership of Rev. Augusta Chapin. No more interesting report was given than that by Professor Bradley, of Evanston. The class there is in its third season, and the professor spoke with much animation of the good results of this work. Two or three facts had particularly impressed him. One was the social variety represented in the membership of the class, its members being drawn from quite different social classes and grades. Another was the contrast presented between the work of a Browning class and that of one engaged in the study of almost any other poet, in the moral earnestness which the former continually evoked. It is not the merely cultured but the really earnest and thoughtful mind which cares to take hold of Browning. Still another thing that had struck him was the continued elevation of the themes and sentiments which came up for discussion in such a class. Here is no chance for triviality or shallowness, where every poem that is read and every question that it raises turns upon the deepest problems of life and conduct. This is not to say, however, that a grave-faced seriousness must pervade the true Browning assembly. That would be impossible in the study of any writer with so marked a love of the humorous, running often into the ludicrous and even grotesque, as the author of "Pacchiarotto" and "Up at a Villa". Reports were given of the work going on in different parts of the city, there being at present four classes engaged in the study of Browning; but space is lacking for fuller mention of their labors. The literary part of the programme was supplied in a paper on Paraelsus, by Mr. F. I. Carpenter, which included a careful analysis of the poem, followed by a critical comparison of its merits with other poems of its class, the "Manfred" of Byron, Shelley's "Alastor" and Goethe's "Faust". The election of officers for the ensuing year substituted the names of Rev. David Utter and Mrs. McCormick for those of the retiring President and Secretary, Rev. J. L. Jones and Mrs. Mitchell, both of whom felt obliged, from pressure of other duties, to decline re-election. The report of the secretary showed that but one of the seven meetings planned for at the beginning of the year had failed. The publication work of the society consists in a small hand-book, "Outline Studies" of Browning; and, as the treasurer's report shows a gratifying balance on the right side of the ledger, other helps of this kind may be expected. I should also speak of the musical accompaniment arranged by Mr. Reginald DeKoven for the song in "A Blot in the Scutcheon", "There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop", which Mr. DeKoven has generously offered to publish and dedicate to the society.

Thus our many-sided poet, poet of art as well as of thought,

makes his way, finds and is welcomed by his own. And this is the sweetest compensation either life or art affords. Of him, too, it will be said and may now be said,

"As he willed, he worked:
And, as he worked, he wanted not, be sure,
Triumph his whole life through, submitting work
To work's right judges, never to the wrong,
To competency, not ineptitude."

C. P. W.

Divinity.

Not what the wise men say,
Nor what the good may do,
Not where the wrong may slay
Or justice makes us true.

Something: confined, it flees;
Nothing: if scorned, 'tis here—
Found in the eye that sees:
Sung in the equal ear.

Less and yet more than all—
We love, and it is love:
Seen in this whirling ball
It lights the stars above.

Dreaded, it comes to thee—
Allured, it hies away—
Yet o'er the outmost sea
It gives to man the day.

H. L. T.

Christianity in the Western World.

It seems that the Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic, the Teutonic and Indo-European races were well adapted, geographically and constitutionally, to receive the doctrine of Christianity. It aimed a blow at caste, class and aristocracy, being purely catholic and democratic in its principles. It taught international and mutual co-operation, emphasizing human brotherhood. It is a slow-working leaven among a people given to deep-seated prejudices and characteristic educational systems. It flourishes not where faith is strongest, but where reason is imperial, and it grows rapidly as a principle, not where it is taught as a foe to the world, but a friend to the lover of nature. It takes on a peculiar type as man, under all variety of conditions, views it, and it becomes dogmatic or theoretic as it blossoms into Calvinism or Wesleyism. As practical morals, its aim can never be gainsaid. As a religion, it is an abiding source of inspiration. Victor Hugo did not catch the Christ spirit when he had himself painted standing on a craggy mountain, commanding the witness of God to his genius. But that little girl caught a glimpse of the divine nature who, the other day, approached the coffin of her dead, yet unworthy mother, and placed an immortelle on her bosom. We all caught it when, unmindful of reward or praise, we helped an abandoned child of God back to honor, spoke a precious word to a sorrowing woman, or bore the slander of a worthy friend.

Christianity as a dogma or mere belief has deluged the continents with blood, has given us the horrible scenes of Smithfield and Oxford, and furnished material for the erection of the scaffold. It has been stated by good authority that in the year 1881 there were over fifty clergymen of the orthodox persuasion in the New York state prison, at Auburn. Half, if not three-fourths of the inmates of state penitentiaries and county jails have been and are believers in some form of Calvinism. The darkest ages in the history of man were those when reason was dethroned, when mere faith paralyzed the world with a fanaticism which drove men and women mad, causing them to brutally murder with the hope that a crown awaited them in the hereafter. Contemplate this picture and then ask yourself by what can orthodoxy be vindicated if it makes men violent—not lovers of humanity? Yet, men would rather believe error, they would rather bend the knee to a superstition, than take truth fresh from the hand of God. When Christianity becomes, as we feel it is, duty to

the poor, the abandoned, the helpless, the erring,—when it returns to the willing service of Jesus, when it ceases to be mere belief or theology, when it becomes one with all moral reform,—then will we see a more rapid growth in the intellectual and moral condition of mankind.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It Cannot be Done.

EDITOR OF UNITY: It is not perhaps quite true to history, to say: Revolutions never go backward. It would certainly be absurd to say that progress proceeds in that direction.

That Unitarianism is both a revolution and a progress, must be clear to all well informed minds. If therefore it takes a step toward the rear, it must in that act, and so far, cease to be what it now is. It cannot even stand still and continue to exist, except as reminiscence. It must go steadily forward in order to live. On more occasions than one the attempt has been made to either crystallize or reverse the work of this great religious denomination. So far, the wisdom of its friends has kept it moving in the line of its true destiny. It is doing to-day, even more nobly and successfully than ever before, the work for which it was called into being. All its chief functions have been well tried and pronounced good.

We may, therefore, question the wisdom of any proposed radical change in the policy of the Unitarian church. Only the most strenuous causes, only the most insurmountable obstacles, should alter the present line of policy. Indeed, we may go so far as to say: if any obstacle lying in the road is of mountainous proportions, that obstacle may perhaps better be tunneled, and keep the church in rectilinear motion, rather than allow the church to make a curve in its path. It is well known that going around an obstacle does not remove it. No statesman ever conceived the American nation as an absolute unit. Besides the separate states, which must ever have their separate interests, there is, and always will be, a North, a South, an East and a West. To ignore these, is to be false to truth. The unity of the nation is best conserved by recognizing the mutual but respective interests of these various sections.

Now, the Western Unitarian Conference came into being, naturally, under the law of evolution. It was a necessity, and so it came to us. The same forces that created it still exist, and demand its perpetuation. It has not, by word or deed, forfeited its life; neither has it destroyed its power for good. Its worth to the world is not less, but more, than it was a decade of years ago. *Per se*, it is none the worse for being an institution of the west. Relatively, its value is greatly enhanced by this fact. It may be that only those who live and work in the west may feel the full force of this truth. But the Western Conference is bone of our bone, linked to our memories, our sympathies, and our warmest love. It is not, even in our estimation, the masterpiece of perfection, nor always endowed with the highest wisdom; but such as it is it is a necessity to our religious life.

This fact needs no argument to prove it, and no argument can disprove it. The Western Conference is a manifold cord, vital to the highest degree, that

1. Holds our Western Unitarians together.
2. That keeps us in co-operation with the parent A. U. A. of the east. If its functions be lessened or limited, it must live a feeble life. If it dies, there are thousands of hearts and homes that will die with it. It has had a noble history, and it has before it a noble future. Its powers should be increased, not diminished. With a rapidly increasing population, the demand for a Western Unitarian Conference is proportionately increased. Nothing but the baldest sophistry can make any important modification of our western work appear reasonable.

Let us grant there are difficulties in the way. Not one nor all of them can be commensurate with the life of the Western Conference to western people. Let me speak as a

western man for western Unitarians, and say, that we are conscious of no antagonism toward the east; and, that we believe we are pleading for the highest interests of our national Unitarianism, when we ask that the west shall be allowed to do its work as heretofore, somewhat in its own way. The west will not go backward.

T. P. WILSON, M. D.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., March 29, 1887.

EDITORS OF UNITY:—Would UNITY like a brief letter from the capital of the Old Dominion and the ex-capital of the ex-confederate states? If so, you may print this scratchy writing, with a public pen at a hotel writing-desk, by one who is away temporarily from his northern post, seeking new physical energy in an escape from New England spring blasts.

We hear much in these days of the new south. Richmond is a good specimen of it. I find here to-day an entirely different city from what I saw on a visit within a year or two of the close of the war. Then the business part of the place was still largely a mass of ruins, the result of the conflagration which was one of the last desperate acts of the collapsing rebellion. And everywhere were marks of the first struggle and of the sacrifices to which the southern people had subjected themselves to continue the conflict. Now, Richmond is a growing, enterprising, prosperous city. It gives evidence of having abundant business. On its streets of residences, some of these residences palatial, there are marks of ample wealth and luxury. The population is 80,000 or upwards,—30,000 colored. In proportion to such a population, one seldom sees, I think, in any city, so many comfortable and even fine dwellings. And a very large part of these houses are new. They have been built since the war and within the last ten years. New streets have been opened and the city has been largely extended. Important railroads now center here, which twenty years ago were not thought of; and real estate is booming.

It is evident, too, that the colored people are sharing, to a considerable extent, in this prosperity. One may see evidences of poverty among them, and it is very likely that they still suffer hardships which do not appear on the surface of things. But, as one sees them on the streets, they appear about as well off as the laboring population of most cities. On Sunday they are well dressed. They ride in the horse-cars without molestation. An edifice, called "a college", has just been erected in the city for colored girls. One of the first militia regiments of the city has two colored companies belonging to it. The question has arisen whether these colored companies shall be allowed to go with the regiment to the National Drill in Washington in May. A protest has been made by certain other regiments farther south, but their regimental commander says that these companies shall go. Governor Fitzhugh Lee says that they shall go, and that he shall be there with them; and the authorities that control the encampment at Washington say also that they are to come. A few days ago I saw in the hotel corridor a group of five or six members of the Legislature,—one of them was colored. He seemed to receive special attentions from his white fellow-members, one of them putting his arm affectionately across his back. This colored man may have been a democrat, for some of the colored voters have joined the democratic party, and when they take that step they are cordially welcomed and petted. This marks the revolution which the war produced politically. The south went to war to save and protect slavery. Now, even the democratic party, which plunged the south into the war for this purpose, welcomes the votes of these ex-slaves, and will even help to elect them to office, if thereby it can gain a present party end. In other parts of the south, doubtless, that party still thinks it can best gain its ends by intimidating the negroes from voting; but, in general, the negro in the south possesses at least a share of the power that goes with the ballot, and the white man knows and recognizes it.

Yet, notwithstanding this immense revolution with regard to the negro race, and the institution which was once the peculiar feature of the south, the southern papers, generally, still speak of the lost cause as a just and holy one. The con-

federate soldiers' monument, at Hollywood, says that it stands "for God and country"; and so, for the most part, I suppose the people still talk. That they made sacrifices and manifested heroism worthy of a just and holy cause, is most true; but history will ever bear record that the heaven-wide difference between the southern and northern cause in that struggle was that the north fought for country and universal liberty in it; the south for a divided country and negro slavery. It is, however, too much to ask, perhaps, that the southern people should publicly confess in words that their cause was wrong. Let it suffice that they make the confession in their action. They now honor loyally the stars and stripes, which yesterday I saw waving over the maimed soldiers in the confederate veterans' home in this city, and they would not move a hand to re-establish slavery if they could.

Richmond abounds in churches. The south was always pious; even in the old days of cock-fights, and duels, and slave-auctions, it never forgot its piety, and it is still pious. Judging from the throngs of people on the streets at service time, the churches are well filled; but there is not a liberal one among them,—except a Universalist church, which only has meetings occasionally. An attempt was made soon after the war to start a Unitarian society here, but it failed. Perhaps the result might be different now. Has not UNITY a missionary to send here to preach "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion"? The new south should have a new gospel.

WILLIAM J. POTTER.

RICHMOND, VA., April 10, 1887.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—The Montana Industrial School for Indians, recently established by the American Unitarian Association on the Crow Reservation, has now more than half its present quota of pupils, and will probably be filled to its full capacity as soon as the roads become passable. Our earnest and faithful missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Bond and Miss Crosby, have their hands more than full, while the school equipment is very much less than full. There is a special need of boys' clothing. Most of the pupils are boys, while most of the clothing and material contributed is for girls. Gifts of new or worn clothing and material are solicited.

They need a kitchen, which must be built at once. Above all, they need a trained and intelligent woman to take charge of the cooking department and the cooking school. Is there not in our denomination some one who can meet this want, and who is ready for a moderate compensation to spend a year or two in this good work, gaining an interesting and valuable experience that will always be pleasant to look back upon? And are there not enough friends of the cause in our churches to thoroughly equip this, the "one lone, lorn, Indian mission school of our denomination", with all the facilities it requires for doing its needed and promising work? Mr. Bond, the Superintendent of this school, has the following assistants:

Mrs. Bond, Matron.

Miss May Crosby, Kindergarten teacher.

Miss Sarah Walker, Sewing Department, an Indian of Crow descent, educated at Hampton.

Mr. Geo. W. Hill, a Crow Indian, educated at Carlisle, in charge of boys, and general assistant and interpreter.

Miss Flora Wellknown, a Crow Indian from Carlisle, whose work as seamstress and laundress attracted attention at the New Orleans exposition, is engaged to take charge of the laundry work.

George Arbogast, farm hand, etc., now acting cook.

The government pays us \$108 annually for each Indian pupil clothed, supported and instructed at this school. The limit is fifty. This will meet about one-half the expenses. The boys are to be taught farming and the mechanical trades, and the girls sewing, cooking, laundry work, etc.

The Dawes bill, which is now a law, gives the Indian his land in severalty, and the rights of an American citizen. As Professor Painter well says, "After long and arduous effort the friends of the Indian have secured the conditions under which it is possible to develop the manhood they believed lay dormant in these people. They must not fail to"

the responsibility which they have incurred. Having at last got him into a school where it is possible to teach him, they will be guilty if they do not give themselves heartily and laboriously to the work of teaching."

We have not been able to pay off the whole of the debt on this Indian school building. Will not our friends promptly and generously respond to our appeal for contributions in aid of this Indian work?

J. F. B. MARSHALL.

DEAR UNITY:—A belated response, but not less cordial. Turning over a quantity of "cyclone" papers and documents, not touched for more than a year, and since buried still deeper by earthquake, I fell, with surprise, upon an invitation from UNITY to lend a hand to its thought and work. By some strange miss, I never saw this invitation before.

Of course, such hand as I have is yours in so good a work, and such thought as I have is yours, to aid in so broad and prophetic truths. I have read UNITY in all its history. Sometimes its positions have seemed a little too pronounced, and its thoughts a bit rarefied; but I have so often in an hour of spiritual fainting found my soul exhilarated by its thought, and in an hour of contention delivered and adjusted by its high position and broad outlook, I come to look to it with great sympathy and gratitude. Its work has told for good in the past. It holds a position now that commands my deep respect for its noble breadth—too large for those who do not think generously, or who have a dogmatic point to carry. Its main positions, justly understood, are so in line with the principles of our church, to say nothing of the principles of Jesus, I rejoice at every good presentation of them, and grieve when I see them misrepresented or ungenerously condemned.

E. C. L. BROWNE.

CHARLESTOWN, S. C., April, 1887.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day. By Robert Browning. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., pp. 187. \$1.25.

This book opens with a prologue, antique in form, but modern in thought, in which Apollo pleads the cause of Admetus, the representative man, with the Fates. It closes with an epilogue describing a scene in the workshop of John Fust, the inventor of printing. In the book the poet interviews seven almost forgotten worthies, all of whom have been in their graves for over a hundred years. The poet talks to and with them from the superior vantage ground of a later age. These seven ghosts belong to an old Holland writer, a learned Italian Jesuit, a poet whose masterpiece was written in a mad-house cell, a wicked politician who rose to position by means of his wickedness, a Florentine painter-priest, a Flemish painter who lost his eye-sight at fifty, and then continued to serve art by writing and teaching, and an old organist and band-leader of New Castle. The book is in the poet's most vigorous, characteristic method. It is vital and inspiring to him who is willing to study close thought, and to seek for subtle meanings; meaningless and provoking to the careless and hasty reader. The former student will find in this book a poet, scholar, patriot and man of society, standing at the close of nearly seventy-five years of life and study, with a cheerful confidence in progress. Browning believes we are going on and up. He has faith in the possibilities of soul, in the value of life's discipline. He believes in the sanctity of things near, in untrammelled fellowship, and in undogmatic piety. Unlike his illustrious contemporary, Tennyson, he is not afraid of democracy, has no distrust of science, and rejoices in the spirit of the age.

Channing was the best friend of thousands of laboring-men, who did not understand his words when living, and who do not read his words now that he is dead. Emerson is a helper of the Spirit to thousands who scarcely know his name,—he reaches them through his interpreters; and so Robert Browning is now speaking what seems a strange language, but which

is to be interpreted into the glad life of better governments, more earnest and rational churches, simpler homes, clearer thinking, and truer living. In this latest contribution to English literature, the student finds a poet who believes that the kingdom of beauty, love and righteousness is the Kingdom of God. The last word in English poetry is "Courage" and the command is "Forward".

"Let age advance and teach that knowledge helps—
Not ignorance—the healing of the nations.

* * *

The past indeed

Is past, gives way before life's best and last,
The all-including Future!—What were life
Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
Through the ambiguous Present to the goal
Of some all-reconciling Future soul?
Nothing has been which shall not bettered be
Hereafter."

The Golden Legend. By H. W. Longfellow. With notes by S. A. Bent. Nos. 25 and 26 of the Riverside Literature Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1887. Price, 40 cents.

Longfellow's beautiful poem is well known; it is the "Notes" by Mr. Bent which gives this "school edition" special value. Every legendary, historical, local allusion—and the poem is full of such allusions—has its careful, well-compacted explanation. Where longer explanation is desirable, reference is given to books and pages. It seems like humble work, this baring of the prose foundations on which a poem has been built; but it is work which few can do very well, and which, well done, should win praise and thanks, especially from teachers. We hardly see how such work could be better done than Mr. Bent's. The dictionaries and book shelves have been searched, and just the wanted facts are brought out and laid below each question-making word. To be sure, there is danger in such, and the reader must beware. A poem read *only* in this way becomes a very mechanic thing; but read once in this way, it becomes forever afterward a more living thing. Give to a class this book and a good teacher, and cathedral, castle, convent, the prince and peasant, the minnesinger, the monk, both jovial and angelic monk, the nun, the scholastic, the physician, the pilgrim, and then the miracle-play, the street-preaching, the confessional, the relic-worship, the madonna-worship—all these scenes and figures of the Middle Age should start out to vision *real*; real—and Longfellow may be trusted for the romance. w. c. g.

The Story of the Nations: The Story of Persia. By S. G. W. Benjamin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of the Nations: The Story of Ancient Egypt. By George Rawlinson, M.A., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Two more of this useful series of books which are fast building a story-epitome of the world's history. The preface to the volume on Persia says: "This work differs from other histories of Persia, in giving more proportionate attention to the legendary period of her history than is usual with those who have dealt with this subject, as well as to the great career of the house of Sassan, which, in the opinion of the author, has never received full justice from those Christian historians who have undertaken a connected history of Persia." * * * A long residence in various parts of the East, including several years in Persia, has led the author to form a higher and, he thinks, a more just estimate of the character of the orientals than many European writers are willing to concede to them. The first six chapters are occupied with legendary history. Then come the more verifiable annals, beginning with the reign of Cyrus, about 558 B. C., and the story is conducted through Darius, Xerxes, Alexander, the Parthians, and so on to the Mohammedan conquest, and down to the present day.

The volume on Egypt brings down the history, not merely to the conquest by Cambyes,—as in the author's large work on Egypt,—but goes on further in three chapters entitled, "Three Desperate Revolts", "Nectanebo I.—A Last Gleam of Sunshine", and "The Light Goes Out in Darkness". The opening chapters treat of the "Land of Egypt", "The People of Egypt", "The Dawn of History", "The Pyramid

Builders". Both books are excellently illustrated with cuts and maps, as is the case with all this series; both also have indexes, and both also are lamentably lacking in chronological helps, especially the volume on Egypt. As to Egypt, this may be accounted for by Mr. Rawlinson's remarks in his larger work concerning the almost hopeless obscurity of the chronological element in early Egyptian history, which is so great that the extreme estimates differ by more than 3,000 years. Rawlinson also asserts, in his larger work, the possibility of an instructive treatise without an exact chronology—which, of course, is true enough. Nevertheless it would help the readers of both books to have a chronological table such as some volumes of this series present; likewise to have a chronology incorporated in the text with the uncertainties and different estimates mentioned. In the case of the Persian volume, we know of no excuse for the omission.

Magazine of American History. Illustrated. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, 80 Lafayette Place, New York.

This magazine opens for April with a very fine portrait of Henry Ward Beecher as frontispiece. The interesting article on the "Beginning of Journalism" is continued in this number under the title of the "Transition Period of the American Press", and is amply illustrated with *fac-similes* of newspapers issued between the years 1796 and 1803. Several fine portraits of the editors are also given. Other articles are on "Governor Spotswood's Horseshoe Campaign, 1716", "The Heartherly War", "John Van Buren", "The Fall of Fort Duquesne", "The Making of History in Alaska". The usual departments of Queries, Replies and Societies are given. Terms, \$5.00 a year; 50 cents a number.

THE HOME.

Balder.

The story of Balder is one of the loveliest in the world. Balder was so good that he was very beautiful; wherefore he was called Balder the Beautiful, and also Balder the Good. Gentle and kind and patient—indeed, there was no way in which Balder was not good. Now, this good being had a mother who loved her beautiful son, and was very anxious about him lest he should be hurt; the more, because she heard there was a bad being who hated the good Balder, and meant to kill him. So the mother sought how she might shield her son, and at last she found a way which she thought was sure. She went all over the earth and made everything promise not to hurt the beautiful Balder; every kind of plant and every sort of stone, and waters, and winds, and clouds, lightnings, and everything, she made promise. Then she felt safe. But, alas! she had missed one little plant, called the mistletoe. She had overlooked that, because it had not a place of its own with roots in the ground, like other plants, but grew on branches of other trees. Now, the bad being, whose name was Loki, saw that Balder's mother had overlooked this one thing; so, then, he laid a plan to kill Balder with it, and yet not seem to do it himself. Now, Balder had a brother who was blind; nevertheless, they used to play together, and the blind boy, whose name was Höder, used to throw things at Balder in sport, hurling them thither whence he heard Balder's voice. And, then, Balder would run and touch his blind brother, and run away somewhere else, calling, "Throw again"; and so they had much sport. But Höder never could hit Balder with anything, although he threw very strongly and straight toward Balder's voice, because all things had promised Balder's mother never to hurt the beautiful boy. But one day the bad Loki came with a piece of mistletoe and put it into Höder's hand, saying, "Throw this." And when Höder hurled the mistletoe, it smote Balder and killed him. Then the poor mother wept bitterly, and was so wild and despairing in her grief, that Death said he would give up Balder from the death-home if all nature would bewail him with his mother. This was not difficult, for, indeed, all nature was crying for Balder; not a tree, not a rock, not a man, nor animal, anywhere, but was shedding

tears. But at last, one old woman, very evil in face, was found, who had no grief. Now, this was the bad Loki, who had changed himself into this shape, so that some one earthly creature might seem not to be sorrowful for Balder. Then Death would not let Balder go. On this all the powers of heaven, very angry with the evil Loki, joined together and made war on him. He hid from them and changed his shape many times to conceal himself; but at last they caught him and shut him up in a dark cave amid jagged rocks. Then, when no longer the bad Loki had power, everything was found grieving for Balder, and most of all, the mistletoe that had hurt him. So then he returned from death-home, and all the world was glad, and the sun, which had been darkened, shone brighter than ever.

This is the story. It is a part of the religion of the Northmen, who lived in Iceland, Norway, and along the northern seas. Balder was one of their gods; so was Loki. Now, what shall we say of this story? That it is true, or untrue? In a small way, it is not true; but in a much greater way, it is true. No doubt, the simple Northmen believed it just as they sang it in their songs, as I have told it. Now, we know very well it could not have happened in that way. There are no gods like Balder, and Loki, and Balder's mother; and rocks, trees, waters, animals, neither make promises nor weep. Yet the story is true; for like all the others which I have told you, it was the language of this people by which they told all they knew and thought about evil. They were just like children, full of imagery without reasoning; full of feeling and life without knowledge. Therefore they spoke as children do, in stories, figures,—drawing pictures by words. Even in primitive times, when men are just like children, still they see that some things are good and some bad; then soon they see that the good is always struggling with the bad, and the bad with the good; then they see that it must be so; then, at last, that the good always prevails. But they know not what good means except good beings, or the bad except bad beings. So they speak their thoughts in stories of the struggles of the good and bad beings. Thus the story of Balder is a childlike language which says, "Where evil and good are, there is always a war, and the good conquers at last." Now this is true. Is it not true? This war has been called the "irrepressible conflict," between slavery and freedom, tyranny and justice, temperance and drunkenness, uprightness and fraud; wherever these are, they struggle together till the bad one is overcome; and no man can prevent the struggle or the end of it; and even when the good seems beaten and killed, soon it comes to life again, because all nature grieves. This is the meaning of the story. Now, the same meaning is found in stories in our Bible. There you will read about the Devil, called Satan. He is the Jewish and Christian Loki, just like Loki. About him are told the stories of the temptation of Jesus and of the misleading of many persons, and of the heaping of sickness and other evils on men. Jesus is made to say that he "saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven." All this means the struggle between good and evil, the "irrepressible conflict". Indeed, in the book of Revelation, 12th chapter, you may read about a war in heaven, angels doing battle with Satan and his minions. Thus in the cold North, where our forefathers lived, and in the warm Palestine, where the Jews dwelt and Jesus was born, the simple people told the same thought by like stories. These stories were their language. We know that neither the Northmen's tales nor the Bible stories could happen just so; but they both mean the same holy truth, and so are true stories.

J. V. B.

"EACH age must write its own books . . . Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books."—*Emerson*.

NOTHING can exceed the stupidity of him who has been seared by the practice of vice. w. w.

UNITY.

EDITORS:

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Union Teachers' meeting considered Monday noon the third and fourth chapters of the Book of Daniel, Mr. Blake being leader. He began by calling attention to the style of Daniel, which was characterized as prolix and puerile, and tedious in comparison with the older prophets. Its wearisome prolixity was compared to that of legal documents, that repeat all particulars over and over. The story of the children in the fiery furnace was commended as a story, though we were advised to tell the children that it is not to be received as a statement of facts. The morality of the story is wholly in the 18th verse—the youths believe that Jehovah will deliver them; but they say, "But if not, we will not serve thy gods." The language of verse 25 should be "one like a son of the gods", and not "the Son of God" as in the common version. The meaning is that it was a divine messenger or angel, and has no reference to the Messiah or Jesus. Stress should be laid upon the date of this book, as the weight of authority fixes it at the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 175 to 164 B. C., when the Jews met really for the first time Greek culture. We may well suppose that their faith and the destinies of many nations trembled in the balance at that time. Would the Jews' religion vanish, would these people be Grecized as others of their times were? The Maccabees and their party and followers said no, and the writer of the Book of Daniel reinforced the sentiment against Grecian influences so far as they affected religion. The "Watchers" spoken of in chapter iv are the angels that from this time among the Jews were believed in, guardian angels we would say. The story in chapter iv was compared to Longfellow's poem, "King Robert of Sicily," a valuable suggestion for teachers.

Lawrence, Kans.—The Conference of the Unitarian churches of the Missouri Valley was held in Lawrence, Tuesday evening and Wednesday, April 5 and 6, opening with a vigorous and inspiring sermon from our ever welcome secretary, Rev. John R. Effinger, upon the opportunities and privileges of our liberal churches. The audience was smaller than usual, owing to there being many other attractions at the same time, principal among which were a lecture by Rev. Anna G. Shaw, whose first appearance here has been eagerly looked forward to for some time, and who, coming on the evening of the day when women for the first time had exercised the right of suffrage, and who, consequently, were especially interested in that event, drew a crowded house; and a con-

cert at the University which most of the students and young people attended.

We have learned, however, fully to believe in the blessing which comes to the two or three; and I think Mr. Jones used rather to inspire us with the feeling on such occasions that the goodness obtained was inversely as the square of the numbers present. But though our own people were not very well represented there was an unusually large number of friends from abroad, among whom were Rev. E. Powell, from Topeka, who read a paper upon Parasites, which was a plea for individuality and independence of thought,—politically, morally and religiously. Miss Leggett, who came with Mr. Powell from Topeka, and who has been helping him in his work there, read an essay upon "Why I am a Unitarian", which as an introduction to her thought and aspirations was very interesting. Rev. Mr. Griffin, from Marlborough, Mass., who is at present supplying the pulpit at Kansas City, and who led the morning devotional meeting, giving Prayer as the topic of thought; and Rev. W. Roberts, who is about to be installed as minister of the church in St. Joseph, who, laying aside his notes, spoke earnestly of the work of the liberal churches. Mr. Tucker, a former student of our University, now fitting for the ministry, was present. In addition to the above Arthur J. Marsh, formerly from Cambridge, Mass., but now professor of belles lettres in our University, read a paper upon Moral and Religious Education in our Universities and Colleges, which elicited a good deal of discussion. The Lawrence people had a dinner in the church basement, which was an opportunity for social meeting and visiting, and the whole session may be regarded as a most pleasant and profitable event.

S. A. BROWN, Sec'y K. S. U. C.

Minneapolis, Minn.—It is not often that a society under-estimates its growing capacity; but according to a local paper, Brother Simmons has been too modest. Our readers will be interested in this clipping:

"When the Unitarians commenced to plan for their church in Minneapolis, their reasoning was somewhat as follows: 'Unitarianism does not seem to take root and flourish in all sorts of soils, as do some of the isms. We recognize this fact and make allowance for it; at the same time we remain loyal to our church. It is not at all likely that there will be a congregation of more than three or four hundred. If our church is planned to seat 600, it will be plenty large enough.' Acting on that reasoning, the church was built. The leaders of the movement are now puzzled to find a place for stowing away 2,000 people in an auditorium planned for only 700 at the most. Any other church would 'colonize' and easily settle the problem in that way; but Unitarians have not much of the missionary spirit. More than one of them will say, 'If we can't hear Mr. Simmons we will not go to church at all.'"

Davenport, Iowa.—DEAR UNITY: Two years ago a church door lending library was established in Davenport, under the direction of the literature committee, and as the expense has been very light and the results encouraging, perhaps a little sketch of our ways and means may be useful to some UNITY readers. Two members of the literature committee furnished enough money to buy a good second-hand bookcase, with glass doors, and in this were placed the most advanced books from the Sunday-school library—which were of no use there—Channing, Clarke's Ten Great Religions, Martineau, etc., to which Mr. Judy and others added later books. These last were simply lent to the library. No books were bought for it. At the close of the year, in June, we found that twenty-four persons had taken books, and sixty-four books had been read. All the books were returned, usually within three weeks, in excellent con-

dition. Encouraged by this indication of interest, the literature committee this year decided to place in the case a list of books desirable for the shelves, and to suggest that our people should buy such as they cared to possess, and lend to the church door library. The suggestion has already been acted upon. A number of new books have been put on the shelves lately, and we feel confident that interest in the reading increases. Of course many of our people read at home or in the public library many of the books we have at the church door; otherwise you might well say of us that we are not a reading society; and many of the books lent to the library have been well circulated before.—"No. 2."

Moline Ill.—The ladies of the Unitarian church of Moline carry on a Kitchen-garden for the children of the poor. On Thursday evening, April 8, they gave a Mother Goose entertainment, which netted them a hundred and thirteen dollars. The *Moline Dispatch* says: "The display of the work of the Kitchen-garden girls was a source of surprise to many people—a surprise that girls of such tender years should have become so proficient in the use of the needle, the rolling-pin and the cook-stove. The singing by these girls was also a pleasing feature; but the 'card' of the evening was the Mother Goose melodies in operatic and other familiar airs, and rendered by nineteen young ladies, including Mother Goose herself—all attired in appropriate costumes." The Unitarian women of Moline are in dead earnest in this work, and furnish an example which other churches would do well to follow. A most artistic hand-wrought menu was furnished with the supper, in which cold meats, Saratoga potatoes, salads, cake and coffee were interlarded with choice bits of poetry, and closing with "Twere good you do so much for charity."

Quincy, Ill.—We are glad to announce that Rev. C. F. Bradley, of Sandwich, Mass., has accepted a call to the Unitarian society at this place, and is to enter upon his duties about the first of May. We welcome the brother to an important field, and congratulate the society that they have found so earnest a preacher. We hope that Brother Bradley will arrive in time to receive the fellowship of the Western Conference.

Hinsdale, Ill.—F. K. Gillette, who now lends a helpful hand at the UNITY office, preached last Sunday to this hopeful society.

Berlin, Mass.—Rev. I. F. Porter begins his labors in this society about the first of May. Mr. Chandler Carter, recently deceased, left \$20,000 to his town, \$20,000 to the Unitarian church, and \$10,000 to the Children's Mission at Boston.

Notice.—The programme of the Western Unitarian Anniversaries, in All Souls church, Chicago, May 17-20, is ready for distribution. It is proposed to circulate it through post-office mission committees. If those who desire extra copies for such use will notify the secretary, at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, they shall be supplied. J. R. EFFINGER, Secretary.

The Western Secretary, J. R. Effinger, left Chicago on the 15th inst. for Duluth, Minn., to be absent until the 26th.

War Ahead.

There is great danger of war with Mexico in the near future, but at present we can pursue the arts of nappiness, prosperity and wealth. Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, earning thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$60 in \$ day. Capital not required; you are started free. All as new; both sexes. All ages. Pay, as above guaranteed, from first start.

"Green Pastures."

This well-known poem by W. C. Gannett has been set to music by George Russell Lewis, and is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago. 1.00 per hundred copies, or 2 cents per copy, post-paid

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. J. V. Blake, minister. Service at 10:45 A. M.; discourse by W. M. Salter. The Literary Club Tuesday, April 26, 8 P. M. The Charity Section, Wednesday, April 27, 4 P. M. The Young People's Club, Friday, April 29.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A. M. Sunday-school at 12:15.

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milsted. Services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, April 24, services at 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. The course of lectures on the great religious teachers of the world will be continued in the evening at 7:30. Subject: "Mohammed, The Arabian Prophet." There will be a course of lectures on Womanhood; or, Talks to Mothers and Daughters, on the following dates. Lectures begin at 3:30 P. M. April 22. "Narcotics and Stimulants."

By Dr. Julia R. Low. April 29. "Social Purity." By Miss Frances Willard. May 6. "Embryonic Wedlock."

By Dr. Leila G. Bedell. Season tickets, \$1.00; single admission, 50 cents.

UNITED TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club Room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93, Monday noon, April 25. Rev. Mr. Jones will lead.

The annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference will be held in All Souls Church, Chicago, May 17-19.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Masters of the Situation; or, Some Secrets of Success and Power. By William James Tilley, D.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, pp. 338.
- The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations. By L. B. Harrison. Philadelphia: Indian Rights Association. Paper, pp. 233.
- The Volcano Under the City. By a Special Volunteer. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Cloth, pp. 350. \$1.00
- Job and Solomon. By the Rev. T. K. Cheryne, M.A., D.D. New York: Thomas Whitaker. Cloth, pp. 309.
- Recitations and Readings. Compiled by Mrs. Anna Randall Diehl. New York and Chicago: J. S. Ogilvie & Co. Paper, pp. 122. .12
- Talks About Law: A Popular Statement of What Our Law is, and How it is Administered. By Edmund P. Dole. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 567. 2.00
- A Century of Electricity. By T. C. Mendenhall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 229. 1.25
- A Half Century in Salem. By M. C. D. Silsbee. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 120.
- The Golden Legend. By H. W. Longfellow. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boards, pp. 194. .40
- Christianity and Humanity. Sermons by Thomas Starr King. Edited, with Memoir, by E. P. Whipple. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 380. 1.50
- Pauline: Paracelsus; Sordells, etc. By Robert Browning. Riverside Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 412. 1.75
- Dramatic Lyrics, etc. By Robert Browning. Riverside Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 404. 1.75
- Theophilus Trent; Or, Old Times in the Oak Openings. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Cloth, pp. 250. 1.00

Free Traders

Who are disposed to examine the tariff question from the standpoint of their opponents, can find no more adequate and concise presentation of the protectionist theory than is afforded by the American Protectionists' Manual, by GILES B. STEBBINS, who is characterized by the Philadelphia Bulletin as "a prominent tariff advocate; industrious and conscientious, and with literary attainments of high degree." 192 pages; cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents, postpaid. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers. 175 Dearborn Street Chicago.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 30, 1887.

[NUMBER 9.]

EDITORIAL.

IN the spring, boys play marbles, birds build their nests, the flowers bloom, and—is it to be hereafter—"issue" pamphlets appear. They fall over Western Unitarian parishes,

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook
In Vallombrosa."

ONE of the pleasant features of the recent Iowa conference at Humboldt was the use of the popular song leaflets, "Love to God and Love to Man", introduced here and championed by Mrs. Wilkes, of Sioux Falls, Dak. They were sung with a will and inspiration which demonstrated to those present the common sense of utilizing in general public meetings these already popular "Gospel Hymn" melodies as the vehicles for the new and better words of our liberal faith.

AN enthusiastic woman, speaking of Mrs. Van Cott's 4,300 converts, wonders what St. Paul will say "when these figures appear on the heavenly bulletin boards, in direct defiance to his express order, that women shall not speak in meeting". We do not know, but think he would ask, "How many of them stayed converted?" A temporary excitement is of no more value when produced by a woman than is a temporary scare caused by a man.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: Isn't it a testimony to the value of the Humboldt and Sioux City plan of encouraging the laity to preach and lecture in the pulpit, that among the very best things of the Iowa conference were the papers of "Music in the Sunday-school", by Mrs. M. Vaupel Clarke, of Humboldt, and on "Church Finances", by E. H. Bucknam, of Sioux City, both of which are to be printed. The latter was at once intensely funny and intensely practical. The address of welcome by Mrs. Mary Garfield, of Humboldt, was also a model of excellence.

WE clip the following comforting and inspiring truth from a recently published sermon of James Freeman Clarke: "The real and vital truth which any man may teach, though for a time it may be excluded as heresy from the great belief of Christendom, will one day be accepted and believed by the universal church. Let no one, then, be discouraged by a temporary exclusion. Let us follow after the vital truth, born of actual faithful insight, of personal experience, not a hearsay thing which flesh and blood has revealed, but that which God himself has taught to our soul, and thereby commissioned us to teach 'to every creature'."

CITY parishes find it a growing convenience to print parish annuals, in which, among other matter of value to the society, is printed the names and addresses of the various families constituting the members of the parish. It may be that this practice will have to be discontinued, as has been the case with most of the literary clubs and social organizations of large cities; because of the annoying use which is made of these lists by all sorts of advertisers and agitators. When such parish lists are used for the distributing through the mail, of controversial, schismatic matter, containing sometimes personal attacks upon the ministers of these very parishes, without consent of any of the parties for whose private use the list was published, it becomes, like flies or mosquitoes, an annoyance too petty for public notice,—too irritating to be passively enjoyed. We will not challenge the

right of such use of the post-office or of any addresses that may be legitimately obtained, any more than would we challenge the right of the representatives of the Y. M. C. A., or other orthodox colporteurs, to distribute their tracts in front of an Unitarian church or halls as the audience disperses, as they have at times tried to do; but it *does* raise the question of *grace*, brotherly comradeship, and spiritual courtesy.

"THE conservative party in the universe conceives that 'the radical would talk sufficiently to the purpose, if we were still in the garden of Eden; he legislates for man as he ought to be; his theory is right, but he makes no allowance for friction, and this omission makes his whole doctrine false.' To which the Idealist retorts, 'The conservative assumes sickness as a necessity, his social frame is a hospital. He takes a low view of every human action and passion; he sings a dolorous tune to beguile the distemper.'" So says Emerson. We leave our readers to decide to which party they owe allegiance, and what ranks they will join.

WE print this week the programme of the Western Conference, entire, and urge our churches to take prompt and effective measures to secure a full delegation. The Conference, we believe, will be one characterized with a desire for work,—and a determination to look forward and not back; and as such, it will be a meeting that will send an inspiration throughout the churches in the west. Let it be remembered that only such societies as have paid a sum not less than \$10.00 into the treasury of the conference during the year, are entitled to delegates, and only delegates and officers of the conference and associate organizations are entitled to vote. Send on your money and come yourself.

THE world waits for the thinker who will make scientific the transcendentalists' thought, and who will carry science into transcendental verities, identify the accumulated aptitudes of the physiologist with the innate ideas of the psychologist. Emerson is great, because he kept his feet upon the ground, though he lifted his eyes to heaven. John Fiske is great, because he, emphasizing the humility of mind, recognizes that the limitations of the human fade not into *vacancy*, but into still greater *fullness*. This is why their thoughts so often rhyme. Says Emerson, "The axis of vision is not coincident with the axis of things." Says Fiske, "The possibilities of thought are not identical nor co-extensive with the possibilities of things."

WHEN the work of the year is summarized at our coming anniversaries, it will be found that instead of "paralysis" and "torpor" in any quarter of the western field, there has been hearty work and hopeful growth. New work has sprung up all around, new societies have been organized, new laborers have asked for a place,—Mr. Effinger and Mr. Clute, the only men whose entire time is given to the missionary work, have had more than they could do,—and the other fractional missionaries have been pressed with opportunities they could not utilize. The times are auspicious for more work. And good work is being done, the Jeremiahs of theologians to the contrary notwithstanding. The story is told of the brave Sojourner Truth, who, after listening as long as she could stand it, to doleful lucubrations, over the "degenerate days" at an anti-slavery meeting, the final pot of indigo being upset over the audience by Frederick Douglass, the wierd sibyl sprang to her full height, and exclaimed, "Fred, stop that! I say, stop that Fred! Am God Almighty dead!" And so we

would say to the Western Conference, Be of good cheer; let those who believe in freedom, fellowship and character in religion, and who have an open hand of religious fellowship to all workers for truth, righteousness and love, take heart and go forward. God Almighty is not dead! Reinforcements and inspirations press us everywhere.

EDWIN D. MEAD, in his lecture on Gladstone, says: "It does not matter so much to-day who wear crowns. The real king is the man of brains, and we need to confess, with considerable humiliation, that he seems quite as apt to find his way to kingship in the monarchy as in the republic. In England it is Gladstone; in Ireland it is Parnell—a real king and a great man. What, after all, do the sundry paraphernalia amount to beside these men? Gladstone is a king of Englishmen because he represents and directs the rational, progressive, just and common-sense sentiment of England, which is rapidly becoming omnipotent as against all pretentious privilege or sanctified stupidity. Home rule for Ireland is manifest destiny. The evidence for it is much the same which Emerson found for immortality."

THE following note from one of the most careful, persistent workers in the Unitarian ministry, who labors far beyond the limits of the western conference, and who enjoys the confidence of the entire denomination, deserves publication for the encouragement it will bring to those who are now much challenged, and sometimes sorely pained:

"I have in the past year found my sympathies going out greatly towards the western conference. I have long followed its course with that indifferent interest we are apt to feel in distant fellow-workers. It has ever seemed to me like an honest man 'journeying towards Jerusalem'. But since lately it has fallen among those not in sympathy with its broad and joyous work, who seem to have wounded and stripped it, and in some instances done it the wrong of misrepresentation, my sympathies warm with real fellowship. My attention is called more closely, and I see as not before the heaven-breadth of its helpfulness, the Jesus-like immediateness of its religion, and the prophecy of its altitude. I see in it the historical position of Unitarianism not only consistently exemplified, but legitimately furthered and fulfilled. So I can but hope it will 'hold the beginning of its confidence steadfast unto the end',—proudly, generously, lovingly, affirmatively, as now. Five or ten years will prove again that 'wisdom is justified of her children'.

'All our creeds are hinting only
Of a faith of nobler strain';

When a clear voice utters that nobler strain, some persons are startled, and prefer the 'hinting creed'." B.

REV. A. S. GARVER, of Worcester, Mass., in a recent sermon on "What is Unitarianism," discovers its spirit in two things, viz.,

1. "The best things that can be said about it are not to be compared with it. They are but poor and prosaic statements, while it is the life and glory of the soul. It is a living experience, ranging through all the sympathies and affections that bless, ennoble and beautify life. It is made up of trust and hope, of tears and of laughter, of the loveliness of earth and of dreams of the sky, of knowledge and of faith, of human relation and of divine communion. It is essentially free, and every definition of it is but the symbol of the reality. It is not the conception of God, but the love of him. It is not the abstract idea of right, but the practical doing of right. It is not the absolute formula of truth, but the being true. This conception is noticeable not for its singularity, but for the strong insistence that the substance is more than the shadow."

2. "The frank acceptance of reason as a divine guide to truth. This was the inevitable conclusion to the idea, which gains so firm a footing, of the dignity of human nature. So long as the mental faculties were held to be corrupt and disabled, of course their testimony was worthless. But as soon as this dogma weakened, the mind was trusted, and all questions which it could deal with were brought to the bar of reason. The credibility of an affirmation depended on its credentials, and these must be tested by the ordinary laws of evidence. The problem is simply this: Here is the world outspread about us and the record of its past behind us. How are we to determine its meaning and our relation to it? Once the answer was plain—listen to the church. The modern spirit is no less clear—listen to its own witness; piece together, bit by bit, what it tells of itself, till you can form the syllables of its mighty tale."

W. ALEX. JOHNSON, in an article in the *International Record of Charities and Corrections*, entitled "An Insidious Disease", calls attention to the dangerous tendencies of

pauperizing associations, as well as individuals, by too much outside aid. He says:

"Whenever private persons or associations seek, or willingly receive, from outside sources, that which ought to be derived from their own exertions, the insidious disease of pauperism has begun its work in them; and, if not checked, the end will be disaster, if not ruin. The greater their success in procuring adventitious aid, the more rapid is their destruction and the more irretrievable their failure."

"In the case of associations, the progress of decay is often not apparent until long after the process has begun. A society originally healthy, useful and energetic, supporting itself by hardly earned subscriptions, depending for public support on good work, and always more of it, receives from some source an endowment, or other public fund, which makes its managers feel that they are at last independent of the public. Its officers quickly become content with what they are already doing, and satisfy themselves with letting well enough alone, instead of ever striving for fresh growth and improvement. Once having arrived at the stage where the necessity for growth as a reason for support has ceased, officialism takes her place at the head of the directory; the institution begins to exist for its own sake, instead of the sake of those for whose benefit it was created, and decay and dry-rot have begun."

We earnestly commend the above to those who are at the present time discussing ways and means of increasing the missionary efficiency of Unitarian organizations, east and west. Historical illustrations of the truth here stated are not far to seek.

The New Moral Philosophy.*

"It is not fitness that makes an act moral, but it is morality that makes it fit."—*James Martineau*.

There is so much that is good and practical in these lectures, and the style is so plain and familiar, that they may well serve the wants of many teachers. They are free from Trinitarian and Calvinistic metaphysics. They are equally free from all the influences of modern speculation, i. e. tendencies which have become pronounced in the last fifty years.

If sometimes we are tempted to ask whether it is a treatise on morals or a treatise on theology that we are reading, we need only be reminded of the standpoint of the author to account for his free mingling of ethical and dogmatic phraseology. Christian language and ethical language with him, if not identical, have no adequate significance apart from each other. In fact Doctor Peabody fully endorses the theory of Matthew Tindal—the British Voltaire—that "*Christianity [is] as Old as Creation*." Christianity, then, not having its "birth midway in human history," but, like Truth and Right, coeval with God, and having for its eternal purpose the development of human virtue, naturally furnishes the only dialect for a moral argument.

That definition of Christianity which identifies it with the good and true in all ages, or which compares it with the law of gravitation, which, always operating, only waited for some great mind to announce it, is very seductive. But so is Pantheism, so is the doctrine of Evolution. It may seem to solve some difficulties; it will certainly lead us into others. In the end we shall find ourselves choosing the definition or the theory which meets the difficulties that press most heavily upon us. The *personal equation* inevitably enters into the solution which we accept as the true one.

For ourselves we have not been helped by any effort to define Christianity as a code of divine precepts or a system of infallible doctrines, devised before the world was, to be doled out to the human race from time to time, through specially appointed men or messengers of the Almighty; until at length God made an open breast of it, and in a blaze of supernatural transactions told the whole story in the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. More reasonable to us has seemed the conception of Christianity that it was a *movement*, as really and naturally having its birth in time, as any other religious or political or intellectual movement of which we have any account in history. And moreover, that instead of its being either the absolute goodness or the infallible truth, Christianity,—whether judged by the institutions which bear the name, or by what we know of the founder of

*Moral Philosophy. A Series of Lectures. By A. P. Peabody, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

the church,—will not wisely, and cannot safely, lay claim to either. Christianity, as a great world-movement, and as the designation of the most regenerative and moral of world-religions, carries within it good and evil,—is partly true and partly false.

Hence to call a man a Christian, or to deny him that name, is neither to describe the degree of his goodness or the amount of his knowledge of the truth. It means that he belongs or does not belong to the movement. So, claiming or disclaiming the name means no more.

Yet while Dr. Peabody, by his definition, seems to make all ethics, worthy the name, to be Christian ethics, he has a philosophical theory somewhat independent of revelation. It is the *a priori* method of Samuel Clarke—a sort of mathematical morality suggestive of the system of Spinoza. Not that there is much elaboration of any metaphysical method in Dr. Peabody's work—whoever looks for any metaphysical solution of ethical problems here will look in vain—but he takes Clarke's ground of obligation as the supreme and satisfactory one. "Fitness", "intrinsic fitness", is the ultimate and sole ground of right. Right and wrong are only other terms for *fitting* and *unfitting*. Everything in nature has its proper place and use. Man's duty is simply to do the intrinsically fit. On this ground he lives temperately and obeys God. "Things are not holy and good (as Clarke would say) because commended by God, but are commended by God because holy and good." The moral law is thus older than any command or revelation. Nor do men do right from hope of reward or fear of consequences here or hereafter—this is the utilitarian theory,—but looking at the act itself they decide if it be right or improper. They are to do right because it is right (fitting)—this is the sufficient law. This, of course, gives us a system of intuitive morals.

This statement of the basis of ethics, which, like his definition of Christianity, belongs to that period of English thought which marks the transition from orthodoxy to deism, is also interesting and attractive. The phrase "intrinsic fitness", as a measure of conduct, has been a helpful one, and may still continue to be to those whom it finds on a certain plane of moral inquiry. Moreover, in a limited sense it is indisputably true. But like all, even the most happy phrases, when we think more about it we shall probably find that it is wholly incompetent to solve the problems that pertain to the moral life.

How "intrinsic fitness" inheres in an act or even in the thought of an act to enable us to see it before any of its consequences are known; indeed how "fitness" can pertain to anything except as we understand its various and manifold relations and especially the relation of means to end; and how "fitness" makes itself *morally* obligatory upon us—these questions we do not find any better answered than they were a hundred years ago.

At the same time there is a plain moral growth and gain in society; perhaps no page of Dr. Peabody's book better indicates such progress than his own view of the subject of intemperance. His attitude is heroic. While not exculpating the dramseller, he is in favor of moving upon the drunkard. Heretofore, he says, the latter has been looked upon "as an object of pity, to be cosseted rather than condemned, and if he suspends drinking for a while, to be wreathed with the aureola of sainthood and welcomed as a public teacher on the platform or in the pulpit. * * * What is needed is to attach to drunkenness itself the most disgraceful stigma with which the law can brand it. Let the law treat the drunkard with as little mercy as it shows to the pickpocket, and society will follow the lead of the law, and put the drunkard under its ban; and the aim of parents and householders thenceforward will be to exclude from their tables, their houses, and their use, save in stress of need, that which might bring 'shades of the prison-house' on their homes, and place their children in the same category with thieves and vagabonds." pp. 98, 99.

J. C. L.

"No man is an atheist who believes in a single attribute of God."

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Coming.

The summer is coming, my love so fair!
I hear its step in the fragrant woods;
I know by spring's strange, fitful moods,
And a hushed expectancy that broods
Like a wondrous presence everywhere.

The summer is coming, O love of mine!
When the earth will go whirling nearer the sun,
And the currents of life more deeply run,
And the symphonies by spring begun
Swell into harmonies more divine.

A day is coming! (Ah, how you start,
And blush rose-red, and droop the eye!)
And many will carelessly pass it by,
Unheeding its beauty as, sweetly shy,
It nestles in summer's great warm heart.

That day we shall wed, O my love, my dear!
And my Queen will come to her rightful throne;
And my heart's domain shall be all her own,
As, into a world untried, unknown,
We haste with no thought of regret or fear.

Weary the hours from my love apart!
Then up, O Time! and with hurrying feet
Bring us the guerdon so fair and sweet,
That day of days with rich joys replete
Plucked from the summer's throbbing heart!

GEORGE R. LEWIS.

Prayer.

"The self-same moment I could pray,
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea."

* * * * *

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

It would seem strange to any truly thoughtful person, that the question of the use and beauty of prayer should be a debatable subject, did we not remember the origin and low conception of prayer which obtained in the earlier ages, and which even to-day are not entirely eradicated from our religious life. The begging for some favor of the All-Wise Creator, some petty desire to be granted, some selfish wish to be fulfilled, seems to us a shocking conception of prayer. But there is a conception of prayer which makes it at once helpful, real and permanent.

The necessity for prayer in the human soul in moments of its highest aspiration, deepest sorrow, or keenest ecstasy, is its own justification, and one proof that prayer will be satisfactorily answered, though by no means answered always as we, with our finite vision, would wish.

The materialistic school would banish prayer entirely, or relegate it to a purely scientific field. They cannot deny the reflex action, but would not assign to it any higher possibilities. Reflex action is certainly one of the elements of true prayer, because any effort of the soul reaching forth in unselfish desire lifts it into a higher atmosphere, and this reflex action of the mind upon itself elevates and ennobles. But this is not all. We have learned that the inferno is a state of mind; that Heaven is within us, and not without; and that prayer is an attitude of the soul, not a begging for some material blessing. Prayer, then, is an attitude of the soul. Let us remember this, and see if we may learn how it is possible to attain this attitude. One may also say that prayer is an altitude of the mind, for no soul groveling in low or sordid desires can be said to be prayerful, and because, in its reaching upwards to the source of all things, it touches the infinite. It gives breadth to character, because it embraces

in its beautiful spirit all sweet human relations and experiences, and remains with the soul, as one of its eternal possessions. And it gives depth, because the awakened mind reaches into the very heart of the universe, seeking there the laws of its being.

Prayer follows the law of growth and development, as other attributes of the mind. If we use our reasoning faculties over a mathematical problem seriously, persistently, knowledge will shine in upon our understanding, and reveal to us the truth we seek, and this seeming miracle is repeated again and again in our experience. It is ever the same wonderful revelation, and the joy we feel when the light leaps up in our minds, like a flash of lightning, revealing the truth that was before hidden,—this is of itself enough to teach us to have faith that every effort in the right direction will, sooner or later, be rewarded, as the solution of a mathematical problem is.

If a muscle of our arm be weak and feeble, and we use it gently, quietly, continuously, obeying at the same time the laws of physical well-being, growth, strength and use will come to the enfeebled member.

We have also a spiritual faculty of the mind. This spiritual faculty, if developed and rightly used, and in that mood which we call prayerful, meaning simply a reaching forth and upward to the source of all light, in an attitude of childlike receptivity and earnest effort, such prayer will be rewarded; by what laws we do not now know, but an answer will come, in the form of clearer insight, greater moral strength, heavenly comfort, and possible joy.

Prayer is the activity of the spiritual part of our nature, and is doubtless governed by fixed and immutable laws, just as the physical and mental nature of man are governed by such laws.

It matters little that we cannot define or prove the existence of the spiritual organs, which are co-related to this spiritual function. But we know, through the necessity in our own being and by faith, corroborated by the history of man's spiritual growth throughout the world, and in all ages, verified by observation and experience, that such organs and such functions must exist.

The need for prayer in the human soul is its own justification for being, and is common to the whole race of mankind, partaking, in the lower phases of the nature, of fear, begging and pleading, and in the higher of worship, praise and rejoicing.

The first requisite for a true attitude of prayer is to gird one's self with the "rush of humility," and an honest belief that we deserve the sufferings brought or inflicted upon us, and a determination not to shrink or run away from conflict, nor to be crushed by opposing forces; but a rational acceptance of consequences, and an earnest desire that through this lacerating strife wisdom and holiness shall become ours.

To receive true blessedness through prayer one must drink of the waters of Lethe, that Lethe "Whither to lave themselves the spirits go, whose blame hath been by penitence removed." And this is not the Lethe of the Hindoo Nirvana, but a continued and never-ending series of transmigrations from our lower selves to our higher selves, pressing on from height to height, until, having passed through the inferno and purgatorio, we reach the divine heights of paradiso, where shine the white lights of serenity and peace. Here "the word becomes flesh", and the incarnation a reality.

To make this attitude of mind habitual, we should begin with the child at the tenderest age. Teach him to let the mind, in some quiet hour each day, return in upon itself, to become self-searching, to bring the mind to feel thankfulness for blessings received, sorrow for wrong-doing, and there rekindle the fires of aspiration. Let him be taught to carry all its conflicts, all its passions, all its hopes, to this internal subjective tribunal, this sacred altar, with fires ever burning ready for the sacrifice, the pleading and the praise. The sacrifice of all selfishness, the pleading for all good, the praise and thankfulness for all joy. We may, if we choose, teach the child to discard the material altar, built of wood and stone, or covered with cloth of gold, to which the ancients brought peace offerings of slaughtered goats and rams, of

sweet herbs, and of those things most precious to them. Nor is it altars of polished wood, nor fine vestments, nor soothing music, nor æsthetic coloring, nor polished rhetoric, that are alone sufficient for them; but an altar erected within the heart, and that the true oil to keep the fires burning is the sacrifice of selfish desires and gross passions. Through this action will be developed a clearer consciousness of right, and the ability to seize quickly the best and the true, which will in time become habitual, and finally there will grow up, in the expanding soul, that keener insight into what are the real and eternal verities, and a nearness to all that is most desirable and beautiful in life. And later will come that consciousness and knowledge of the divine purposes, and close fellowship with God which, in its final synthesis, is unity with God, and the recognition of the divinity and brotherhood of mankind. This preparation would afford an impregnable fortress against sin and temptation, because this habitual attitude of the mind would at once repel all sudden attacks of evil, which we have most cause to dread.

The good effect of a rational understanding of the meaning and purpose of prayer is illustrated by a fact from life. Two little boys had a quarrel. Neither would acknowledge that he was in the wrong, nor would they speak to each other for many weeks. One little fellow told his mother, "I have not repeated the whole of the Lord's prayer since my quarrel with G——. I did not and could not say 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us.'" But finally, when he had brought himself to say those lines feelingly and truly, he was the first to speak, and the breach was healed. Here was the prayer and here the answer to prayer; whether by reflex action, the interposition of Providence, or the action of the will alone, it matters little; the result was all that could be desired, and the activity of the child's spiritual nature strengthened his moral courage, and was a general uplifting of his whole nature towards the higher and better.

It is not enough that we cultivate the intellect alone, for we have abundant evidence that there may be the finest culture and a cold, hard, barren spiritual nature. The brilliant men and women of the Italian Renaissance furnish some of the most striking illustrations of this, and our 19th century renaissance resembles the spirit of that remarkable period. There is the same spirit of egoism, of worship of the antique, love of luxury, love of learning, and also love of display. These are all characteristic of both the past and present times. The cultivation of the intellect alone is often a mere delightful pastime, a mental and emotional excitement, which is purely æsthetic, and may be a most selfish act. We have learned that statuesque beauty, nor cultivated intellect can take the place of that interior attitude of the mind which includes both the "good of the intellect" and that supreme beatitude of spirit which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." But in our day there is an element which acts as a restraining power, even though unconsciously. We are direct heirs of those principles of Puritanism, which made and molded our grandsires, and we can not lightly throw off our birth-right. There is with us a moral hurt for wrong doing, an underlying protest from this puritanic spirit, like the still, small voice to those grand men who made the love and worship of God the first duty and pleasure of life.

Therefore let us not discourage prayer, but rather cultivate this highest language of the soul, and strive to make the prayerful attitude habitual, an ever-present factor in our lives, as the rational man makes his reason the arbiter of all vexed questions. This will be an equipment with which to do glorious battle-work in the world. For, take life on whatever basis you may, there are stern, warlike elements in it which never will and never can be eliminated, and the success or failure of life will largely depend upon the choice of weapons he shall select with which to fight life's battles. And if we would keep in the tide that bears upon its bosom the grand movement of the world-spirit, we must seek to obtain and retain the prayerful attitude.

MARY E. COLB.

Is it Nothing to You?

DEDICATED TO COL. GEORGE W. BAIN.

[John W., who a short time since was hung at Norristown, Pa., said: "When my strangled body hangs between heaven and earth may all who look upon it imagine they hear me say: 'It is the work of Rum. Is it nothing to you all, ye that pass by?'"]

Is it nothing to you, that the murderer's knife
Is lifted all dripping in gore?
That the blood of the child and the blood of the wife
Stains the white wall and the floor?

Is it nothing to you, that the suicide there
Is somebody's brother and son,
Who was driven to his death by his maddening despair,
Ere his young life was scarcely begun?

Is it nothing to you, that the mother in rags,
Sits there by her gray ashes cold,
While she wearily watches the hour that drags,
And the babe that her loving arms fold?

Is it nothing to you, that up yonder there hangs,
And swings from the scaffold's huge arm,
A poor hapless youth, who was caught in the fangs
Of the drink-custom's oft fatal charm?

Is it nothing to you, that grim Want, Pain and Woe
Going forth with their pestilent breath,
Corruption and crime over all the land sow,
And will reap a rich harvest of death?

And will it be nothing to you or to yours,
Or to those who may yet bear your name,
To have left as a legacy, while time endures,
A heritage only of shame?

Yes; something it will be, to them and to all;
For brothers alike we are born;
And together we sink, into darkness we fall,
Or together we rise with the morn.

T. P. WILSON.

A Reverie.

Winter has at last unlocked the portals of his icy castle and ushered into our presence the very queen of all the seasons. Let us fling open the doorways of our hearts and give a generous welcome. How silently she moves among us, and yet our finer ear may hear her in the springing grass and opening blossoms. We feel her magic touch in everything about us. She whispers, and the slumbering earth awakes to new life and beauty. Would we might sing her praises with hearts as full as the happy, joyous birds.

I wonder whether if we would we could not make our daily lives fuller of praises and thanksgiving-songs; clothe homely and unlovely care with beauty. And I wonder, too, if we are not ourselves to blame, if in the pleasant walks of life, we gather not enough of sunshine up to last through cloudy weather; and yet, we must dream our own dreams and live our own lives.

The hearts of little children drink in the spring sunshine as freely, even, as the birds and flowers. And are not their voices sweeter than the song of birds and their lives dearer than all the blossoms?

A maiden sits and dreams, and in her fancy she weaves the golden meshes of a nest that will one day be her own, and if her morning and evening carol shall be sweeter than the bird's it is not strange, for is not her nest dearer and her love deeper?

In the spring sunshine a mother muses, and her thoughts have flown backward. She sits amid blasted buds and voiceless birds, in a springtime of the past; and though her whole pathway is strewn with flowers, it is not so much to her as to know that on those little graves the violets are come again. She tends them with a loving care, for they speak precious promises to her soul.

The aged couple number over and over again the many

springtimes their lives have known in light and shadow. They drink not in the full sunshine of these delicious days, for their nest and their nestlings are all gone, and they are waiting for a more glorious springtime yet to come—waiting for eternal sunshine and perpetual blossoms.

Upon the faces of men of great crime, through all the scars of sin may be found indistinct traces of happy days of innocence and pleasure. Doubtless as the springtime sun streams faintly into the cell of many a criminal, memory is quickened to life by its soft rays, and flowers of tenderness which have long slumbered bloom again, in the garden of his heart. Perhaps he may remember days all sunshine, days of loving, when a dear face and the light of glad eyes transfigured everything into a world of glory. But temptation, like sorrow, overtakes us when we are least prepared, and on the stream of life we either drift with its current, or, with great strength of will and determined purpose, pull our fragile bark against it.

None need, so much, human sympathy and divine love and favor as the poor in spirit. The poor in purse may often vie in happiness with the rich; but to a life from which the light of hope has all gone out, the journey to the end is drear and desolate. Thus it is we dream our own dreams and live our own lives, however much we may live for others.

For myself—

To feel that the springtime is coming,
That the wildwood is all full of song;
That the leaves, and the grasses and blossoms,
In beauty are creeping along,

Thrills my soul with a deep song of gladness;
And the depths of my being are stirred,
Till I feel that the Master is timing
My voice to the voice of a bird.

And what harmony thrills all creation,
From the brooklet's musical flow
To the wonderful tide of the ocean,
With its ceaseless murmur of woe.

Yet, He who made earth, sky and all things
Reckons man of himself a part—
And what to nature is budding and bloom,
Symbols love in the human heart.

And I look at the world as I see it,
With its mingled sorrow and strife,
And my lips cry out the thought of my heart,
What a wonderful thing is life!

With eyes to behold the glory of God
In the stars or the blossoms of spring,
Our hearts feel a love that lips may not tell
Of a glorified Presence, within.

But since not all is sunshine, beauty and bloom,
And bright hopes fall to ashes and dust,
The richest lesson for us to learn
Is the wonderful lesson of trust.

ELLA F. STEVENS.

IN all ages, souls out of time, extraordinary, prophetic, are born, who are rather related to the system of the world, than to their particular age and locality. These announce absolute truths, which, with whatever reverence received, are speedily dragged down into a savage interpretation.—*Emerson.*

"'Tis not the dying for a faith that's so hard, Master Harry,—every man of every nation has done that,—'tis the living up to it that is difficult, as I know to my cost."—*Henry Esmond.*

If we still love those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?—*Thackeray.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Agnes Surriage. By Edwin Lassetter Bynner. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

"Agnes Surriage" is a historical romance, and has already been told in verse by Doctor Holmes, in his poem "Agnes". It is not a matter of surprise that the story has been retold by a novelist, but rather, that such excellent material should have remained so long unused. Mr. Bynner is not more to be congratulated, however, for discovering such a pleasing story to tell, than is the story for reserving itself to be told in the form of a novel by so charming and gifted a writer. Briefly told the story is as follows: A handsome young Englishman, Sir Harry Frankland, fresh from the society and clubs of London, arrives in the quaint provincial town of Boston, as his majesty's collector for New England. Official business calls him to Marblehead, where he meets Agnes Surriage, a rustic beauty whose untrained voice astonishes him and gives promise of one day astonishing the world, if properly cultivated. His generous heart prompts him to become her patron, and with the co-operation of the governor's wife, he has her brought to Boston to receive instruction. While there, he falls in love with her, as might be expected in a novel if not in real life, and treats her as a handsome, titled young Englishman with eighteenth-century morals and manners would be likely to treat one of her class. The indignant Bostonians make it so unpleasant for them that they are obliged to set up a country establishment. They finally go to England, and by accident the girl is brought into contact with the baronet's family. Leaving England for Portugal, they are in Lisbon at the time of the great earthquake. Sir Harry is buried beneath the ruins, and after being rescued by means of Agnes, makes atonement by publicly marrying her.

A novelist would find it hard to invent a better romance, and we doubt if there is another novelist living who could tell the story so well. The reproduction of the life and manners of eighteenth-century Boston, London and Lisbon is the work of a conscientious and painstaking artist. The literature, historical characters and topics of the day are introduced in a delightful manner. The chapter called "The Portrait", in which the youthful "Jock" Copley is brought into notice, is one of the cleverest in the book, and it is doubtful if any reader will recall the artist's name, after reading it, without calling up Mr. Bynner's picture.

But the author's greatest success is achieved in the higher and more essential qualities of the novel,—the discrimination of motives and the development of character. The reader's respect for the heroine is preserved, and that, too, without making her relations with Frankland appear other than they were. This has been accomplished after the manner of George Eliot, by making Agnes her own sternest critic, and by sympathetic and skillful analysis of character. Altogether, "Agnes Surriage" is a book that deserves to be read.

W. S. L.

New York; The Planting and the Growth of the Empire State. By Ellis H. Roberts. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is one of the series of volumes called American Commonwealths, of which have been published Virginia, Oregon, Maryland, Kentucky, Michigan, Kansas, California, New York and Connecticut. And there are in preparation Tennessee, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Ohio and New Jersey, and others to be announced hereafter. It is an excellent plan to furnish monographs of small divisions of history treated separately. Hence, however large and satisfactory may be any general history of the United States, special monographs on individual states are to be welcomed warmly. This volume on New York is divided into four parts: 1. Before the advent of the English. 2. New York as a British colony. 3. The revolution. 4. New York as a state in the Union. The method is simple; the story is carried straight on year by year. It begins in 1524 with the discovery by the French, early voyages, early maps, etc. Then the discovery and occupation by the Dutch. After this, there are chapters on the

Swedish attempts, topography, French missionaries, etc. The English rule is treated in ten chapters, beginning with the year 1674. The second volume begins with the revolution, the history of New York during which is narrated in four chapters covering 90 pages. The balance of the work, comprising 16 chapters, covering nearly 300 pages, is devoted to the history of New York as a member of the Union of States. These chapters treat of the First Tasks of Peace; Parties, their Leaders and their Divisions; Waterways and their Development; Education; Jurisprudence; General Political Affairs; Literary Activity; Land and Rent; Manufactures, and other subjects. A chapter is devoted to the part of the State in the War for the Union. These volumes are paged consecutively, the second volume beginning at page 359. There are several conveniences in this manner of paging volumes. There is an index of 18 pages in double columns. The style is lively and the books are well made.

The Family: an Historical and Social Study. By Charles Franklin Thwing and Carrie F. Butler Thwing. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

It is pleasant, in this estimable book on the Family, to see the names of husband and wife on the title page as joint authors, without distinction of part. It cannot be told what one or the other has contributed; simply they stand as joint authors of the work. The book has a goodly quantity of knowledge massed together, gathered from a long list of authorities covering six pages. There are 12 chapters and 200 pages. Each chapter is preceded by a heading which states the subjects treated in the chapter. The chief topics are: The Family in Pre-Historic Times; Among the Greeks, Romans and Jews; In the Early Christian Centuries and in the Middle Ages; The Family and the Church. From this point the work is more philosophical than historical, treating of the family as an institution, divine and human, as a basis of social order, as related to its individual members, and to property, etc. Two chapters are devoted to the present condition, the causes, dangers and remedies of divorce, in parts of which much information is set forth of facts both in this country and in many states in Europe. Regarding the family as a basis of social order, the authors think that the value of the family should be taught every way, and that, as much as possible, a drift should be set toward the country, and not from the country toward the city. In one remark under this head, however, they fall into a common error. They say on page 108, "Socialism is the product of political individualism." This is the exact contrary of the truth. Socialism tends to sink the individual in the state. It is Anarchism that sinks the state in the individual. Touching the family and property, the authors think that dower should be done away, in favor of separate ownership of property, and that property rights should be equal. The wife should have the same interest in her husband's estate that the husband has in the wife's estate. The book has a good index, and is well printed with large type on heavy paper.

Young People's History of Ireland. By George Makepeace Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co.

This work has a preface by John Boyle O'Reilly, in which it is remarked that "Nothing could better illustrate the deplorable relations of England and Ireland, than the complete absence of Irish history from both English and Irish schools and public libraries. So far as English power could reach, Irish history has been obliterated, misrepresented or left unwritten. The English story of Ireland would not bear telling, and it must not be told." The history fills 300 pages, and has besides a chronological table of Irish history of 8 pages in double columns, and an index of 4 pages in double columns. It is an excellent thing in a history to supply chronological tables. The text is provided with marginal tables also, which facilitate reference. The book is illustrated, all the pictures being full-page. The opening chapters are concerned with Irish Legends. The Ancient Irish, St. Patrick, The Early Irish Kings, etc., and the history is carried down in the 39th chapter to Gladstone's struggle over the Home Rule bill, with

which great legislative conflict the history ends. The last illustration in the book is an effective, full-length picture of Gladstone explaining his Home Rule scheme in the British Parliament,—a tribute which well may be rendered to the great statesman by a writer on Irish history. The completing sentence of the volume is, "Whether the task of according full justice to Ireland shall be finally intrusted to Mr. Gladstone or not, his name must always be held in the highest reverence, honor, and affection by the Irish people, as one who has spent, in their behalf, the later period of a life fruitful and illustrious beyond that of any English statesman of the present century."

The Inter-State Commerce Act. An Analysis of its Provisions. By John R. Dos Passos, of the New York Bar. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This neat little hand book forms number thirty-eight of Questions of the Day, a most interesting and useful series of books, the title of which sufficiently describes the intent. This volume contains the much talked of Inter-State Commerce Act in an appendix, which is preceded by a hundred pages of analysis and commentary, apparently impartial in spirit, clearly and intelligently presented

THE HOME.

From a Bird's Righter.

We sow with pleasant songs rich fancies in men's minds;
Such as was given is our appointed lot;
We reap a poor return; by most ungrateful man,
Are hunted, persecuted, stoned, and shot.

Our song high-vaunting man doth vainly emulate;
He pays his gold to hear some shrieking dame;
Our notes are stol'n from angels' harps in heav'n
By nature's gifts we put his art to shame.

Our garbs the rainbow hath not brighter hues, nor sheen
Of moonlight-silvered waves can with them vie;
So beautiful indeed 'twould seem we should be spared,—
But man prefers us, rather, in a pie.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—The enclosed rhymes were read at a recent Birds' convention, and received with chirps of approval. Adding a few lines of plain prose, I send them to you, hoping you will publish them in behalf of my suffering fellow-songsters in your great city.

I am, sir, a brown thrush. We thrushes, you must know, are a sedate, sensible set,—no nonsense about us. *We* never go larking about like the robins, or spying into the affairs of others, like the wrens; but we sing to the best of our abilities, and look with awe upon the achievements of mankind.

Now, my dear sir, in consideration of our freedom from qualities obnoxious to man, do you not think we are entitled to his love and protection?

Yet, not a day passes that I do not mourn the loss of some friend or relative at the hands of his ruthless offspring.

Only yesterday my pretty cousin was slaughtered by a band of little wretches armed with slings, who eyed her fluttering agonies with keen delight. From a sheltering lilac-bush I saw her fall to the ground, and with a chirp of anguish thrust my head beneath my wing; but from the steps of a neighboring dwelling, a—something you call a woman, I believe—gazed with indifference upon the cruel scene. Her form was beautiful; upon her head she wore a covering which reminded me vaguely of my own brown wings, and her voice was soft and sweet as the coo of the wood-dove; but it was never raised in defense of my poor darling who perished almost at her feet.

Permit me to ask, dear sir, do you cherish these beings for their superiority of voice and plumage? Ah! if you could only hear the sad little plaints twittered in my ear daily, your voice would also cry out in indignation at the wrongs inflicted upon the most inoffensive of Chicago's inhabitants.

The sweet-throated of our species daily grow more tuned in the presence of man, and their songs are hushed as they listen

to the dirges breathed by the wind over the remains of their murdered kindred.

Even the clover-tops fold within their arms the tiny feathers scattered here and there, and send forth a tender whisper of regret to the mute singers among the tree-tops. Man only is unsympathizing. Is there not a law in your city for the protection of my race, and an army of blue-birds—blue-coats I mean—to enforce it?

In future, if our rights are disregarded, we shall build our nests alone in the green deeps of the forest and the meadows far away.

Why do not the authorities punish these wicked children who still our songs and drive us into neglected graves? I have long wished to tell you of our sufferings, but constitutional timidity prevented. At last I summon courage to entreat you, not only for the lovely and harmless of my own family, but in the name of the whole feathered tribe, to aid in suppressing the barbarities offered us by the sons of the citizens of Chicago.

Tweet! Tweet! I feel very sad; my little heart flutters with apprehension of coming evil. I know not but to-morrow will witness my own destruction.

FUZZ AND FEATHERS.

"Bunny" Replies.

"Me vont be bathed! Me vill be bad—
Bad for twenty hundred days"!
Thus said a frowning little lad
With very naughty willful ways,
While two wild tears a race to win
Rush for the dimple in his chin.

Patient Nursey dropped the sponge, "I know",
She sighed, and gravely said
"You're like the naughty Pansy blows
Out there in the garden bed;
See how they jerk and bounce about
And turn their jackets inside out."

"They don't love the rain that flies
To make them fresh and sweet
For the sun's kiss on their pretty eyes
Purple gowns and dainty feet;
Each angry little blossom tries
To dodge the raindrop from the skies."

Then "Bunny" ran in great surprise
To watch each dusty bud and flower
Shrink and close their shining eyes
Against the swiftly pelting shower;
Winking, blinking, twisting 'round
They even fell flat on the ground.

But he laughed as he saw the shower
And cried with childish wit,
"No, I ain't like the naughty f'owers
For they can't s'ceam one bit;
But oo is like the rain, Nurse,
For oo don't care where oo hit!"

WE have a careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometimes guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Anon.

THE *Youth's Companion* tells us that at the ostrich farm in California, it is one egg for ten guests,—boiled one hour, and that aside from its size there is nothing peculiar in either taste or color, both resembling a duck's egg; but it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight this one ostrich egg.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston Notes.—At the last meeting of the Sunday-school union of superintendents and teachers, a stereopticon exhibition of scenes in Judea was given. At the Monday Club Rev. H. G. Spaulding advocated fatherly care from the minister over his larger or smaller family of Sunday-school pupils. The Grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., to be held the coming summer, promises to make itself unusually attractive. This is more like a western camp meeting than any anniversary exercises of our denomination which occur east of Chicago. Brother Beane, the A. U. A. missionary for New Hampshire, induces persons of other sects, who live in several neighboring counties, to attend the meetings. Last Monday evening the parish of Rev. M. J. Savage, with some other of his friends, tendered him and his wife an elegant reception at the Vendome. The addresses were in testimony of the impetus and valuable aid given by Mr. Savage to liberal religious thought in all parts of our country.

—The fact that Rev. J. W. Chadwick, the apostle of radical religious thought, will, by invitation, address the English Unitarians in their summer convention, seems to indicate that our English brethren are willing to hear all sides and ready to choose the most reasonable theology, and to take, if need be, a new departure from old denominational ground.

E. R. B.

Cleveland.—Mr. Edwin D. Mead has been warmly greeted by his many Cleveland friends after an absence of three years. On the evenings of April 15, 18 and 20, he gave a course of three lectures under the auspices of Unity Club in the Unity church parlors, as follows: "Nathan the Wise, or, The Gospel of Toleration"; "Immanuel Kant"; "Carlyle and Emerson". To those who have heard Mr. Mead, it is unnecessary to speak in commendation of the lectures. Clear thinking and a fine moral glow mark all his utterances.

—On Sunday last A. J. Jennings, missionary agent of the American Unitarian Association for Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, occupied the pulpit with Mr. Hosmer, and preached an earnest and excellent sermon on "The Church of the Future". In the afternoon he went to Youngstown to hold an evening service in that growing town of 25,000 people. Mr. Thomas P. Byrnes, a student at Meadville, has been preaching here on Sunday evenings recently, and has gathered quite a promising congregation. No attempt is yet

made to organize a church, but there is a growing interest in the meetings. Mr. Hosmer has preached for Mr. Byrnes two Sunday evenings. Mr. Jennings will visit Marietta and several of the larger towns where there is no liberal church.

—Mr. Hosmer is to preach three successive Sunday afternoons, beginning April 24, in Doan's Armory, East Cleveland. Neat circulars are out, announcing the sermon subjects as follows: (1) The Need of a Restatement of Religious Doctrines; (2) The Fatherhood of God; (3) Confessing the Christ: what it meant in Jesus' time; what it means to-day. He will be assisted by a good quartette choir. The East End is the most rapidly growing residence portion of the city.

Iowa Conference.—EDITORS UNITY:—I want the readers of our western organ to know something of the good time we have just had at our Annual State Conference, held at Humboldt, opening April 11 and closing April 14. There were over forty visitors present. The following Iowa towns were represented: Sioux City, Des Moines, Iowa City, Fort Dodge, Webster City, Algona, Eagle Grove, Hawarden, Rock Rapids and Renwick, also Sioux Falls, D. T. and Minneapolis and Luverne, Minn.

The evening sermons, which were listened to by full houses, were given by Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, Rev. Mr. Simmons, of Minneapolis, and Rev. O. Clute, minister at large. The day sessions were very well attended. The reports of the different departments of the state work made us feel that this great liberal cause is becoming a power in Iowa. Many of our ministers and friends seem to feel that the outlook was never more encouraging than now. The Great Spirit which seems to fill all creation more abundantly these glorious spring days seemed very near during our devotional meetings. There were earnest appeals made for more fellowship, more sympathy, more love for our fellow beings.

This matter of missionary work done by isolated persons was of great interest to the Conference. One case we must mention: Rev. Mrs. Wilkes, of Sioux Falls, D. T., has for six or eight years worked almost single-handed in southeast Dakota, and the results that true missionary labor are coming to light. Many others might be mentioned who, almost alone, are spreading our rational religion. The Conference has been very helpful to the Humboldt church, and indeed to all who attended. These Conferences made up of earnest men and women can not be other than powers of good.

The following officers were elected for the coming year. President, Rev. M. A. Safford, Sioux City; Vice-President, T. C. Puckett, Rock Rapids; Secretary, Rev. Arthur M. Judy, Davenport; Treasurer, W. H. Fleming, Des Moines; Directors (for three years), J. H. Anderson, Keokuk; Wm. R. Cole, Mount Pleasant; Secretary Unity Club work, G. S. Garfield, Humboldt; Secretary Sunday-school work, Miss Carrie J. Bartlett, Sioux Falls, D. T.; Secretary Post-office Mission work, Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, D. T. Secretary lay leader society, Miss E. E. Gordon, Sioux City. Lay leader directors—Iowa City, Rev. Arthur Beavis; Des Moines, M. Neilson; Keokuk, Miss Cora Pittman; Sioux City, Miss Alice Morley; Humboldt, Mrs. M. Væupel Clark; Davenport, Rev. A. M. Judy; Rock Rapids, Edwin Bradley; Luverne, Minn., Mrs. F. C. Mahoney; Sioux Falls, D. T., Rev. E. T. Wilkes.

M. W. G.

St. Joseph, Mo.—Two long days and two nights on the railroad for the sake of two hours' fellowship, congratulation and prophesying with the loyal little band that represent the Unity church at St. Joseph, was our experience last week. C. B. Roberts was to be welcomed at once into the Unitarian fellow-

ship, and into the pulpit of the Unity church, and the church home was to be dedicated. Messrs. Snyder of St. Louis, Powell of Topeka, and Jones of Chicago came together for this double occasion. Mr. Jones said the installing word, Mr. Powell charged the people, and Mr. Snyder preached the sermon; and then the new pastor and the people united in the interesting service of dedication, using the same words in hymns and responses as were used in the dedication of the Helena chapel in Wisconsin, All Souls church in Chicago, and the Unity church at Topeka. The chapel belongs to the new order of church architecture; domestic, quiet, cozy—not too large and not debt-burdened. It is a beautiful flowering of the slow-maturing hopes of a patient, loyal faith, held largely by a few men for many years. Over fifteen years ago we first made the acquaintance of this field, and we are glad to testify that we know of no Unitarian movement in the west that has been fostered with more care, wisdom and diligence than this Unity church of St. Joseph, which now receives the merited congratulations of UNITY.

Bloomington, Ill.—Edwin D. Mead lectured last week at the Unitarian church, on Gladstone, and Sunday morning occupied the pulpit and spoke on Emerson and Theodore Parker. He reports the society thoroughly alive and Mr. Westall earnest, interested and industrious.

—The Universalist Pastors' institute, which was held in this city from April 12th to April 19th, was largely attended, and the crowded programme was carried through with much fidelity. It took a wide and searching range, and much good must have come from it. Perhaps the most significant meeting was that at which Dr. Thomas talked upon "The Universalist Church as seen by a Friendly Critic", in which he predicted great things, when they dwell more upon the universals of religion and less upon the isms of the sect.

—The catalogue of the Meadville theological school for 1886-'7 is before us, showing thirty-one students, and giving particulars of course of study, conditions of entry, etc., etc. Parties desiring copies can procure them by addressing A. A. Livermore, at Meadville, Penn.

Easter Extravagance.—A Congregational church, it is said, used 7,000 callas in decorating their temple; also 1,700 marigolds in one floral anchor, and 1,200 roses, shading from white to deepest crimson, in a huge cross. Our correspondent adds "that there was also a colossal lyre before the pulpit, which is better than one behind it". Yes; but, alas! for the religion that has so much money to bestow on floral crosses. It but poorly typifies the virility of the Nazarene, and the robustness of the faith that was his.

The True Socialism.—W. H. Zinn, a Boston merchant, has informed all his employes that the profits of the year, over and above a reasonable amount, are to be distributed among the employes according to a given scale of wages and time of service. This is brought about not by legislation, but by education. It is the result not of law but of gospel. Legal attempts do but stand in the way of the true development of the sense of justice that, alarmists notwithstanding, is brightening the prospects of labor every day.

Humboldt, Iowa.—April 17 Miss C. J. Bartlett, Unitarian minister at Sioux Falls, D. T., preached morning and evening in the Unitarian church at Humboldt. Her sermons were thoughtful, earnest and helpful, and were heard by full houses. We want to hear Miss Bartlett again.

G.

"Green Pastures."

This well-known poem by W. C. Gannett has been set to music by George Russell Lewis, and is published by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago, \$1.00 per hundred copies, or 2 cents per copy, post-paid

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

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EDITORIAL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "UNITY will not outlive its usefulness until there is recognized a great deal more character in religion than at present."

No one wants to make a shibboleth of an untruth. No one needs to make a shibboleth of a truth; of that which is inevitable. So when is it time for a shibboleth?

EXPEDIENCY has *much*, instead of nothing, to do with the right; for to do the right *now* is always the most expedient thing to do,—as the longer run proves in cases where it is not done now. Garrison put it, "To do right is always to regard consequences."

"A WORKING lad was observed walking regularly, every Sunday, to school, a distance of two miles. He passed several other schools on his way, and one day a friend asked him why he traveled so far when there were other schools so near. He replied, '*They love a fellow there!*'"

IN last week's *Christian Register* the secretary of the Unitarian Church Temperance society complains that the Unitarian temperance pamphlet is a rare document. He only knows of three available for circulation. Will he please add one more, the "How We Got the Temperance Society in the Church;" just published among the "Unity Short Tracts,"—if sixty cents per hundred copies makes it "available."

THE substance of recent articles in UNITY, by "W. C. G.," concerning Conference declarations of Unitarian fellowship and faith—a plea for their right, their safety and their advantage, if *pre-declared* to be "the voice of only a majority, binding on none and always open to re-statement,"—has been printed in a pamphlet, with a short introduction concerning the true nature of "the issue in the west." See the advertisement in another column.

WHEN one grows old enough and wise enough he is not so sure what he believes about the *how* of things, and is perhaps more than ever sure of what some call the goodness of the universe, and others the loving-kindness of God, to which the *how* can be left. With the young it is apt to be the other way; they know about the *hows*, and practically are not so sure of the eternal goodness. And this is well. That they are so sure of the *how*, etc., helps them to do and dare and upset things, and change them for the better; and, when they get through with some of their knowledge, they will have their turn at wisdom.

FROM one of our fellow workers comes the following word of cheer for the Western Conference. "Within five minutes after my benediction I had the \$20 all subscribed! and I will send it in before the Conference meets." . . . "For we are not dead here, nor even sleeping, but are one with UNITY and all its board, and will swim with them (there will never be any '*sinking*') until we all come gloriously to harbor." . . . "I am discovering, with a great bound of heart, that when once we have urged men and women to the consciousness that Human Helpfulness (with big, big H-s) is a large and sublime part of true practical religion, then we may urge and urge on to almost any bounds within reason, and not find ourselves disappointed. Oh, is it not good, and does it not bring happy tears—it does for me! to feel

that one has been instrumental, to however slight a degree, in rousing men and women up out of the selfishness and niggardliness of an unreasonable religion, and bringing them into somewhat of a diviner faith? Our society was never, I think, more hopeful than now, or doing more for religion and man."

WHEN a man was vaunting his bicycle to a lady, as much better and more useful and more economical than a horse, we heard the lady answer, "Ah! yes; but then when you go with a bicycle there is only one of you, but when you go with a horse there are two of you." We confess we liked that lady hugely on the spot. That is the right kind of heart! That is a true and deep tie! Your horse and you are two of you—a tie hidden deep in God.

LET self-reliance be self-surrender to the highest in one and it becomes reliance on God. Let self-respect be reverence for the highest in one and it becomes akin to worship. Begin at self-will in the child or in the man, and by the successive steps of self-control, self-denial, self-surrender, self-devotion, one ends on the happy heights of *self-forgetting*,—that is, ends in the will of God:—

"Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
Severing rightly his from thine,
Which is human, which divine."

THE signs of increasing "organization" in the Unitarian church are many. This year, at the anniversary meeting in Boston, the various Unity Clubs connected with our churches hope to effect a central organization. The Unitarian Temperance Society holds its first mass-meeting in Tremont Temple, ex-Governor Long presiding. Probably the committee on a Liturgy will make its first report. Here in the west the question of a Declaration of Faith is at least to be offered for discussion. Good! and amen! to each and all such tendencies, we say,—tendencies toward more efficient service in the world for Unitarianism—provided, only and always, that equal tendencies to the "spiritualizing" of Unitarianism exist. Who is looking out for *that*? Organization which outstrips spiritualizing leads to a funeral for a religious body.

ON a suburban train lately, two men were energetically discussing the photograph business. The following fraction of their talk will carry a suggestion of the whole. "There ought to be something done to keep you amateurs from working at these things. You'll ruin the trade!" "No, I'll tell you how it is. We raise the standard of work so much that you professionals don't want to work hard enough to compete with us." This was a striking reminder of the situation of the Unitarian difficulties to-day, and we give it here as a helpful hint in the right direction. Allusions have been frequent of late to the need of "*churches*" that are built in the name of God and Christianity. The emphasis carries its own implication as disfavoring societies formed upon any such unauthorized religiousness as a mere "Truth, Righteousness and Love" basis, and calling it "church" work. It does seem, from one point of view, as if it might "ruin the trade;" but, from another point of view, it certainly does "raise the standard of work." To meet opposition in any line of work does inevitably, in the long run, bring advancement to its cause. Amateur photography cultivates a wider and keener artistic appreciation in the people, and works thoroughness and advancement in the professionals. The

result of every wide-spread religious controversy is to throw open to the thought of the masses a deeper stratum of religious truth than that which was before grasped. The result of church work done upon a basis of principle, rather than personality, will be to put religiousness into the hearts and lives of the people more closely and firmly than ever before.

WE have heard this remark made by a woman who was earning her living by service in the home of another. "I have lived in houses where they were very pious and very hard on me; now I live where there is no pretension to piety, and they are very easy on me." What then? Is piety bad? Not so; but piosity is. If texts be needed, there are enough against it, such as, "He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" and, "Go ye and learn what that meaneth,—I will have mercy and not sacrifice." The other kind of religion, that is, pious observances (if we may defile a good word by calling it pious), but without humanity, Jesus, who had a way of calling things plainly by their names that was very uncomfortable to some people, called "defiling widows' houses after long prayers."

"It means and costs something to be a temperance man in this great wine-growing and brandy-making state of California. All our ministers on this Pacific coast, save one, are total abstainers." So writes a friend from California. Would we could pass the word along to the Middle-State men, "All our western ministers save one are total abstainers;" and they on to the New England men, "All our ministers save one," and they across to the Old England men, "All ours save one." And that would still leave four ministers who need conversion here. Of all men it seems as if the minister, who knows the secrets of so many a hushed tragedy of drink, the dawns of fear in that mother's heart, the first still rains of that young wife's fate, the meaning of the growing swagger-look in that young man's eyes,—as if the minister, of all men, could neither care or dare or *bear* to be other than "total abstainer."

The A. U. A. Delegation in Chicago.

It was pleasant to greet the five delegates whom the American Unitarian Association sent out to Chicago last week to consult with the directors of the Western Conference and those of the new Western Association, concerning closer co-operation in the missionary work of the west. Secretary Reynolds—or Father Reynolds, if he will let us call him by a heart-name—is always welcome for his own sake, in the west, apart from his official powers and functions. With him came Rev. Howard Brown of Brookline, Rev. James De Normandie of Roxbury, Rev. Mr. Thayer of Cincinnati, and Mr. Albert L. Calder of Providence. Some twenty of the western men were present to receive them, and we had a four hours' friendly and earnest talk together. At its end, ceasing to be officials, we had a fifteen minutes of good fellowship as men and friends.

Not so much the *plans* as the *possibilities* of a co-operation which all wished for, became the leading theme of the discussion. During this year of western woe, the American Unitarian Association has tried to hold itself impartially aloof from either party in our differences,—its own income suffering not a little, meanwhile, from the extension of the disturbance eastwards. Apparently it still wishes to preserve this attitude, but now feels it necessary to adopt some more decided line of action in regard to its missionary service here. To co-operate actively with the Western Conference of churches while the Western Association stands apart and hostile, seems wrong to the American Unitarian Association, and therefore that co-operation depends on reconciliation of the Western Unitarian Conference and the Western Association. As the Western Association has frequently offered us, as terms of reconciliation, the alternative of virtually declaring certain doctrinal beliefs obligatory in Unitarianism, or else of abandoning executive functions as a Conference,—the alterna-

tive, as it seems to us, of *shibboleth* or *suicide*,—the resulting situation with reference to the American Unitarian Association seems tolerably clear. And this becoming tolerably clear at last week's meeting, the delegation from the east wished to learn, next, what effect it was likely to have on our western hearts, should the American Unitarian Association give up co-operation with us in the western work and begin now to operate here alone through an agent, or agents, of its own. As the result of the talk upon this point, they probably saw that relations were likely to become delicate and strained in that case, as the real point of the refusal to co-work with us became better and better understood, and that their utmost care must be used in choosing a wise course of action. We are sure they recognize the difficulty of our problem here, and will try to give that utmost care. Meanwhile, we thank them for the visit, which, in itself, attests their true good-will.

We, at the west, on the other hand, should remember the difficulty of *their* problem; and, whatever they do, and however it may embarrass and weaken us, should still remember it. From the side of religiousness and the Holy Spirit, the meeting last week was pathetic. The American Unitarian Association directors feel themselves bound, and are bound, by their constitution to administer their funds to promote the interests of "pure Christianity." A real "Andoverschool" question is upon them. Sooner or later they will have to face it in the simple form,—What, in all honesty, is the Unitarian test of "pure Christianity?" Is it the taking of the name, or is it the life, the character, the spirit, and the "fruits," of a man and a society? If it be the former, then the American Unitarian Association ought not to co-operate with the Western Conference as long as the latter abides by the Cincinnati action. If it be the latter, then that Cincinnati action, as the brave refusal to surrender the spirit-test to the name-test, makes new cause and title for all possible co-operation and for honor. Sooner or *later*, we say, this question will have to be faced; and the American Unitarian Association directors can not settle it alone. The people in the eastern churches will have to help them. It has been faced already at the east in the form of the "Year Book" trouble; faced again in the form of the National Conference trouble of 1868 to 1882. Each time the first answer given at the east was in favor of the *name*-test; and each time, in a few years, the new heart grew, the higher vision came, the *name*-test gave way, and the *spirit*-test was adopted. So will it be again, if at the east the first decision now is for the name against the spirit. This is the good thing about Unitarians,—and it is the consequence of our liberty,—not that we escape all storms, collisions, "issues," in our church-life, but that we soon correct our errors, and are meanwhile friends. Sooner or *later*, then, this question will be answered rightly: we have no fear. If Jesus Christ were within reach to appeal to, and we did appeal to him, we think he would answer, "I spoke of that matter in my sermon on the mount. Do you not remember? You will find it near the end." w. c. G.

An Ethical Basis.

The basis of anything ought to be in accordance with the thing to be built. A church cannot be built upon an ethical basis, because the word church implies something more than ethics. A real church would be top-heavy if reared on so narrow a basis as ethics. It follows from this, that if a conference of churches has a purely ethical basis it cannot "do the work" which these churches would naturally wish to do.

The Western Conference at Cincinnati last year was not really put on an ethical basis. It is doubtful if a resolution can, in any proper sense, be called the basis of a conference. Then, as to the resolution, it welcomes all who wish to join the Conference to assist in establishing truth, righteousness and love in the world. Of these three words only one is ethical. The word truth is rather a philosophical than an ethical word, and if in this connection it means anything, it means theology rather than ethics. To establish truth in the world has been the aim of philosophers and theologians, while the aim of moralists has been simply to establish right-

eousness, or good conduct. What it might mean to try to establish love in the world, it is difficult to say. Love is an emotion that needs no establishing; what it needs, if anything, is guidance or control. Not to be too critical, however, the meaning in this sentence would seem in all probability to be religious. Love, when we exclude the lower forms, is quite entirely a religious word, and we speak in strained or figurative meanings, when we count it ethical. In a formal resolution like this, however, it was not right to leave the word without limitation. D. M. Bennett, of unpleasant notoriety, labored, some people think conscientiously, for the establishing of love in the world, but by it he meant something very different from anything meant in this resolution. This resolution ought to have limited this word by others, as, for example, Love to all mankind and love to God. "But then, it would have been religious, and religion means dogmatism, and this must be a purely ethical basis." But the *religion has not been excluded*, it is in the word love, or nothing is there. *Neither has theology been excluded*, it is in the word truth, or establishing truth means nothing whatever.

Brethren and friends, this discussion over words is a bad business, besides being useless. It has brought disfellowship and heart-burnings through all our churches; pray let us abandon it. The basis of our Conference is its article of incorporation, and its purpose is stated there with sufficient definiteness, and as fully as Congregational principles, broadly interpreted, allow. The Conference exists to do the work which these Unitarian churches have in hand to do. That work has always been to establish similar churches, and that has always meant Christian churches. Let us return to this and rest content.

u.

Parker's South Boston Sermon.

We will give an abstract of this famous sermon, partly because of its fame and its historical importance, and partly to point a moral. Parker named the sermon, "A Discourse of the Transient and the Permanent in Christianity." It was an ordination sermon; that is, the discourse at the ordination of a minister in South Boston, delivered May 19, 1841. It fills thirty-six pages of the recent volume of selections from the sermons and writings of Theodore Parker, called "Views of Religion," published by the American Unitarian Association. The book has nineteen chapters, with an index filling twenty-eight pages, in double columns. It is a well-made book, with good paper and large type. Without doubt, it will carry the peculiar strength that inspires all Parker's thoughts and words very widely.

The South Boston sermon produced a great stir. The newspapers and ministers discussed it, the Unitarians being challenged thereto by sharp-sighted orthodox theologians, who saw what "lay latent in the discourse," and asked troublesome questions, not caring for a reply, as Weiss says, but "intending only to embarrass the Unitarians and force them to accept or repel Mr. Parker." Ah! the Unitarians could not rise to the high occasion. The more is the pity! The pity may go without the least tincture of blame. We mean not to reproach those elder men of our dear household. It is not easy to be wholly wise. Yet it is always a pity when a large opportunity for large conduct is lost. Weiss says, well, "The Unitarians forgot a great many indignant words which their leaders had uttered when the orthodox refused to continue the fellowship of exchange and ministerial intercourse, and their plea was that the old controversy arose from a difference *within the limits* of Christianity, but that the new one was between Christianity and something else. Was not this assuming the very point at issue? And the orthodox never allowed their distinction; but had previously declared that men who denied the Trinity, the Atonement, and Original Depravity, were outside of Christianity. If a man is permitted to decide that *he* [the italics are ours] is inside anything, he can put his head through his own assumption, and others will appear to him outside." This sermon, together with the publication of Parker's book, called "A Discourse

of Matters Pertaining to Religion," which speedily followed, caused Parker to be disowned as much as it is in the power of Unitarians to disown anybody; but this means no more than that ministers, with a few honorable exceptions, set up little inquisitions, each on his own private account (Spanish inquisitions we might call them, that is to say, inquisitions *in Spain*; for, in truth, they were very fanciful; and finding America but stony soil for such seed, and having no root, they withered away), and refused to exchange with the heretic. We were about to exclaim, satirically, "Horrible punishment!" but we forbear, remembering that Parker wept over it. We will give here an abstract of the sermon which bore this sad fruit, but also, in another way, great, good fruit:

The present state of religious thought.

Fears about religion and Christianity.

Some bad men say Christianity is worn out.

Some good men say it is past, and that something better is coming.

So let us consider what is transient and what is permanent in Christianity.

Christ says his words shall never pass away.

What more fleeting than a word?

Yet Jesus simply gave his thoughts to words, taking no other pains with them.

And those words have lived and vibrated while empires have risen and fallen.

But while Christ's words have remained, *men's notions* of his words, that is, current Christianity, have changed continually.

Christian *forms* have changed.

Christian *doctrines* have changed, and this is inevitable; for men can not think truly all at once, nor learn all the facts of nature at once, but both by degrees and with many errors and corrections.

Two illustrations or examples of the transient elements:

First, the views of the origin and authority of the Bible; these have changed from age to age, especially under modern criticism.

Secondly, the views of the nature and authority of Christ; these have changed continually and vastly from age to age.

But these subjects and the different views about them belong to theology, not to religion. Christianity is not theology but religion, and rests on its own natural and immutable truths. And these two, the Bible and Christ, shall be lifted up into a pure light.

The Bible—how grand it is! how much it has done for mankind! Men shall learn to know it truly, as it is. Christ! how high! how glorious! Men shall learn to know him as he was; and thus lifted up he shall draw all nations unto him.

Now, we cannot be sure that other like changes in doctrines and forms will not come; nay, it is sure they *will* come.

But Christianity will stay, because it is simply the voice of God in the heart. It requires not that men shall think *alike*, but that they shall think *uprightly*. Jesus exemplified this truth. He worshiped with nothing between him and the Father; and so he would have us do. That alone is to be a *Christian* as he was *Christ*.

Compare the simplicity of this Christianity of Jesus with the systems taught under that name.

Alas! for clashings and ill-feelings!

This, then, is the transient and the permanent in Christianity.

Let the current and the transient change and go, and regret it not. Cling to the inner and spiritual, which are the permanent, and you shall be set above all fear.

Here are a few sayings from the sermon, a very few, and short ones, from the many and longer which we have marked. "The difference at this day between opposing classes of Christians, the difference between the Christianity of some sects and that of Christ himself, is deeper and more vital than that between Jesus and Plato, pagan as we call him." "Strictly speaking, there is but one kind of religion, as there

is but one kind of love, though the manifestations of this religion, in forms, doctrines and life, be never so diverse. It is through these men approximate to the true expression of this religion." "The stream of Christianity, as men receive it, has caught a stain from every soil it has filtered through, so that now it is not the pure water from the well of life which is offered to our lips, but streams troubled and polluted by man with mire and dirt." "Exalt him as much as we may, we shall yet perhaps come short of the mark. But still was he not our brother; the son of man, as we are; the son of God, like ourselves? His excellence—was it not human excellence? His wisdom, love, piety,—sweet and celestial as they were,—are they not what we also may attain?" "The quarrels which then [in the middle ages] drove wise men mad now only excite a smile or a tear, as we are disposed to laugh or weep at the frailty of man. We have other straws of our own to quarrel for. . . . Who shall tell us that another age will not smile at our doctrines, disputes and unchristian quarrels about Christianity, and make wide the mouth at men who walked brave in orthodox raiment, delighting to blacken the names of heretics, and repeat again the old charge, 'He hath blasphemed?' . . . Men of other times may look down equally on the heresy-hunters and men hunted for heresy, and wonder at both. . . . The contest about transubstantiation, and the immaculate purity of the Hebrew and Greek texts of the Scriptures, was waged with a bitterness unequaled in these days. The Protestant smiles at one, the Catholic at the other, and men of sense wonder at both. It might teach us all a lesson, at least of forbearance." "There are always some, even religious men, who do not see the permanent element; so they rely on the fleeting, and, what is also for evil, condemn others for not doing the same. They may take a defense of the truth for an attack upon the holy isholies; the removal of a theological error for the destruction of all religion."

What is the plain lesson for us from this sermon and the controversy it raised? Two-fold; first, how innocent this sermon seems to us now! Why, it would hardly cause a ripple in the quietest of conservative churches. This shows that the Unitarian mind has broadened and grown reasonable. Strange that so little is made of such lessons! Strange that we do not reflect, if frightened, that even our little babies soon will take for granted with a quiet mind what we quake over. Secondly, what has come of all the offence, the exclusion? Why, now behold the Unitarian Association issue Parker's works and place his picture in their new building. O excellent event! But then, looking back on it all, from the vantage ground of this outcome, how poor and sad it looks in the distance! How mean, too, and pitiful!—But they meant well, they thought they had a cause. Let us beware.

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Unfinished Song.

One time an angel in the room
Made radiant the twilight gloom;
"Lo, I am sent to show to you
A vision. Choose what you would view."

"The one thing which, when I am gone,
Our Lord shall joy to look upon!"
"And do you think what that may be?"
My angel questioned, smilingly.

"Ay! The one gift he gave most fair,
I cherished with exceeding care;
And wrought, in love and tender awe,
One little song without a flaw."

"Behold the vision!" And straightway
My life rolled backward to a day
When all my soul was thrilled with song,
And words flowed fast, a glowing throng,

Then to my side my little boy,
Heart-broken o'er some shattered toy,
Pressed sobbing; with a pang, to me
I clasped him, kissed him on my knee.

"The simple duty close at hand
Which here was wrought at love's command,
Is your best deed.—The song half done
Is fairer than the perfect one.

"The song—some other soul shall voice
Better by far. But O, rejoice!
The duty, if neglected, you
Had yearned across the grave to do."

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

Our Present Opportunities and Our Present Needs.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. OSCAR CLUTE BEFORE THE IOWA CONFERENCE, AT HUMBOLDT, APRIL 6, 1887.

Our opportunities depend on the condition of religious thought in the world to-day. The churches have large numbers of followers. Among these followers there are some who are real believers in the creeds that the churches represent, and who are trying through those creeds to serve God and man. But very large numbers in the churches have no vital faith in the creeds, and no vital religious convictions of any kind. They go to church because it is popular, it helps them in business, it introduces them to society, it gets votes for them in politics. And then there are in the churches many people who do not believe the creeds, but who go to the churches because they are the best religious influence near them. A very large part of the American people are outside of all churches. Of these outsiders some are genuinely religious; they stay from the churches because the churches do not supply their religious needs. Some are indifferent to religion; they know nothing of the creeds, they care nothing for them. Some are antagonistic to all religion, for religion has been so presented to them as to drive them into opposition and bitterness. Some of those outside the churches are the great criminal and degraded classes who are especially in need of help. All the classes of people I have mentioned are the ones whom we ought to reach and help.

In reaching these people we have certain indirect and yet powerful aids. Our great system of free public schools is a most wonderful help to our work. The daily and weekly press in all parts of the country, if not our direct friend is neither our enemy. It will print our word, it will give to our ablest men a wide public. The many cheap and good publications can be used with good results. The progress of Biblical scholarship is one of our good friends. The revised version of the Bible, in sweeping from the Bible a very large part of those texts which are supposed to teach some of the doctrines of orthodoxy, has done us great service. The progress of modern science, too, is fast undermining the dogmas on which the popular creeds depend.

Then as our direct aids we have that great system of thought which has come to us from the past, and to which to-day our religious geniuses make additions,—a system which is known as Unitarianism. I need not to-day make any statement of it. As to its essentials the most of us are agreed. Then the great purpose which animates us is the greatest of all aids. That purpose is to help all mankind to a purer moral and religious life, and in this work the noble religious spirit which has been so conspicuous in our great leaders, and which I hope is found in some measure in us all, will give to us invincible strength and courage.

Such are the people whom we are to help; such are our aids, direct and indirect.

In considering what we need to make our work helpful and successful in the future it is wise for us to look somewhat at our work in the past. If I criticise that work somewhat, remember that I do it as a friend. I express the feeling of a very large number of our thoughtful men when I say that our

success in reaching and helping the great body of the people of America has not been so great as our fathers hoped eighty years ago. We have not accomplished the large work of which those noble leaders hoped and for which they prayed. Why have we failed? It seems to me that the largest cause of our failure lies in a defect in our method. We have worked as if the human mind were intellect only, when of course it includes the emotions and the will as well. We have appealed excellently to the intellect. We have had clear thought and we have enforced that thought with clear reasoning. Generally we have stopped here, we have thought that this was enough. We have seemed to forget that emotions and will are an essential part of the human mind: that they are given by God as well as the intellect, and that doubtless He knew what He was about when He gave them to us. If in our endeavor to help men we fail because we do not rouse the emotions and move the will, we are failing to use methods which God has given us for doing good. The carpenter who has a kit of good tools would hardly be thought wise if he confined himself to the use of one tool, say the ax. His ax might be a perfect tool of its kind; but if he used no other tool his progress in building his house would be slow, and the building, if ever completed, would be rough. Using such tools as are necessary he easily erects the commodious and beautiful building. If, in our endeavor to help men, we approach them not only through the intellect, but also through the emotions and the will, we can accomplish an immeasurably greater work than we have yet done.

Let nobody say that I am underrating the importance of the intellect. In not a few friendly contests in the past I have been found contending for the importance of an intellectual basis,—a basis of thought in our work, if we would reach the best results. Upon that I still insist as strongly as ever. To-day I do but ask attention to the other departments of mind,—the emotions and the will. I do but ask that, for the help of man, we shall wisely appeal to all those faculties by which man can be reached and helped.

If we will thus add an appeal to the emotions and the will to our already convincing appeal to the intellect, we can almost immediately enlarge our sphere of helpfulness to an almost unlimited degree. Instead of reaching the little handful of people only whom we now reach, we could reach the learned and unlearned, the religious and the non-religious, the indifferent and the antagonistic, the degraded and the sinful. We could so enlighten and convince the intellect, so warm and rouse the emotions, so move the will to an immediate decision to give up all forms of disobedience that we, as individuals and as a denomination, could become a most important factor in leading all classes and conditions into the kingdom of God.

Confirmation.

They stood before us fair with youth
Their faces full of light;
They came to give themselves to truth
To happiness and right.

And standing there with purpose pure,
With hearts resolved, sincere,
We gave to them our friendship sure,
Our blessing and our cheer.

"Go forth! the world now waits for you;
It wants your word and deed,—
The willing hand, the spirit true,
To sow the swift-winged seed.

"Sow light where darkness seals men's eyes;
Sow good where sin is rife;
Sow love where alienations rise—
These seeds of endless life,"

J. G. L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—I hope that the coming conference will not devote all of its time to the discussion of a basis of fellowship, increased missionary work, and like problems, of undoubted importance; but will widen its field, and make itself an exception in church conferences by giving a good share of its time and thought to a consideration of the questions which are agitating the masses, viz., What are the proper relations of man to man? What is a *just* government, and how are we to get it?

The masses, that body of the people which, wisely guided, makes up the state, and unwisely destroys it;—the masses are not concerned about bases of fellowship and missionary work, but about justice between man and man. They are fast reaching a point where the rich man's charity (in its deepest sense of love), his sympathy and kind helpfulness, are not enough. They are asking for *justice*; are asking: "By what *right* have you the wherewithal to be kindly helpful? by what *right* am I in the condition to need your helpfulness?" They say: "There is such a thing as *justice*; give us that. Then we shall not need your help, and *then* your charity and sympathy will be acceptable." Such questions, such ideas, are spreading among the masses. Does it need a wise man to foresee the result? Does any one pretend that under existing forms of society the masses do get or can get *justice*? Do not all but the blindest admit that society must be vastly reformed or wholly reorganized before justice can be done? Aye! and JUSTICE MUST BE DONE, or a French revolution.

Does any one ask, "What has all this to do with *our* conference?" Brother, much, very much. Do you think he would have been a wise priest who, being told ten years before the French revolution that the church ought to study the social problem and try to reconcile peasant and noble, had answered: "The work of the church is to spread religion, to teach love and righteousness; she must not meddle with politics." Do you think they were wise ministers who, ten years before our rebellion, said: "The business of the minister is with religion; he must not meddle with slavery." And so to-day, ministers and churches have not to deal alone with religion (in the narrow sense of that term): they must recognize the needs of society, its greatest needs, and try to satisfy them.

"And are not the greatest needs the needs of the soul?" Yea, verily, and *the greatest need of the soul is that it DO JUSTICE.*

We, brothers and sisters, we who stand midway between the very rich and the very poor, we need to think more of doing justice. *Justice is not done*; the needle-women, the street gamins, the fallen women of our cities; the tramps and the mortgage-ridden farmers of the country; these and more testify with tears, with groans—aye! and with muttered threats—that *justice is not done*. Society does injustice to these her children. We are a part of society. We are (not with pride, but knowing the heavy responsibility it implies, do I assert it) the *salt* of society; a salt which is fast losing its savor, if existing social rottenness be any indication. *We must do justice.* We must become the saviors of society. If the impending Revolution is to be changed to Evolution, *we* must do the work. *We must do justice.*

The wrongs from which the masses suffer most and which we too often countenance, are not those committed in the slums. How many, think you, of Chicago's citizens, are not proud of her magnificent Stock Exchange? Yet it were better for your city if that "gilded palace of sin" were what that name usually implies, than the den of thieves it now is; better that it were filled with painted harlots who sell themselves and their own souls than with men who ruin the lives and souls of others. And *we*, we who should be the salt, countenance these stock gamblers and thieves whose influence upon the masses is far more pernicious than that of all other social parasites put together.

Let the coming conference deal with the highest problems

the soul needs, and let it urge, in deep and unmistakable tone, the mighty need of the soul TO DO JUSTICE.

EDWIN G. BROWN.

LAS ANIMAS, COLO.

THE STUDY TABLE.

EDITOR OF UNITY.—*Dear Sir:*—Enclosed find bank check for \$3.00, half of which is for my own subscription to UNITY for the year ending March 1, 1888; the other \$1.50 for a new subscriber. Send it to Mrs. ———, Salem, Mass. Send me for new subscription "The Faith that Makes Faithful," the \$1.00 edition.

I was somewhat surprised to see in your prospectus of UNITY the quotation from my note to Brother Blake. If any word of mine can be of use in aiding UNITY's circulation it would be to me a rich reward. UNITY! dear little UNITY! "Not the least art thou among the princes" of modern thought. Brave UNITY! "The archers have sorely grieved thee and shot at thee and hated thee, but I have prayed for thee that thy bow may abide in strength." I wonder if the editors of UNITY can tell some of us eastern brethren "what we can do to be saved" from the incessant annoyance and persecution that we have been subjected to for months by certain brethren who seem to have nothing to do but to write and send out tracts and pamphlets to enlighten us stupid people east on "What is Unitarianism?" When is this thing going to stop? Can not you find, in the far west, as far as the setting sun, "some work for their idle hands to do" besides persecuting us quiet brethren in the east? Is it possible that we gray-headed, toothless fathers in Unitarian Israel have not yet learned "What is Unitarianism?" Where do they get their authority for putting up their judgment as the infallible one in deciding "What is Unitarianism? Who cares or wishes to be bound by such verbal definitions?" I spoke a few days ago to a brother minister in one of our eastern cities regarding this petty, unchristian persecution. He smiled and said, "Well, do as I do,—as soon as I see 'Western Issue,' or 'Unitarian Christianity,' or 'What is it to be a Unitarian?' etc., etc., I give them to my little girl to cut out paper dolls*—or drop them into the waste basket for lighting the fire." This "*Odium Theologicum*" (for such it is—nothing more and nothing less—it surely cannot be Unitarianism) is the worst of all social evils; the most arrogant, selfish and cruel of things. It is a species of barbarism that should never be mentioned among decent, enlightened, truth-loving, righteousness-loving Unitarians. It breeds the foulest abominations, develops the most lamentable dishonesties, fosters controversy,—not for the love of truth but for the love of individual opinion; it perverts the powers of intellect, the zeal of the heart; it creates, among those who should be brethren, the most heartless inhumanities; it is of the spirit that in all ages has stoned the prophets, that crucified the Holy One between two thieves, that kindled the fire of martyrdom, that built the inquisition, that put the brave old Palissy, the potter, in a foul French prison in his 80th year, that made the streets of Paris red with the blood of Huguenots. It is the spirit that inspired the brutal Bonner, that animated Laud, that prompted Calvin to murder Servetus. It has no "bowels of mercy." It is "red in tooth and claw." And are we to be taught that Unitarianism means to-day the same arrogant, overbearing, dishonest and inhuman spirit which, in the torn and tattered rags of theological word-jargon, breathed out threatenings of old? My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that these mistaken brethren will heed the warning of the good book, "Shun profane and vain babblings, for they will increase unto more ungodliness."—Avoid "doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil-surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds and destitute of the truth."

Fraternally,

NEW H. BERGER.

EVERY man takes care his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day will come when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor.—*Emerson.*

*Thereby giving them at least a semblance of life.—EDITOR.

American Patriotism. An Essay. By Putnam P. Bishop. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a book wholly commendable for its purpose and aim, and with much that is commendable in its execution, although in this it differs much in different parts. It has, however, the merit of increasing in value towards the end. It begins its stronger portions when it begins to disclose the vices antagonistic to patriotism, and thence goes on to treat of partisanship, civil service, and of the spoils system. There is little danger that too great stress will be laid on the importance of this subject by the press, the schools, the pulpit, or the rostrum of this country; but there is great danger that too little stress will be laid on it,—as, indeed, now is the case, lamentably. The tone of the book is entirely calm, persuasive, and reasoning, and its views deserve thought. We quote some sayings,—“The maxim, that ‘The office should seek the man, and not the man the office’, is often repeated with approval; but I am convinced that it ought to be discarded. The co-operation of our desire for personal welfare, with the impulses which move us to work for the public good, is obviously provided for in our spiritual constitution.” “I suppose there is as much meaningless verbiage gathered around what is called ‘the will of the people’, as it is possible to find in any other connection, and that no other subject surpasses this in affording material for demagogic harangues.” “When the spoils-mongers, professional politicians, and servile partisans assume to speak for their respective parties, they exaggerate their own importance preposterously; and when those of them who belong to the party controlling the administration, pretend, on the strength of that ascendancy, to voice the will of the American people, their impudence takes on colossal proportions.” “There is nothing to be deplored in the mere certainty that, under republican institutions, there will always be a class of men exceptionally powerful in shaping the characters of parties, and consequently in determining governmental action. If they are *deservedly* powerful, their existence is an immense boon to their country.” This last remark ought to be the key to much and extended reflection.

J. V. B.

A History of Education. By F. V. N. Painter, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3 and 5 Bond street.

This is a volume of the International Education Series, which bids fair to be a valuable and thorough series of treatises. This volume fills 325 pages, with an index of 8 pages. The table of contents is excellently arranged. Much space is given to accounts of special teachers, and of the educational views of different philosophers—which is well. The author says that his order of treating the subject follows the course of human progress, which naturally gives the following divisions: 1. The Oriental Nations. 2. The Ancient Classical Nations. 3. Christian Education Before the Reformation, under which head is discussed the relation of Christianity to Education, and Education in the Early Churches and during the Middle Ages. 4. Education from the Reformation to the Present Time, treating of the Revival of Learning and the Humanists; the Relation of the Reformation to Education; the Reformers, Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli and Calvin; Abstract Theological Education (1550–1700); Reaction Against Abstract Theological Education, under which are treated Bacon, Montaigne, Comenius, Locke and others; Abstract Human Education, treating of Rousseau and others; Education in the Nineteenth Century, under which Pestalozzi, Froebel and the Kindergarten, and Contemporary Education in Germany, France, England and the United States, are treated. The author says in the preface, “As far as was consistent with the limits of this volume, the great teachers of all ages have been allowed to speak for themselves—a method that appeared more satisfactory than to paraphrase or epitomize their views. Avoiding such matters of detail as serve only to confuse and oppress the mem-

ory, I have endeavored to present clearly the leading characteristics of each period, and the labors and distinctive principles of prominent educators. Considerable prominence has been given to Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel and other educational reformers, who laid the foundations of the scientific methods now coming into use." We like not to see on page 188 such a remark as this, "John Milton, the sublimest poet of all times;" much better and nobler is Hugo's view that poets are not to be compared, for each holds his own place perfectly; but it is of no use to argue such a point.

J. V. B.

Poems: Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous. By Abram J. Ryan ("Father Ryan"). Tenth edition. 12mo., pp. 347. Baltimore: The Baltimore Publishing Company.

"He dips his pen in fire!" said a southern poet of John G. Whittier. The same may be said, and with equal emphasis, of him the title of whose memorial volume of verse appears above. Mr. Ryan was unquestionably one of the very first writers of the south in poetic power. His scope was far more limited than that of Lanier, and few of his strains are so high as almost any of that poet's; but he possessed quite as much poetic quality as Lanier, or, indeed, any other southern poet. He always chose, save in the "Song of the Mystic" and kindred pieces, thoughts familiar to the people; yet he felt so deeply, and was so richly gifted with the metrical faculty, that not one of all the poems in this collection but is worth cherishing. Doubtless, his most successful as well as most popular pieces are "The Song of the Mystic" and "The Conquered Banner". These are certainly among the most fervid and poetical pieces of verse ever produced in this country; but in all there are enduring qualities. Some lines are inferior, and a few rhymes are poor; yet the technical features of the poems rank with those of our most distinguished verse-men. The book is accompanied with a memoir of the author, by John Moran, of Washington, and also contains a full-page likeness of Mr. Ryan and cuts of the Irish flag; of St. Mary's church, Mobile, and the author's residence adjoining; and of the Confederate banner. The covers show elegant and tasteful binding.

E. R. C.

Japanese Fairy Tales. New York: For sale by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

These are not only Japanese folk stories, but presented in little Japanese books, each story bound separately, with an ornamented cover tied with silk floss. They are eight in number. Six of them have an excellent moral, and only one or two of them are at all unpleasant, and these not so unpleasant as our common nursery tale of Hop-o-my-thumb. Some of them are very pretty. Like all folk-lore stories, they are very carefully and directly told. The illustrations, which are profuse, are interesting bits of Japanese art. The little books are so prettily bound that they would form an entertaining gift to any one interested in undeveloped but vigorous art.

NEVER too many cyclopedias; always room for a better one. We have been examining with interest the "International Encyclopedia", which is now being urged as a candidate for public favor, by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. It is, as all cyclopedias ought to be, a growth, starting from the father of all cyclopedias, "*Conversations-Lexicon*", published in Leipsic in 1812, passing through the growths of the "Chambers' Cyclopedias"—and the "Library of Universal Knowledge," published a few years ago by the energetic Alden of New York. Revised, re-edited and enlarged, it now presents itself in the shape of fifteen handsome, practical volumes for \$45.00. We like all the cyclopedias and covet them all; but certainly the same amount of money cannot be put into any books that will yield larger returns in the home than in this form. It is possible, where the "Britannica" is not; and as a ready reference it is handy, even where the "Britannica" is. It is the natural basis of a parish library, a Sunday-school library, a teacher's library and a minister's library. We are glad for the publication of Dodd & Mead, and hope to see it circulate.

THE HOME.

A Recollection of Last Summer.

"Now run out and call the children, Bertha; here it is eight o'clock." So says mother, and I run out quickly; but where are the children, whose faces I saw not five minutes ago? I hear the sound of talking in the back yard, and sure of myself, I run round the house to find it was only Nora talking over the fence to her best friend. She declares they were here "just now," but to my vision they had vanished. I hasten across the yard, thinking they may have gone to see Aunt Mary, who lives in the next house. No, her children are nearly ready for bed. Ralph had seen Flossy, however, not long before, crossing the road. I hasten away again in the direction indicated. I inquire at two or three houses, and at last hear that Flossy has gone with Effie to see something on the corner. In the mean time, I have found Bob playing ball in a field. Every one knows it is never too warm for boys to play ball. After calling him until I am out of breath, he is made to understand that he is wanted. Trouble is but just begun. "Just one more bat, and I'll come right in." I catch sight of Flossy on the corner, and soon I start triumphantly with her for the house. She lets me lead her in passive, but soon murmurs in a decided tone, "Don't think it's fair to have to go to bed before Bob does." Nevertheless, she throws herself down on the bed, saying, "Oh, dear, it is so hot I can't undress," and my suggestion that she put on her nightgown goes unheeded. Five minutes pass, but Bob does not make his appearance; five more, and still he is waiting for "one more bat." This time mamma goes for him. He soon appears on the scene of action, but when nearly undressed, remembers that his coat is hanging on the fence about two blocks away. He gets it, and comes back much sooner than I dared hope. Meanwhile Flossy is safe in her bed, and Bob starts for his own in the room opposite. Then comes the nightly request from Flossy,—“Won't you come to bed now, Bertha?” I refuse, simply because I am too tired for that. She doesn't exactly understand the reason. Then she wants to go in Bob's room to kiss him good night, which I permit. Their prayers are said, intermingled with some laughing, much to my displeasure. I talk quite severely about the wrong of mingling fun and prayers, but it doesn't seem to have much effect. At last I am on the steps down stairs, cooling off, and think how glad I am to have them safely disposed of, when Bob appears at the head of the stairs calling, "Mamma, can't I have a drink of water?" "Yes, Bertha will get it; run right back to bed." The water is brought, both pillows well shaken up, the sheets smoothed out, and then I go back, hoping for fifteen minutes of rest before bedtime. All is quiet for a few minutes, and then the sound of laughter is wafted down the stairs, following a sudden noise. We rush up to find that a slat has fallen out of Bob's bed, and the two small, night-gowned figures are in a state of excitement until all is put to rights again. The clock strikes the half-hour past nine, and mamma and I are too tired for anything but rest. We say, "Soon they will be big enough to put themselves to bed without noise or trouble. But then, who wants them to grow up fast? They do that any way faster than we really like, so why not be patient for the short time that they are "our troublesome comforts?"

BERTHA BOYD.

"WILL he do the deed and repent it?

He had better never been born.

Will he do the deed and exalt it?

His fame shall be outworn.

He will do the deed and abide it,

And sit on his throne on high,

And look on to-day and to-morrow

As those who never die."

In a republic the passions of the hour must ever prevail over serene judgment.

W. W.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

"The Divine Satisfaction."

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, GENEVA, ILL.,
APRIL 24, 1887, BY THE MINISTER, JAMES H. WEST.

Selected and Published by the Congregation.

I saw, lately advertised, the title of a new theological work, published in England. It was this: "*The Divine Satisfaction: A Review of what should and should not be thought about the Atonement.*" The author is James Morris Whiton, Ph.D., and the book has lately reached its second edition. I have not seen the volume itself, nor do I think it would contain very much that either you or I would care to spend much time over. But Professor Toy, of Harvard college, says of it and of its author:

Mr. Whiton is already favorably known by various theological writings, in which he shows a notable breadth and depth of religious feeling. The object of the present work is to prove that the Biblical teaching of atonement, properly understood, contains nothing that is opposed to our highest moral sense. The author rejects, from his conception of atonement, everything that he cannot bring into harmony with perfect individual freedom—such as the vicarious suffering of Christ, the arbitrary forgiveness of sins, and imputation of Christ's righteousness. He really draws his principles of religious life from his own moral consciousness. At the same time, his reverence for the Bible is so great that he feels constrained to prove his position to be Biblical. I do not think, however, that his exegesis is exact; he does not succeed in eliminating the idea of vicarious suffering from the Epistles. But the spirit of the book is admirable, and must contribute to the establishment of a more rational idea of religion.

It was not, however, especially with the subject-matter of this book,—the Christian idea of "atonement,"—that I wished, friends, to occupy your thought to-day. Certain ideas, the rather, suggested simply by the title of the volume in question, as that title first met my eye, are what I would endeavor, in the main, to set forth. And I have taken that title, direct, as the title of my discourse: *The Divine Satisfaction*.

First, however, I must outline briefly, for the sake of the comment I shall wish to make, what the phrase has meant in the Christian church for many hundreds of years, as it has been literally interpreted.

Under the ecclesiastical idea of "sin" and the Christian scheme of "salvation," all men have been held, for nearly two thousand years, to be under the just condemnation of everlasting punishment—in consequence of the "fall" of the mythical "Adam" in the times of the race's infancy. In the disobedience of the supposed "first man" to the commands of the Hebrew God, concerning the eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, "Adam" and all his descendants to remotest time came under the divine wrath. "Infinite justice" was offended; and in order that infinite justice might meet infinite satisfaction,— "divine satisfaction,"—*all men* must partake of the evil consequences.

And thus, for many centuries, the course of things went on, and the tribes of earth went down to death.

But in the lapse of a number of thousands of years, "God," in compassion for the creatures he had made, but who had rebelled against him, was able to devise a plan whereby "infinite justice" might still be "satisfied," and yet man as a whole go free thenceforth, under certain conditions, from the inherited curse. The divine plan, whereby infinite justice should be appeased, was this: A part of "God" himself should come to earth, and, in the person of a young Jew, give his life once for all, as an infinite sacrifice to the remainder of "God" still on the throne of the universe,—who, according to the scheme, though newly wishing well to men, continued to demand *some* sort of recompense for offended righteousness. And this infinite sacrifice made in the person of Jesus (for that portion of "God" which came to earth and dwelt in the man of Nazareth was as

"infinite God" as the remainder that still ruled in the skies, and thus the sacrifice was "infinite sacrifice") was held to counterbalance humanity's infinite guilt: conditionally, however, even now, we have to add, on every man's individual, formal *acceptance* (in the name of that part of "God" which was sacrificed) of the atonement made to the other part.

In briefest outline, this was, so far as I am able to understand it, the original Christian scheme,—though possibly I have not here expressed it with all the plausible smoothness and contradictory circumlocution of the popular creeds, nor presented it in accepted ecclesiastical language. . . . We see things, oftentimes, with altogether a new face, by thinking them in *straightforward* language.

Now, I would not have you think, friends, that I am declaring that all this, which I have just been setting forth in its naked wonderfulness, is held by all Christians to-day—even of the evangelical sects. The single volume which gives my sermon its title proves the contrary. There are growing to be in the church, of late years, various more rational ideas of sin and forgiveness, of causes and consequences, than were ever held until quite recent times. Yet the *creeds* of the church—still subscribed to by all evangelical church-members—continue to set forth such things, and very many who formally accept them as "God's truth" are openly tenacious of them if you or I dare to question them.

All that aside however for our present purpose, we ought not to fail to note, before passing from this old-time thought, that the *soul of truth* in the whole complicated scheme—for it has a soul of truth—is one which the world will never outgrow. Almost all of the great ideas of mankind, held through long periods,—however false in garb,—are most often true in fact. In the present instance, for example, the man "Adam" may be proved altogether a mythical personage. Jesus himself, even, may be held more and more, as years go on, to have been simply a pure, open-souled, natural, patriotic Jewish youth, around whose brief, earnest life as a *nucleus* the growing church built up symbol and dogma and high ideal, until, in the maze of speculation and formula, the original human teacher of Galilee was altogether forgotten. And moreover,—greater transforming fact yet,— "sin" and "evil," in human life, may be demonstrated, without possibility of question, to be not at all, in every instance, nor in many instances, pure "wilfulness," and open "antagonism to God,"—much less, ever, inherited "total depravity;" but rather, in by far the majority of cases, simple "imperfection" of blood and brain, and a result of natural weakness of untrained will: both of which features of his defective, as-yet-unsublimated nature, man to-day is rapidly learning how he may outgrow, and shall sometime altogether outgrow.

And yet, notwithstanding all this our new modern thought and better actual comprehension of things, the eternal fact will abide—founded in the nature of things as the universe goes on—that *evil*, invariably, unless *some* "atonement" is made, does bring evil, awful *consequences*; that the laws of life, and of the universe, under which man has his existence, are no whit less exacting or remorseless, in any instance, than the vengeful personalized deity of old-time was deemed to be. The world-forces demand, on the contrary, "to the uttermost," equally with the merciless deific Fabrication of the child-world,—*unless by human intelligence thwarted*. Man may co-operate with recuperative forces, towards mending. But offended "law," no less than an "offended God," must meet "satisfaction" of some kind. Divine "forces," gone contrary to,—whether with open knowledge, or in utter ignorance,—must meet, equally with "divine justice," divine satisfaction, of some kind.

Thus those who, in theology to-day, have turned as it were square about, and declare now a "God of love,"—that is to say a God who, for any reason, or under any certain conditions, whatsoever they may be, will "forgive" and "save to the uttermost," making *consequences* as though they had not been,—are falsifiers and mistaken, equally with the phanta-

siasts of old time, who declared only a "God of wrath." For the universe does not so work! The forces of the overruling energy are immutable. Evil brings evil for evermore—unless, as I have said, thwarted by intelligent, counteracting good. Absolute "forgiveness" of any sin is impossible: its consequences follow in the nature of things. The God-power does not, and cannot, contradict itself.

It is only thus,—through the absolute invariability of upholding and corrective law,—that sentient, intelligent life, in a universe such as we know ours to be, could exist and grow from more to more, from higher to higher. It is only thus that the physical worlds, even, could abide as worlds. If evil and chaos—broken law—whether in planet or in man, were *not* invariably "destructive;" moreover, if they were not *ground down* and made "abnormal,"—indeed, if they were not abnormal in the very nature of things,—soon evil and chaos would predominate over good: which never yet, in the history of nebula or world or human soul they have done!—else nebula would have scattered to the remotest limits of the universe; never would its whirling haze have condensed into suns and planets. Worlds would have sundered themselves into fragments; never would they have circled, "singing," in their orbits, about their parent stars, forever in eternal order. The entirety of potential human soul would never have climbed from worm to man,—from savage to barbarous, from barbarous to a race bringing forth a Socrates, a Spencer, an Emerson;—but, the rather, having attained to that progressive stage, would have continued worm or savage, or sunk again to polyp.

And if indeed, now,—anticipating just here a possible sentimental criticism,—there may seem to be, to some, at first thought, and in one aspect, in all this new and better scientific analysis of modern times, not much to prefer, in tenderness or beauty, over the older theologic phantasies, there really is for us, nevertheless, this two-fold satisfaction in the new: namely, that the new is the *True*; and furthermore, that the consequences of ignorance, and even of wilfulness, in human existence,—the consequences now or any time, present or future,—are not, and shall never be, the arbitrary "retribution" of a jealous and exacting personal deity, who, *if he had wanted to*, might surely, from the very first, if all that is said of his power and love be true, have upbuilt and blest men, rather than put them at the very start under a curse, and then, in resentful pettishness, hurled them down to eternal torment.

"'Tis good to have a giant's strength,
But tyrannous to use it as a giant."

Ay! and 'twere glorious to have a *God's* strength, and devilish not to use it as a *God*.

"Consequences," the rather, good or bad, we know now to be, in a word, the on-working, upbuilding, beneficent energies of Nature,—of the unknowable God-essence,—invariably enforcing a natural outcome for every good or evil act:—in order that the stability of things may be upheld, final good be brought to pass, and a *true* "divine satisfaction" reign at last, the predominant nature of things!

And we thus see that it was indeed only in the fanciful, awful, dramatic *garb* in which the early thought of men was clothed; only in the idea of a jealous *personalized* vengeance, remorselessly following man's every imperfect deed, and making, moreover, all "sin," great or small, inheritor of the same arbitrary, unlimited woe,—that the early church-creedmakers were at fault. The underlying idea in their scheme was, and is, a true idea, and shall be for ever.

But the overruling power—glad word!—is *LAW*. The overruling power is the beautiful and helpful and beneficent energy (altogether unknown by mortal in its absolute, inner essence, and possibly more wonderful, more hopeful, more divine on account of man's very ignorance of it) which carries all things up and on from less to more, from bad to good, and from better towards best; the energy that searches through and through all things, and forever through all things, "from Chaos to the dawning morrow";—through planet-haze and condensing system; through lambent globe and solidifying earth; through slowly-evolving leaf and bud; through the

beginnings, later, of sentient life, in however humble forms;—and, finally, even through

" . . . all our human plight,
The soul's birth, pilgrimage, and flight";

—the energy which, in a word, in its progressive ongoing,—and eternally permeating all things,—however apparently regardless, at times, of whatever good, or evil, comes in as a *temporary incident* in its career,—

"In city, or in solitude,
Step by step, lifts bad to good;—
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best!"

And, once more,—to complete this part of my exposition,—the "atonement," the *true* "atonement," which, I hinted a moment back, *must* be made, in every instance where law (whether of body or mind or spirit) has been violated, if ever a truer and nobler life is to be gained, is now seen to be not really an "arbitrary" thing either, any more than natural "condemnation," or consequences, is an arbitrary thing. "Atonement" is now seen to be not at all through the "infinite vicarious sacrifice" of any man, or of any God; but, as the deep constructive significance of the word itself implies, is in the assisted, the growing *at-one-ment*, the entrance into harmony, of every individual human soul, with the universe's *powers of good*, which alone are eternal and upbuilding;—a harmony into which man "enters" through *conscious co-operation* with those powers.

Ignorant or neglectful of such harmony, man wanders, suffers, sins. But coming into such harmony,—forsaking, with energized will, all evil, and following, with eager, worshipful soul, all good,—"*divine justice*" is met and accomplished, "divine satisfaction" is attained!

And, again I say, by every man *individually*; never by another, for him.

And now,—the literal interpretation which "theology" has always given to the phrase, "The Divine Satisfaction," having been, for the sake of illustration, made apparent, together with the more or less of latter-day explanatory comment which I have by no means felt it right to omit,—I may proceed to read into the expression which is the burden of this paper, more directly than I have yet done, the especial modern significance which I have in mind, which gave call to this discourse, and which I deem the quoted phrase may helpfully and hopefully include for us.

If, now, I could put my whole remaining thought into one or two brief sentences, those sentences would be these:

Man himself is, in essence and possibility, divine. He partakes of the God-nature. In that wonderful generalizing phrase of Herbert Spencer's (and Herbert Spencer's is, without question, the greatest mind of the race to-day)—"The power, or force, which wells up in us as consciousness, as love, as will, is the same power, or force, by which the worlds were and are created and continued."

The life in man, that is to say, is the God-essence of the worlds. We, and the divine on-working energy of the spheres, are "one."

Moreover, the great *call* of all, therefore, among many high calls which forever vibrate in man's soul, is the same great call, identically—and naturally—as that which, figuratively speaking, seems to be, and indeed *must* be, the impetus (so to speak) with which the entirety of Nature swings forward towards completer being: the call, "Perfection!" the call, "greater good!"—ay, the greatest good!

Some one has said, in wise and inclusive definition, "Religion is the effort of man to perfect himself." Religion is *not that*—all *that* (books, creeds, miracles, prayers, prostrations); but simply and helpfully this: which the veriest child may understand and strive to help on: Man's effort, in whatever nation, and by whatever means, to perfect himself! No nation, moreover, of any least degree of civilization and intelligence, is without such conscious effort for higher good. And furthermore, this universal on-reach towards perfection, as it is the great, the naturally predominant impelling force

in man, all over the globe, is also—to reverse now, an instant, what I said a moment ago—the great impelling force throughout the physical worlds also; and not only through the physical worlds, but, we may be hopefully confident, through all moral and spiritual planes or spheres of existence which the all-including and wonderful universe shall ever be discovered to bear in its bosom. The universe is indeed *uni*-verse: “turned into one,” composed of one; one in origin and essence and power, . . . and the whole permeated --for ever thrilled through and through—by the God!

Thus, *man* is indeed “divine;”—a part of God. And in his strife for self-improvement; in his struggle to make the most of all his high opportunities in a universe-house full of high opportunities; in his increasing conscious endeavor, in this modern age, to free himself, even further than he has already, in past epochs, done, from the untampered sway of low, merely animal forces: in a word, in his struggle—then and now, and always—for power over Nature’s every crudeness; for completeness, *wholeness*, in every department of body and mind; and especially for nobler attainment in the things we call “spiritual,” the things of the soul,—*here, I would affirm*, lies *man’s* “divine satisfaction!” For this is *overcoming the low and evil*: this is entering into active, living communion and co-operation with the highest “God above all Gods worshiped of all nations.”

The truth is,—and we must not shut our eyes to the fact, nor fear to grapple with it: the truth is, that if the God-power is indeed “infinite,”—if the “God” is “All,”—then certain *expressions* of the God-power are not always “good;” are inimical to man; are things man has, with all his soul, to fight against and endeavor to overcome. The low, the bestial, the crude, the cruel, in Nature, are as much the expression of the God-force as the high, the humane, the lovely, the helpful—only, the former are, we dream, the temporal; the higher and better, alone, are eternal.

Many centuries ago, looking forth upon the beauty and wonder of the natural world,—of sunrise and moonrise, of sea and mountain and meadow, and the mighty heavens; looking, too, upon the nobler of the lower animals, and observing their wonderful instincts and careful self-preserving tendencies;—more than all, dreaming of mother-love, and of fatherly care, and of children’s prattle and caresses, the old writer, whoever he may have been, who, far back in Babylonian and Hebrew ages, wrote of the “creation,” and left his thought for us in the Book of Genesis, said, of all that his ear heard, and that his eye saw, and that entered into his heart to conceive concerning the Whole of Things,—“Behold, it was very good.”

In reality, however, underneath all Nature’s order and beauty thus far in the onward evolution of things, there have been many woeful, bitter tragedies, innumerable unavailing cries for help,—cries of anguish from sentient lips, bitterness of human soul and agony of human heart. And Nature has not seemed to care very much for all this,—any more than she seems to care when she topples a rock from a cliff upon a bunch of fragrant, springing violets; any more than she seems to care when she whirls the earth’s inner fires till they surge madly up and engulf a city, with its people, in hot death; any more than, centuries ago, she seemed to care when, surging as hotly in the vengeful brain of an ancient Hebrew poet, she made him put into the mouth of the angry, personified God of the universe, “The Lord of armies mustereth the host of the battle. Every one of them that is found shall be thrust through; their children also shall be dashed to pieces before their eyes. Howl ye; for behold the day of the Lord cometh, cruel both with wrath and fierce anger.”

Underneath all Nature’s beauty and bounty, thus far in her onward strugglings for nearer physical perfection, have been many apparent convulsions and corner-turnings and entanglements; and many moral twistings also. And in *man’s* upward-growing, expanding life have been the same.

What is it that Longfellow, under his breath, shudders to whisper?—

“This life of ours is a wild æolian harp, of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud, perpetual wail as of souls in pain.”

But here I will not longer stay. The time is indeed *coming*, we may believe, though it never yet has come, when men *may* look forth, over the world of Nature, even over the world of man, and say truly, “Behold, it is very good;”—when there shall *really* be “divine satisfaction.”

All lies in man’s own hands. He himself is the “God,”—the transforming power within Nature,—which, *so far as man’s little lot and corner of things is concerned*, shall help and uplift and subliminate Nature!

You recall the verse of Matthew Arnold?—

“For man hath all that Nature hath, but more;
And in that more lie all his hopes of good.
Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;
Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;
Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;
Nature forgives no debt, and fears no fraud;
Man would be mild, and with safe conscience blest.
Man must begin—know this!—where Nature ends;
Nature and man can never be fast friends.
Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave.”

What shall we say, however, when we recall one thing which Matthew Arnold, in these forceful lines, seems to forget: the truth, namely, that the *universe* does not permit the thought man *and* Nature; it must be, the rather, man *in* Nature. Shakespeare is the wiser, where he asserts:

“Nature is made better by no means
But Nature *makes that means*: even that art
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art
That Nature makes.”

• So even here, again,—in the larger synthesis, the wider summing up,—we have still our Hope, that in Nature, and therefore, if he wisely seek it out, *to be* in man, is yet more and better still than all the past of outward beauty and good, and all the past of high human struggle and aspiration and faith, have wrought. And as the years go on, diviner and *diviner* “satisfaction” shall come to have home in the souls of men!

The poets have always been prophetic. Shakespeare, once more, has exclaimed, looking ahead down the years,—nay, looking at the best in man as he saw and lived with men some few generations ago:

“What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!”

And the poet Herbert, looking at the best in man as he knew and lived with men in *his* generation, exclaimed:

“Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one thing to another,
And to all the world besides. . . .
Nothing has got so far
But man hath caught and kept it.
His eyes dismount the highest star,
He is, in little, all the sphere.”

And the singer* in our own little pamphlet of hymns we should not forget:

“Child of passion and of pain,
Sounding all of being’s scale;
Golden link in Nature’s chain
’Twixt the Infinite and frail.

“Lord of laughter and of tears,
Owner of all lands in fee
By a title that inheres
In his greater gift to see.

“Where he goes the heavens bend,
Letting all their secrets through;
And the Graces him attend
In a glorious retinue.

“Working up through cycles wide,
Nature finds in him her goal;
All her forces glorified
Come to flower in his soul!”

* Walter R. Thomas.

Truly, Nature provides us with every opportunity we need! If all *men* could but be awakened to *do their part*! . . . Yes, if we ourselves but did *our part*! . . . And if, henceforth, we should begin to help others, even a few, to see and learn and do!—inspiring them, at the same time, to follow a similar line of good for others, starting, thus, an infinite progression of good! . . . If, in the one simple yet mighty thing of increasing just the *will-power* of men towards the doing of the *known right*,—if in this alone we should inspire the veriest accumulating trifle!—then should the sublime forward-reaching of Nature, and of man *in nature*, fail not. The “future of good” would be made speedier and easier and surer. The *true* “divine satisfaction” of the years and of the ages should sometime come to pass.

In the old-time scheme of “salvation,” and of the “atone-ment” made by Jesus, of which I spoke when I began, there was one feature which will help us greatly if we look at it aright,—as here and now in conclusion, this morning, we bend at least our own wills once more to the Best.

Some said of old, among the early Christian Fathers, that the death of Jesus, “the infinite son of the infinite God,” was not a sacrifice to God, but rather to the devil. Through Adam’s “fall” the devil had gained, by pre-arrangement with God, a hold on the human race. Gregory of Nyssa was one who held to this thought; and his argument was somewhat like this: Men had become the slaves of the devil. The “son of God,”—God in Jesus,—offered *himself* to the devil as the ransom which should release all others. The crafty devil assented, caring more for the one Jesus, with the infinite attributes inherent in him, than for all the rest of mankind. But,—and here is the whole value of the story for us now,—notwithstanding his “craft,” the devil, in his bargain, lost all; since, simply because Jesus *was* infinite in attributes, the devil could not hold him after he had accepted him, and Jesus returned to the skies. This “trick” on the devil, as the Church Fathers piously knew it, of course implied deception on the part of God and Jesus, inasmuch as they knew, while the devil did not know, how the bargain would conclude. But Gregory declared that the bargain was justifiable, nevertheless;—the end sanctified the means!

In the Middle Ages, many wonderful legends and dramas were founded on this story,—they may be seen yet in European libraries,—carrying out with much ingenuity the profound idea for those years—a residuum from Manicheism and the Gnostics—that the devil (the personification of evil), notwithstanding his subtlety, was at last outwitted by the wisdom of God (the personification of good), and thus appeared, in comparison, as a “stupid” devil. That was the denouement of every performance: the devil was hooted from the stage as a “stupid” devil, while “the God” alone, (the high power of good) was declared triumphant.

Carrying out, now, in modern guise, the dominant idea of this phantasy, we may observe that, in all speculative ages,—until modern science came in to show us atomic glories, and the promise and potency of all life in the dust of the balance,—“matter” has been supposed to be “evil.” The bodies of men, often, have been self-lashed for the “sins” (the imperfections, the unsublimated surgings) of the expanding God-force in human souls! For, certainly, the forces of the *lower animal appetites*, making human bodies and minds their home; the appetites which have “held over” in man, in his progress upward from lower forms,—these *are* evil,—in their excess,—when unrestrained,—when undiverted to good; whatever we may deem, or wish to deny, concerning “matter” in itself, in opposition to “spirit.” These lower passions in men,—of avarice, of carelessness towards others, of gluttony and intemperance, of selfishness of every name and order: idleness, vengefulness, wantonness, impurity,—all,—are remnants of an inferior grade of being, of a lower order of existence. And moreover, these now are what *hold men back*,—now that men have come to be beings of a new order, standing with their faces towards heaven, and with mind and soul, and helpfulness to the brother, rather than strife and

blood and selfishness, their highest end and goal. The God is climbing!

Yet if, even in this age, all the lower, evil tendencies and passions in man,—which still, in thousands, in millions of individuals existing in the guise of humanity, are the *dominant* tendencies and passions,—if all these idiosyncrasies and wild surgings could be again personified, would they not make an excellent “devil” still? Heretofore, it has been always on this same basis that men have builded, in constructing their mythical “Satans,” though they might not always have known such to be the material with which they wrought—their own unrestrained, untempered passions. The “devil” has always been the personification of the bad, the harmful, the degrading, just as “God” has always been, and is still, in the highest ideal, the personification of the good, the better, the Best.

And, for ever, good is, in the nature of things, greater, wiser, more powerful, than evil! Evil is, *for ever*, “stupid,” and, under the right conditions, easily—or at any rate, finally—put to rout by good! If not by greater shrewdness and trickery, then at any rate by sheer high force of nobility of being, and truer right to be, good does and shall, always, overcome the power of the bad. It makes, and shall for ever make, beauty, and truth, and purity, and sympathy, to be the things we call sweet and desirable, and like “light”; while all sin and foulness, and ungenerousness of life, are “bitter” and “undesirable,” and the “blackness of darkness.”

Shall we, in our individual daily lives, help still more to disown the powers of evil in humanity? enter more nearly into the *real* at-one-ment with good?—that we, and the race, may more truly have part in the *actual* “divine satisfaction,” slowly accumulating with the years?

We may!

Passages from Doctor Channing’s Note Book.

On Freedom,—“How many have fought for civil liberty without a glimpse of true freedom!” On Fellowship,—“We all lean on one arm.” On Character,—“What grandeur may lodge in a small form if it express purpose—the eagle in the clouds.” On Friendship,—“We should want friends to incite us to be victims to humanity, to be more than *their* friends.” On Love,—“Nothing is more awful than love; nothing provokes less undue familiarity.” “Love is not giving ourselves away: we are too great to be given away.” “Love absorbing the whole nature would destroy itself. Its office is to expand the whole nature.” “The loving heart looks into the mystery of nature. Life is love. To love is to live.” “In loving all we do not love a mass but a multitude of individuals.” “Love is the parent of thought.” On Pride,—“When we become great in our own eyes, others become small.” On Flattery,—“We are bound to approach men by noblest faculties—no flattery, no soothing, wheedling, etc.” “We should look on people who give and receive flattery as giving and receiving poison,—destroying one another.” On Conversation,—“On every topic we may express love to God and man.” “People converse with carelessness. They wish to say something, and this leads them to say anything.” “Conversation confirms the temper it expresses.” “Making fine sounds is the ruin of eloquence.” On Manner,—“Manner should be a sign of ideas.” “Some people are polite in manner, but they let you see that they know it. They think more of themselves than of you in paying you respect.”

EVERY work of true art is an object of infinite study. The more it is known the more it will be prized and the deeper questions it will suggest. It can never be mastered till all the secret history of the artist is known, and that is never.

W. W.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Union Teachers' Meeting was held, as usual, on Monday, at noon. Mr. Utter was leader. The Book of Daniel is the happy hunting ground for all who are so misled as to search for texts whereby to fix the date of the end of the world. For this reason we should have clear views and knowledge about the last chapters of Daniel, beginning with the seventh. At this point the hortatory part ends,—written to encourage the Jews, under the persecutions and tyrannies of Antiochus,—and the historical begins. The visions of Daniel are not predictions at all, but history, told in emblems and allegorical scenes. Daniel's knowledge of history seems to be quite defective, especially of the period in which he is supposed to have lived in Babylon. For example, he represents Belshazzar as being the son of Nebuchadnezzar; but he was the son of Nabonedus, the fourth in succession from Nebuchadnezzar, and not a relative at all, so far as we know. The following is a list of the kings of Babylonia, from the time it became an independent state, until it was conquered by Cyrus:

- B. C.
625 Nabopolassar.
600 Nebuchadnezzar.
561 Evil-merodach, 2 years.
559 Neriglissar (assassin).
556 Laborosoarchod (boy).
555 { Nabonedus (Usurper).
555 { Belshazzar.
538 Cyrus the Great.

Again, Babylon was taken, not by Darius, the Mede, but by Cyrus the Great. But the writer of the book of Daniel believed that Babylon was taken by a king of the Medes, and that a Median period intervened between Nebuchadnezzar and the Persians. So, in expounding the king's dream, he says, "Thou art the head of gold," and then represents the Median kingdom inferior, the Persian kingdom still inferior, before the iron kingdom of Alexander.

Daniel's vision, in chapter seven, will serve as a fair representation of the remaining portion of the book. The vision opens with a storm at sea, the four winds of heaven striving together. Four great beasts come up out of the sea,—a lion, with eagle's wings; a bear, with three ribs in its mouth; a leopard, with wings and with four heads; then the fourth, a terrible and exceedingly strange creature, with iron teeth, which devoured and brake in pieces all the others, and it had ten horns. While Daniel was considering the

horns, there came up among them another little horn, before whom three of the first horns were plucked up by the roots, and in this horn were eyes like the eyes of a man, and a mouth speaking great things. Here again Daniel repeats his one historical lesson, extending from Nebuchadnezzar to Antiochus Epiphanes. The lion with eagle's wings represents the Babylonian empire. The bear is Daniel's imaginary Darius the Mede, and the Median kingdom, which he believed succeeded the Babylonian. The leopard represents the Persian empire, and the fourth beast, with its iron teeth, the Grecian empire of Alexander the Great. The ten horns are the ten Seleucidæ, who ruled over Syria and Mesopotamia. The little horn, with the eyes of a man, and the mouth speaking great things, is this author's persecutor, the tyrant, Antiochus IV.

Chapter VIII. repeats the same history lesson under other figures, only here the vision begins with the Persian empire, represented as a ram, pushing westward, northward and southward. Alexander is represented as a he-goat, that casts down the ram, stamps upon him and breaks his horns. But just as the goat becomes very strong, his great horn is broken, and then there come up four notable horns, Alexander's successors, and out of these comes up a little horn, that waxes great toward the south, and toward the pleasant land, that is, Palestine. He even exalts himself against the priests, that is, the hosts of heaven, and casts some of the ecclesiastical stars to the ground and stamps upon them, and, most sacrilegious of all, he takes away the daily sacrifice.

In Chapter IX. this writer shows his inadequate historical knowledge in yet another way. He undertakes to give a new and figurative interpretation of Jeremiah xxv, 11, 12, wherein it is prophesied that the Israelites shall serve Babylon for seventy years. The author of the book of Daniel wishes to stretch the seventy years to his own time, that is, the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, B.C. 164. So he conceives the seventy years to be seventy periods of seven years, and makes out a period of four hundred and ninety years in this fashion, "Seventy weeks are appointed for thy people, and for thy holy city to complete the iniquity," etc. "Know, therefore, and understand, from the going forth of the word that Jerusalem should be restored and built until an anointed one, a prince, are seven weeks; and during sixty-two weeks it shall be built with streets and moats, yet in troublous times," etc. He means that there are to be seventy weeks of years between Cyrus and Antiochus, made up of $7+62+1$. The time is really about fifty years short, but this is a small matter compared with the mistake about Darius the Mede.

In Chapter XI. this author goes over the same ground once again, and, as in all former visions, when he comes to his own time, he represents the end of all these earthly kingdoms, as brought about by the setting up of the kingdom of God, which is to crush, subdue, overthrow and absorb all the kingdoms of the earth, and is never to come to an end.

In the final chapter, descriptive of the setting up of this kingdom, there is a declaration that "many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars, forever and ever," which is the first clear announcement of a future resurrection of good and evil souls, found in Hebrew literature.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian Churches met in New Orleans on Wednesday and Thursday, April 20 and 21. An essay on the ministry of Theodore Clapp, the first minister of the New Orleans church

and the most popular preacher of his time in the southwest, was read on Wednesday morning by Rev. Charles A. Allen, the present minister of the church. An essay on church extension was read by Rev. George L. Chaney of Atlanta, and reports were made of the work in Charleston, Chattanooga and Texas. In the evening Rev. Robert Collyer preached to a crowded church. On Thursday Rev. E. C. L. Browne preached, and Mr. N. Schultz, of the last Meadville class, who has been working in Texas for a year, was ordained. In the evening excellent addresses were made by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the A. U. A., Rev. E. C. L. Browne and Rev. Robert Collyer. Rev. W. P. Tilden, who has been assisting Mr. Chaney in starting a new movement in Chattanooga, Tenn., took part in the exercises of the conference, and goes to Nashville, Tenn., immediately, to break ground there. C. A. A.

Boston Notes.—Rev. M. J. Savage preached last Sunday on the duty of Boston churches to provide at the north end of our city a workingmen's exchange.

—Rev. J. W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Rev. A. L. Garver, of Worcester, Mass., head the list of minister-tourists intending to sail in June for Europe.

—A conference meeting is now appointed for delegates to organize the National Bureau of Unity Clubs. It will occur on the Thursday forenoon of anniversary week at the Unitarian building. Circulars of invitation will be sent to all Unity clubs and kindred societies, and a full attendance of delegates will be solicited.

—Last Sunday the forces of the Salvation army in America celebrated their seventh anniversary service in our city. Those "soldiers of the cross" have rescued some few very unambitious Christians in Boston from a low kind of life; yet the larger opinion here is that a better way of doing the same work already exists in our usual people's churches and our multiplied temperance societies. Their Sunday parades with loud music cause a good deal of truanting from Sunday-schools, and certainly disturb usual church services.

—After our old Boylston market site shall be covered with tall, new buildings, its vicinity will be very strange to a western Massachusetts man returning to the scenes of his boyhood.

Duluth, Minn.—The new Unitarian movement at this place is making encouraging progress. The congregations number from fifty to seventy-five, including some of the best people of the city, socially and morally. The western conference has assisted in no movement during the year that promises larger results than this new and hopeful endeavor to plant a church in this important business center. G. W. Buckley of Battle Creek, Mich., is preaching there for the month of May.

Tremont, Ill.—Mrs. Lucretia Effinger preached morning and afternoon, April 17. Mr. H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, is expected May 15. Our faithful workers at this mission station are showing increased interest and energy. They are hoping to secure services twice each month.

Mattoon, Ill.—Mr. H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, preached in this place in April. He is expected to supply the pulpit of Unity church again May 8. He will be cordially welcomed by the Mattoon people. How happy for them and the cause if they find in Mr. Stevens the minister for whom they have been waiting!

Warren, Ill.—Mary H. Graves, secretary of the women's conference, preached twice on Sunday, May 1. She brings back an encouraging report. A meeting has been called for next Sunday, May 8, to consider the question of organizing a Sunday-school.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, MAY 14, 1887.

[NUMBER 11.]

EDITORIAL.

COME to the Western Conference. Note the arrangements in Announcement column, and report the number of delegates promptly.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD in her tract on "Dress and Vice" in the "Social Purity Series," thus illustrates an important principle: "The style of dress among hired girls is often pitiful to see. But it usually puts to shame the mistress more than the maid by reason of its tawdrier imitation of tawdry fashions, set in the parlor which, in this democratic land, the kitchen will be sure to follow."

AMONG the many admirable sayings on man in the Channing Note Book we find the following: "The misery of mankind is not this or that calamity, but ignorance of the true resources from all calamity." "The man who is always receiving aids instead of conferring them is a poor creature." "Man cannot control outward nature,—he can do more, he can rise above it. In all changes he can hold his steadfast course."

"THE Ethics of Gambling" is the title of the second tract published by the Unitarian Conference of the Pacific Coast. It is significant that the general title for the series is "Modern Religious Thought." Modern religious thought is concerning itself with the questions of ethics, personal, social and political. Mr. Eliot's tract is timely and moving. Send for a copy to C. A. Murdock & Co., 532 Clay street, San Francisco, Cal. Then read it and lend it to boys and business men particularly.

THE *Independent* contains an article by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, entitled, "A Poet and his Minister," which has reference to the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Swansea, a Welsh preacher of peculiar oratorical powers, and his distinguished hearer, Robert Browning, the poet. Mr. Browning has written an introduction to a volume of this preacher's sermons, commending both him and them highly. In welcoming Mr. Gunsaulus to our city, we are glad, among other reasons, that he comes as a lover of Robert Browning.

THE following from Channing has the sound of many of Marcus Aurelius' sayings:—"What have you lost? Everything essentially precious is left you, for your own nature is left you. Had a calamity fallen on you which had robbed you of the attributes of reason, or annihilated the principle of duty, or the idea of God, or the capacity of pure love,—then you would have incurred an infinite loss. Over such a calamity no weeping would be excessive. But the misfortunes of the day—what have they taken?" If in the midst of our fretting and troubling over the petty trials that come to us every day, we would stop and think of this saying, how much comfort it would give us!

CHANNING said, "The attempt to eclipse another is an act of hostility." This saying reminds us of what Victor Hugo says about the persistence of poets, in his "William Shakespeare!"—"Progress is the motive-power of science; the ideal is the generator of Art. Thus is explained why perfection is the characteristic of Science and not of Art. A *savant* may outshine a *savant*; a poet never throws a poet in the shade. * * * Saint-Simon says (I quote from memory): 'There was through the whole winter but one cry

of admiration for M. de Cambray's book; when suddenly appeared M. de Meaux's book, which devoured it.' If Fénelon's book had been Saint-Simon's the book of Bossuet would not have devoured it. Shakespeare is not above Dante, Molière is not above Aristophanes, Calderon is not above Euripides; the Divine Comedy is not above Genesis, the Roman-cero is not above the Odyssey; Sirius is not above Arcturus. Sublimity is equality."

WE are glad to see that the Unity club interest is assuming such proportions in the east as to become one of the anniversary occasions at Boston. Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, is the moving spirit. The Unity club is a western product, and is almost a universal attachment of our western parishes under one form or another, and we are glad to see it take such strong hold in the east. We hope at our western meetings next week the subject will receive some attention, and we will do all we can to keep our place in the national line in this as in other respects.

Two or three years ago our readers were interested in our symposium over the "Ten Great Novels." The *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, has been trying something of the same kind, limiting the competition to English novels; and here is the result, showing the current English estimates:

1. The best historical novel, Scott: "Ivanhoe."
2. The best humorous novel, Dickens: "Pickwick."
3. The most imaginative romance, Rider Haggard: "She."
4. The best "novel with a purpose," Charles Reade: "Never too Late to Mend."
5. The best tale of sea-faring life, Marryat: "Midshipman Easy."
6. The best tale of country life, George Eliot: "Adam Bede."
7. The best sensational novel, Wilkie Collins: "Woman in White."
8. The best tale for boys, Defoe: "Robinson Crusoe."
9. The best Irish novel, Lever: "Charles O'Malley."
10. The best Scotch novel, Scott: "The Heart of Midlothian."
11. The best novel of all, Thackeray: "Vanity Fair."

Three weeks ago UNITY told how the old South Meeting House in Boston had been turned into a school to teach national history and a patriotic spirit to Boston children, and how, through the summer vacation weeks, the young folks flocked to a weekly lecture there, and how one rich and patriotic lady had paid all the expenses of the work and one man had engineered it;—and we asked "Where is our Mrs. Hemenway, and where our Mr. Mead, to do the same thing for Chicago?" On the very day the question was asked the second lecture in a children's course, quite similar to that in Boston,—was given in Chicago. Our "Mr. Mead" is the enterprising Principal of the Chicago Manual Training School, Mr. H. H. Belfield. Being in Boston last summer, he attended one of the Old South lectures, saw the boys and girls listening there, "took it," and came back to do that thing here without waiting for a summer vacation. He arranged a course of seven lectures on "the War for the Union," each lecture to be by a Chicago man who was an actor in the scenes that he describes. The lectures are given in the hall of the Manual Training school, corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, on Saturdays, at 2:30 P. M. Admission is given by tickets distributed free to pupils and teachers, and already three or four hundred, mostly boys, from the High and Manual Training schools are there with their ears alert. We presume that any one by courtesy would be welcomed without ticket. Here is the programme,—and for next year another is already in preparation. April 16.—*Fort Sumter*, Maj. Horatio L. Wait. April 23.—*Chickamauga*, Col. A. N. Waterman. May 7.—*Gettysburg*, Col. H. W. Jackson.

May 14.—*The March to the Sea*, Gen. William E. Strong. May 21.—*Nashville*, Capt. Henry V. Freeman. June 4.—*Life in a Military Prison*, Gen. Joseph B. Leake. June 11.—*Bentonville*, Gen. A. C. McClurg. Why cannot such a course of lectures be arranged by the school-superintendents in a dozen cities of a state,—utilizing the home-talent of fellow-citizens to tell the story which, twenty-five years since, they helped to make? The captains and colonels are plenty among us, and many a man who never wore the shoulder straps can tell the story better than he who had them. The fact that 1887 is the centennial year of the Constitution, suggests another timely theme.

"OUR BEST WORDS" made its name good on April 15, by making the whole paper for that date a tribute to the memory of Doctor Eliot, of St. Louis, the father of all the work that bears the name of Unitarianism in the west. What young minister need despond, who reads that "at the end of the first four months, on a bright, clear Sunday morning a congregation of eight" was all that waited to hear young Eliot's word; and that when, eight months later, they dedicated a little wooden church, "four or five householders, a half dozen young men, three or four women and no children, constituted the census of our strength,"—and then thinks of the great church, with its great benefactions and its power in the community, and of the noble university, which lay at the end of the old man's life? Or who in small, frail body need lose heart, remembering what that hundred pounds of human consecration has availed to do out here in the two and fifty years?

"KING'S CHAPEL, Boston: 200th Anniversary: 1686-1886." So-named, comes a stately volume, telling of stately ceremonies, with which many of Boston's "first families" celebrated gratefully and reverently and with no unworthy pride the finished second century of their church. The low and beautiful stone building stands firm and quiet in the corner of Boston's first burying ground,—building, grave-stones, and the small green field with trees, making a cathedral quiet at the corner where two thoroughfares meet and the Boston of to-day bustles and hurries by. In former days it was "King's Chapel," because the royal governors and their little courts attended worship there,—being the first Episcopalian church that pushed its way into the unwelcoming Puritan town. After the Revolution it retained the name in token of allusion to "the King of Kings." And then, Episcopalian as it was in origin, it became virtually the first Unitarian church of America, and revised its English prayer-book "to relieve the consciences of the worshippers by omitting that which seemed to them not scriptural." To it all our Unitarian churches may look back with love as to a nursing mother. The liturgy they altered then, and still retain, now seems a badge of elder days and ways, but seems natural in that low gray building by the ancient stones. At their anniversary they told their story and their gladness over in sermons and addresses, in poems, and hymns and prayers,—the story from the time when the "East End of the Town Hall" was grudgingly granted in 1686, and they had their "12 formes for the servise of the church and the movable pulpit" made, down through the escutcheoned days of royal governors to Freeman and Greenwood and Peabody, their latter-day saints. May the story go on hallowing as it freshens through the years to come!

A CENTRAL Unity club society has been proposed at the east, of which all our Unity clubs and kindred societies should be members; and a circular has gone among the churches inviting them to send a delegate to Boston in the anniversary week to meet with others and perfect organization. Even should nothing more result than a meeting once a year of those hundred people who believe that a church is more than ever a church when it has side chapels of poetry and literature and science and art, that would be a result worth while. But out of such an annual meeting more would spring. Methods would be compared, plans would be discussed, the

best of these would crystallize in published programmes and working-tools, new clubs would be tempted into being, and old ones find new and pleasant paths already mapped and surveyed for their winter's walk. Such work would very naturally affiliate itself with the Sunday-school society's province. We have known of Browning classes, as well as Hebrew-prophet classes, turning into prayer-meeting and confessional; on heights of Emerson and Whittier we bow the head and bare the feet as naturally as on the heights of Paul and John; in *Romola* and *Les Misérables*, we feel the God moving in history, and in the soul's depths, at least as really as when we study the Hebrew chronicle; the thought of Germany seems as sacred in its growth to a class that studies earnestly, as the growth of the Hebrew religion; and the duties of the American citizen, or the study of the great philanthropies of to-day, can be made to stir the heart and conscience at least as truly as the study of the early Christian church. So why should not the Sunday-school societies deliberately seek to encourage the Unity club side of church-life? Whoever knows our western churches knows to how genuine a mind and heart-hunger the study in the clubs can minister. "Unitarians" are *not* men and women of "prayer-meetings," so-called; probably we never shall be; we *are* men and women whose prayer-feeling, without the name, it is not hard to surprise, and whose recognition of the higher thought and the higher life, unchristened by the churchly names, is eager. The "Unity club" is really an extension of the church influence into the week-day life. The good time, the chat, the tea together, the little theater, the game, the dance, are well enough,—the club is better for them all, they each and all are better for the half-conscious connection with the church; but the *heart* of the Unity club lies in its study-classes, in the intellectual and moral earnestness there called out. If the Central society can by published hints and helps become a guide and a *depot-agent* in this behalf, we hail it with all welcome!

Our Western Anniversaries.

Before we visit our readers again these meetings will have come and gone. Each annual session has seemed as it approached "the most important one in the history of western Unitarianism." We will not say less of this meeting. We look forward with interest to the fellowship of next week, and have no anxiety for the result. The discussions into which the conference has been precipitated by the indefatigable energy of a few during the last three years we did not covet, and, as it seemed to us, they were largely unnecessary. But we will not on that account consider them unprofitable. And the outcome we have no doubt will be vitalizing. Indeed it already has been. However agitated the surface may have seemed, the undercurrents in our churches have been deepened and intensified. Our spiritual life has been quickened everywhere because it has been challenged. Religion has been on trial in our churches. Verbal pretensions have had to give way to the living convictions, and religion thereby has profited. We are not among who think that the last year has either been a torpid or a calamitous one. It has been a year of intense growth, of splendid mental activity east and west, from the national conference down to the local parish, and the individual mind. The birth-throes of a larger thought, and a truer, because a broader fellowship, have been felt. We do not wish to anticipate the deliberations of next week. We are sure they will indicate three things: (1) a growing religiousness, (2) an abundant courage to stand by the character tests of piety and of fellowship, (3) an earnest, hearty desire to co-operate with the American Unitarian Association, and a readiness to join hands with it in hearty fashion if it is willing to receive the hand in the same free, fraternal spirit with which it is offered. In all these discussions let the true issue not be lost sight of: viz., whether the conditions of fellowship and co-operation and the Unitarian name shall be the life *and* certain words, or the life *with or without* words. Will it be the *thing* that will be insisted upon or the *thing and the name*?

But the coming meetings are to mean more than the discussion of intellectual problems or of missionary plans. Post-office mission work, Unity club life, Sunday-school activities, the renewal of fellowship, and the refreshing of the spiritual life,—these things are to justify these annual gatherings, and they cause us to bid hearty welcome to our meetings. Come all of you. Come let us demonstrate how good it is “for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

Two “Statements of Faith” Better than One.

The editor of the *Christian Register* has an able article in his paper of April 28, called “Description and Proscription,” in which he points out clearly the difference between a “creed” which aims to keep people out of a church-field, and a “description of faith” which aims simply to tell what is to be found within the field without any banning intent. At the end of his article he notices kindly the “declaration of faith” in *UNITY* of April 16, and which,—preambled by the words that “it represents only the thought of the majority to-day, binds none, and is always open to re-statement,”—is probably to be submitted to the approval of the Western Conference. But our friend objects to the adoption of any declaration of faith by the Conference for two reasons, if we understand him: (1). It may commit us after all, to a given form, rather than to the substance, of the statement. To this we can but answer, Read that preamble, which makes part of the confession of faith its absolute *to-day-ness*, its absolute inability to commit and bind. (2) It is needless, because in missionary work it is not the form of any statement, but the power with which it is put, that tells. True, and yet there is the silent field of literature through which a noble representative statement would go more widely than any one individual’s word. And further, the missionary in the field, the man who comes in constant contact with inquirers, would be re-inforced by the representative word. It would help him in his work, if together with the longer “What we Believe” tract by Doctor Clarke, or Mr. Wendte, or Mr. Savage, he could hand out a short, impressive statement to essentially the same effect, endorsed by a large comradeship. Just because it would “go” and would “tell,” however, that preamble, or its equivalent with the force of no word blurred, should be structurally incorporated in the statement. With that, it is apostle with the halo on; without that, it might become an emissary to preach “creed.”

But the *Register* spends more space in urging this question: “If a Conference is going to adopt one statement of this kind, why may it not adopt more? Why not adopt one which represents the opinions of the *minority*?” We think that would be, not only a good, but probably the *better* way. Is it not suggested in our own words? We said (*UNITY*, April 9), “If we meet, ready in heart to pass such a declaration, the noblest of the statements offered would probably command a large assent; for we surely do think much alike. If framed in the way proposed, there is no longer need of exacting the precise shape and shade of one’s own thought. Or it might be well to agree upon two quite variant statements, and let the vote for each reveal the Conference mind: that published variance”—and our essential identity in the variance, we might have added—“would again illustrate the spirit and the breadth of Unitarianism.” And again in *UNITY* of April 16: “This declaration is printed now on purpose to invite examination, and to stir others to make a still nobler statement of our faith. If the Conference is willing to consider the proposal at all, of course more than one declaration had better be, and doubtless will be, submitted at the meeting.”

But we did not call the statement which might receive the smaller number of votes a “minority” statement, because, if the thing is done at all, we think *every* statement likely to be offered, having that preamble, would be likely to pass by a *majority* vote. Many of us would probably be able to vote for more than one. If any one series of Affirmations were offered, so intrinsically noble in its truth, so impressive in its words, so like a great psalm or chant in its effect upon the

mind, as to secure a *unanimous* Amen, that might be enough and best-alone. But that is not to be expected. Next to that, *two* noble statements illustrating the span of faith in Unitarianism would be best,—and, possibly, the best in any case. Two statements, if they covered well the span, would be better than a larger number; better, surely, than a large number. Our differences are too small to require a half dozen variations to word the substance of our faith; they would but perplex a reader trying to find out why we cared to say so nearly the same thing in six ways. And besides, two or three of the six are likely to be more nobly worded than the others; there are poems and poems. For our Affirmations we want the clearness without the cold of a scientific catalogue, the glow without the mist of a poem,—if such an ideal can be made real.

It has been said by another friend that, prior to voting on such questions as those of Faith and Fellowship, delegates should be instructed by their churches how to act, and that ratifications by the churches would be necessary afterwards. That would certainly be the case, if the resolutions passed were to have universal scope and authoritative force; but when they expressly say they speak for only a majority, bind none, and are always open to re-statement,—in other words, when they are simply a frank attempt to gather up in summary forms, and preferably in two different forms, and without the least binding intent or possibility, the great faiths that are practically everywhere preached and taught and worked for among us,—then what need of going about the matter so formally with prior instructions and subsequent ratifications? The open resolutions would be everywhere understood among us for just what they profess to be, and the usual method of submitting them and passing or rejecting them would probably be satisfactory to all the churches; whereas the formal and stately way of doing the thing would be apt to imply a significance and a sort of authoritative force that would be wholly contrary to the general thought and wish.

W. C. G.

Conference in Hindoo Land.

The Brahma Somaj is the name of the Theistic church of India, founded by Rammohun Roy, in 1830. The Sadharan (universal) Brahma Somaj is the name of the most important branch of this church. In the midst of a society that worships idols, treats the Vedas as infallible scripture, and is ruled by the caste system, this “Church of God” has abandoned idols, given up the Vedas, and opposes caste as a monstrous iniquity. Its great mission is to establish spiritual freedom in India, and to teach direct relations between men’s souls and the Over-Soul. They are not “Christians,” but they reverence Christ among the highest prophets. For them the historic back-grounds are Hindoo, not European, so their thoughts naturally turn to native prophets who have taught faith as against ceremonial works, freedom as against the bondage of tradition, and truth and righteousness and love as the way of life eternal.

In their temple at Calcutta “the great holy supreme God shall alone be worshiped, and no divine honors shall be paid to any man or woman as God or an incarnation of God or as specially appointed by God. No book or man shall ever be acknowledged as infallible and the only way to salvation, but due respect shall be paid to all scriptures and the good and great of all ages and all countries. In the sermons and prayers used in this hall no scripture, sect, or founder of a sect shall ever be ridiculed, reviled or spoken of contemptuously. Flowers, spices, burnt-offerings, candles and other material accompaniments of worship shall never be used, and care shall be taken to avoid anything tending to reduce religion to mere parade and lifeless forms.” These Brahmos are our Hindoo cousins, therefore, but cousins in a country where to avow oneself a Unitarian of this sort is to court social persecution, banishment from home, and sometimes poverty and want. They are active in educational and reform movements, and they send out missionaries through the land to start Brahma societies. Once a year, in January, they meet, as we meet in

May, to hold their anniversary festival, the *Maghotsab*. Just now, as we go to Conference, it may be interesting to watch them at theirs.

It is our Conference with a difference. In the first place, theirs lasts a fortnight! If we understand aright the weekly newspapers stop during that fortnight, and the editors turn in to help in other ways. Every morning sees a prayer-meeting, every evening a sermon or a lecture or the anniversary of one of their religious societies. Last January one of the lectures was on Martin Luther, and it was two and a half hours long. One was on Chaitanya, and another on Nanak, two Hindoo Luthers; and one on the "Best Teachings of the Age," which were found mainly in the works of Emerson, Wordsworth and Carlyle. Like us they have a Women's Branch, the Brahmo Somaj, which celebrates its own anniversary, "two hundred ladies present;" and a Banga Mahita Somaj, or Bengal Ladies' Society, which we might translate "the Chicago women's association." But the Bengal sisters meet every week,—two Saturdays in the month for prayer-meetings, one for the reading of their own original papers and discussions, and one for lectures given to them by gentlemen; and once in three months comes "a social gathering open to guests of both sexes;"—in which respect the gentlemen friends of the Banga Mahita Somaj are better off than the corresponding Chicago gentlemen. And there are sights and sounds in the *Maghotsab* which are never seen or heard in the May meetings of us cool westerners. These for instance:—

"On Saturday afternoon the whole concourse of the people, numbering some hundreds, young and old, learned and illiterate, enthusiastically sang the Sankirtan (choral hymn) which had been composed for the occasion, and passed singing through the streets to the temple, where large numbers of people, men and women, young and old, waited to greet them. Long before the party arrived at the temple the benches and the galleries were filled. The spectacle was truly imposing and edifying. Hundreds of men with flying banners containing the favorite Brahmo mottoes, animated by one idea, and that the grandest and holiest,—maddened by this wine, almost frantically singing His glories, regardless of their rank and position in society—the scene was most touching and drew tears from many an eye. Many a broken heart which had been bruised in the world, many a weak soul which had met sad discomfiture in the very first trial in life, found consolation; and when the choruses were sung, the large crowd—which grew in bulk at every stage, drawing people by dozens and scores—could with difficulty restrain the sobs which were distinctly heard at every step. When this crowd entered the temple there was hardly any vacant seat, and the spacious hall could with difficulty provide standing space."

"On Sunday there was *utsav* (festival) during the whole of the day. At dawn before it was daylight numbers had gathered in the temple. After the service was over a large part of the congregation did not leave for hours, but in a body remained seated, not a soul stirring, and prayed and chanted His name. Here was one brother sending forth a fervent prayer from the inmost recesses of his heart; there a sister singing a soul-stirring hymn broken at intervals by sobs of the penitent, broken heart; the blessed rejoicing at the bliss they enjoyed."

"In the evening five young men were initiated into Brahmoism by Pandit Sivanath Sastri, who delivered a most impressive discourse on the occasion. 'Why have you,' said he, addressing the young men, 'not caring for riches or distinctions of the world, entered the Brahmo Somaj? Is it merely because the Brahmo Somaj is the place for social reforms, where, with iniquitous and monstrous custom, the caste system will no longer cripple your conscience, where no unjust fiat of society will fetter your thought and action? Or is it even because the Brahmo Somaj preaches a higher morality? No, brethren; if only this feature of the Brahmo Somaj has attracted you to it,—if you seek only to reform your society, to ameliorate the condition of your women, to liberate them, or even only to practice a higher morality than is prevalent in Hindu society, you will be sorely disappointed.

But if hunger and thirst for His presence and His righteousness drives you to seek shelter in the Brahmo Somaj, then are its doors open to you; enter and be seated by the side of poor sinners who will embrace you with open arms. Here you will find no social distinction, no worldly honor; here your companions will not be men at whose words society trembles, but poor, broken-hearted men whom nobody takes any notice of. Let prayer be your constant companion, never in your life forget it. Pray to Him daily, and surely He will bless you."

Such is a Unitarian conference in Hindoo land.

W. C. G.

Reading.

Mr. Morley has been saying some good things about education and the habit of reading, from which we take the following extract:—

"Now I frankly admit that the habit and power of reading with reflection, comprehension and memory all alert and awake does not come at once to the natural man any more than many other sovereign virtues. What I do submit to you and press upon you with great earnestness is, that it requires no preterhuman force of will in man or woman—unless household circumstances are unusually unfavorable—to get at least half an hour out of a solid busy day for good and disinterested reading. Now, in half an hour I fancy you can read fifteen or twenty pages of Burke, or you can read one of Wordsworth's masterpieces—say, the Lines on Tintern; or more than half—if a scholar, in the original, and if not, in a translation, of a book of the Iliad or the Æneid. I am not filling the half hour too full; try for yourselves what you can read in half an hour. Then multiply the half hour by 365, and consider what treasures you might have laid by at the end of the year; and what happiness, fortitude and wisdom they would have given you for a lifetime."

This we repeat, is wise. But possibly there is one difficulty about it, namely, that it may be as discouraging to some as encouraging to others. For many people read very slowly; they seem to themselves to creep at a snail's pace through anything worth reading attentively. Whether such persons read so slowly because with special concentration resulting in greater assimilation of what they read, or whether only because their minds work slowly by constitution, but do not, on that account, work with any more precision or result than others gifted with greater quickness, we know not. But that there are such slow readers we know, because we are one of them. To us it is appalling to think of reading a page of Burke in two minutes, or half a book of the Iliad in half an hour. We must read as we can, that is, as we are made to read, which is at a tortoise's pace, and with many stops to look about, and with much brooding and observation over turns of expression, and with comparison of different passages. We say not that this is the only way to read, nor even the only way to read Burke, and such like, with advantage and appreciation; but it is our way. Shall we then, and others like us, be discouraged because we cannot stride with Morley over 30 pages an hour? By no means. The point is, let his wise words encourage us to read, and let not the amount he can traverse dishearten us so that we traverse nothing. Our resource is steadiness. No matter how little be done, so it be done steadily, much comes at last. Locke said that "The way to grow learned is to attempt but little at a time; short flights will gather much if all be saved." For tortoises like ourselves, we will supplement Morley thus—if we learn one wide fact, or scale one great thought, each day, in a year we have 365 facts or thoughts. Now this is no small learning; nay, if the thoughts be big enough, 300 of them is wisdom.

J. V. B.

We are always looking for single acts by which to judge the whole of a man's character, when we need the whole, in order to understand the single act.

W. W.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Maiden's Reply.

"Come down, Oh Maid, from yonder mountain height,
What pleasure lies in height," the shepherd sang ;

* * * * *

"And come, for love is of the valley, come"

TENNYSON'S "Princess."

Nay, shepherd boy,
The happy vale is not for me;
Dear and welcome is the joy
Of snugly-nested home and warm fireside,
Where true hearts bide
In love and sweetest charity.

But well I know
Love lies along the heights, also:
Though bleak and cold they stand
Within a wintry land.

Love, perhaps, that's long delayed;
By pain or ignorance withstood,
Bereft of much of human good,
Yet waited for and prayed;—
Love by dear losses tried,
And sorrow purified,
'Till all selfish longings cease,
Melted in God's peace.
Such the love that lies the heights along,
Praised in my song.

Farewell, dear shepherd boy.
For thee the valley's cot and fireside joy,
Lowly content and cheer,
That spring from duty known and near;
But I, with those fair, shining peaks before,
How could I choose,
But gladly lose
All meaner bliss and gain?
Though weary my feet at times and sore,
And heavy my heart with a nameless pain,
An inward voice still bids me know
That love, so humble and sweet,
There at the mountain's feet,
Lieth along the heights, also.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Nature and the Bible.

The beauty and usefulness of the Bible is found in the fact that it, more than any other historical work of morals, harmonizes with the laws and facts of human life. It furnishes us with the struggles of the early Jew, the path he developed as he grew from savagery and ignorance into civilization and knowledge, the terrible vicissitudes through which he passed, the art and letters, law and science, which attended every step of his progress, and beyond and above all other things in importance, the apprehension of God and the discovery of the moral law. Take the Bible in its broad application to human thought and life. As the oceans receive different names as they touch different shores, yet are the same in composition, so the Bible adapts itself to the various individualities and constitutions of mankind without a change of nature. It is in part the history of universal human nature. It shows how long it has taken man to know himself. It reveals the many errors, stumblings, disciplines, battles and victories through which the Jewish race passed. And it struck upon such principles as justice and benevolence, principles which underlie the foundation of an absolute civilization. The fertility of thought which the Bible undoubtedly contains made philosophers use the Bible as good soil for the cultivation of their theories. As a tree is almost covered up and hidden by ivy, making it quite difficult to distinguish the form or nature of the object concealed, so the parasitic doctrines and religious vines which theologians have grown about the Bible

make it difficult to separate the one from the other. But to say that these doctrines or dogmas make the Bible is as absurd as to say that the crabs or oysters make the ocean. The Bible is a very natural book. It shows that an open disregard for the moral law brought upon society certain degenerations and diseases which cut off life in the blossom, polluted the blood of families, and retarded the progress of man. The life of Job is the history of a man awakening from the folly of ignorance into the realities of nature—of God. The life of Moses is the history of a man, in a low state of culture to be sure, who legislates a people as a priest rules his flock or a pope domineers over the church. The life of David is the history of a man wrestling with his passions and appetites, allowing his genius to run into the "by-ways and hedges" of sin, yet condemning himself as often for his wantonness and brutality, and yielding at last to the impulse of virtue. The history of Solomon is that of a royal king attached to wisdom as Goethe or Heine was to a knowledge of human nature. The life of Joseph is that of a young man, pure in his integrity and beautiful in his wisdom, who scorned to do that which he was taught was wrong. The life of Queen Sheba is the history of a woman, who, like Queen Elizabeth of England, although perhaps sensual and passionate, was yet a patron of wisdom, art and literature. The life of Naomi is that of a true wife, never unmindful of her duty nor forgetful of the vows which she made in marriage. And so we could continue to modernize the characters in the Old and New Testaments.

Aside from all other purposes the great aim of the Bible is to make men realize the potency of natural law. Here is a common basis for the church and the state, for the home and society. Here is a foundation for a true religion and a practical morality. On this plane, nature and the Bible are one. The day is coming—we await it with joy—when Christianity will either be outgrown or be proven to be one with all nature. And planting our feet firmly upon this everlasting rock, may we not see all law, all life, all nature, aye, history itself, point toward this uncompromising conclusion—this unity of all things?

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Bird-Worship.

The busiest world in all the world is the world of little birds in the April woods. Doing the duty nearest to them, they have no time for song, nor much talk. So their world is as silent as it is intense.

Dear silent birds about your happy care
In all the blossoming woods these April days!
Shall we not count your high absorption prayer,
And see in all your glad contentment praise?

If my content, Father of bird and man!
Forgets some time the Power that grants my will,
And deems the whole world in my little plan,
Wilt Thou not count it praise and worship still?

E. C. L. BROWNE.

ASHLEY WOODS, ST. ANDREWS PARISH, S. C.

Is It Honest?

The name Christian has for more than a thousand years been used with a definite and well understood meaning—to designate the believers in Christ; that is, not the historical Jesus of Nazareth, but a person of divine nature, incarnate in a human body and anointed for a special mission. A supernatural origin is of the very essence of Christianity, as the word has been used until now, and is now used by ninety-nine hundredths of those who bear the name. But a handful of men in these last years have proposed to change the meaning of the Christian name. None of these men believe in Christ in the sense in which the Christian world believes in him; and a large proportion of them reject his supernatural character and mission altogether. This is not a new opinion. There was a considerable body of thinkers in the last century, who rejected the divinity of Jesus, while rever-

encing him as a man; but they confessed that the old historic meaning of the word Christian was opposed to this view, and they consistently called themselves not *Christians*, but *Deists*. With what right now do the Unitarians of the present day call themselves Christians? Is it honest?

I should answer this question in the affirmative, but I do not see how any person can give an affirmative answer to it, who denies the name *Unitarian* to any person who believes himself to be faithfully following out the fundamental principles of Unitarianism.

z.

In Vain?

Is all the waiting vain?
Is it for naught I have endured
The maddening whirl of pain?

In vain have all my tears
Run piteous course before my God
Through all my troubled years?

Is it in vain I stood
With torn heart crying: "Give me what,
Though hard, Thou deemest good?"

In vain has each hard blow
Taught me that I was higher raised
When I was laid earth-low?

Was all the love I gave
One life, in vain bestowed, as though
I formed that young love's grave?

Have we no recompense
This side the gates of Home for all
Our wasted love intense?

Comes not from some far sphere
The love we deemed as lost below—
Returning to us here?

Lo! after many days
Does not the bread on waters cast
Return in wondrous ways?

EUGENE ASHTON.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The History of Music. In two volumes. By Emil Naumann. Translated by F. Praeger. Edited by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc. Cassell & Co., Limited: London, Paris, New York and Melbourne.

This is a work of 1300 pages divided nearly equally in two volumes, and paged consecutively from beginning to end. The second volume begins with page 759. The list of illustrations for both volumes has 300 titles, consisting of passages of music, facsimiles of musical manuscripts, musical instruments, ancient and modern; mythological and ethnological pictures, related to music; portraits, historical buildings, monuments, etc. These are included in the 300 titles, and are scattered profusely through the text. Besides this, there are in the first volume nine, and in the second volume thirty-eight full-page pictures, which are prints of old sculptures, of great pictures and of portraits. The excess in number of these full-page illustrations in the second volume results from this being the more biographical volume, since it deals with the later history of music, therefore with the great composers, their lives and works. Besides all this wealth of pictorial illustration, as excellent as it is profuse, there are two illuminated frontispieces, showing musical notes and signs of the ninth, tenth and thirteenth centuries. Besides this, the volumes are decorated with ornamental designs and initials; specimens of the melodies of many nations enrich the volumes. The work is divided into four books, and by a novel arrangement each book, and in the third and fourth books, different divisions, have special introductions, like little general treatises or prefaces of the matter, which then is treated in detail in chapters with special titles. Book First relates to the classical, pre-classical, and oriental history of music, with

chapters on the Chinese, Japanese and Hindoos, on the Egyptians and other Africans, on Western Asiatics, on the Israelites, the Islamites, the Greeks and the Romans. Book Second traces the development of music in the middle ages, treating in six chapters of Christian hymnology, folk-music, troubadours and minnesingers, and so on. Book Third carries on the history with Luther and the music of the Protestant church, to which subject are given seventy-four pages. Also, in twelve chapters, are treated the early Italian music, English music, and the decline of music with the Romance nations, and its rise with the Germans. Book Four treats of the history of music from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time. It is divided by the prefaces or introductions, before spoken of, into four parts, the first being the epoch of *genius* in German music, under which different chapters treat of Bach, Handel, Glück, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, about thirty pages being given to each. Then follows the epoch of the great German *talent*, as the contents phrases it, treated in three chapters on Schubert, Weber, Spohr, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn and Schumann. Then follows the influence of the German genius on Italy and France, treated in two chapters, in which a chapter of fifty-two pages is given to the opera, and another chapter to Cherubini, Spontini and Rossini. The book ends with the New Romantic school, under which a chapter is given Berlioz and Wagner. A chapter of eighty-two pages discusses contemporary composers and the concluding chapter of 42 pages treats of modern English music. There is an index of eighteen pages in double columns. The author says in the preface that it is hoped his work "may aid in fostering an ever-increasing interest in the most emotional and cherished of all arts—music;" which, indeed, it can hardly fail to do; and certain it is that it will delight and instruct those who are already lovers of the art. It is truly an imposing work. It is very uncommon indeed, in the wealth, profusion, excellence and extreme interest of its illustrations. It is a critical history, displaying both affluent learning, and that kind of knowledge also which consists in a mind thoroughly penetrated with the subject. That this ample work does not disdain anecdote will appear from the following, from page 341, relating to the musician Josquin, which we will copy for its naive interest: "It is related that one day the king asked his favorite Josquin whether his powers were equal to the scoring a popular French melody, in which a part should be reserved for his majesty. This task was by no means easy, as the monarch was possessed of a very feeble voice, and of still less musical skill. But these were trifles to the sagacious master. He arranged the selected chanson for two boys' voices, adding a special part for the king, marked 'Vox Regis,' consisting of a single note running throughout the piece, reserving for himself the bass which, it is almost needless to say, was the most important."

J. V. B.

Gordon Browne's Series of Old Fairy Tales. The Drawings by Gordon Browne. The story Retold by Laura E. Richards. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. No. 1, Hop O' My Thumb. No. 2, Beauty and the Beast.

These are old stories pleasingly retold, in quarto form, illuminated covers, and adorned with very vigorous illustrations. The drawings, in fact, are worthy of entertaining the old as well as the young. We must say, however, that the story of "Hop O' My Thumb" is not good matter for the imaginations of children, nor for elder people either, for that matter. The letterpress is large and clear, and the paper good.

The Fousant and the Prince.—A story of the French Revolution By Harriet Martineau. Ginn & Co., Boston and Chicago.

The promise of the publishers to supply choice literature with full notes for children's reading, printed in large type on good paper at low prices, is being abundantly fulfilled in this excellent series of classics. We have in the present volume another old friend in new dress. In the words of the author, the sad story of the young prince, Louis XVII, is "a standing lesson to all who imagine that to be a prince is to be happier than other people."

THE HOME.

In a Storeroom.

In the wing of a large, old house in the suburbs of a city was a storage room where three children were housed on a stormy day of early September.

It was not very often the children were allowed in this holy of holies, for be it understood this was no common catch-all of a lumber-room. It was no part of the economy of this household to stow things away which were of no earthly good. In the first place, they had the strength of mind to immediately destroy and put out of its misery anything which was really used up. In the second place, if a thing was worth further use after they were done with it, they put on their thinking caps long enough to remember some one whose case it fitted, and then sent it to that person, or invited him to come and get it. Third, if no one could be thought of to whom it would be useful, it must be something really worth storage to find a place there. So this is the situation. The room contained things reserved for occasional use; it was orderly, and not overcrowded; there was space enough to get at anything and use it. Some one connected with this family evidently had a scientific and mechanical turn of mind. There was a carpenter's work-bench in the roomiest and lightest corner, with well-kept tools in their respective places. Another corner hinted of chemical experiments, with the accompanying unlikely dishes and suspicious looking mixtures locked in behind glass doors. Across the way stood a tempting chest of drawers—high, old-fashioned, and showing itself the worse for the wear, still having remarkable capacity for storage. On it was a case with some fine geological specimens and a large globe, from which the children had taken turns in studying geography. In the most secluded nook in the room, and solemnly draped in gray cloth, something very tall and slender loomed up high, and had the most mysterious attraction to the children, because they were never allowed to meddle with it in the remotest way. Quiet little Sadie was more absent-minded and dreamy than usual that day, which was altogether unnecessary, as she was chronically so every day. It was Dick and Nelly who kept up an excitement by going into ecstasies over the curious stones and shells, who whirled the globe with desperate rapidity, to assist their memories as to the rate of speed in which the world goes round; who found a few stray squares of board under the carpenter's bench, and drove tacks into them as thickly as pins in a pincushion. Sadie only laughed occasionally from her corner, diagonally opposite and most distant from the tall, gray object. She and her doll were supposed to be keeping house, but it must have been rather dull business, as neither of them were doing anything but watching the others and looking out of the window. She always fell into this mood when in the storeroom now. The first two times she had haunted the corner of the mysterious object, from which mamma had lifted the cover to let them peep, and then told them what they might play with. Sadie had not the gift of teasing for the things she wanted most, and which had been forbidden, as the other two children had; and so the more she wanted to know all about what was under the cover, the further she put herself from it, bodily and mentally, but the effort made her the more dreamy and passive.

That afternoon there was a surprise in the family. Uncle Edward came. He had been abroad several years, and to him belonged most of the things in the store-room. The clouds broke away at sunset, and as evening came on a cloud was lifted from Sadie's horizon, too; for Uncle Ed went up into the storeroom, opened the long window out on the little balcony, took off the gray cloth from the tall mystery, and invited all the folks to come and look through his telescope. It took some time to get the things in readiness, and it was a great event for the children to sit up so late. But they never forgot the wonderful sights they saw that evening as the stars came out, and Uncle Ed helped them to see and understand things new to them by the aid of the telescope. Dick and

Nellie were the quiet ones now. Sadie forgot to be dreamy, and was alive with interest, whether it was herself or another who was taking a turn at the stars.

"It is just only to see things through, and nothing else!" was at last her conclusion.

"That is a great deal," said papa, "when it shows us so much more than we can see without it."

"Yes, I thought I could see all there was when I had just only my eyes to look through. Now I know there is ever so much more." "And always more yet undiscovered," added papa. Here mamma suggested, "With the telescope to show such wonderful pictures to your eyes, and Uncle Ed to talk into your ears about them, your mind is getting nearly as full as it will hold for this time," so with the promise of another evening on the balcony before Uncle Ed carried off his treasures, the little ones went to bed glowing with wonders.

"I guessed it was a sort of pump, mamma, when you lifted the cloth once to let me peep under, only I couldn't think where the pumpings came from."

"Well, it isn't so very unlike a pump after all," agreed mamma, who didn't quite like the kind of laugh with which Dick greeted Sadie's reflection. "It looks a little like one; then if we work a pump it brings up water through it from away down in the ground, which refreshes and invigorates our bodies; and in a like manner a telescope can be made to bring down rays of light through it from away up among the heavenly bodies, and shows us objects which fill our minds with knowledge and understanding."

"I liked best to hear Uncle Ed talk," shouted Dick from the next room, preparing to bounce into bed.

"That was because you can take things into your thought through your ears more easily than through your eyes. When we come to think of it, whatever brings distant things nearer to our sight is a sort of telescope, and I am thinking now of our inner sight which we talk about at bed time with your prayer. Looking in people's eyes often reminds me of a telescope, for there is a whole soul-world lying just beyond, from which wonderful rays of light reach us and carry thought from one to the other."

"Don't you know, mamma," put in Nellie, "how the other day when we had been over to the Corners, and knew you wouldn't like it, you said you saw something in our eyes that wasn't right, until we told you? and sometimes when you look at us I know what you mean before you say it."

"Yes, and do you remember what Uncle told you about the lenses to-night,—how they catch and reflect the rays of light? It reminded me of that most powerful lens in a human soul, for reflecting rays of light from the thought of one to another, and that is love. Love is not only the greatest reflector, but the greatest generator of thought. It is so clear that it reflects the rays of light very truthfully, and by this transmitting or sharing, it also generates,—that is, awakens new thought and makes it grow. You can understand your lessons better when Miss S. is your teacher, you say, than when Miss B. is with you."

"I should think we could!" declared Dick, with a gusto. He had bounced out of bed again, dragging the bed-clothes half across the room after him, when he found there was more telescope talk going on.

"You catch a touch of warmth and kindness from the face of Miss S. that makes you glad to give your attention to her. The thought she wishes you to get, reflects more brightly from her mind than from Miss B's, because she has more love for you, and so more confidence in you. To try to see things through another's thoughts always enlarges our own."

"I was a little afraid of the telescope, mamma, when it stood covered up in the corner, but now I love it, for it has shown me such beautiful things;" and Nellie added, "How we shall miss Uncle Ed's things out of that room when he goes!"

"We will fit it up for a play-room then, and you can keep all your treasures in it."

"Won't that be fun!"

"But now it is time for sleeps."

E. T. L.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Good Friday From An Ethical Standpoint.

LECTURE BEFORE THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE OF CHICAGO, APRIL 3, 1887, REPEATED BEFORE THE THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH APRIL 24, 1887, BY W. M. SALTER.

Good Friday—which falls this year on Friday next—commemorates one of the most pathetic events in history. This event is ordinarily regarded from a theological standpoint—and so the mention of it is apt to have little interest to liberals.

The orthodox idea of the death of Jesus takes us back to the dim beginnings of Hebrew history, when Jahveh, the national God, was conceived as the special source of thunder, and the storm, of plagues and pestilence; and when the fierce wrath with which he smote the Egyptians, destroying the first-born in every house, was only stayed as against the Hebrews by the blood of lambs dashed upon the door-posts or the lintels of the houses wherein they lived. The sight of blood was thought, according to the legend, to have softened the heart of the stern God, and in his mercy he passed the houses of the Israelites by. Thence arose the festival of the passover; thousands of lambs were slaughtered every spring in ancient Israel, to commemorate the God's favor in the past and to secure his favor for the future. Now it happened that it was during one of the passover festivals that Jesus came to his untimely end; the coincidence could not fail to affect the imagination of the early Christians. Jesus was their passover, they declared, their lamb—and they had no need to sacrifice any other; behind him and his blood they could take shelter; and the destroying hand that would soon be stretched out in the dread day of judgment would pass them by. The gospel traditions even represent Jesus as taking this view of his death. As the shadows of his coming fate fell upon him, he spoke mysteriously of giving his life as a ransom, by which the destruction of many should be averted; and the night before the crucifixion, at the last meal with his disciples, he identified the bread and wine upon the table with his body and blood, which were about to be offered up as a propitiation to Israel's God. This is the meaning of the communion which all Christian churches celebrate: here lies the significance of the Catholic mass; to Protestants figuratively, to Catholics really, the bread and the wine are the body and blood of that precious paschal lamb, whose life was taken eighteen centuries ago. Unless God is appeased, unless blood is shed, there is thought to be no favor from the unseen world for man; and to those who do not trust in this sacrifice already made there is only, to use scriptural language, a certain fearful expectation of judgment and of fierce, devouring fire.* Here is one explanation of the power which orthodox Christianity still has over the minds of men; at bottom it is a religion of fear, and before the advent of science and its disclosures of an equable reign of law, fear is more natural to men in contemplating nature than any other feeling; there is nothing men crave so as to have their fears allayed; and so to ignorant, anxious men and women everywhere, whether among the earliest Jewish converts or among the thronging multitudes of Rome, or among the untutored barbarians of the north, or among the uneducated masses in our great cities to-day, Christianity has come and comes as a boon, assuring them that if they will trust in the blood that has been shed for them, the unseen powers of the world will be kind and gracious.

We, to whom this whole circle of belief is illusory, and pitifully erroneous, what occasion have we to speak of Good Friday? I answer, because the death of Jesus may be looked at from a different standpoint. We may look on the death of this devoted son of Israel as it really was, not as it came to be regarded by his pious followers, or as it was transformed into something mysterious and fanciful in his own pious imagination. We may ask ourselves, what led to it; what does it show us as to his character; what is its meaning as an incident in the moral progress of the race; what value has it still for us personally, when we look upon it simply as the death of a

great and heroic man? We may treat it as we would the death of Socrates or the death of Savonarola, or the death of John Brown—tragic deaths, all of them; deaths that have moved the hearts of men and influenced the course of history, and have still an inspiring power. The death of Jesus surpasses them all in pathos and in its influence on the fortunes of mankind. I think it not presumptuous to depart from Jesus' own estimate in this matter. We human beings often think we best understand ourselves. We think the estimates we set upon our work are the true estimates. But often we are mistaken. President Garfield said that "the lesson of history is rarely learned by the actors themselves." We who are really living are too earnest about the matter to sit down and form calm judgments. Time and the perspective which time gives are necessary. Jesus may have valued his death for one thing; history may value it for quite another.

How was it that Jesus died so soon? Why did he not live on to a ripe old age, like Socrates? I answer, essentially because he was not a philosopher, but a reformer; an agitator. For this reason his predecessor,—the ascetic Baptist, was cast into one of Herod's dungeons, and only came out to be decapitated. He had spoken too boldly of social iniquity in the court. Jesus had no ascetic ways about him; he did not love the lonesome wilderness; he frequented the towns and cities where men were congregated, and was touched by human sufferings and privations as well as human wickedness. I must not linger over details on which I have dwelt on other occasions. In brief, Jesus threw himself into the social agitations of his day—and the one agitating thought, that with which all secretly sympathized, though few dared to promulgate and hope anything immediately from, was that of an overthrow of the hated Roman power, and the inauguration of a new social and political order, under the name of the Kingdom of Heaven. This was the Messianic dream of his people. During his youth or early manhood there had been actual uprisings and bloody resistance to the Roman authority. Jesus had a horror of war and looked not to the hands of any soldiery to accomplish the great revolution on which he, too, set his heart.

The great God, Jahveh, he who had flashed fire out of heaven in approval of his faithful prophets, who had parted the waters of the Red Sea to let his people pass through and escape from their oppressors—his arm would be stretched out again; and it was only necessary that he be trusted, and the people be gathered out of Israel who should be worthy to form the new and glorious kingdom. By a bold leap, and yet no bolder than other Messiahs made before and after him, he took the leadership of a new movement, gathered followers, spoke with authority to all men, foretold the great coming change, and made others feel and believed himself that when the kingdom of heaven should come, he should be at its head. The old order falls, he said, a new one is coming; in the old is oppression, and cruel suffering, and abject misery, and sensuality and all manner of evil; in the new, there will be a recompense for every wrong and comfort for all who mourn, and the poor and the persecuted and the pure in heart, and those who love others as they do themselves will be the privileged ones—and all who oppress, all who are sensual, all who are hypocritical and for a pretense make long prayers, shall be humbled and cast out. The heart of the people responded to such fervid utterances; those in authority, on the other hand, the props, the pillars, the ornaments of the old order of things looked askance at Jesus. 'Tis the old story—that of conflicting interests; the Sadducean nobility, the zealous punctilious Pharisees, the lawyer scribes were in a place of reverence now and it did not look as if, in the dream of the future which Jesus unfolded, they should have any place at all. On the other hand, those who were oppressed and miserable now, had everything to gain,—and that many of them were inspired by no higher motives, is shown by the fact that when Jesus got into the clutches of the civil power, they made a very rabble against him. The Roman authorities never seem to have troubled themselves at all about Jesus; so peaceful was his attitude and so exclu-

*Heb. x. 37.

sively did he address himself to his own countrymen, that they scarcely knew of him; and when he was brought to trial before them, they seem to have regarded him as a harmless dreamer, and would never have consented to his death, had they not been driven to by the fierce and determined attitude of the leaders of Jewish orthodoxy. But the conflict into which Jesus precipitated himself could have no other issue. He did not trim his words, he spoke as conscience prompted him to speak; sharper invective than that he poured out, according to the report in Matthew, twenty-third chapter, against the false guides of his people, was perhaps never heard,—they would not enter into the kingdom of heaven, nor would they let others go in. 'Twas but a question of time and opportunity; and when one of his disciples, momentarily chagrined at a rebuke his master had given him for his penuriousness, and with the thought, perhaps, of forcing him to take his position as the nation's king, offered to put the Jewish authorities in possession of him, the offer was readily closed with, Jesus was made a prisoner, and the next day, after being hurried through a judicial trial, which was little better than a farce, was nailed to the cross.

Such were the causes which led to the event which Good Friday celebrates—so far as they can be gathered into a few words. Jesus died the victim of a great hope for his people and for the world. He belongs to the company of those who cannot be patient with things as they see them, and who, because they cannot, meet with suspicion, and opposition, and hatred, and perhaps violence and death. His hope was not free from illusion; nay, in one sense it was altogether illusion, for wrong and oppression will never cease in this world by the intervention of divine power to judge and punish it, nor do men come from the dead or from heaven to do the work which they left undone on earth. But we have to distinguish between one's aim and the means by which he hopes to see it accomplished; and there is more hope for the world from one Jesus than from a dozen or a thousand men versed in the methods of science, yet without any transcendent aim and passion for a reign of right. The aim of Jesus was sound; nay, that is a tame word for it; it was perfect, it was unsurpassable. There is no other supreme aim for man than that reign of justice and of love upon which Jesus set his heart. To-day, in the measure that we have it, there is order, and safety and joy in the community,—and that there is so much lawlessness and defiant wickedness abroad, is simply evidence as to how great an extent men have it not. We must seek first, not wealth, not power, and not science, nor art, but the Kingdom of God—there is perpetual inspiration for man in this lofty thought of Jesus. The significance to us of the death of Jesus is simply that he kept this aim, in the only form that was possible to him, to the bitter end. We distinguish the aim from the method by which it was to be realized; we separate the form from the substance of Jesus' thought, but Jesus was not a philosopher, his consciousness was one and indivisible, and to doubt that he was the Messiah, would have been to doubt that there was any Messianic reign to be—and to doubt that would have been to shatter his faith in Israel and in Israel's God; and that he could not shatter,—it was a part of him, in his blood and in every fiber of his being.

For my own part, I can say that there are no events in Jesus' life so touching as those toward the close. At no time does he reveal so much character. To stand by our faith when all things go well with us—there is no great virtue in that; to stand by it when it is persecuted, when we may suffer loss from it—that tests whatever manliness there is in us. Jesus had no stoical feeling about death. It was not a matter of indifference to him whether he lived or died. He who loved the flowers of the field and the birds of the air, the lakes and the hillsides of his native Gallilee and the proud city of Jerusalem, to which he had made yearly pilgrimages from his boyhood up, could not turn from all these without some rendings of the heart and tears. And sharper pang than all, he who had counted on Divine assistance, he who had looked to being elevated to a Divine throne, whence

he could execute the justice that was burning in his heart—how could he die like other men and leave his great work undone? In theory he had assented to it; on his way from Gallilee to Jerusalem for the last time, he surmised where the end would be; yes, on the night before his death, as we have seen, he made a mournful comparison of himself to the paschal lamb. But afterwards, when alone, in the darkness of the night, and the dread specter of death actually stood before him, his human shrinkings were too strong,—he fell on his face and prayed to God that he might not die; prayed three times, and sweat fell like blood from his face. 'Twas an almost mortal agony, so that to-day we almost hold our breath as we read of it—we feel the wrestling as 'twere our own, we hear the cry of pain; and then the cry ceases and a more than mortal calm passes through his breast—he has yielded his strong love of life, he goes forth to the sacrifice. Never was man serener than Jesus before his judges; when idle charges were trumped up against him he was silent,—he would not honor them even with a denial; but when asked as to the central core of all his faith, was he the Messiah, he promptly answered, "I am"—he took the oath administered to him by the High Priest, though he had never sworn before and commanded his followers not to; he pointed his persecutors away to the time when he should sit on the right hand of God and come in majesty on the clouds of heaven; and when in return the priestly hirelings spat in his face and cuffed him and jeered at him, he held his peace. Before Pilate he preserved the same dignified attitude, affirming his royal rank, but replying nothing to the frivolous charges urged by the priestly hypocrites. He submitted to the insults of the brutal Roman soldiery; in cruel mockery they put a red gown upon him, and placed a crown woven of thorn branches upon his head, and for a scepter they put into his right hand a reed—and then they filed before him, kneeling in turn and saying, "Hail, King of the Jews;" and not a murmur escaped him. On his way to the place of execution, he had to bear his own cross, until, in his weakness, he could carry it no longer, and a passer-by was impressed into the service. On arriving at the dreary hill-top, he was offered, "according to Jewish usage, a highly spiced wine, an intoxicating drink, which, from a sentiment of pity, was given to the sufferer to stupefy him."* He touched the cup to his lips and put it from him. As Renan says, "This sad solace of common criminals was unsuited to his lofty nature. He would face death with mind unclouded. The physical horrors of that death no one could describe—nor shall I attempt to. Crucifixion was reserved for slaves and the lowest criminals. It was a horrid torture and ordinarily long drawn-out. But if we may trust the gospel traditions, no outcry escaped the lips of Jesus, unless it was once when consumed with burning thirst; so magnanimous was he, that he prayed God to forgive his executioners, since they knew not what they were doing; and, though for a moment his heart failed him and he felt as one forsaken, he reassured himself at the last, and trustfully commended to the hands of God his parting spirit.

Where shall we read of a more tragic, a more noble death than this? Where is one that stirs more all our mingled feelings of indignation, and pity and admiration? Do we wonder that by his death, Jesus has won a closer place in the hearts of men than he could ever have by a most splendid and successful life, that the crucified one has been covered with honor and glory, that men have raised him to a height of praise equal only to the depth of shame in which he was once plunged? Who would not like to be a believing Christian for a moment on Good Friday even more than on Easter Day, since all the instincts of honor and pity in a man incline him to take the side of one who was once placed at such bitter disadvantage, and we would rather err with such an one than keep company with those who are coldly correct and have not hearts large enough for a noble mistake! I for one would cast my tribute of honor at the feet of Jesus. There be liberals who would ignore him, who would bring up their chil-

*Renan, *Life of Jesus*, p 346.

dren in ignorance of him, or perchance would ridicule him. I am not of this number. He is no paragon to my mind—no model of spotless virtue or of infallible wisdom; I do not call myself his follower. But this he is to me—inspiration; he touches my heart, he stirs my conscience, he warms me with love of a noble ideal; and this is something which few philosophers, liberal or other, have done or are doing for men, so that while they give correct opinions, Jesus and a few others like him give that indefinable thing we call life. I should rather have the impulses which Jesus communicates and be left to form my own opinions, than to have the opinions of our wisest philosophers without that motion of the heart toward goodness and all unselfishness which is so naturally stirred by the spectacle of the life and death of this son of man. It is not knowledge that moves the world, but character, love; and outside of the holy Buddha, where is there a man that has so impressed himself upon the world and created and deepened so many channels of pity and tenderness as Jesus, whose opinions we may outgrow, but whose heart never!

The death of Jesus sets the last seal to his sincerity, and to the reality of that wonderful love of man, which made him brave so much and count the cost so little. A man of commoner mould would never have risked so much, a man with a heart less pure would never have assumed so high a mission; we are compelled to say that if Israel and the world were to be redeemed and purified and transformed according to the outlines of his dream, he was worthy to be the instrument of the Unseen in doing so; for never was there one who had less self-will, who more completely identified himself with the will of the Highest as he conceived it, never one better qualified to sit at the right hand of his Father, as he thought he one day should, and dispense justice and merciful judgment to the assembled nations of men.

And now let us look at the death of Jesus in a broader way, as an incident in the moral progress of humanity. It has a three-fold significance of which I wish to speak: First, it is the consecration of sorrow, of suffering. Cast over in your mind all the gods of the Grecian and Roman pantheon and where shall you find one with the downcast, sorrowful visage of the son of man,—where among the fair goddesses shall you find one so tenderly beautiful as that which Christian imagination has given to the Mater dolorosa? A suffering god—what an incongruous thing to a Greek or a Roman! But a suffering god, a suffering man whom his followers have made a god, is the central figure in Christian worship. This means an immense difference in the moral sentiments of men. It means a compassion strange to the ancient world,—it means that the more men suffer (other things being equal), the more they shall be cared for; while in pagan civilization it was too apt to be the case that the more men suffered the more they were neglected. No man can turn in reflection to the cross of Jesus, or to any of the affecting incidents of the last two days of his life, and not feel his heart softened toward all the sufferings of his fellowmen and a double aversion to all the jeering spirit with which one man sometimes makes light of another man's distress. Such incidents as those at the trial and crucifixion of Jesus would not be tolerated now, even in the punishment of our worst criminals; the dignity of humanity, even in crime, is felt now, and hardly a lynching mob would subject its victim to such indignities as were heaped on Jesus. 'Tis not by accident, then, that we care for the sick now as never was the case in the old world, that the poor have a love shown to them, that they never knew in Greece or Rome; 'twas not by accident that in old Rome itself the gladiatorial shows were stopped, when Christian influences gained the upper hand in the state. Everywhere a new humanity arose, a new pity for all the outcast members of society; for no one suffered shame and loss without exciting the remembrance of him who was in his day "despised and rejected of men," and who asked no honor for himself, save that of being remembered in the form of the least and feeblest of those who were his brethren. Secondly, the death of Jesus brings home to us in a vivid way that sacrifice is a law of progress. It is not that the unseen Spirit is angry and will not be favorable to man until some

offering of blood is made to him; but that the conditions of things are such that progress is only possible through effort and pain and sacrifice. "What good thing have my brothers," exclaims the Buddha, "but it came from search and strife and loving sacrifice?" It is a beautiful ideal that each of us should live a full and complete life, without any marring of it, any cutting of it short for the sake of others; but it is the goal of evolution rather than the law of the process, and in the meantime, we have often to suffer injury to ourselves that good may come to others. What mother, what devoted friend, what leader of reform, what helper in any useful cause does not know that unless they are willing to part with something, time, means, strength, health, perhaps life itself, they are not fitted to the tasks which nature or their own hearts call them to? And this is why the innocent ideal of pleasure, of happiness for ourselves, falls so far short of the real requirements of life; it is summer-weather philosophy, and if we have cherished it, the first storm of adversity, the first disappointment dispels it like a dream from our minds, and is only too apt to leave us bitter, because we were so unprepared. My friends, we are bound to one another, we belong to humanity; 'tis against our nature to seek a good for ourselves, alone and apart, 'tis according to our nature to find our happiness in the common happiness, and to give, to spend and be spent in the service of humanity. None of the lower goods on which we so often set our hearts are absolute; health we should seek, but we may disregard it, and suffer, as George Eliot says, "glorious harm," in some noble disinterested service. "Who would not rather be sick," says Renan, "like Pascal, than in good health like the multitude?" Who would not rather suffer, I would add, and bear his cross like Jesus, and be buffeted and spit upon and made the butt of cruel jests, and at last be crucified, than to live to a good old age as the high priest did who condemned him to death, and left children after him, so that, as Josephus says, he was held to be one of the most fortunate men of his century? Let us not use words lightly, let us not rate ourselves too high. I do not forget the truth of those lines of Newman's:

"Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control
That o'er thee swell and throng;
They will condense within thy soul,
And change to purpose strong.

But he who lets his feelings run
In soft, luxurious flow,
Shrinks when hard service must be done,
And faints at every woe."

Ah, we should shrink from the cross of Jesus, we shrink from being ill-spoken of now, we shrink from all the little crosses that duty brings us from day to day; perhaps, I should not say, we would rather suffer like Jesus,—but oh, that we might be ready to, oh that we might school ourselves now by little acts of self-denial, by patience under suffering, by continuing to love, though there are those who hate us, by constantly surrendering our self-will in face of the Divine necessities that surround us, and saying, "Whatever thou layest upon me, that I will do,—school ourselves thus, so that we shall be ready, should we be called upon, to render the last sacrifice, and withhold not life itself from the service of the world. The death of Jesus is a sorry subject; there is no beauty in death that we should desire it—it is the opposite of all we crave, we do not like to think of it, we turn from it when the mention of it is made. O hard, ungracious visitor! O stern, repulsive visage—yet thou may'st be transfigured, thou may'st even be made welcome. "Let death come straightway," said Achilles, "after I have punished the wrong-doer, so that I remain not here by the beached ships, a laughing-stock and a useless burden of the earth." Jesus said, "Let death come." Death is made sacred, death is glorified since Jesus died,—and there have been impetuous followers of his that have even courted it, that have been ready to throw the world away that they might follow in his footsteps. Do not fear death, O friend, but rather fear that thou may'st not die worthily; selfish, fretful, bitter, rebellious, when thou

should'st be full of love, and peaceful and thankful and without reproaches to God or man, ready to yield, and glad even if in any way thy death may be a sacrifice for the world's good.

There is one other aspect of the death of Jesus to which I must refer. It is the element of illusion in the hope to which he fell a martyr. The world's progress is not all in a straight line. Those who would benefit the world we remember more tenderly for their mistakes. The road to humanity's perfect goal is not revealed to us by flashes from heaven. We have to find it out by experience,—and incidental to humanity's experience are mistakes, and failures numberless. The hope of Jesus to come again to the world in power and glory was illusory; the solemn prediction he made to the high priest at his trial was illusory; had he had no illusions, he would not have died as he did, he would not have been spat upon and mocked and tortured and crucified. But when I think of this aspect of the case, I call to mind George Eliot's words:

"Even our failures are a prophecy,
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and true we cannot grasp;
As patriots who seem to die in vain
Make liberty more sacred by their pangs."

Jesus died in vain, as have others before him or since his time; but his cause is the dearer to us because he failed in it. I would we might imprint his thought on our foreheads and in our hearts, I would we might make it the great sovereign aim of our lives, to bring that kingdom of heaven, for which he sighed and prayed and died, to pass in the world. O my friends, my companions for a few brief years upon the earth,—what are we living for, what thought is topmost in our souls? I tell you nothing is fitted to be there, but the thought of Jesus. Let us purify it from all that belonged merely to his time and race, let it be to us a hope for America and the world, instead of, as it was to him, for Israel and the world,—let us, here in our own land, in our own commonwealth, in our own city, strive to build a true kingdom of justice, a city of light; let us hold to such an aim against our fears, against the selfishness of men and our own, against all the odds that count on the other side; let us love and labor and die for it, and then, though we in turn make mistakes, others will remember us the more tenderly for them, and press the harder for the way that is true and sure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. May 2, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the printing of Church registers could we not partly check the wholesale piracy or miscellaneous and indifferent aims which they are made to serve by selling them, as may be done, for ten or fifteen cents a copy? This pays the cost of printing and qualifies the risk or scope of circulation. Further—only a limited number could be printed, and for the congregation. Perhaps these "business fleas" would pester us as much as ever—yet they would be paying, in part, for the trouble of troubling us. We have adopted this plan to our joy.

J. C. F. G.

EDITOR OF UNITY.—Twenty years in the ministry of a denomination (Baptist) whose time and means were largely expended in maintaining "integrity of doctrines," naturally begets a desire for "rest." Five years' abiding peace, among the most excellent people of All-Souls' church, of this city, makes us pray to be excused from further "Problems of fellowship in religion," that find their unwelcome way to our quiet home. UNITY brings a glow of joy in its weekly visits that we dislike to have dissipated by appeals to the "Unitarian situation in the light of the vote of the Western Conference at Cincinnati."

Our cause here has much to inspire hope for the future.

S. D. BOWKER.

P. S.—Before I could mail the above I was afflicted with "Unitarian Christianity," and "What is Unitarianism?"
KANSAS CITY, MO., April 21, 1887.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Editorial Wanderings.—Last week the senior editor was away from home, and touched elbows with the faithful workers at St. Paul, Minneapolis and River Falls. At each of these places he told of Browning's method and message, and, judging from the number and interest of the auditors, Browning is not so remote from the thought and life of our communities as many would have us think. At the latter place, he also told the story of Millais, the peasant painter, to an audience of nearly 300 students, and on Sunday morning he preached in the over-crowded Sunday-school room of the new Unitarian church of Minneapolis. The audience is tremulous with expectation of the upstairs glory that is almost ready for them. We will not anticipate, but we will venture to say that after a few weeks one of the things to see in Minneapolis will be the Unitarian church, as already the man to hear in Minneapolis is the Unitarian minister. What bright, great country is focalized in these twin-towns of the north! How earnest and hopeful the Unitarian fellowship!

Philadelphia.—Doctor Furness, who seems somehow to have come into possession of eternal youth, went to Woodstown, N. J., on Sunday, the 27th, and there conducted the religious exercises of its embryo Unitarian organization.

—Rev. John B. Barnhill, of the Unitarian theological school at Meadville, has written a letter to Henry George, in which he states his acceptance of the theory of the nationalization of land.

—The Emerson circle at Germantown has adjourned its meetings till September.

—Robert Collyer lectured on "Clear Grit" in Unity church, Camden, May 2nd.

—Mrs. Pemdita Ramabai, who is in this country, presumably on some mission in behalf of Hindoo women, spoke before the Sunday-school in Clifford's church, on a recent occasion. I heard this woman speak at a Presbyterian missionary meeting upon the same subject, and was struck by the guarded nature of her discourse, in which "Christian" or "non-Christian" could not once have been inferred.

—William Coit came over from New York, and lectured before Mr. Weston's society, Sunday, the 24th.

—Professor Westbrook has delivered two lectures on the Girard estate matter, but his arraignment of the breach of trust seems to have fallen flat, which is lamentable, and yet

natural, in the present state of the public temper on that subject.

—Haskell is shortly to exchange with Clifford.

—The Camden church is frequented by an audience averaging one hundred or over.

—The street boys in charge of the Ethical Culture society are likely to have a home of their own in the fall, as the necessities of the day school, now in the same building, are crowding them out.

—The Ethical Culture society has nearly doubled its membership since commencing its meetings in the fall. Though Mr. Weston's re-election as lecturer to his society was a matter of course, the tribute of personal esteem which the occasion and his noble, self-sacrificing nature prompted, were fine and refreshing. Two years of singularly felicitous association have made him seem necessary to those who have been his co-workers.

—Prof. Frances Emily White's fine commencement address has appeared in full in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

—In the list of Pennsylvania legislators, there does not appear to be one Unitarian. Somebody has been looking into the matter and found the orthodox sects, notably Methodism, dominant. Ten "statesmen" were unclassified.

—Miss Charlotte Porter, who edits *Shakespeareana*, is a member of the Society for Ethical Culture.

—John Sartain, the veteran artist, is religiously liberal to the very backbone, as will be made evident in his forthcoming autobiography.

H. L. T.

Chicago.—The Monday noon union teacher's meeting was devoted to the first lesson of the book of Job, Mr. Blake being leader. Nothing whatever is known of the author of the book of Job. The word in the margin of some Bibles that the book is believed to have been written by Moses while he sojourned in Midian, is entirely groundless. As to the integrity of the book, various and some extreme views have been held. Some cut off both prologue and epilogue, eliminate the speech of Elihu, and cut out and rearrange other speeches. Mr. Blake regarded these questions as of subordinate interest; the book as we have it is worthy of our study. The bulk and weight of critical opinion dates the book about the time of the Babylonian captivity. An impressive fact in this connection was noted, namely, that the more purely moral and religious the contents of a book are, the more difficult it is to determine its date. Is the book a history? The early Jews and the early Christians thought so. But the better opinion is against this view—the long speeches must be the leisurely work of a man of genius. Is it wholly imaginary? Examples of pure invention are exceedingly rare. Poets are always seeking subjects, legends, stories, facts, which they embellish and exemplify. Most good critics now agree with the opinion of Luther, that this book is an argument or poem founded upon a tradition of a fact or facts.

The purpose of the book. Three theories were mentioned out of the many that have prevailed:

1st. That the book is to set forth three points, (1) that the good are afflicted, but not for punishment, and it is wrong to reproach them with their misfortunes. (2) That it is wrong to call Deity to account, for how can man understand? (3) That at last God will revive and bless the good with prosperity.

2nd. That the book was not to come to any conclusion but simply to state the problem of evil and leave it as insoluble.

3rd. That the purpose of the book is not only to state the problem but to give some sort of solution and that this solution is in the prologue, namely that the good do suffer because God chooses to try, discipline, his children. This seems to Mr. Blake the preferable one.

In general the purpose of the book has been

supposed to be probably national, a sort of answer to the question: Why does Israel meet with so many reverses and afflictions?

A few words about Satan. The Satan of Job is not a repulsive or disagreeable character. The meaning of the word is an *adversary*. In Job, Satan means a person, but he seems not a particularly wicked spirit. A real adversary of Jehovah could not have been accepted by the Jews at that time. There was no evil that Jehovah had not done, as Amos says.

—Mr. Edwin D. Mead occupied the pulpit of All Souls church, morning and evening, to the great edification and interest of the congregation, the subjects being "The Wages of Unrighteousness," and "Lessing's Nathan the Wise." The scholarship, together with the religious vigor and earnestness of the speaker, were strengthening and uplifting to those who were so fortunate as to hear him.

Boston Notes.—Merry May-day did not warrant a large Sunday hegira from our city streets into the suburban fields and groves, or a Monday search by juveniles for cowslips and early violets. Our spring is a fortnight slow this year. Indeed with us no school holiday is ever made of May-day.

—Brother George W. Cooke gave, on Thursday last, to the Moral Education society, his intensely packed lecture on the literary achievements of women, illustrated by the life and work of George Eliot. To the Monday club he gave his just and profound thoughts on the value of literature in sermon illustrations—of wide reading in daily pastoral duties—on the innocent use of imagination in religious instruction, or the advantage of gleaning in other men's reaping grounds to make up a full harvest of sentiment and religious strength and moral courage.

—Last Monday, Rev. H. W. Perris, of Hull, England, and Rev. W. S. Key, of Boston, England, addressed the Monday club. Earnest, truthful preachers they are, redolent of the air of progressive English thought. Both gentlemen will spend anniversary week in Boston. Mr. Perris has conducted courses of popular winter meetings in a theater in Hull, giving good instrumental and vocal music, from suggestive authors, in great variety. —Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Goldsmith, Eliot, Dickens, Hugo, —even Emerson. Ladies and gentlemen assisted in the reading, and the crowded audiences always gave close attention. The current reading book was largely called for at the second-hand bookstores of the city. Mr. Perris told his audiences of working people that the expenses of meeting would be paid by his friends unless they preferred to defray them. They promptly chose to sustain the services by themselves.

Humboldt, Iowa.—"On Monday evening, May 2, Unity church celebrated its anniversary with a supper and sociable at the church, as usual, and held its annual election of officers. The officers elected were: T. B. Nickson, president; G. S. Garfield, secretary; A. D. Bicknell, treasurer; T. B. Nickson and J. N. Prouty, trustees for three years, and C. D. Mastin and Mrs. Taft trustees for one year. A resolution was passed unanimously and enthusiastically, which warmly commends Miss Murdock's work as pastor, and earnestly requests her to remain in that position for another year." The foregoing clipping from the *Kosmos*, of this place, indicates something of the annual banquet and business meeting of our society for 1887. It has taken its place as one of the pleasantest of our annual gatherings. The last sentence of the above indicates the high appreciation in which Rev. Marlon Murdock is held by her parishioners. We trust that not only for another year, but for many more we may be permitted to enjoy the relationship which the experience of the past two years has made so near to our hearts.

G.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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[NUMBER 12.]

EDITORIAL.

CHANNING says, "A high end in the community is an impulse which individuals can hardly withstand." Yes, and a high end in an individual is an impulse which by and by the whole world will not withstand, but will follow and venerate.

"It is a sign of infancy when only a few beings interest us." Strange that some men pride themselves on caring for only two or three persons in the world. But we have known some to take pride in slovenly dressing, and boys sometimes are proud of dirty hands and faces.

SPEAKING of civil liberty, Channing says: "Civil liberty is not enough. There may be tyranny of the *multitude*, of *opinion*, over the individual. He is free who is most encouraged to consult his highest nature and to act from it. *Popularity enslaves*. We want no limits to the range of the human mind." How much truth there is in that. The italics are ours. Channing says again: "Is there no danger of our self-control degenerating into tyranny? A man may lay severe rules on himself as truly as another may."

- UNFORTUNATELY for our readers this week, UNITY editors are also conference goers and conference workers. UNITY goes to press with the buzz of delegates and the rush of business all around it. We are too busy to write about it, but you will hear about it next week. Suffice it now to say that the tides of fellowship are high and warm, and there is no lack of prophetic interest and apostolic zeal in the interest of those things for which we came into being, and which form the subtle ties of sympathy between us and our readers.

A FRIEND writes: "Judaism—in the pure, lofty sense—is probably as dear to me as Christianity or Unitarianism is to you, and yet I fully and with all my heart re-echo the refrain: 'Judaism, or something better,' by which I wish to indicate that the substitution of something higher—higher because involved in Judaism and evolved out of it—does not frighten me. On the contrary, I do not fear to look forward to a period, should it in the *natural* progress and in the *honest* course of events come, when something else will be here because something higher. I do not say that the something has come, but what is important to recognize is that it is coming or may come, and in a sense should come." Have the "Christians" so great faith?

"MAKE the good contagious,"—a motto for all kinds of educators; educators in the nursery, the Sunday-school, the Unity Club, the church, the conference, as well as in the public school. It is the editor of the *Journal of Education* who speaks:—"George Howland, Superintendent of the Chicago schools, says with characteristic modesty in his late report: 'We have striven to make the good contagious.' This accounts for the fact that Chicago has some of the best schools in the country, with modern methods at their best, and all without the faintest ripple of excitement, with no local upheaval, with no agitation, with no noise of pretence. . . . On our recent western trip we visited a large school in which we saw some elegant work in various departments, and many methods we had never seen equaled in their sensibleness. And yet a year ago every teacher was hide-bound in prejudices against all phases of the new education. There has been but one change in the corps of teachers. The superintendent

selected schools in which the best work was being done, and asked one and then another to visit and study such schools of their own grade. The results are as we saw them. *The good had been contagious*. These teachers could never have been scolded or threatened into it. No amount of ridicule would have conquered them; but, when they saw results such as they could not show, when they realized that to attain them they must change their methods, they were not only willing but anxious, and they read, they begged for advice and direction from the superintendent. The hope of the country to-day is in *making the good contagious*."

"I THINK the most important event that has ever happened to me was the reading of Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' in our Browning class last winter. I have never accomplished what I hoped in life, but what he says had not once occurred to me,—that

'All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,—
This I was worth to God!'"

The speaker was a hard-working woman in a little western village. She was an Episcopalian in her church-listenings. She had had some of a woman's deep life-trials. She said it thoughtfully. "The most important event in her life" was the reading of that poem.

WE observed lately the following incident at a table. The master of the house praised the maid (one much loved and trusted in the household) for the dainty excellence of some dish, which he said was as beautiful as it was delicious. The mistress laughed, and said "I believe, E—, he says that every week." The girl answered brightly, "No matter; that's a kind of thing that never grows monotonous." We composed thereupon a short chapter of reflections for our own private edification. The incident recalled another, fishing it up like broken crockery from an old well, namely, that on occasion of a similar bit of praise, a wife, who was present, remarked, no doubt before she thought what she was saying, "My husband never says anything when things go right, only when they go wrong." Now, let a man, or a woman either, cling to the inalienable right of fault-finding on sound occasion, if he wish to; we will not dispute him; but if he have no conscience to join with fault-finding the counterpart duty of commendation, if he blame faults but take no care to praise virtues,—that we call rather mean to say the least of it.

UNITY gives its hearty endorsement to the following suggestion, now circulating for signatures among Chicago citizens. Each of the five reasons is separately strong. The first shows that the woman-half of Chicago begins to wish representation on the School Board. The second and third show that women can well fill the place. The fourth and fifth set forth that the school-work needs the women there. When a *wish* and a *can* and a *need* conjoin, a case is pretty clear. The fourth reason is not the strongest, but is very telling: if, of twenty-six Chicago teachers twenty-five are women, that fact alone suggests that at least two or three wise women should have voice in the over-management. The day will come when our present disproportion between honors and service in matters educational will seem as comical as it is unwise and unjust. We hope our new mayor will let us date *this* reform also from his administration.

To the Honorable John A. Roche, Mayor of Chicago :

As the terms of office of five members of the Board of Education are about to expire, we, the undersigned citizens

of Chicago, respectfully urge upon your Honor that such positions, or some of them, be filled by prominent and capable women,—for the following among other reasons:

(1) The interest of the women of Chicago in all matters pertaining to education, whether as mothers, teachers or citizens, being as great as that of men, entitles them to a voice in all that concerns the public schools of our city.

(2) Women have shown such superior ability, fitness and fidelity whenever entrusted with a share of educational work as teachers, principals of schools, school superintendents or trustees, as to entitle them to still higher positions of trust.

(3) The joint action of women and men on School-Boards has in point of fact justified the acceptance of women for such positions, wherever tried; notably on the School-Boards of London, Boston, New York and other places.

(4) There are twelve hundred and fifty female to fifty male teachers in the public schools of Chicago. The interests of these women teachers should not be confided entirely to men.

(5) The work of a large number of the nineteen standing committees of our Board, notably those relating to rooms and regulations, special studies, text-books, courses of instruction, salaries and appointments of teachers, libraries and sanitary affairs, need, and should have, the counsel and action of women as well as men.

Of the Methodist hymnal, prepared by order of the general conference about ten years ago, and now in use among the churches, a writer in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* says: "The book contains 1,136 hymns (including 19 classed as doxologies) 371 of which were incorporated in our hymnody for the first time. Excluding the doxologies, and 27 whose authorship is unknown (we follow Mr. Nutter's assignment), these hymns represent 336 authors of almost every denomination and shade of faith. Among them are 59 female writers, two of whom (Mrs. Adams and Charlotte Elliott) rival Wesley and Toplady in universal favor. Charles Wesley is represented by 308, Isaac Watts comes next with 78, and James Montgomery with 47. The tunes (to hymns proper) number 416, and are assigned to 221 different composers. The favorites seem to be Azmon, Boylston, Burlington, Duke-street, Hamburg, Hebron, Hummel, Lyons, Portuguese hymn, Rockingham and Webb, which all appear three times. The overwhelmingly popular composer is Dr. Lowell Mason."

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Hope.

With a little kneeless stocking in my somewhat weary hands,
All waiting to be woven whole, with forward, backward
strands,

And then, with mate beside it, to await the little feet
That now in dimpled whiteness lie, two of an anchored fleet;

With the tick, tack of the clock to match the flitting thoughts
of brain,

The hand fills in the trio, with the weaving threads again,
Just as the plaited work is done and little wearer blest
With good-night kiss, so light as not to mar the dreamless
rest;

A flood of glorious light, through the uncurtained window
glows,

And over bed and sleeper its magic whiteness throws.
The cloud-imprisoned moon, without a veiling shadow sends
One instant, her full glory, and then with music blends—

The tinkling, dripping, dropping of the unexpected rain;
While in the distant sky is born the child of wedded twain.
For, with a softened beauty, the arching heavens are spanned
By nature's grand highway that rests on neither sea nor land.

And eyes that look will never more forget the wondrous sight
Of nature's stray "somniaulist," the rainbow in the night.

O, blessed bow of promise, my heart exultant cries,
So, born of light and tears our souls to glowing heights shall
rise.

To reddest deep of human blood that in swift current flows,
To give through loving sympathies a warmer tinge to those
Whose blood runs cold. 'To faintest tint that blends with
ether 'round,

So may our spirits rise to meet the eternal without bound.

O, blessed bow of promise, yet with wider thought I cry,
While form and color fade away from out the clearer sky.
O age of aspiration! O age of wild unrest!

Is there no steady hand of calm, to soothe your seething
breast?

From white light rainbow colors come, to white light they
return;

So, through the ages, first to last, one spirit light does burn.
And prophets, many-voiced, shall rise with banners new, un-
furled,

To read in every "chaos" new the "cosmos" of the world,

To write the noble record of the upward-striving past,
With ready pen at latest hour, to note the *better* "last."
Fair science, keen and tender-eyed, hopeful and never sad,
With firm but kindly voice says "*sick*," where *saints* have
thundered "*bad*."

And at her word the Healer comes, and not official, grim,
For love and light do better work than any dungeon dim.

And art, the busiest worker, true art, the friend of all,
Turns downward-looking faces up, by beauty's magic call;
And if a more than Raphael, Correggio, Angelo
Have not been born, our age with no uncertain step, or slow,

Foretells their coming. Science, art, then tripled hand in
hand,

With modest truth, which is the one religion pure, shall stand
A rank and file invincible, with *love* the undefiled
Prediction of the glorious coming of "The Child,"

The Christ that is to be. So reads the future by the past;
And so the present, with Gethsemanes, too sad to last,
But with a faith too clear and strong for any doubt
Waits only for the singer that shall find the music out.

I turn me from the window, and in a gleam of light
A little jewel casket, near, shines out upon my sight.
My quickened fingers turn the key, and folded, marked with
care,
Two wrinkled papers, brown with time, are all the jewels
there.

One bears the name of "Gettysburg," and one "The Wil-
derness,"

And only leaves and rosebuds old these folded papers press.
A severed hand was left to lie upon one battle plain,
With roses' perfume on the air and bloom among the slain.

The other plucked the blossoms, in the name of coming
peace,

And sent the precious flow'rets "home" who died that war
might cease.

O, rainbow in the night time, your blended colors gone,
You linger in my memory, and thought will still run on,

And picture in your semblance the coming better time
When human life shall bear the sign of promise more sublime;
When strongest shades of difference, that, lying side by side,
The pure white light of truth shall blend that nothing can
divide;

When the cross shall break the gibbet down, and love shall
cancel hate,

And circling 'round the world shall keep her law inviolate.

O roses from two battle grounds, these twenty years and more
Have robbed you of your fragrance and the lovely garb you wore!

But by the risen spirit of soldier and of flower,
May we not dream the sacrifice to be a living power,
That as the rolling years go by may ever more increase,
To bring about the lasting day of purity and peace!

F. A. B. D.

The True Discipleship.

The fullest appreciation of Jesus is not necessarily with those who take him out of the ranks of our humanity and throne him in the heavens. Some of the deepest and tenderest reverence for this Son of Man I have found among men and women who gave him no titles and perhaps rarely spoke his name. That was a fine distinction of the venerable and saintly Lucretia Mott, who once surprised her friend by saying that she was not a follower of Jesus. "You are not?" said the friend; "No. I am a follower of that which Jesus followed." And yet so much is the popular view of this confession of Jesus linked with particular beliefs about his person and official rank in the universe, that this freer discipleship is often counted for naught. Labels and names blind people to the deeper fact of Christlikeness.

When Jesus first appeared as teacher and prophet, it was without pomp and with no prestige. Later biographers pieced out a confused and discrepant genealogy to connect him with the royal house of David; but his own generation knew him only as the son of Joseph and Mary, living in an obscure village in the province of Galilee. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" the people of the district said of him as he was beginning his ministry. "Out of Galilee ariseth no prophet," said the doctors of the law at Jerusalem. His own brothers, we read, did not believe in him. More than once his friends said, "He is beside himself."

To see the truth and to accept it when it came in so humble a garb as this belonged to few. It belongs to few in every age. Not all who are abroad at mid-day welcomed the rising sun. Even those who owned a secret response to the teachings of this new-risen prophet shrank from the misconception, not to say reproach, which open approval involved. He had no outward rewards to offer. Men could not then better their business chances by "standing up for Jesus." His party had no offices to distribute. A public man could not get votes by subscribing to the "disciple fund." To attend his meetings was not a passport to Jerusalem society. The "best families" didn't have his name on their lists. It was not down in the social directories of the day. On the other hand to speak well of him was to incur reproach. To own his teachings was for those who stood well in society to lose somewhat of respectability. To confess his name was to confront established opinion, to be in the minority, literally to turn one's back upon the world. You see, therefore, what loyalty, what independence of character, what devotion to ideas, what faith in things unseen and not entered in the market reports, went with this acknowledgement of Jesus in his own day. But is it thus to-day? No thoughtful person can fail to see the difference of situations.

That name is no longer a moral sifter of society. To confess it has become easy. It is no longer to stand in a little minority. It involves no loss of respectability with the world at large. It does not necessarily mean readiness to take in unwelcome truths or willingness to break from the bondage of outworn and false traditions. It is no longer to lose this world, but oftentimes it is the door to the enjoyment of more of its successes and emoluments. Nay, more than this. Not a little of that very narrowness and bigotry which Jesus so scathingly rebuked in the scribe and pharisee of his day is now entrenched under cover of his name. That same worship of the letter against which he had to contend makes infallible texts of his own words to-day. The same unprogressive spirit that had no welcome for new and larger

adaptations of truth to human life and society will be found often to-day along with the claim of special allegiance to his authority. So that to-day a man must sometimes part company with the Jesus of popular faith in order to follow the things which he followed and live in the spirit of his life. He must be de-christianized in order to read larger meaning into the current Christianity. He must be willing to be called heretic for the sake of a better orthodoxy to come. So it has been in the slow and painful progress of Christendom. We owe our larger interpretations of religious truth to-day to those whose bolder affirmations were counted as denials, and who were steadfast enough to be called unbelievers for the sake of a nobler belief. Every great fold has had its Arnold Winkelrieds who gathered the spears of opposition into their own breasts, to open a way for less daring spirits to follow.

And so we must give some deeper interpretation to discipleship to Jesus than is commonly given if we are to make it of much account and include those who have been most truly of his company in the past, or who are so to-day. Truth comes not at once and in full measure to any given period, and building the tombs of long-recognized prophets is quite another thing from readiness to recognize and follow the new-born, manger-cradled truth of one's own time. Whether you and I, whether those who now are most forward to "stand up for Jesus" would have owned him as he came to his own day, we may not say. We may think that we would have done so. But that particular form of opportunity lies far away in the past. It will never be ours. But Palestine had no advantages over America that we could have availed ourselves of, and eighteen centuries have not essentially changed the elements of human nature. The test for us and for all is to be seen in one's attitude towards the incoming light of his own age, his sympathy with its more humane movements, larger thought, its practical embodiment of ampler justice and right. If he cannot stand with a little minority to-day, he could hardly have done so eighteen hundred years ago.—*From a recent sermon on "Confessing the Christ," by F. L. Hosmer, in the Cleveland Plain-Dealer.*

House Cleaning.

I sit in my study wondering, while the sunshine falls in upon my meditation, through windows freshly cleaned, whether we think of the "house not made with hands"—the "I am," and the great amount of care needed to keep it clean, pure, righteous. Although we may brush and sweep, dust and polish the houses in which we find so much entertainment, rest from labor, time to read, pleasure with wife and children, social intercourse with friends and repose, we are doing but little in one sense of the word, if we do not take another kind of broom and sweep the cobwebs of superstition and ignorance from our minds and clean the windows of our spirit, so that God's light may shine in upon us. I bless the women for their patience, endurance and sacrifice, which make them bring the kingdom of God among us by their life and give proof of the fact that they deem godliness and cleanliness equal virtues. Their only consolation, they tell me, is to get together and compare notes. I wonder why women are compelled to do so many drudgeries, while we men grow fat bossing and using them as our valets de chambre. Imperial is precedent, and tyrannical seems marriage which anchors woman's life to drudgery or confines it to kitchen or sewing and mending room. But this is an alternative, and her drudgery is no more degrading, if such it can be, than the drudgery of man.

We are surprised to notice the amount of dirt the women get out of a house which is kept clean, so to speak. So there is always room for improvement in the soul. If mankind were always in a paradise, always virtuous, good, true, then we would remain clean. But the world is full of diversified human nature, and we are influenced by the bad and polluted, or at least tainted with sin by the vicious. Hence we must keep on sweeping the rooms of our nature and dusting our intellectual and moral furniture and keeping ourselves unspotted in the world. House cleaning is, philosophically speaking, the

employment of our life. We grow tired of such discipline and play truant with ourselves only to receive more dust and dirt in our lives. House cleaning is the best preparation for the enjoyment of this world and for the appreciation of the life to come. "Dear," says one, "if we must keep our 'heavenly mansions' as clean as our earthly ones, if we must worry there about brooms, brushes, rags and dirt, I think I shall board." I guess three-fourths of humanity by their indisposition to culture in this world propose "boarding" in the next.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Arithmetic.

If our public schools ever recognize the folly of much in the present method of studying arithmetic, it will be due to the efforts of General Francis A. Walker. His address before the school committee of Boston, of which he is a member, has just been published. He argues "that the old-fashioned readiness and correctness of ciphering have been, to a large degree, sacrificed by the methods which it is now proposed to reform; a false arithmetic has grown up and has largely crowded out of place the true arithmetic, which is nothing but the art of numbers." So much has been crowded into the present curriculums of study that something must be dropped, and General Walker believes that the newer subjects give better than arithmetic the power of generalization, afford practice in reasoning and cultivate the habit of continuous attention. Arithmetic should be restricted to that amount which is needed to give facility and accuracy in ordinary numerical operations, with a view to the use to which this power is to be put either in practical life or in subsequent and higher studies. The teaching of the metric system, which has been used as "propaganda for the promotion of legislation," should be pursued in high schools alone. Numerous technical and difficult logical puzzles have been introduced into the instruction in arithmetic, so that our children leave school very ill-prepared, in this respect, for the practical work of life. What are called exercises in arithmetic are really "exercises in logic," unsuitable for the young child. Any problems "where the preliminary statement" is difficult and out of all proportion to the numerical operations required should be abandoned.

General Walker is also a strong advocate of industrial education as strengthening the executive faculty and the creative passion; as removing a snobbish contempt for manual labor; as helping the community at large by the better industrial quality of its citizens, and as maintaining that "sense of social decency" which mends gates and windows; and lastly, as obtaining heartier support of the schools from the citizens.

K. G. W.

We share with orthodoxy our belief in God, in religion, in worship, in righteousness of life; we share with science the belief in the legitimacy of her methods for the discovery of truth; we share with ethical culture societies their supreme regard for character and conduct; we share with agnostics their profound sense of the infinity of the universe, but think it too early yet to settle the limits of knowledge; we share with materialists their respect for hard facts, and their belief that matter is good and not evil; we share with the spiritualists the belief that the life is the maker of form, and that the ordinary common sense of eyes and ears is no measure of the universe; we share with free-religionists their respect for other faiths; we share with the advocates of the religion of humanity in their high human ideals.—*M. J. Savage.*

WORDS spoken by one who is trying to express his thoughts and feelings, are like good seed corn,—they will grow; but words spoken by one who does not feel their value, are like frozen seed corn,—they will not grow.

w. w.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Study of Mexico. By David A. Wells, LL.D., D.C.L. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co., 134 and 136 Wabash avenue.

The author describes the conditions of the journey, during which he made his observations in Mexico, as follows: "The journey, it may be further premised, was mainly made upon a special train, over the whole length of the 'Mexican Central Railroad,' over most of the 'Vera Cruz and City of Mexico,' and over a part of the 'Mexican National' railroads; the aggregate distance traversed within the territory of the republic being in excess of three thousand miles, the train running upon its own time, with its own equipment for eating and sleeping, and stopping long enough at every point of interest—city, town, *hacienda*, mine, or desert—to abundantly satisfy curiosity, and answer every immediate demand for information. It is safe, therefore, to say that such facilities for leisurely visiting and studying so much of Mexico have rarely, if ever before been granted." This journey, the author says, established two points satisfactorily,—“First, that here was a country, bordering on the United States for a distance of more than two thousand miles, which was almost as foreign to the latter, in respect to race, climate, government, manners and laws as though it belonged to another planet; and, secondly, that the people of the United States generally knew about as much of the domestic affairs of this one of their nearest neighbors as they did of those of the empire of China.” The volume treats, in eleven chapters, popular ignorance and fallacies concerning Mexico, Spanish rule and influence in the country, the invasion by Maximilian, and the condition of the people in respect to the division of the population, the power of the churches, schools, occupations, manufactures, taxation, the American railroad system in Mexico, and the prospective political relations of Mexico and the United States. The book is well issued, with large type well leaded, and good paper. An index is added. Reviewers have disagreed somewhat as to the amount of error or eccentricity in the book; but also they have agreed on its substantial value as shedding much wholesome light on the subject. Of the kind of material which a portion of Mexican history consists of, we may judge from the following: "Since the establishment of her independence in 1821, Mexico, down to the year 1884—a period of sixty-three years—has had fifty-five presidents, two emperors, and one regency, and, with some three or four exceptions, there was a violent change of the government with every new administration." Regarding our war with Mexico, called by the Mexicans the North American Invasion, as in fact it was, the author has some good remarks, which we like to read, doing some justice to the bad conduct of the United States, and the good conduct of the Mexicans in all their wretched poverty and meager equipment.

Masters of the Situation; or, Some Secrets of Success and Power. By William James Tilley, B.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This is an excellent, wholesome, stimulating, strengthening book. It contains sound sense and wise counsel well uttered. Its key-note is the importance of the man as expressed in the following: "That was a significant remark of an ancient general when about to bring on a battle. His officers endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose on account of the superior numbers of the foe; impatiently turning upon them he demanded, 'For how many men do you count me?'" This recalls Plutarch's excellent saying in his life of Coriolanus, regarding the effect on Rome of the desertion of Coriolanus to the Volsci,—“Universal wonder prevailed at the sudden and mighty revolution in the fortunes of two nations which the loss and the accession of a single man had effected.” But what makes the great force of a man? The author answers thus, "After all, have we not found the most effective genius to be the genius of hard work? Have we not seen, moreover, that even those whose great achievements seem spontaneous have been indebted for their seemingly

easy triumphs to an intensity of toil and previous preparation of which their admirers little dreamed?" Regarding failure there are these good sentiments,—“Many men who have succeeded have first failed, and some of them more than once, before achieving their success. The real wisdom consists in not making the same blunder a second time. The negroes of Central Africa have a saying that a man is a fool whose sheep run away twice. There is no little philosophy underlying this. What could be finer than that saying of Macaulay's concerning Alexander the Great, ‘Often defeated in battle, yet always successful in war?’” The general topics of the 12 chapters are, Promptness, Individuality, Application, The Single Eye, Habit, Health, Enthusiasm, Manners, “Wait,” Opportunity, Genius. The chapter on Habit has the following from Lord Brougham—the italics are ours—“I trust everything under God to habit, on which in all ages the lawgiver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance,—habit, which makes everything easy, and *casts the difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course.*” The book has a full index, is well printed in large type, and well made. We repeat that it is full of health. A feature of it that should not be omitted is its uncommon wealth of anecdotal illustration and enforcement by facts, stories and allusions, sprinkling the pages as thickly as clover in a meadow.

J. V. B.

Apotheosis of an Ideal. An Interior-Life Drama. Privately printed. Sold by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

The Foreword says: “The several contents of this little volume are to be looked upon as continuous parts of one ever-expanding whole, an oratorio in rhythmical speech in lieu of tune, whose transcendent theme is the divine possibilities of life.” Concerning this anonymous book we are told that the authorship at least “is a matter of no importance,” and each and all are besought to concede this. We cheerfully make the concession, as the treatment of the theme is such that those capable of catching the author's drift sufficiently to sympathize with him, will all be removed beyond the sphere in which his semi-musical meanderings can be of any interest. He speaks unto the “Silent consecrate Would-Bes,” “Tear-christened Would-Bes,” “Would-Bes up-lift from the pits of despondency, sense-spurning Would-Bes, embracing the azure, spirit dyed azure.” The action of the drama proceeds between Nameless, His Soul, His Ego, Alteria, Etheria, Adonai, Fear and Invisibles. Alteria is further described as “the indwelling divine-womanly of Nameless.”

We make these quotations and statements in no scoffing spirit, but only as explaining the former word, that those capable of understanding what the author means by all this, can write whole volumes of it for themselves, and get more good from writing than anybody can from the reading of them.

Familiar Allusions. A Hand-book of Miscellaneous Information including the names of celebrated Statues, Paintings, Palaces, Country Seats, Ruins, Churches, Ships, Streets, Clubs, Natural Curiosities and the like. Begun by William A. Wheeler. Completed and Edited by Charles G. Wheeler. Boston, Ticknor & Co.

This book, designed as a companion volume to the “Dictionary of the Noted Names of Fiction,” contains 584 pages, printed in double columns, in fine type, of useful information. As to its intent, the author says, “One only needs to glance at the pages of any prominent writer, or at the citations here given, to see how full they are of allusions to buildings, pictures, statues, streets and the like, for which the ordinary reader has no explanation at hand, and which this book aims as far as possible to explain.” That it has been successful is shown by the fact that a third edition has been published. To show its wide range of subjects, we quote the following: “*Frog-Pond*—A small basin of water in Boston Common, regarded by the inhabitants with an esteem disproportioned to its size.” The title of this leaves us in doubt as to whether the writer means to be jocose or not; but this

extract from Holmes immediately under it, relieves us from all doubt.—“After a man begins to attack the State-House, when he gets bitter about the *Frog-pond*, you may be sure there is not much left of him.” “*Mignon*—A picture by Ary Scheffer (1795—1858) which is well-known through reproductions.” “*Zealous*—The. An armor-plated ship of the British navy, launched March 7, 1864.” “*Port Coon Cave*—A natural curiosity in the county of Antrim, Ireland. It is an extraordinary excavation in the basaltic rocks into which boats may row a long distance.” “*Temple of the Sun*—A ruined temple in Palmyra, Northern Palestine, and one of the finest ruins in Syria. About 100 columns are still standing.” “*Child's Bank*—A financial house in Fleet Street, London, celebrated as the oldest banking institution in England. Charles II, among others, kept his account here.” “*Gaston de Foix*—A portrait with mirrors repeating the figure, by Girolamo Savoldo, a Brescian painter. This picture is in the Louvre, Paris; and there is an original repetition of it in Hampton Court.”

It is a book that will be valuable to all readers.

Daffodils. By A. D. T. W., Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In a dress combining tastefully cloth parchment, yellow satteen and gold ornaments comes Mrs. Adeline D. T. Whitney's latest book of verse. The flowers here gathered are simple wayside growths; they were not born on Olympus, nor have they frequent reminders of Olympus in their make-up; sweet-souled and fresh as all of them are, they were evidently born in another than the Parnassian country. Mrs. Whitney has shown slight claim to rank with even the minor poets of America. Supposing that she has no wish to be ranked with them, however, and assuming that her sole desire in her verses is to strengthen and uplift the souls of men, we can entertain for her only the highest respect. The spiritual value of this collection is greater than of almost any other book of miscellaneous poems published anywhere for many a year; while its poetical value is very slight, indeed, the thought being usually commonplace, and a sing-song, crude sort of expression prevailing. The divisions are: “By the Way,” “With the Children,” and “Especial”—sixteen pieces appearing under the first, nine under the second, and twelve under the third. From an unknown writer such a volume would be received coolly, and not even noticed by many critics. If Mrs. Whitney's metrical faculty were equal to some of her thoughts, she might give us some fine poems.

E. R. C.

The Sower. A Poem, by Augustus Currey. Illustrated. Riverside Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

This poem, of fourteen verses and about as many illustrations, is explained in the dedication, which is as follows: “This simple version of the beautiful parable is dedicated to all who work for good.” Without being striking in the way of poetry, these verses evidently come from a good heart, and will no doubt reach and help others of a kindred spirit and mood. The work is very creditably done, both as to letter press and illustration.

THE third and fourth volumes of the new Riverside Edition of Robert Browning's Works have just been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The fifth and sixth volumes, concluding the work, will appear about June first. The last volume will have a full index to all Browning's poems, together with a table of first lines. The edition has thus far met with a very favorable reception.

TICKNOR & COMPANY, of Boston, have begun the publication of a tastefully printed “Paper Series of Choice Reading,” which will comprise thirteen novels, to be issued in as many weeks through the early summer. The initial number, now before us, is the popular story of Margaret Kent, by Henry Hayes, first published in the regular \$1.50 edition two or three years ago, and now offered on good paper, printed from the original plates, at fifty cents.

THE HOME.

Proverb Sermons.—I.

PROVERB:—"He that is warm, thinks all so."

The meaning of this proverb is that men walk near each other without knowing each other; and still more, that the gay and happy forget the sad, and those who have much know nothing of the pinches of those who have little. These thoughts are so common that they are found in many proverbs beside the one which I preach from. Another is, "The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh." My sermon shall be in two parts. First, I shall say that it is goodness not to think all warm when we are; or, what is the same thing, not to overlook that others may be cold although we are warm. Secondly, I shall say that this same kind of goodness is greatness.

First, then, think of this, that pure, warm, wide love is the best kind of goodness, and so much the best that I know not whether there can be any other kind without it; and that this best kind of goodness, which is loving goodness, or good love (for it is the same either way), is just this,—To think of the cold while we are warm, and of the sad while we are joyful, and of the poor though we be rich, and of the sick though we be well, without having to wait till we are cold, or sad, or poor, or sick, to bethink us how chills, and woes, and want, and illness feel. The Bible says this plainly; as thus,—“Be eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame;” for if we, having eyes, think all have, or having good feet, forget that some limp, how can we be eyes or feet for them? The Bible says this in another way,—“Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them,” which means, as if we were bound with them. This was the goodness of John Howard, for though he was free himself to go where he would, he could not forget that others were in prison, and his heart was so gripped with pity for them all the time, that he spent his life wandering over the world trying to make the prisons better for the sad, poor, erring people in them. Now the prisons were so bad, as still they are, and so full of cruel things and hard feelings, because the people who were outside the walls bethought them not that others were inside, and still they bethink them as little; but being free they seemed to feel just as glad as if all were free, and still so they feel. The best kind of goodness, also, was the goodness of Jesus. Have you not read how, looking on the people, he was moved with pity because they were like sheep without a shepherd? This means that as he knew what was right, and wise, and true, he was torn with pity for those who knew not, and spent his life going about teaching them, when he could win them to listen, and when they would not listen, then he pitied them the more. Many persons who have had great knowledge and have seen what the truth was, have not felt how sad it was not to know good things, but they have kept their fine thoughts to themselves; that is, as the proverb says, being warm, they thought all so. But not so did Jesus. He yearned toward the untaught. He would not be silent. He gave his life in order to teach them. Once I knew a kind-hearted woman who, whenever there was a storm and “the winds blew and the rains descended and the floods came,” and the blasts roared over the earth, never ceased thinking of sailors, and felt as if she were pitching and tumbling with them on the waters, though her house was standing stock still on the land. And a man I knew who, when he put on his great warm overcoat in bitter cold weather, said “that he buttoned in more shivers than he kept out,” because thoughts of the thin-clad, who had no such garment, pinched him more than the cold. Had not this woman and this man the kind of loving goodness which is such good goodness? I have read a story of Joseph II, of Germany, that he wished to give an office to the son of a certain count, but the count begged the emperor to give the place to another, since his son was already rich; but when the emperor still pressed him, so that at last the good count could do no less than obey, he answered,—“Sire, I consent that my son shall take the place which you honor him with, but I implore

your Majesty to let the pay of it be set apart for some person less happy;” and this was done, the emperor being much moved by meeting a man who did not, according to the proverb, think all warm because he was. So the count's son did the duties of the office, but the profits were settled on the aged father of a poor family. Unlike this is a story of a farmer's wife who, looking out from her kitchen on the men in the hay-field, said, “Poor fellows! how hot it must be out there in the sun! I will go carry them a drink of cool beer.” Then going to the cellar to draw the beer, first, she herself drank a mug of the cool beverage, sitting down the while in the cellar. But when she had emptied the mug she said,—“After all, it is not so warm as I thought. The men need no beer.” And so the good housewife returned to her work comforted.

I think that not many persons mean to hurt others. Of all the hard things, painful, bad, cruel things in the world, only a little part is done on purpose; very few persons say, “Go to, now, I will hurt somebody;” yet, how many are hurt! This is because the warm think all warm, or else think nothing; and the glad overlook that any may be sad. There is a French saying, “*C'est une chose terrible d'être heureux.*” It is a terrible thing to be happy. What, indeed, can be more dreadful than to be happy, or anything else, if it shut us off from all the world, so that we know nothing and feel nothing but our own good fortune. But this is the danger of being happy, and so many fall into this snare that the proverb was made, “He that is warm, thinks all so.”

But now if we change the proverb and say, He that is cold, thinks all so,—will this be true, too? No, far from true. For when anyone is cold he is likely to think very quickly that others are warm, and often he falls to envying them, and being angry toward them, even when it is his own fault that he is cold; and he hates them for being better off than he is, even when it is his own bad deeds or wastes or idleness that have made him wretched. Thus pleasure makes one kind of ignorance, pain another. Happiness makes people heedless of others, and unhappiness unjust to others; and both these are kinds of selfishness. Thus you see how sad this proverb is when it is true of any one. If the cold but thought all cold, as the warm think all warm, it would not be so bad; for then, at least, there would be peace; but now while the warm are placid and thoughtless, the cold are envious and angry, so that a strife is stirred up and bitter feelings rage.

Secondly, I have to say that to think, while warm, of the cold, while happy, of the unhappy—this is not only goodness but greatness. Now this is seen in two ways. First, if we think all warm and happy because we are, is not this as if we saw our own image everywhere, having made everything a kind of looking-glass in which we see only ourselves? And what is this but vanity? And what is vanity but a weak and foolish mistake about ourselves? Now strength and greatness lie in not making mistakes; and still more in not making the worst mistakes, which are errors about ourselves,—thinking of ourselves too highly, and pushing into chief and main places. And how can we fall more into such errors than by thinking of ourselves all the time, or by never thinking of others nor knowing how they feel? Mistakes about ourselves are the worst mistakes, because we use ourselves in everything. If a man mistake about a saw, it hurts him only when he has to use the saw; and so with every other tool. But if he mistake about himself, this hinders him when he uses any tool, or does anything whatever. Thus vanity is a very bad mistake—never firmness and greatness, but weakness and slackness; and what can be greater vanity than always to think that others feel as we do, or never to think that they feel otherwise? I have read of an ancient preacher who, on attending a meeting of ministers, talked all the time until the meeting ended, when he remarked blithely, “Well, brethren, we must part, this has been an uncommonly interesting meeting.” And he had no thought what a silly figure he cut. Surely it was not a greatness but a littleness. I have read of a musician who, being asked to play, played three hours without stopping, while the company dropped away, one by one. At last, when he ceased

playing, late in the night, he rose from the stool and, being as short-sighted in his eyes as in his mind, bowed all round to the empty chairs, thinking the silence was caused by the emotion of his hearers. Here was another man after the fashion of the proverb, "He that is warm thinks all so." Now, as vanity was the cause of his blindness, and as vanity is not greatness but littleness, and not knowledge but ignorance, so to be such a man as the proverb describes is as little to be great and strong as good and loving. But, if we look at meekness or lowliness of spirit, what is this but not to be thinking of ourselves, or (the same thing) what but to be thinking of others?—for sure it is that we must be thinking of somewhat, and if not of ourselves, then the more and better of others. This, I say, is the same as meekness or lowliness—a virtue which wise men have thought the spring of all other graces, and also of greatness. One sage man has likened it to a foundation on which the whole house rests, and the deeper it is digged and laid, the higher and grander the house may rise; and another has said meekness is the road to power, because to improvement. Whoever hath an eye for others never will think all warm because he is; and this goodness soon gathers greatness; (for so I may say) the heart and the mind are fellow-doors, and one cannot open but the other must follow, making a wide space for knowledge to come in; thus many facts are ushered, many things received and among them great things, and all mingle in a noble company of thoughts. This is to live in a mansion of greatness.

But this is shown in another way, as I have said. Of all powers of the mind, what is greater than the image-making power, called imagination? This is what makes the greatest poets, painters, musicians. This power takes the things we know and weaves them into great dreams, visions, or scenes, that never we have beheld with the eye, but that lie and shine in the mind. It is a splendid, glorious, grand power. Now, when one that is warm thinks all so, it is because he makes no images in his mind; he has no power to do this; he can take things only as they come, but they cannot lead him to anything. He is like a man surrounded by pots of beautiful paints and colors, but they stay there, each in its little pot. He has no cunning to put them together in a picture. But one who, being warm, bethinks him of the chills and damps which others are in, and feels them, makes images in his mind. He has the greatness and power which imagination is. This links him to all things on the earth, shows him things that never he has seen, and gives him great knowledge. This was the greatness of mind that went with the goodness of soul in the woman to whom a storm brought visions of sailors, though never she had been at sea; and in the man whose warm garments woke shapes of the unclad, though never he had lacked clothing. So if a man like him of the proverb, who, being warm, thinks all so, pass a poor little lad by the wayside, he will see no more than just the boy, and but little of him, small worth, or knowledge, or greatness, in that. But if a man, who is not like him of the proverb, meet the lad, he will follow him in mind to his living-place, and eating-place, and sleeping-place, and have pictures of his life, which gives the man a greatness, a scope, a power. For then his heart opens to an inmate, his mind to a thought, and his hand for giving help if he can.

Beware of him of the proverb that, being warm, thinks all so. I mean not only beware of consorting with such. That would be a sorry end of my discourse; a sermon is but a poor wayfarer if it come not home. O, not only shun him of the proverb, but shun being such; and truly, if thou thyself art not such a one as thinks all warm if he be, thou wilt be sought little by those that are. I know not what such a one is good for; not for himself—he is too blind; not for a friend—he is too selfish; not for his country—he is too cold; not for mankind—he is too paltry.

J. V. B.

He who meets his hardships at the beginning of his career, may conquer them; but he that meets them further on, is likely to be conquered by them.

POEMS OF JAMES VILA BLAKE

PRESS OPINIONS.

Nothing is more characteristic of Mr. Blake's poetry than a singular purity of thought and style. * * * We recommend the volume as a whole to all who wish to see a novel landscape and breathe a fresh invigorating air.—*John W Chadwick, in the Index.*

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ESSAYS OF JAMES VILA BLAKE.

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The volume of this [gnomic] wisdom is properly the world's Bible, and every sentence, every fragment of it is precious beyond price. Mr. Blake has given us in this little book the condensed result of the thought of his best hours—hours spent, and a great many of them, in study, reflection, observation, calm, careful meditation upon the great problems of life and of being. The fruit is a rare work of wisdom; a neat volume full to the brim of enrichment, suggestion, stimulus; a very encheiridion, a vademecum to carry amid all passages, the varied experiences and exposures of our earthly life. Every one will find something here to feed upon, pemmican to carry for the waste and solitary places in his journey—song of conquest, notes of the battle cry for successful conflict and victory.—*Charles D. B. Mills in Unity.*

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. One is reminded not only by the brevity of these essays, but by the cast and mould of the sentences, and the plain, fine, discriminating language, of Bacon's condensed wit and sense. The quaint, clear English, like that which has come down to us from other days, is, however, the only thing in the book that is not modern. This writer reflects the culture of to-day. He respects individuality; he is humane; he is not afraid of the truth; he believes in the future, and that justice and mercy must prevail.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The quality of these essays which impresses us throughout is one for which we can find no better word than charm. There is something in their manner which is pleasing and delightful to a very high degree. Their quaintness, their archaic simplicity of manner and turn of phrase, have much to do with this. Very likely a critic here and there will say that the style is artificial and affected, but if the impeachment cannot be denied, it is certain that the artificiality is agreeable, and the affectation wonderfully pleasant. We do not imagine that Mr. Blake has chosen any of the great essayists for a model. But it is evident that, like all the essayists, he is a lover of his kind, that he has read them carefully and lovingly, and some of the colors from their palettes have been floated off upon his own. Perhaps it is Bacon more than any other who is subtly echoed here and there. But Mr. Blake is a lover of them all, and quotes from them with generous admiration. Nor has he hesitated, in two or three instances, to revert to subjects which the genius of Bacon has already touched and beautified—praise, anger, death, vainglory. It would be a daring thing to say that Mr. Blake's essays on these subjects are much better than those of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but "a consensus of the competent" would probably assign to them a greater value relatively to the needs and problems of the present time.—*The Index.*

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The following bond of union has lately been adopted by the new Unity church:

"The object of this society shall be to provide for public religious worship and instructions, and for such charitable and benevolent activities as belong to a religious society.

"Our Creed—The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man.

"Our Covenant—To make an earnest effort to live a true, virtuous and upright life.

"Our Religion—To seek the attainment of a complete and perfected social, intellectual and moral status in ourselves and in society.

"Our Aim—To be right in spirit and to do right in deed."

Chicago.—At the union teachers' meeting, Monday noon, Mr. Jones led. The lesson consisted of the first speech of Eliphaz and the reply, in the book of Job. Mr. Jones gave the movement of the drama and a list of the *dramatis personae*, six in number; Jehovah, Satan, his officer, Job, his three aged friends and advisers and the young Elihu. The question at issue, is how to account for the affliction of Job. The friends insisted that it was penalty for sin. Job was firm in his integrity. His attitude toward the problem was that of an agnostic, and the speech of Jehovah at the close seemed to commend and intensify that attitude of the finite man toward the Infinite. Mr. Utter thought the argument of Job was not always consistent, and Mr. Blake suggested that the whole composition might be arranged into dialogues, instead of the long alternating monologues, and thus be made more readily intelligible.

—The class in All Souls church which, during the past winter, has been studying Victor Hugo's celebrated novel, "*Les Misérables*," ended the season Thursday evening, May 12th, by a graphic representation in costume of the various characters in the book. All who were present on the occasion witnessed a veritable treat. The reading and analysis of this greatest of the studies of the poor and miserable classes of society has been full of pleasure, interest and thought to all who have been fortunate enough to attend this section of Unity club. Many new lessons of life have been learned thereby. The different characters of the novel were assigned to different members of the class, and each member seemed to vie with the others in the effort to portray well and truly the idea of the part assigned, in

manner, dress and figure. Although all of the characters were not taken, some forty or fifty were represented in costume. The costumes were very effective. The Bishop of D—, Madame Magloire, Jean Valjean, Javert, Marius, Thénardier, Madame Thénardier, Gavroche, Cosette, Sister Simplicie, Claquesous, and indeed all of the others, seemed natural as life, and their vivid representations aided very greatly in stamping their characters and peculiarities upon the minds of all those who had the good fortune to be present. The various characters were introduced singly and in groups by Rev. J. L. Jones in a few suitable remarks. It is certainly a very good thing to thus afford the members of the club an opportunity of exhibiting their realization of the characters which have been studied, and the idea should be encouraged.

—The last meeting of the Chicago Women's Unitarian Association was held on Thursday, April 28th, at All Souls church. There were 110 ladies present. Mrs. J. R. Effinger gave a paper on "My Creed," which was composed of the following articles:

1. One Lord there is all Lords above.
2. He is Truth.
3. He is Love.
4. The wages of sin is death.
5. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.
6. I believe in Life Everlasting.

The influence exerted by the paper was to make all its hearers desirous of subscribing to such a beautiful "Creed" as this. Two readings followed the paper. Whittier's poem "Eternal Goodness," was read by Mrs. Utter, and Lowell's "Ambrose," by Mrs. Marean. Brief remarks were made by Mrs. Shears, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Heywood, Mrs. Bartlett, Mrs. Loveday and others. The last meeting for this season will be held Thursday, May 26th, at Unity church. Mrs. S. W. Conger will be the leader with a paper on "Alice and Phoebe Cary," being the third in the course on "Poets of the Liberal Faith."

Boston Notes.—Hon. John D. Long will preside at the A. U. A. anniversary festival.

—At the union meeting of Universalist and Unitarian ministers, Rev. J. F. Moors, Unitarian state missionary, stated that Rev. Mr. Start, the Universalist state missionary, will soon preach to the new Unitarian society in Pittsfield, Mass., and will visit his denominational friends in that city and urge them to join Mr. Moors' movement there.

—Rev. Mr. Moors will soon preach to the new Universalist society in Amherst, Mass., and will visit his friends in that town and urge them to assist in Mr. Start's new church.

—Rev. A. A. Miner said that although it is plain to him that the two liberal denominations cannot join in the same creed, or method, yet they may run on contiguous parallel lines and be personally and as co-reformers fast friends.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale said we need to meet church-going people on their own ground—not be too learned—not be so careful to exhibit the Harvard culture as to preach religion and to open affections and a helping hand. Assume that all denominations are advancing in reasonable religious beliefs and keep on declaring our articles of faith and as well our negations.

—Rev. Dr. Emerson said he always preached to his Universalist congregation in their vernacular; he knew that he was always plainly understood.

—Rev. E. A. Horten said we must keep on the offensive in sectarian warfare,—for victory comes to us slowly. Citizens in a new country like our western states are busy developing land and mines, supplying new cities with water, gas, good sewerage, schools, libraries, and they accept traditional religion until they have leisure to think carefully about church tenets and religious reforms. Then he answered the question, "Why does not liberal

Christianity spread like wildfire over our western states?" About his own field of labor he saw signs of advancing churches. On the Back Bay he can count six confessedly liberal churches with liberal minded pastors, one half of whom are not Universalist or Unitarian.

—The traditional annual essay and collation of visiting ministers on anniversary week with the minister of Doctor Channing's church,—in vogue in the times of Doctor Channing, Doctor Gannett and Rev. J. J. W. Ware—are now continued at the house of Rev. Brooke Herford.

Charleston, S. C.—"How can we be otherwise than plucky and hopeful when all the churches of the denomination the whole country over rise up to put a new heart in us! On Aug. 25, 1885, we were shattered and shredded by a whipping and twisting cyclone. But with a great effort at home, and the help of friends abroad, we got back into the restored church on April 16, 1886, and exulted over the storm. In four months only, a year and a week from the cyclone, i. e. Aug. 31, 1886, the earthquake demolished us ten times more. Now, in a year and a week from our former return, April 24, we are "at home" once more. And now we pray the staying of the annual visitation. We trust this thing is not going to be kept up. The first exhausted ourselves, the second has exhausted our right to appeal to the aid of our friends. With that magnificent outpouring at the Saratoga conference, we are once more so far restored as to resume services in the church. The outward beauty of the church is greatly simplified, and iron rods and bars are built into every weak place. More "ribs" are now in that tower than were in the original man before the feminine theft was made. We took advantage of Secretary Reynolds being in New Orleans, in attendance at the meeting of the southern conference, and on his return he tarried and spoke for us the opening and cheering word. And his words, both morning and evening, were precisely such as were good for the occasion—tender, yet strong and positive; considerate, yet stimulating and urgent."

And at the service, they sang the following hymn, written by the pastor, E. C. L. Browne, to utter the experience and feeling of the church:

Thy hand, O Lord, hath touched our holy place,
And heart and altar fell in wreck and pain:
Thy hand hath touched the healing fountains of love,
And heart and fane rise strong and fair again.

Father, its walls are love, its roof is praise,
Its clustering arches type a union strong;
The offerings of a continent here voice
A common faith, and break in grateful song.

Now touch once more, O dread and sacred hand!
The house and hearts that thy anointing wait—
Touch now to strength, touch to abiding peace,
And to a holier service consecrate!

Brookes Fund.—Professor Huidekoper, of Meadville, trustee of the above fund, has published a leaflet giving interesting extracts from the recipients of libraries from this fund during 1886. From this circular we learn that the whole number of ministers supplied from the Brookes fund, during 1886, was one hundred and fifty-five, representing about twenty-seven different denominations, and located in twenty-five states and territories, besides eight "libraries" given from other funds.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1887.

[NUMBER 13.]

EDITORIAL.

Conference Notes.

THE meetings of last week make the eighteenth anniversary of the Western Unitarian Conference in regular succession, that the senior editor of this paper has attended; and he believes the records will show that, in the number of societies represented and in voting power, it is among the larger known during that time. It is also quite safe to say, that never before was the general attendance of friends, so prompt, regular and attentive. Each of eight long sessions was a meeting of goodly audience measured by the standard of western Unitarians, and of eager listening measured by the standard of *any* ears. The ninth and closing session, that of the Sunday-school society, falls on Friday when many of the delegates are already on their homeward journey, so that there, with faces fewer, we are used to the freest, gladdest time of all.

AMONG the places and societies represented, we recall the following,—those printed in italics *not* being represented officially. Possibly there were others, and we shall be glad to revise the list in our next number, through the help of our readers.—Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Cooksville, Helena, Janesville, Kenosha, *Madison*, and *Milwaukee*, in Wisconsin; *Ann Arbor*, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Jackson, in Michigan; Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio; *Hobart*, Indiana; Alton, Buda, Geneseo, Geneva, Hinsdale, Quincy, Sheffield, in Illinois, and *First church, Unity*, Third, and All Souls' churches, of Chicago; *Algona*, Davenport, Des Moines, Humboldt, *Moline*, Rock Rapids, Sioux City, in Iowa; *Church of the Messiah*, and Church of the Unity, of St. Louis, and St. Joseph, in Missouri; Lawrence and Topeka, in Kansas; Omaha, in Nebraska; *Denver*, in Colorado. In all, thirty churches officially represented; and one hundred and nine accredited delegates, including officers of associate organizations reporting themselves as entitled to vote. Around these voters gathered many friends and co-workers, chiefly from this city and its neighborhood.

NUMBERS are relative. We suppose that when Jesus had found his twelfth disciple, he took heart and felt strong over his goodly sized band, while all the rest of Galilee laughed at the paltry dozen of fishermen. To the friendly eyes of a brother fresh from the larger Conferences in the east, the meeting of the W. U. C. seemed very small, and its concerns on that account less significant than they seem to some of us. But when he has been in the west a dozen years, and has found the Holy Spirit in the midst of the little bands, that come hundreds of miles to confer together in companies numbered only by a few scores, and sometimes by the apostolic dozens, he will be less affected by numbers and more by the heart-hunger and the spirit of prophecy that may be represented. When you see an earnest sister from Denver comparing notes with a worker in Illinois or Michigan, a brother from Missouri in communication with one from Minnesota, it enlarges the heart and gives one a sense of great possibilities and fullness of opportunity.

AMONG the faces seen at the Conference, for the first time, were those of Revs. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul; C. B. Roberts, of St. Joseph; J. B. Frost, of Alton; Joseph Waite, of Janesville; Reed Stuart, of Detroit; C. F. Elliott, of Jack-

son, Mich., and C. F. Bradley, of Quincy, Ill. Seven recruits, each ready and eager to join in the untrammelled freedom of a body that was last week re-baptized for the missionary work of spreading the religion of character and the piety found in Truth, Righteousness and Love, and the aspirations that spring therefrom.

THREE women preachers were present, and materials out of which to make a dozen more.

THE *Christian Register*, the *Unitarian Review* and the *Unitarian* were all represented at the Conference by their editors. The whole editorial force of UNITY was on hand. If Brother Douthit, of *Best Words*, had only been there—and he would have been most welcome—the main editorial forces of the denomination could have shaken hands with one another. Some day we hope to have at the Western Conference an editorial picnic.

THE wide range of the Conference fellowship and of the interest it involves, was shown not only by breadth of territory represented, but by the spiritual latitude and longitude of those in attendance. At different times we saw the faces of Rabbi Hirsch, a Jew; William Salter, of the Ethical Culture society; Mr. Adams; Mr. Gardner, Miss Chapin and Miss Kollock, Universalist ministers of Chicago and the suburbs; Rev. Mr. Williams, of the Congregational church, author of the now famous resolution of sympathy with the bereaved family of Beecher; Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of the Methodist fellowship; Colonel Bundy, editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*; Mrs. Andrews, of the *Union Signal*, and one of the leaders of the W. C. T. U. in the country; not to forget Doctor Thomas, of the People's Church, Chicago, and Rev. Amos Crum (Universalist) of Dubuque, whose voices were heard from the platform.

NEVER before did the Western Conference adjourn with all possible deficit for the coming year already guaranteed. This, too, although \$500 additional expense was involved in the securing of the whole time, instead of the three-fifths time of our Secretary, Mr. Effinger. A guaranty fund of \$1800, outside of the usual contributions expected from the churches, was subscribed on the spot. We hope UNITY readers as individuals, and the churches not yet heard from, will promptly raise this fund to \$2500; for the larger the fund, the lighter the *pro rata* amounts at the end of the year falling on each helper. Pledges sent to us will be handed over to the treasurer.

NINE sessions, fourteen papers, four sermons and addresses, twelve or more reports, one long discussion concerning a Declaration of Fellowship and Faith,—and still the delegates went home alive, well, happy, and with the holy spirit of work more than ever upon them.

THE hospitality extended to the meetings was what might be expected from the church which calls itself "All Souls." Body as well as soul, we were taken in and cared for by generous hands. The quaint and pretty building, which is parson's home above, church-home in the middle, and refectory beneath, was properly wondered at and praised. And all the Conference was glad that this year's invitation beckoned whither it did—to the church which Mr. Jones and his people dedicated when the leaves were red last fall. The first green leaves see this use made of it. The youngest and the

smallest of our churches in Chicago has a heart of welcome big as that which the Conference has so often tested in the older and the larger congregations.

"I DON'T deny the value of the American Sunday-school, though I presume that its value is greater for the teachers than for the pupils," says Mr. Hugenholtz, in his Conference paper, to be found on another page. If well based,—and possibly it is,—that presumption is a mild thunder-clap of condemnation of our system, and should set us to thinking. It is good to see ourselves as strangers see us, especially when the strangers are friends and fellow-workers; so fail not to read what Mr. H. says of our "Sunday-schools," our "church social," our "pew system," and our "quacks' paradise." And it is good to note how others go to work to reach the same ends as ours, especially when these others are experts of their own way: so note how in his Free Holland church at Grand Rapids they make the two ends meet financially, granting no privilege to the rich man which the poorest does not share; and how solidly the church is founded in the religious instruction of the young; and how real a *dignity* they make church-membership. Think of the liberal ministers in Holland spending from ten to twenty-four hours a week in teaching the children, and of that school at Amsterdam with its graded five years' course. Our way cannot be their way in all these matters, but our way might be wiser if it were more *like* their way in each and every point. Mr. Hugenholtz comes from those liberals of Holland, whom Kuenen and Tiele represent in scholarship, and who have sent us, in English translation, "The Bible for Learners." His Grand Rapids church, in Michigan, is in the center of our Holland folk, as Mr. Janson's, at Minneapolis, is at the center of Norwegian America; and the two men are doing much the same work in unwinding the Calvinistic creed from around their countrymen. It is the church to which our National Conference, last September, sent its thousand-dollar greeting.

SEVERAL of the Conference *guests* added value to the meetings by their papers or addresses. Doctor Thomas of Chicago, always welcome to an audience of western liberals, and Rev. Mr. Crum, of Dubuque, spoke strong words in favor of broad fellowship in things religious. Mr. W. W. Clay, one of the Chicago architects, told us how our tabernacles should be built. Williams Salter, of the Ethical Society, by a few words deepened the feeling with which we had been listening to Mr. Crother's paper about Prayer.

Once we became Pagans. The paper on Celsus, the sturdy old Greek opponent of Christianity, given to the Conference by Rev. S. J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register*, was an admirable piece of work, and though long, none too long, for the dignity of the subject required the length, and the audience was not tired. It gave one a curious feeling, and also roused a sense of the sympathetic bond running through all the world in all ages, to hear from Mr. Barrows the words of Celsus and of his critic Origen, showing that the same problems which now perplex us, the same objections to Christianity and the same answers to them which now meet us, were active so long ago; showing, too, how earnestly the old objector, representing the classic rationalism, was devoted to what he thought the truth and the good of his country and of the world, in his strictures on what was to him the new-fangled folly of Christianity. Mr. Barrows gave us a wonderfully good feeling toward Celsus, and his concluding pages rose into an eloquent glow as he depicted how Origen and Celsus might be conceived to meet and converse, if suddenly they were restored to life at the present time.

Joseph Henry Allen, of Cambridge, Mass., whose presence was a beaming cheerfulness and help to us, gave us a mental and moral lift in an earnest address upon Prayer. Its heartiness, warmth and simple piety was itself an act of worship. It was moving to the heart, but not less inspiring to the mind, to hear our friend speak of the "mystery of prayer." But life, he said, was full of mysteries, of which prayer was only one. No possible exercise of understanding can span the

intellectual difficulties which prayer presents; but when the eyes are closed, the world and self forgotten for the moment, and thought and feeling coming forth in words of prayer, then what a mighty reality it is! We shall see the strong man, who can not answer one question about it addressed to his understanding, nevertheless so full of that reality that the tears course down both cheeks, and a great strength and joy also awake in his soul where that which is inexpressible has happened.

The paper on "Bible-class Instruction in Sunday-schools," read before the session of the Sunday-school society by Prof. Alexander Kerr, of the Wisconsin State University at Madison, contained, amid much other wisdom, an excellent practical caution to ministers and others who lead Bible-classes; this, namely, that the teacher must strenuously resist the inroads of the superintendent who descends upon the Bible-class for some teacher to supply a vacant place. Professor Kerr asks how a class in Euripides would prosper, if every week or two the brightest and best scholars in the class were forcibly taken away to serve as tutors. Now it is always on the conversers, those who think of the lesson beforehand and have questions to ask and points to raise—always on these, we say, who are the very life of the Bible-class, that the superintendent alights, to drag them off to supply for the hour the place of absent teachers. What is the consequence? Why, that week after week the Bible-class is stripped of its most living and helpful members—a process which leads at last to the extinction of the class. Let Bible-class teachers take heed to this wisdom and resist the superintendent in his piracies on their domains. This may have the additional good result of inspiring more punctuality on all teachers.

THE following letter has interest as the expression of one of our Unitarian ministers, many years in the ministry, and now occupying a difficult and responsible post without the limits of the Western Conference. It reached Chicago the morning after the Conference, and by the person receiving it was shown to a few friends of the writer. Though not written for publication, it suggests the currents of outside sympathy, and will interest many:

My dear H. and the rest of the brethren:—No doubt you are now in the midst of Conference interests. There are some in attendance with you who do not appear to sight, and are not counted on the list of accredited delegates. The inspiration of your large thought, the pulses of your earnestness, and the strength of your fidelity, reach far and affect those that by distance and different condition are not counted in your fellowship.

It is impossible for me not to feel anxious for the way the Western Conference holds its high position. If with the same generosity and gentleness as in the past year, the same consecrated up-looking, the influence cannot fail to be greatly helpful to the scattered fellow-believers and to the great work we all have at heart.

If the service of "truth, righteousness and love" is not following Jesus, it certainly is following the things he followed. How good to follow him so closely as to find ourselves walking by his side!

Yours for freedom, fellowship and character in religion, and for that faith that makes faithful.

The Story of the Western Conference Meeting of 1887.

The thirty-third annual session of the Western Unitarian Conference was held in All Souls' church, Chicago, May 17-19. The discussion carried on throughout the year has brought us to this session with even more than usual eagerness; and the fact that the youngest of our Chicago churches was host, welcoming us to the new and pleasant church-home and parsonage, in whose construction so many have had share, seemed to give a peculiarly social and friendly character to the meetings. We missed some familiar faces at this Conference that heretofore we have been accustomed to greet, and whose presence we all wanted. But, on the whole, the attendance of delegates was very good,—larger than that of last year. Of friends from the east, we had Prof. J. H. Allen, of Cambridge, and Rev. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, if indeed the editor of the *Christian Register* does not belong

rather to the whole country, into all parts of which his weekly word carries its help and cheer.

We cannot here speak of the many meetings in detail. Full reports will appear in the next, the Conference number of *UNITY*, and to that number we defer the story of the Women's Conference, and the Sunday-school Society's meetings.

The general report of Secretary Effinger showed that the work at our Chicago headquarters and in the field had been carried on much as usual, in proportion to the three-fifths time for which he had been engaged by the Conference. As a friend from the east said, "That report of work actually done is the best possible vindication of the Conference against the attacks that have been made upon it."

The report of the treasurer, J. B. Galloway, showed diminished contributions from the churches, attributable to the discussion and misunderstanding following upon the Cincinnati votes of a year ago; but the deficiency has been covered by a guaranty fund, subscribed early in the year, and the Conference closes the year without debt.

The various papers and addresses given, quite maintained the standard of any past session, both for practical help, and for mental quickening. Mr. Simmons' opening word, in the sermon of Tuesday evening, was an admirable setting forth of God-likeness in human conduct and character, a high interpretation of "The Divine Unity", and a sort of *Imitatio Dei* for every-day life. The morning devotional meetings seemed to us very hearty and helpful in their hymns and prayers and talk. The key-note of that of Wednesday, led by Mr. Hunting, was the fellowship born of our deeper human needs and longings and trusts; that of the Thursday meeting, led by Miss Marion Murdock, courage and earnestness in life. The platform meeting of Wednesday evening introduced to us the new minister of our church in Detroit, Rev. Reed Stuart, in whom we recognized a poet and seer of spiritual things, also Rev. Amos Crum, our Universalist brother of Dubuque, whom all were glad to hear, and Rev. Dr. Thomas, whom we remembered at our meeting in 1884, and were all the gladder to hear him again. The general theme was church union, and the addresses by their thought and spirit were a prophecy of the larger fellowship now coming and to come. On Wednesday afternoon, Mr. W. W. Clay, of Chicago, next gave us a historic glimpse of "Church Architecture." Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholz gave the very suggestive paper printed on another page. Then Mr. Crothers, the new minister of our church in St. Paul, read a tender and thoughtful discourse upon "Prayer," and the remarks that followed from Professor Allen and Mr. William M. Salter, leader of the Ethical Culture society, in Chicago, who were called upon by President Shorey, made this hour one to be remembered, binding by its triple utterances, as with a three-fold cord, all who listened in one felt fellowship. Mr. Barrows' "New Study of Celsus," on Thursday afternoon, was an exceedingly clear and instructive review of this critic of the Christianity current in his time, and served as a text for many thoughts applicable to our own day. That evening we gathered again to listen to Rev. Mary A. Safford and Rev. Joseph Waite, our minister in Janesville, who spoke upon "New Grounds and Reasons for Church-Going," among which of course were such old grounds and reasons as outlast change. The evening closed with a pleasant reunion wherein the members of "All Souls" crowned their days of generous hospitality.

The meeting of Thursday forenoon, by vote of the board of directors at their March meeting, had been left open on the programme for "a discussion of such matters relating to Fellowship and Organization as may be introduced." The board itself had no resolution to introduce. Its only official action during the year touching the action at Cincinnati had been its circular letter sent to the churches last July, and by that it stood. But it did not wish to prevent discussion, if any persons desired to introduce it, and the board knew there were some who did. Accordingly the Thursday morning meeting was looked forward to with interest by those within the Conference and friends outside. A request had been offered

the day before by Rev. E. I. Galvin that "leave be granted to the executive committee of the Western Unitarian Association to present to the members of this Conference a printed address in the interests of harmony and co-operation." The request was granted, and copies had been placed in the rack at the door for distribution. The address incorporated the recent report of the committee of the board of the A. U. A. about their visit to Chicago to confer with the Western Conference and the Association, and argued against any such plan as Mr. Gannett was expected to propose.

The following resolution offered by Mr. Gannett, and which had also been submitted to the Conference in printed form on Wednesday afternoon, came first before the meeting:

Resolved, THAT, WHILE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE HAS NEITHER THE WISH NOR THE RIGHT TO BIND A SINGLE MEMBER BY DECLARATIONS CONCERNING FELLOWSHIP OR DOCTRINE, IT YET THINKS SOME PRACTICAL GOOD MAY BE DONE BY SETTING FORTH IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THINGS MOST COMMONLY BELIEVED TO DAY AMONG US,—THE STATEMENT BEING ALWAYS OPEN TO RE-STATEMENT, AND TO BE REGARDED ONLY AS THE THOUGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

Therefore, SPEAKING IN THE SPIRIT AND UNDERSTANDING ABOVE SET FORTH, WE, DELEGATES OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED AT CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1887, DECLARE OUR FELLOWSHIP TO BE CONDITIONED ON NO DOCTRINAL TESTS, AND WELCOME ALL WHO WISH TO JOIN US TO HELP ESTABLISH TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE IN THE WORLD.

AND, INASMUCH AS MANY PEOPLE WISH TO KNOW WHAT UNITARIANISM COMMONLY STANDS FOR, SPEAKING ALWAYS IN THE SPIRIT ABOVE SET FORTH WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF ITS PAST HISTORY AND OUR PRESENT FAITHS.

To this was appended the "statement," essentially the one printed not long since in *UNITY* (April 16), summing up "our history," "our fellowship," "our doctrines,"—omitted here, as it will appear again next week in the official report.

The following resolution was then offered as a substitute for Mr. Gannett's resolution and "statement": "Whereas, by virtue of its act of incorporation, the Western Unitarian Conference exists for the purpose of promoting the interests of the churches associated in it; and whereas, according to the principles of Congregationalism, all questions of doctrine and fellowship, so far as the latter may be limited by or hinge upon the former, pertain to the individual churches and can be decided only by them; therefore

"Resolved, that any action on these questions is beyond the province of this Conference, and consequently null and void."

Mr. Gannett spoke to the first resolution, Mr. Utter to the substitute, and a general debate followed, two hours long, in which eighteen or twenty speakers took part. The discussion was direct and earnest, but throughout it all there was a thoroughly good and friendly spirit. Not one hurting word was said. No stranger present could have felt that these men and women were other than of one fellowship in head and at heart. The substitute was lost. Other slight amendments were offered and lost. And then the first resolution and "statement" was adopted by a vote of fifty-nine to thirteen.

Then came a second important matter in two resolutions offered, the first by Mr. Utter, and the second by Mr. Hunting, which, it is hoped, may lead to closer co-operation and greater energy in all our western missionary work. Mr. Utter proposed a general missionary board to consist, if agreeable to the several bodies, of the secretaries of the A. U. A., the W. U. C., and the state conferences within the boundaries of the Western Conference, with the addition, perhaps, of the missionaries at work within this territory; said board to have consultative and advisory power in regard to all missionary work within the limits of the Western Conference, its recommendations to be honored by the executive boards of the several organizations so far as seems possible and right to them. This resolution was unanimously adopted and a committee of three, Messrs. Utter, Effinger, and Judy, was appointed to act for the Conference to this end.

Mr. Hunting's resolution, also unanimously adopted, was as follows:

"Resolved: That the interest of the Western Unitarian Conference is identical with the American Unitarian Association in everything pertaining to the missionary work to be done; that their cause is our cause; that we know no east nor west in the grand work of spiritual emancipation which this time demands of us; and we extend to the American Unitarian Association a fraternal hand and a consecrated heart, and ask their co-operation as in years past in the propagation of Unitarianism in the west."

Three or four other resolutions were passed, among them one in tender remembrance of Dr. William G. Eliot of St. Louis. But the third important action of the Conference was the re-election of Mr. Effinger as secretary, no longer as our three-fifths man of last year, but now as one to give his *whole* time to our service at a salary increased by \$500. And then upon the spot a guaranty fund of over \$1800 was subscribed by friends and delegates present, to cover any deficit that may occur through the failure of churches, hitherto contributing, to continue their usual subscriptions. Probably this action was not thought of as the answer of the Conference to the advice so frequently tendered it of late, that it should "abandon executive functions," but simply voiced the Conference feeling that their work called for a whole man to do it, and that the whole man should be secured. None the less it *was* the answer to that counsel, and the more significant for being almost unconscious in the utterance.

For these three deeds, we think the Conference of 1887 will be remembered,—its declaration concerning faith and fellowship, its suggestion of a missionary board, its bravery in facing all the attempts to diminish its strength with a purpose to do more than ever, and to deserve the confidence and comradeship it craves, whether they be granted it or no.

We have been present at larger meetings of the Western Conference and we have been present at smaller ones during the period of our connection with it; but never in these fifteen years have we attended one marked by a more religious spirit or by more earnestness of purpose than that just held. The Conference stands by its Cincinnati resolution of fellowship altered simply so as to make it more strictly congregational by including it, with the new declaration of faith, under the preamble which says of both, "Binding on none, the word of to-day, always open to re-statement, and only to be regarded as the voice of the majority." The Conference stands by that; but by its new declaration it shows also what inheritance it has received and holds dear, and what elements of thought and feeling make and will continue to make its atmosphere. People will see that so far from the Western Unitarians having given up faiths, they have somehow reached a place where they can and do more daringly affirm them further in choral "we believes" than any other Unitarians; and presently they will begin to see that it is *because* we first established open fellowship and so abolished credal dangers absolutely that we got this new power and courage of affirmation. We confidently bespeak for the present attitude of the Conference a careful and considerate judgment, especially from those who belong to our own household of the spirit. We believe that the position it has taken will yet be felt for good throughout the Unitarian fellowship, east and west, quickening that fellowship to a bolder reliance upon its freedom and to more positive utterance of its faiths, and so to more helpful service in the world. F. L. H.

If all men and women now in orthodox churches were to take the position to which in their real belief they belong, "there would be an exodus to which the exodus out of Egypt would be a mere holiday."—*M. J. Savage.*

It is easy to agitate for prohibition and leave our boys on the level of the saloon floor. It is hard to rear them so that they will be above the saloon.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

What Makes a Church, and How to Make One.

BY F. W. N. HUGENHOLTZ, MINISTER OF THE FREE HOLLAND CONGREGATION AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. A PAPER READ BEFORE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE IN CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1887.

How shall we organize a church? And if once organized, how shall we secure its duration by continually accepting new members in place of those who leave or die? Such I take to be the meaning of the question proposed to me when I was asked to give a paper on "Church Organization with Especial Reference to Form of Membership." "Your experience"—thus Brother Effinger wrote to me—"your experience in the organization and work of your own church would be of interest to us all." May be; for my experience is that not I organized our church, but that this church organized itself and then asked me to be its leader. And this is the first point that I would bring before you. An organization is nothing in itself, unless there exists something that needs an organization. What is an organism without a soul? Thus our first question should be, What is this soul? What makes a church?

My answer is, A thorough-bred religious requirement; this and nothing else. No æsthetical requirement, for instance. It may be very pleasant to hear a literary, highly developed eloquent orator, and in many cases such a man will gather together a large audience. But an audience is not a "congregation," unless this preacher represents a spiritual principle; and then *he* is not the soul of his church, but this principle, of which he is the temporary bearer.

No scientific requirement makes a church. I do not deny that love of science has a right of existence even in religion; but to the greater part of men this love of science will be no more than a kind of curiosity, like that of the men of Athens, when they said, "What would this babblers say?" A curiosity that is soon satisfied, and never can form a lasting church. A small minority only will have this requirement to such an extent that its fulfilment becomes a part of their thirst after God. But in that case, again, not sciences but this religion, will be the soul of their church.

Moreover, a church ought to be an assembly of people varying in intellectual development and social position, but gathered together by the consciousness of the one thing they all have in common, the one thing that is needful. He who tries to start a church has to touch strings which may tremble in every one's heart.

Thus a religious requirement is the first condition, but it is not the only one. The second is a common theological point of view. Our Christian world is no white, unwritten sheet of paper; it has a history, an education, a development, and this past prescribes the direction in which its religious requirement may find its satisfaction. Of course, not all men will in the same degree be conscious of this fact. Our Holland people, for instance, have been always a theological nation. The impression left in their souls by the struggle of eighty years against Spain was so deep, that their children's children never will forget that they are not, and why they are not, Roman Catholics. Their love of free inquiry is only another form of the love of their country. Even the man who founded at Amsterdam the most creed-bound theological school of all, called his school "the free university," because no word makes beat the Holland hearts more warmly than the word, Freedom. The older a man grows, the more the influence of his past grows with him. So it will be with the nations, too. An old nation, like that of the Netherlands, will have a stronger traditional sense than a young one like that of my present country. But it will exist everywhere, and he who will organize a church has always to take account of this theological requirement. Will you call it a dogmatical one? I don't fear that word; it represents an everlasting part of the religious life. To love God with all the understanding is just as much religion as to love him with all the heart. And more than any other common good a common view of life and the world is a motive to form a church.

A denomination, and especially a congregational denomination, needs, so it seems to me, no other formula of concord than its name and the historical meaning of that name. Every more precise description of the common faith will necessarily be a failure. Strictly understood, it will always say too much for the one, too little for the other part; or, if it were possible to find such vague terms that nobody could make any objection, they would proclaim nothing at all. But a single congregation stands for a distinct device,—not so as to be zealous for that device as if it were in itself the one thing needful, but so as to indicate thereby which method of satisfying the religious requirement seems the best one to it. As different nations form humanity and different families the nations, so in the religious sphere there are different groups, each with its peculiar language and manners and traditions; and they have a full right to organize their congregational living according to these peculiarities.

As for me, I desire no supernaturalists, Roman Catholics, Calvinists, or Pietists in my church. If they desire to join it, I'll welcome them heartily, but as those who essentially accept our device,—free development of the religious life. If our voice is to be open and clear, we have to speak in our own language. If I had to use language to hide my thoughts, I should rather keep still. In order to feel at home in our church, we ought to agree about the essence of religion and the best means to promote it.

Thus our Liberal Holland church came forth from a deeply felt consciousness that the Calvinistic theology of our so-called Dutch-Reformed churches was not able to satisfy the religious requirement, because it depressed the intellectual as well as the moral development. Many of these Hollanders, having grown up in another, more liberal, sphere, either suffered from this narrow-mindedness, intolerance, and crudeness; or, as there was no other circle which they could join, they withdrew more and more from all religious, at least from all congregational religious, life. So it came about that many of them, no longer satisfied with this total abstinence, hankered for a more rational, more actual, preaching, for a co-habitation with congenial people. Therefore we inscribed in the very first article of our statutes our standing amongst the different theological parties: "The Free Holland Congregation at Grand Rapids aims at the free development of the religious life in its own circle and beyond its borders. Itself a child of the Christian Protestant spirit as it has developed itself until to-day, the free congregation will follow the same line of growth. Convinced that religion is the natural and most glorious manifestation of the human genius and the richly flowing source of true happiness, the free congregation will promote the growing of the religious life by all means which may enrich the knowledge, clear the intellect, embellish the æsthetic taste, ennoble the mind, in order to sanctify and to inspire by religion every sphere of human life."

But this description of the new-born child succeeded the birth itself. The movement was started by the people themselves. During more than six months they held their weekly lay services, before they called me to be their minister. And every week their number increased, the new-comers being enthusiastically saluted by those who in this congregation felt like the slaves when they had reached, after a painful flight, one of the northern states. Of course, there should be some who take the initiative, who have the gift to awaken in others, by their words and personality, the slumbering requirement; and I do not know why even a minister could not be such a prophet, and looking on the fields and seeing them white unto harvest, begin to speak and to preach before a congregation is formed. But his success will never be complete, unless he finds and gathers together a circle of men who want him to preach not his, but their, gospel, who are impressed by their peculiar vocation in such a degree that, if necessary, they could find their own way without him.

Now we comprehend at the same time what will secure the lasting life of such an organization. It is, first of all, the consciousness that it is *their* church; not their minister's church, but their own; and that it belongs to all of them to

the same amount. A liberal church should not be a monarchy, neither an oligarchy, but a mere democracy. According to this principle, we wrote in our chapter about members and membership, "Every member shall have to pay a yearly pecuniary contribution, unless the board of trustees find reasonable grounds to exempt any one for one year from this obligation." On the other hand, this general obligation carries with it for all members, male or female, the suffrage in the business meetings of the congregation; and the board of trustees elected by all is nothing more than the executive power. No step of any importance can be taken by them, unless the resolution to take it be made by the whole congregation, which accurately controls all their doings. Another right, secured to every member, is that of having his own seat in the auditory. To make impossible forever the miserable custom of renting the pews, by which an unjustified privilege is granted to the rich,—the first step to drive the poor out of the church,—we established this right in a separate article of our statutes. I set a great value upon these financial rules, by which the church has for its current expenses no other income than the contributions of the members. I feel no sympathy at all with the money-making socials, on which so many church ladies in this country spend a great deal of their talents and time. In the first place, the money wasted by those socials will always by far exceed the money made by them. In the second place, this desire to make money will always bring about speculations upon the foolishness, perhaps upon the levity, of the great public; and we should not admit in the churches what we condemn in opera houses and dime museums. But most of all, in the third place, where money-making is the principal aim, there poor people don't feel at home. Thus these socials degrade the churches to clubs, and from that moment they cease to be churches. It has been asked many times, How to reach the masses? My only answer would be: to yield place for them in our own churches; to impose upon all the same obligations and to allow to all the same rights, and never to act as if a member who can contribute a hundred dollars a year contributed more than a poor man who gives only four dollars or one dollar.

I will not wholly disapprove of these church socials. To give an entertainment of art or literature for our people is a good thing, but only if the admission is very cheap, and free for those who cannot pay at all, and if this entertainment has indeed value in itself. But I never can approve of them, when the making of money is their principal aim. The only sound income of a church is the voluntary contribution of the church-members. If a church might fail to make a living in this way, it has lost its right of existence. Perhaps it may save some expenses in order to make the two ends meet. Perhaps a temporary want may be met by temporary help. But as soon as this want gets the character of a chronic disease, it is better to do away with the whole thing.

Meanwhile, this obligation to contribute to the expenses of the church is, of course, not the only condition of membership. Another and higher condition is agreement with the religious aim and the theological principle of the congregation. "Everybody," thus we wrote in the sixth article of our constitution, "everybody who wants to be acknowledged as a member of the congregation shall pronounce in a public service his sympathy with its principle and aim, after which the leader gives him the hand of fellowship and a certificate of membership." I don't ask whether they agree with all the results of our modern theology, but only whether they come to us convinced that in our communion their religious life might become truer, deeper, more self-responsible than in a creed-bound church. I try to make this act a solemn moment. Some days ago a woman, who with her husband was to be confirmed on the next Sunday, said to me, "I look against it as to a mountain." That is all right, I thought,—it is no matter of indifference. Everybody who wants to be a member of our congregation accepts for himself its religious vocation. He knows that from that moment we rely upon his moral support. In order to make and to keep him conscious of this fact we give him the hand of fellowship, and,

for a lasting memorial, the certificate of membership, provided with the seal of our church.

But there is still another trouble. He who wants to stand for a religious, a theological principle, first of all has to understand it. Whence will this understanding come if he has not had the opportunity to learn anything of the scientific data which may support his religious convictions and help him to defend it against others? We wrote in our constitution, "Everybody, above the age of twenty years, may be confirmed if he desires it. Beneath that age, but never beneath eighteen, they will be admitted only when they have attended, at least during one year, the course of religious instruction given in the name of the congregation." This is meant only as a transition to better times. The older people in our circle got their religious instruction in their youth in Holland, and, if they had brains for it, their conversation, hearing and reading gave them occasions enough for their own thinking and research. But the younger ones? In this respect there is a great difference between the United States and the Netherlands. There sometimes a Sunday-school is found, but always for children beneath twelve only. At the age of twelve the true religious instruction begins, which is given by the minister, not on Sunday but on one of the other days, and is attended by the children weekly until their eighteenth or twentieth year. And before the end of this course they cannot be admitted to church membership. I know friends of mine in our greater cities who did not give less than twenty-four such lessons every week. As for myself, I had seldom more than twelve to sixteen hours a week, and ten or twelve of these were given in my own small country parish. Different age, different education and intellectual development, ask a different method and different matter. And however many times we felt tired of it, we were always convinced that we never could do enough of this work. It is impossible for me to say how many manuals for religious instruction there are published and used in our small country, and for the greater part from the liberal side. In most cases the result is that we use our own manual, as it is always very hard to follow in all parts the course of another's thoughts. By the free congregation at Amsterdam a religious school or course is opened, which course lasts five years. In the first year the pupils of thirteen years are introduced to interesting narratives from the Old and New Testaments. In the second, after an introduction upon religious phenomenology in general, the main subject was the development of the religion of Israel. In the third year we treated the first centuries of Christianity until the foundation of the Catholic Church. In the fourth, we followed the history of the Church until the eighteenth century. In the fifth, a sketch is given of the great religions of antiquity, and we speak about the principal religious and ethical thoughts and questions of to-day.

It may be that we Hollanders have not yet found the right method; that, for instance, we try too much to make all our pupils young theologians. But still, it is a fact that our church members got by this instruction a development, a cleverness in thinking, a treasure of biblical and historical knowledge, that I did not find in some of the best, the most interesting laymen in this country. Here, as far as I have observed, there is no other religious instruction than that which is given in the Sunday-school, where children of six years are occupied at the same time and upon the same subject with men and women of about forty. I don't deny, while remarking this, the value of the American Sunday-school, though I presume that its value is greater for the teachers than for the pupils. But, however much good such a lay-and-children service may do, the requirement of a thorough religious instruction is not fulfilled in that way. As for me, I get often the impression that the flourishing state of the most absurd sects and churches, the credulity met with by every one who likes to set up for a priest or prophet, the enormous superstition, by which quacks everywhere find here their paradise,—that all this can be explained by the want of thorough religious development, especially by the want of historical

knowledge. The course of the world is no circle, but it is a zigzag line; by understanding what has been, and why it has passed by, we better form our judgment of the present things, their value, and the possibility of their future. Knowledge in itself is no religion, but still it will teach us what religion is not; that it is not to overstrain sentiment and imagination; not to commit to memory a revealed doctrine; not the hope of a celestial glory, which is not revealed in this life; not vain ceremonials. Development of the common sense opens our eyes to distinguish between that which often unjustly is called by the name of sin and that which deserves fully that name. And while religion itself always grows but slowly through moral influence from others and one's own experience of life, the way to communicate knowledge is nearer at hand, and this knowledge will never fail to be useful to the moral and religious development.

Meanwhile, it is difficult to change the general rule. I, myself, have not been able to gather together more than fifty pupils from twelve to twenty years of age, distributed over four classes. But I hold my conviction that, if we want to organize liberal churches which have life in themselves, and thus a future, we have to pay attention in the first place to this point.

This is the way to reach the masses, that we enrich society with thorough, earnest people. I think the church does do enough if it can answer this purpose. Then it may leave, without scruples, the growth of social life to the initiation of others. Our liberal church must not be like the Roman Catholic of the Middle Ages, a *do-all*, who governs all human life. If it only knows how to awaken a sound and rational idealism, the rest will follow by itself. The church should not be anything else than the leaven of the Christian society; and we know leaven does not show itself, but disappears in the flour. A pompous church, which uses humbug to have a splendid success, is in perfect contradiction to the Christian spirit. The church has to say to the religious society what John the Baptist is related to have said of Jesus, "Thou must increase, but I must decrease." Might the church only succeed in changing some people into true men, in awakening the holy spirit of truth, love and righteousness in the hearts of its members, it has fully performed its task. For those members continue the same work and enlarge it, in their families, in their social circles. Every one of them becomes a prophet of the principle that has saved him and has reconciled him with God and with life. So he assures a future to his church by keeping alive its fundamental principle and promoting its highest aim.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems. By Alice Williams Brotherton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1887. Cloth, full gilt, pp. 145. Price \$1.00.

The name of Alice Williams Brotherton is becoming well-known to both eastern and western readers. Long ago, she won for herself a place in scrap-books by such poems as "Where's the Baby?" which goes the round of the newspapers periodically (though many will now for the first time learn who wrote it), and her poems are welcomed by the leading magazines of the country. It is quite time that she join the ranks of the book-makers and allow us the opportunity to read more leisurely, enjoy more completely, and to judge more fairly. It is safe to say that she loses nothing by this. If we find her less exact in technique than one would expect, she gains by revealing a much wider range of feeling and a deeper insight into varying phases of life than we had hitherto credited to her. Her versification is musical, but often irregular to a trying degree, and the misplaced accents seem to trust much to the reader's own sense of harmony to bring out the sweetness of the verse. Perhaps she is at her best in such warm lyric outbursts as the second "Rosenlied," the tender "Campion" and the blithe caroling of "Wake-Robin;" but we hesitate to

say so, as we turn over the pages again to dwell on the long-ing unrest of "The Wife of Pygmalion," praying to know

"All shades of human suffering,
The very height and depth of woe,"

if thus she might but receive the divine, impossible gift of a human soul. Mrs. Brotherton does not confine herself to subjective poems and lyrics but she has a decided strength in narration, as the first poem in the book, the one from which the volume takes its name, shows. Of these poems one of the best is "The Cardinal's Saraband," which has a swing of movement from the first line to the last. "The Poison Flask" with its ominous ending, and "A Study from the Ring," show the writer in a new field, and it will be a wonder if their possibilities for dramatic effect do not lead professional readers to try their fortune with them. The poems "Plighted" and "Sic Semper" are too much like the verses contributed to college papers to add anything to a book like this. They lower the high average of the book.

The poems of the inner life, which close the volume, are expressions of loving trust and aspiration. The writer believes that it is possible to turn one's mistake, yes, one's great sin, into the angel that brings, not happiness indeed, but the blessedness of loving charity and helpfulness for others. This is the thought, which she has clothed in noble words in "Told in a Parable," and of all the poems we could least spare this one from the volume.

Mrs. Brotherton is thus a poet of daily life. She has the insight that finds in common things and common tasks the uplifting power that prepares for great things and great tasks. She welcomes the ragged regiment of wayside weeds, "the sturdy tramps of nature, mustered out from garden service;" she idealizes poverty, which teaches that "hearts grow strong by striving;" and her religious poems emphasize the worth that lies in doing the nearest duty, whether of working or waiting. Mrs. Brotherton couldn't help singing, if she would, and so we may hope for many more treasures from her storehouse of thought and fancy.

E. E. M.

THE HOME.

Fresh from a Schoolroom.

Ethel was chewing gum in the forenoon, and was politely requested to "give it to the waste-basket to chew, as that poor basket has not had any gum since Friday; and, besides, does not make such a noise, in chewing, as little girls make."

In spite of this, Ethel was chewing gum again in the afternoon. Her teacher said to her, "Why, Ethel, do you know how you look? There is an animal that chews all of the time, and surely you do not want to look like that animal, do you?" No answer from Ethel.

The teacher resumed, "I wonder if any one in the room can tell me what animal it is that chews all of the time?"

Little Maggie's hand waved in the air, and her face fairly beamed with intelligence. "Well, Maggie?"

"A woman!!"

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Mistakes.

THE man that never makes mistakes never makes any thing. He is of no use in this poor, blundering world. Not that I have any thing against him, O no! I have never even seen him, but I have heard about him. I met a fellow only yesterday who thought he was a twin brother to the man that never makes any mistakes. But he wasn't, and there was mistake number one. Then I began to watch this fellow and to count, and in less than half an hour he had made more real shameful blunders than anybody I met that day.

And this is a fact I have often noticed: The man or boy that is quite sure he don't know how to make a mistake piles them up faster than anybody else. But they are not big mistakes; no, indeed! They are little ones, just about the

size of a very little man. The large errors are usually made by the large men. There was the great soldier, Napoleon, he made a monstrous blunder when he went to Russia; and, as nearly as we can find out, General Grant made another at Shiloh. Now you and I wouldn't have got into any such hole—we know better. And yet if we should stand on each other's shoulders it probably wouldn't make as big a man as either of these.

Mistakes, slips, errors, blunders—they will creep in, and it only makes matters worse to pretend that you are different from other people and never get your foot into the wrong boot. But don't be ashamed of it, and don't be afraid of it; go right ahead and do the best you can. A locomotive engine without any fire will never go off the track; but that isn't the kind of an engine you want to be. If you go at all, you are liable sometimes to go wrong, but be always ready to come back again when you know it.

But there is one class of mistakes that it is worth while to be afraid of and ashamed of: the mistakes of selfishness, and meanness, and cowardice. Yes, dread these and despise them, and go slow when you come to them. They are bad mistakes to make.—WOLSTAN DIXEY, in *Our Youth*.

Intimations of Immortality.

Some weeks since our baby's pet dog died. The baby is a tot of three and a half years. The other day we asked her what she would do if she died. "I'd be buried," she said. "And what would you do then?" She thought a little and then said, "I'd pway with my doggie." M. H. H.

In addition to previous information concerning the education of deaf and mute children, we have received copies of a monthly paper called *The New Method*, published by Miss Mary McCowen, of Englewood. In that pleasant suburb of Chicago (on Wabash ave. between 62nd and 63rd streets), Miss McCowen has a private school for the training of semi-deaf children not susceptible of education in public schools. What an enthusiast can do is shown by the fact that seven of her former pupils are now attending the public schools. She holds to articulation as the proper method, to the total exclusion of signs; believes that any deaf and dumb person of ordinary mind can be taught to speak, if taken young enough; and that any one who can talk can learn to "read lips," that is, to hear by the eyes. For further information address Miss McCowen, as above.

ANOTHER new tract.—The lecture by W. M. Salter, printed in *UNITY* of May 14, and called there, "Good Friday from an Ethical Standpoint," is now reprinted as No. 29 in our "Unity Mission" series of tracts, with the title, "The Death of Jesus." It is a noble tribute to the aims and character and influence of Jesus; the more significant as coming from one who "does not call himself his follower." The estimate mounts to words like these: "The aim of Jesus was sound; nay, that is a tame word for it; it was perfect, it was unsurpassable" . . . "He is no paragon to my mind, no model of spotless virtue or of infallible wisdom; I do not call myself his follower. But this he is to me—inspiration; he touches my heart, he stirs my conscience, he warms me with the love of a noble ideal; and this is something which few philosophers, liberal or other, have done or are doing for men, so that while they give correct opinions, Jesus and a few others like him give that indefinable thing we call life." In our two tract-series, numbering all together over forty tracts, this is the sixth referring to the great teacher. The others are in "Unity Mission" series, Nos. 2 and 9 and 27; in "Short Tract" series, Nos. 5 and 12.—Price of the new tract, 5 cents each, or ten for 25 cents.

THE people will not rise to punish vice as they do to punish crime. To cure vice we must look to education (not to schooling), but crimes we must repress.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston.—As we go to press, word reaches us that the American Unitarian Association has passed by a rising vote a resolution acknowledging the fraternal greeting from the Western Conference and reciprocating its hope that both bodies may work together in the future, as in the past, for the common interests which they have in hand and at heart.

Chicago.—The Union teachers' meeting was held as usual on Monday noon, the subject being the 12th, 13th and 14th chapters of Job. The comparison of the life of man to a shadow is a simile which is natural to the oriental mind. It seems to mean fundamentally that in the life of man there is a something so real and deep that, compared to it, all we see and know is as a shadow. It is an interesting point of discussion whether there is any hope or belief of immortality in chapter xiv. Mr. Utter viewed it as intimating a belief in a future general judgment after a long time at the end of this order of things.

Oakland, Cal.—DEAR MR. EDITOR:—It is evident that you have not yet had the privilege of a sojourn in California during the flower season, or you could not have so missed the point of the item I sent you concerning our Oakland church decoration on Easter Sunday. You lament the extravagance of a church which will display a floral cross containing 1200 shaded roses, and use over 7000 calla lilies in adorning the pulpit and rostrum. But what if the entire expense of this glorious show was simply the cost of wooden framework, a paper or two of tacks and a ball of twine? The flowers were brought in, with little or no effort, by a few ladies, as the samples of their gardens! Flowers bloom in this favored climate all the year round in field and door-yard, but at this season the prodigality of their growth is truly marvelous. As one walks our streets he is amazed and delighted at the floral spectacle presented by mountain side, garden and grass-plot. The costliest residence and the humblest cottage are alike glorified with profuse displays of callas, heliotropes, geraniums, passion-flowers, marigolds, pinks, and fifty other kinds, but especially roses, which grow on bushes, trellises, trees—in twenty, fifty, a hundred, five hundred different varieties—more plentiful than buttercups and daisies in New England meadows—a brilliant symphony of color, form and fragrance. No description can do

justice to the abundance and beauty of the floral year in California. A house near by is covered from roof to foundation with a million yellow roses. A few blocks away, amid a bewildering wealth of tropical foliage, the patient Chinamen are gathering and curing the shining green leaves of the tea-plant. In the pretty Oakland cemetery the roses riot and revel, and break in floral billows over the graves, while high up on the mountain's green flank the fields of golden poppies wave and shine in the evening sun. From a single camelia tree ten feet high, in Santa Barbara, a friend gathered 2500 perfect flowers, and left as many more buds to wither and die. Our extravagance, therefore, is nature's lavish bounty. Come and see for yourself, and share our joy.

C. W. WENDTE.

Boston Notes.—The notes of preparation for anniversary week are already sounding. Speeches, festival and fraternal greetings will be foreshadowed in the *Register* announcements. We hope to see many of our favorite western ministers.

—By the middle of May our suburban gardens will probably begin to send in supplies to our city flower mission.

—The last meeting of the Sunday-school teachers' and superintendents' union was held on Monday evening, and was so full of good talk and of enthusiasm as to leave no doubt that the union is working vitally in better applied methods of study and in greater spiritual growth in pupils, in city and suburban schools. These results promise strong support and wide extension of our church work from the coming generation.

—For the first time in our city, there will be held May 23, a public meeting (in Tremont Temple) of the Unitarian church temperance societies. Hon. John D. Long will preside.

—Rev. Narcisse Cyr, of Boston, has accepted a very cordial invitation to preach and work as minister-at-large in Paris and its suburbs, and will sail with his wife in the steamer by the middle of June. He carries with him the kindest wishes of his clerical brethren here. One of his aims will be to stand ready as an adviser and friend to Americans residing or traveling in France.

—Mrs. Eliza T. Wilkes, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, interested very much the ministers of the Monday club in her frontier work, and threw light upon the spiritual material offering in small western towns for building liberal societies with. She illustrated the need of forward-looking preachers in the west, and of earnest, liberal supporters in the east of such pioneer apostles. Several of our ministers invited her to speak from their pulpits and solicit help for her mission.

London, Eng.—Mr. Voysey, the well-known preacher of the Theist church in London, sends this word to the secretary of the Free Religious Association in Boston, which this last year or two has been striving to remove from the Massachusetts statute books those strict Sunday laws, which once represented the religion of the people there, and now more nearly represent their superstitions and injustice:

DEAR SIR:—It is with great satisfaction I hear that there is agitation going on in the states in favor of providing increased facilities for popular recreation and amusement on the Sundays. It is well known that I do not undervalue the Sunday as a day of rest, as a day, also, on which public worship is highly beneficial, and therefore I speak on the subject as a religious man and from a religious point of view. I believe incalculable harm arises from the idleness and lack of pleasant occupation during the hours of Sunday which are not spent in religious exercises. I believe many a youth and maiden date their moral downfall from the curse of nothing to do, and nowhere to go on Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings. I believe that young persons

especially, and all in general, would be better and morally more safe, for greater opportunities of innocent pleasure and games at these hours of enforced idleness on the Sunday. Let alone the mere benefit to body and mind of healthy recreation, it conduces largely to morals, to friendliness and good-will among the citizens, and to reduce to a minimum the lower inclinations and passions of mankind.

On every ground, therefore, I wish most heartily to hear of the success of your good cause. Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES VOYSEY.

LONDON, DULWICH, April 25, 1887.

Philadelphia.—The formal Sunday meetings of the Ethical Culture society have been suspended till October. Mr. Weston closed with a review of work done and some prophetic glimpses into the future. Informal meetings will be continued right along, even during the absence of the speaker in the Adirondacks, by such of the members as care to use the school building through the summer for that purpose. It was Mr. Ames's people who successfully experimented in this way last summer. Though attendance appears to have been limited, the interest was gratifying and continuous. The Camden church will no doubt be open all through the hot season.

—The annual book reception at the Spring Garden church was successful, in so far as contributions, whether of books or cash, were concerned.

Concord, Mass.—The Concord Summer School of Philosophy will open its ninth term on Wednesday, July 13, 1887, and continue above two weeks. Eleven lectures each week, in mornings at 9:30; in evenings at 7:30; place, the Hillside chapel, near the Orchard House. Terms, \$10.00 for the full course; \$5.00 for each week; 50 cents a single lecture. Course tickets, entitling to reserved seats, can now be engaged by sending address and \$5.00 as guaranty to H. L. Whitcomb, Concord, Mass., such tickets to be reserved till July 10, and then secured by paying balance due. Lodgings with or without board can be easily obtained in Concord village.

California.—The Pacific coast conference will not meet in Portland, Oregon, this year, as announced heretofore, but will hold its next session in Southern California in October.

Don't Read This

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TENTH ANNUAL
WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE NUMBER
AND
YEAR BOOK FOR 1887-1888.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JUNE 4 AND 11, 1887.

[NUMBERS 14 AND 15.]

EDITORIAL.

FOR the tenth time UNITY becomes the annual reporter for the Western Unitarian Conference and the sister Societies. We give the columns solidly to this service, hoping three things may befall this "Conference Number."

(1.) That our readers will be heartily content to call this triple number (three times the usual twelve pages) a double one, accepting it for June 4 and June 11.

(2.) That they will read enough of it to *feel* the earnestness of the workers here telling each other what the year has done for them and what they have done with the year.

Fellow-workers will be interested in the detail of experience and success; and many besides them may be glad to read (on page 200) the "Declaration concerning Fellowship and Faith," with which the Conference has rounded out its Cincinnati resolution of last year,—to read it and the debate which preceded its adoption. The debate is reported in full on pages 202-208.

(3.) That they will *keep this number for reference through the year*. For in it they will find a Year Book of all the agencies and agents in which and in whom our Western Unitarian churches are most interested;—the objects, terms of membership, lists of officers and life-members of our different working societies, and of our churches and their ministers; and also some description of what may be called our National Organizations—the National Unitarian Conference, the American Unitarian Association, the Church Building Loan Fund, etc. These societies, "National" in scope and hope, though of necessity, at present, mainly eastern and almost New England in locality and officering, are little known to the rank and file of our western churches; they should be better and more warmly known. Further, this same number, in its advertising columns, contains lists of our western tracts and Sunday-school publications, and the book-list of our young publishing firm, Charles H. Kerr & Co. Do you want to find out anything about any of the chief Unitarian agencies, east or west, or anything about the Post-office Mission, for instance,—or the new Bureau of Unity Clubs,—or how to get a loan for your new church,—or how to leave a thousand dollars in your will for the spreading of your ideals of religion,—or where to send your neighbor for information, the free evangelical minister who begins to feel his way to a more open fellowship,—how to get a tract or borrow a book that may help him or yourself,—or even where to send your boy or girl to a home-school in the country where the influences will be those of your own largest faith and most earnest aims,—do you want to learn about any of these things, you will at least find yourself on the *track* of answer in our Year Book. Therefore, *keep this number!* Turn back one page and read the index.

For many of the lists, etc., our Year-Book is of course indebted to the Year-Book of the American Unitarian Associa-

tion, which has been plundered with due sense of gratitude. Plundered and condensed to the items of most interest to the western reader. Few here except the ministers see the A. U. A. book. This shall be its prairie edition. Doubtless there are mistakes and omissions in our lists, and we shall be obliged to any one who sends correction.

THE Declaration concerning Fellowship and Faith, adopted by the recent Conference, has been tracted as "*Unity Short Tract, No. 17,*" and is now ready for delivery. Price, 30 cents a hundred copies. Address this office.

FOR the Cincinnati resolution of open fellowship, and the refusal to pass any resolution whatever looking towards obligatory doctrine as condition of Unitarian fellowship, the western Unitarians have received much blame, both courteous and discourteous, and from those within even more than from those without our household of faith; blame partly because their word was misunderstood, and partly because it was well understood and men were not ready for it. For this new "declaration" we shall receive more blame, if prophecies are to be fulfilled; but we are well content to wait, confident that by and by the sound of blame will turn into an echo of the friend who writes: "It seems to me no statement was ever made that did fuller justice at once to freedom and to faith." What was said in our last number about the matter deserves repeating, that the full force of the *because* may be felt: "People will see so far from the western Unitarians having given up faiths, they have somehow reached a place where they can and do *more daringly affirm them in choral 'we believes'* than any other Unitarians; and presently they will begin to see that it is *BECAUSE* we first established open fellowship and so abolished credal dangers absolutely, that we got this new power and courage of affirmation."

The Story of our Western Meetings Finished.

In the Story of the Meetings told in our last number, little was said about more than the main Conference sessions. But the women of the churches had their session, and the Sunday-school teachers theirs, as will be found duly reported in other pages of this number. A word of introduction or interlineation here.

The Women's Conference opened with a devotional service, a psalm was read and prayer was offered by Rev. Augusta Chapin, then Rev. Mary Safford spoke with earnestness and zeal of the thought of God and the strength to be derived from trust in him and the consciousness that he is all-good and ever near. The President extended a cordial welcome to the friends assembled, and spoke briefly of the origin and nature of Reverence and the religious life which it promoted.

Mrs. Sunderland's oral report of the activities of the

churches in Michigan was encouraging, especially of the Religious Study class at Ann Arbor. Mrs. Wilkes' simple word about what the women of Dakota are doing and are going to do shall be given in full before long, that the fresh wind in it may be felt. Rev. Marion Murdock, from that same corner of the field, propounded and solved a Bible riddle:—"What did Phoebe do?" Phoebe was that lady of the Unitarian church at Cenchrea, about 1827 years ago, whom Paul commended so highly for a power of succoring many (See Rom. xvi. 1, 2.).

As for the session of the Sunday-school society, if we were to give that society a distinctive title, we should call it the Heart of the Conference; not that the General Conference lacks in feeling, but that always there is a certain inner warmth in the meeting of the Sunday-school society. Perhaps the explanation may be that people draw nearer together when they talk of the interests and nurture of children. Perhaps, also, this warm atmosphere comes in part from the fact that the Board of Directors have worked together for many years with but few changes, meeting regularly every month, except in July and August. The president in his opening address adverted to that fact, and spoke of the effect of such long co-working to draw persons together in heart. Also, the opening address dwelt on the value of seriousness in the Sunday-school, especially in the sermon, which, it is to be hoped, is given the children by the superintendent or minister every Sunday. Better, it was said, to speak above the children's reach of mind, even considerably above it, than a little below it. Also, it was urged that the church ought to feel, more than it now seems to feel, its duty and responsibility as a school of religious instruction; in dwelling on which point the president referred, with approval, to the picture given by Mr. Hugenholtz of the Holland churches, which have no social parties, tea-drinkings, plays, valentine parties, and the like devices, but give their strength to just two works, religious education and charity. After the president's address, came the reports of the secretary and treasurer. The secretary gave encouraging account of the year's work, both of the society and in our several Sunday-schools of the west, showing by statistics that there appears to have been a growth in orderliness, system and good work. Three or four times the statistics were mere foot-paths to lead us to a high place in the true philosophy and ideal of Sunday-school work. Her report, printed below, should by all means be read, if only to find those spots. The Treasurer's report was very satisfactory. It showed that the schools and churches had contributed to the funds of the Society more largely than ever before. The small deficiency was instantly made up on the spot, so that the Society starts this year with a clean balance-sheet. Mr. Judy's motion that we recommend to our eastern friends the issue of a manual on the growth of early Christianity as illustrated by primitive Christian art, was heartily adopted; and also, that Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, whose studies and lectures in this department are well known, be conferred with, so as to arrange, if possible, a kind of lecture-circuit among our schools, to speak on this subject.

The Boston Anniversaries.

DEAR UNITY READERS.—Here I am at the end of another week of "Anniversaries," with an hour on hand in which to tell you how they do it in Boston. "Ye senior" left the hearty fellowship of the Western Conference Friday afternoon, May 20. Although we had had a week of vigorous hand-shaking it was hard to tear one's self away from so goodly a company; but the limited express would wait for no one; and so I had to rush through a file of delegates, leaving Michigan, Iowa, Minnesota, and the rest of the states on either hand. Aboard the train, there was a vacation twenty-five hours long awaiting me, in which I could think it all over,—the earnest spirit, the prophetic devoutness, the conscious sense of a missionary burden, which had consecrated anew the very seats and walls of the dear church-home, the "All Souls," that had been honored with the presence of the western Uni-

tarians for a week. I don't know how it all happened. The rush and swing of that train over gullies, through tunnels, now waltzing around splendid mountain spurs, again tip-toeing through the daintiest of valleys, and anon jumping lightly over mountain brooks; the Allegany ranges, the promising rhododendrons, the demure Quaker faces at prim cottage doors, the white-washed fences, the trim meadows, the splendidly equipped Pennsylvania Central railroad, (is there a more perfect line of transportation in the world?), the iron hand of Col. Tom Scott that brought it to this perfection; nods, naps, long sleeps, dreams of cares and friends left behind, musings on future work, budding every now and then into new plans and splendid schemes of things that could be done if my ships only would arrive from Spain;—some of them, perchance, will be done, even tho' the Spanish armada should never arrive,—all this and more, was crowded into my day's vacation between Chicago and Brooklyn, between our western anniversaries and the eastern "Feast of the Passover." Sunday morning I stood between Brother Chadwick's people and utter pulpit vacancy. The good pastor was fairly over the seas, and doubtless many of the minds in the pews wandered from the "Lessons of the Yeast Pot" to follow the wanderer through the delights of London but still they listened well. Another all night's ride, and I was in Boston, and the anniversary exercises began again when the new building broke upon my sight,—solid, sober, dignified, sincere and noble, on the outside; convenient, inviting, simple, but elegant, on the inside. We know of no public building in this country, concerning which it would be harder to find legitimate fault, with one exception, than these head-quarters in Boston. How long must we wait before we have a similar building in Chicago? It is needed there now, and did we have it, it would forthwith be put to a use, scarcely second in importance to that which the building in Boston renders. The delegates were already gathering, and the hand-shaking had begun, but the brethren did not seem quite so glad to see each other as those who came to Chicago the Monday preceding. It makes a difference whether fellow-workers have been separated a few weeks or twelve long months.

The first meeting was that of the Ministerial Union, Monday, 10 A.M., in Channing Hall. Rev. J. G. Brooks, of Brockton, asked "Some Questions about Unitarianism and its Work." Deep and searching questions they were. "Has it not been too much concerned with the other world; with abstract problems; with denominational anxieties? Are not the lines of culture and wealth too strongly emphasized? Must it not take into prime consideration the agonies of the poor, the needs of the laborers, the week-day wants of society?" The discussion that followed tried to relieve the somewhat somber tones, and to restore complacency, but in many respects the address remains in my mind as the most searching and really inspiring of the week. In the afternoon the women gathered at the Church of the Disciples. The genial auditorium was well filled. Men were permitted to be heard in this women's meeting, an act of generosity which may have somewhat lowered the standard of the speaking; but I like this courtesy, which I think was hardly reciprocated by the men-managed meetings. They have not yet learned to utilize women in the east as we have in the west. Monday afternoon, from 5 to 9, was the New England Women's Suffrage Festival at the Hotel Vendome. The elegance of the affair drew such an immense crowd that very many of the dignities of the occasion were ruthlessly crowded and crushed. The polite and good-natured disorder was equal to that of a grange picnic in the west. But in due time, the commanding voice of Mrs. Livermore, and the persuasive words of Mesdames Howe, Ellen Foster, Gougar and others brought order, serenity and enthusiasm. Later in the evening I was at the public temperance meeting held under the auspices of the Unitarian Temperance society, Ex-Governor Long presiding. Christopher Eliot, the President, modestly but effectively outlined the comprehensive purposes of the society. Hale, Savage, Jones, Mrs. Livermore and others followed. The audience was large, and the meeting was one of the most enthusiastic of the week.

Tuesday was A. U. A. day. Three sessions, all of them well attended, Tremont Temple giving convenient opportunity for the delegates to meet on the main floor and visitors in the galleries. The first surprise, which would make attractive any programme and hearty any meeting, was the exceptional prosperity of the year as shown in Secretary Reynolds's report, notwithstanding the gloomy prognostications to the contrary. About \$50,000 contributed to the work, \$4000 or \$5000, if we remember rightly, more than last year. Twenty-one new societies formed. Following this report Brooke Herford reported for and urged the claims of the Church Loan Building Fund. Mr. Batchelor, whose voice has regained the old ring of health, spoke merited words of praise for the A. U. A. and its opportunities, and Rev. H. Woods Perris was enthusiastically received as a delegate from over the water. In the afternoon Joseph May of Philadelphia, R. A. Griffin of Marlboro, and Stopford Wentworth Brooke gave short papers intended to summon the Unitarian to his duties. The missionary meeting in the evening was addressed by Mr. Perris, Mr. Forbush, of Milwaukee, and Mary A. Livermore.

Wednesday the "Berry Street Conference" address was given by your correspondent. As this is a meeting of ministers only and newspaper reporters are not admitted, it is only allowable to say that there was a manifest reluctance on the part of some to break away from the old-time associations of the Channing-Gannett-Ware church, on Arlington street, in order to meet in the "spick-span" new Channing Hall, where prophecy and not tradition was the cementing spirit. The subject of the essay was "Religion from the Near End." In the afternoon, neglecting suffrage meetings, the Children's mission and the convention of Congregational ministers, I sought instead the classic shades of Harvard, and I met the boys at Divinity Hall in conference, and we talked together of coming courage. I ate with them at the great Memorial Hall. It ought to be a liberal education to eat three times a day within those walls consecrated to heroic memories and decorated with classic names and historic faces. In the evening came the anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Union. Nobody knows how to do such things as Brother Baldwin. The spacious rooms from gymnasium to library were thrown open for inspection and were thronged. At last we went up into the hall, which was packed tight in less than ten minutes. There was some delightful nonsense served up by the Brown University Glee club, three speeches of commendation and encouragement, one of them by Phillips Brooks, all within an hour.

Thursday morning saw the beginning of what I believe will prove a most important adjunct to the liberal churches of America, namely, the organization of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs. Delegates from some forty or more clubs were present, and they cheerfully gave their time to wise deliberation. Our readers, I hope, will hear often from this new organization. In the afternoon the Sunday-school society celebrated its sixtieth anniversary. Secretary Spaulding was happy, as he ought to be, over a year's work full of new life, fresh plans and vigorous vitality. There were three speeches made, one by S. W. Crosby, a layman of Boston, one by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, of Concord, one by Francis Tiffany, of Newton, if, indeed, the latter deliverance ought not to be called a poem. It was an improvisation which might have been sung with a harp accompaniment like one of the ancient bards of Britain. In the evening came "THE FESTIVAL". Only one to the manor born, the New England Unitarian, fully understands what an event this is in the calendar of Unitarian Boston. All the preachers and their wives come to the great hall and are treated to a great dinner, which is followed by speeches which are always expected to be great master-pieces of wit, wisdom, eloquence and inspiration. This year they all seemed to be there. Ex-Gov. Long presided. After the orthodox amount of wit, he settled down into a splendid bit of preaching with an earnestness and directness that ought to shame many a Unitarian pulpiteer. The clergy were welcomed by Carroll D. Wright, who, the presiding officer said, "could give the ministers statistics enough in fifteen minutes

for fifty-two sermons"; and Calthrop the astronomer-preacher of Syracuse responded handsomely. Charles G. Ames, Edward Everett Hale, and others spoke.

Friday was the Free Religious Association day. Three sessions. Twenty years old. It seemed to be a question as to whether there was more work for it to do; if so, what next? There was no doubt in the minds of those most concerned, and there ought to be in the mind of no one, concerning the fact that this association has thus far justified its existence. Through it the theological climate of all denominations has been modified, and the intellectual life of thousands has been enlarged. O. B. Frothingham's words rang out for the second time in the week with their old-time clearness and power. Higginson was genial. Conway had less vinegar and more oil in his castor than has been his custom of late. Salter was high and exacting in his standards, even to the point where rigid standards become unsympathetic, and severity of morals in ignoring the modifying lines of beauty and patience shades into the immorality of intolerance. Mrs. Cheney mellowed all hearts with the motherly piety that exalts communion of thought and the fellowship of heart into the free religion that feeds spirit.

Saturday was meant for a free day, except the morning devotions at King's Chapel, which has been the hour of uplift to each day of the week; but the week overflowed. One of the most interesting gatherings of the week, was that which came together at 11 o'clock this morning to listen to Pundita Ramabai, the young Hindoo widow, whose dark face shone through her white envelope with peculiar power as she pleaded for the cause of her sisters. She told the story of women's needs in India in a way that I hope will help her push her work of education.

Now I am at the end of my story. The *Christian Register*, (what could Boston do without it?) published in neat pamphlet form the calendar of the week, which announced those meetings which had claims upon the Unitarian, 34 in all, to which I added two others making 36. Upon 20 of these I have looked in and nine times has the voice of "ye editor" been heard. "How does it all seem as compared with our Western anniversaries?" There is the absence of the eager hunger of Western delegates, and we miss the spontaneity, the unexpected bits of enthusiasm and kindling speech which always spring from our Western programme. Spontaneity has its dangers, but they are not so great as the danger of stagnation and apathy that springs from so much careful suppression. But I hope that even this is not incurable. Everywhere there is evidence of new wood forming, new workers growing, fresh enthusiasm being generated. The Temperance and the Unity Club work were new features of this anniversary week. They represent young life. Both, we believe, have sprung out of the Monday Ministers' Club, which in turn represents many of the younger and of the out-of-town ministers. This week has shown abundantly that here, as in the west, Unitarianism is a *movement* and not a sect. It is going somewhere, and that too, in the forward direction, which is the heavenward direction. This was splendidly emphasized in the best Unitarian speech of the week, made by Mr. Savage on the Free Religious platform. The pity is that it was not given on Tuesday at one of the meetings of the A. U. A., where it would have been most enjoyed and have done the most good. This week has also proven that no geographical or theological lines can be drawn in Boston. The attractions at the Suffrage meetings were the women from Iowa and Indiana. The enthusiastic episode at the Women's Auxiliary meeting was the reception of Mary Graves as bearer of good will from the Women's Conference in the West. When Secretary Reynolds read the resolution of fellowship received from the Western Conference, and Mr. Barrows in well chosen words described the spirit in which it was sent, and moved a response, it was passed by a hearty rising vote. No voice has been heard with more gladness, and no cause has been received with more sympathetic heartiness, than that of Mrs. Wilkes, of Dakota; and if the friends in the west will be as generous as those in the east, the first Unitarian church in De-

kota, the "All Souls church of Sioux Falls", will soon be built and paid for.

At the Women's Auxiliary meeting and the Missionary meeting on Tuesday night, the words of Mr. Forbush, of the west, were eagerly listened to and heartily applauded. In the east as in the west, Unitarianism represents a wide range of theological opinions; but here, as there, any attempt to create a schism, or to put "asunder those whom God has joined together," has been rebuked and will be defeated. There may be plenty of disposition to dispute, but none to divide. There may have been anxieties about the opinions of the western brethren, but plenty of the same kind of opinions is found in the east. Never was there so clear a recognition of the fact that the east is bound to the west by ties as strong as those which bind the west to the east, and that the help has been mutual, that our cause is a common one, our fellowship a real one, our mission identical, our faith a growing one, and our religion one that is inrooting and upreaching, and that the thing to do is keep on working and growing. But I must close; it is 10 o'clock Saturday night. I must take the train for New York. To-morrow I preach in Brooklyn, and on Tuesday I will be at the school of the Prophets at Meadville, and Wednesday I will again be, Providence permitting, with the dear friends and blessed yoke-fellows at the west.

Ever for, of and with UNITY, in the interest of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

J. L. J.

Boston, May 28, 1887.

THE WESTERN ANNIVERSARIES.

Opening Address Before the Western Unitarian Conference.

BY HON. D. L. SHOREY, PRESIDENT, CHICAGO, MAY 18, 1887.

Custom assigns to the chair the pleasant duty of uttering a few words of welcome and greeting at the opening of this our thirty-third annual Conference. It so happens that this duty has often fallen upon me in the years gone by. Some of those whom I have addressed in former years on these occasions are now engaged in other fields of labor, and some have gone to their rest. While I have the pleasure of looking into many well-known faces here this morning there is scarcely less pleasure in greeting those who have never met with us before; for in these is the promise of the continued existence and usefulness of this Conference.

The interesting programme, already in your hands, sufficiently indicates the subjects which will engage your attention. In addition to the time required for reading papers prepared under the invitation of the directors, ample time is given in the programme for oral discussion, in which all delegates and guests are invited freely to participate.

Some misunderstanding has arisen among Unitarians east and west during the past year, in relation to the action of the Conference at Cincinnati. The directors early in the year, in order to correct as far as possible misconceptions of that action, prepared and published a circular address, which will be laid before you in the secretary's report.

As I understand the Cincinnati resolution, it is in harmony with the traditions, policy, and spirit of Unitarianism from the beginning. It reiterates the often declared and fundamental position of Unitarianism in declaring that the Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic test. This is precisely the position of our National Conference, as set forth explicitly in the last article of its constitution. The generous words of welcome in that resolution, to all who wish to join the Conference to help establish truth, righteousness, and love in the world, are such words as ought to pass unchallenged in any body of men who have ever read the Sermon on the Mount. Only the most captious criticism can find in these great and comprehensive words of welcome narrowness, intolerance, or exclusion. Nor can any fault be found with the majority at that Conference that when it decided, in ac-

cordance with the universal custom of Unitarian bodies, to put forth no dogmatic statement whatever, it refused to adopt any other statement than that which it first resolved upon.

This Conference has a record of Unitarian work of thirty-five years. It stands on the long record it has made, and has no desire to change any part of it. The action of the Cleveland Conference simply organized the body as a legal corporation, so that it could take, hold, and convey property. That action has no effect in an ecclesiastical sense upon any part of its previous record. It is by the study of that entire record that there will be found, if anywhere, the flag, platform, and creed of this Conference. Whoever studies that record now, intelligently, will be able to sufficiently comprehend what is meant by the Unitarianism which it represents. On all its platforms, from all its pulpits, in all its Conference gatherings, there will be heard Unitarian affirmations concerning one nature, one law, one ethics, one religion, and one God.

Report of the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference.

READ AT ITS THIRTY-THIRD SESSION IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, ILL., MAY 17-20, 1887.

It becomes my duty to-day to submit to you my annual report, as approved by the Directors of the Conference.

My time has been but partially yours, two-fifths of it belonging to the Illinois State Conference. In the remaining three-fifths of the year, some things have been accomplished, and the logic of events has had its way with us as a body, shaping the course of thought, testing our courage, developing our resources, giving us possibly clearer views and wider sympathies, and let us hope, a deeper hold on things divine and eternal.

Speaking of things done,—look first at the

OFFICE WORK

of your Secretary. Hundreds of calls have been made on the office by letter,—calls for personal service, for supplies to empty pulpits, for information as to the belief of Unitarians; calls from churches in search of ministers and ministers in search of churches, and ministers in search of a better religion and a freer fellowship; calls have come from untilled fields, where to some earnest soul the need has seemed great, for publishing the liberal gospel, and planting the religion of reason and righteousness.

A letter of quite recent date comes from a leading member of a Congregational church, asking for a Unitarian minister as a candidate for a vacant pulpit of that church. He says: "Why can not a Unitarian be placed here in this Congregational church? They (the people here) all want Unitarian doctrines taught, more or less, but in the name of Congregationalism." And this appeal comes at this time by no accident into the hands of your Secretary.

Five hundred and eighty-one written communications, and more than one thousand printed ones, have gone out from the office to all parts of the country. But the correspondence has not been all. The fellowship side of the office claims more and more attention. Individuals are continually dropping in; Unitarians from distant fields; strangers to Unitarianism inquiring the way; young men lately come to the city; ministers of other denominations in pursuit of sympathy, suggestion and literature. Perhaps I can best portray this aspect of the office life by giving you a case or two in point. An orthodox minister calls, tells his story of growing liberality, and wants to know what opportunities there are for new recruits in the liberal ministry. A young man calls, come to the city to live from a Unitarian home in the country. He is much of a stranger, wants sympathy and friendly interest, is directed to the Unitarian church nearest his home, and assured of kindly welcome at the headquarters, and at one home in the suburbs. A brother newly received by the fellowship committee, on his way through the city, calls to make

acquaintance and establish personal relations with the headquarters. A stranger from New York comes in and offers his hand. He is going out to Dakota, and wants a copy of *Unity Hymns and Chorals*, such as he saw in Spencer's church in Troy. He is told about the church at Sioux Falls, Dak., and promises to write when he is settled. An Eastern minister and his wife look in on their way to a new western parish, and with beaming faces respond to the welcome they receive, and express their enthusiasm for the breadth and freedom of this great west, and especially of western Unitarianism. A young gentleman comes in who has picked up a tract in the far south with our imprint on it; he wants another, gets it, and goes away, picking up still others as he passes the "*Unity Mission*" rack. In a few days he comes back wonderfully pleased and more communicative, fills up again with tracts, leaves a dollar to pay for them, remarks: "How good it is to have such documents lying around loose where people can get them!" and goes on his way to sell machinery for an eastern house. In a week or two a letter comes from him, dated —, Mich., saying: "Will you kindly send, at your earliest convenience, the following pamphlets to Mr. —, at —. Don't accompany them by any letter,—I think it would be better not to." This from one in the whirl of business, who had but lately come with surprise and delight to find his own thought and feeling written out large in our tracts.

In ways manifold and difficult to describe, the fellowship side of the Western Conference finds its uses and does its work.

FIELD WORK.

Your Secretary has traveled on the business of the Conference 13,363 miles and visited 26 places. He has assisted in organizing four new societies, which show indications of healthy growth and permanent existence. At Luverne, Minn., he spoke the first Unitarian message one Sunday in November last, which led to the organization of a Unitarian church. At Rock Rapids, Iowa, he found a cordial welcome as the representative of this Conference. A week-day evening service was held, and steps were taken at once which led to organization. At Sioux Falls, Dakota, he spent two week nights, and an experimental service was held in Lawyer Wilkes' office. As the result of that meeting religious services have been continued from Sunday to Sunday, first under the care of Mrs. Wilkes, and afterwards under the ministration of Miss C. J. Bartlett. At Hinsdale, Ill., sixteen miles from Chicago, he took the initial steps in the organization of a new Unitary church.

Your Secretary has visited twenty-two of our organized churches; took part in the dedication of the Holland Liberal church of Grand Rapids, Michigan; spent ten days at Duluth, Minnesota, in the preliminary work of the Unitarian church that is hoped for in that city; gave several days to Michigan and Kansas; in all has visited ten of the fourteen states within our territory; attended five State Conferences, and represented this body in the National Conference at Saratoga in September, 1886. In addition to this he has done considerable field work in Illinois. Sometimes he has been able to multiply himself three or four times by the help of others, but more calls for preaching have been made than he has been able to fill. These journeys have been made at some cost of dollars and cents, one nearly at the cost of life itself, but everywhere it has seemed worth while to have gone. Your representative has been cordially welcomed, and in some cases the practical results following his visits have been abundantly encouraging. The fact that he was your representative was his strongest hold on the confidence and co-operation of the people. In proportion to the efficiency of the State conferences, this field work will be less and less called for from the central office; but while in more than one-half the states covered by the Western Conference, we have no active State conferences, as is true at the present writing, it seems especially important that your Secretary should be at liberty to give some portion of his time to such personal services as the general work may require.

GENERAL WORK OF THE YEAR.

First, as to laborers: We have in the field fifty settled ministers, and thirty-nine ministers not settled as pastors, but some of them most active and inspiring workers; and we have seventy-nine organized societies, and two little circuits.

We have to record a great loss to the Unitarian body in the west, in the lamented death of Dr. W. G. Eliot, chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, whose name has been a household word east and west for many a year; our pioneer and bishop of souls in the west, an inspiring organizing power, focalized in his own city of St. Louis, the champion of every good cause, the tireless worker for great ends. When shall we look upon his like again?

Some changes have taken place in our ministerial force. The west has given to the east during the year but one of its ministers,—John Tunis, of Quincy, Illinois. From the east have come S. M. Crothers, to Unity church, St. Paul, Minnesota; H. A. Westall, to the Unitarian church, Bloomington, Illinois; Charles F. Bradley, to the Second Congregational Unitarian church at Quincy, Illinois; Reed Stuart of the Independent church of Battle Creek, Michigan, has gone to Detroit, Michigan; J. B. Frost, of the Meadville Theological school, has been engaged at Alton, Illinois; Judson Fisher has charge at Sheffield, Illinois; C. B. Roberts, recently of the Baptist church, has been installed at St. Joseph, Missouri; G. W. Buckley, of Battle Creek, Michigan, has gone to Duluth, Minnesota, for a month; F. D. Gunning is supplying the church at Keokuk, Iowa, for three months; H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, is doing missionary work in Central Illinois under the direction of the Illinois State Conference; Miss C. J. Bartlett has for some months been doing efficient service at Sioux Falls, Dakota; S. S. Hunting has been doing valiant work in the missionary field in Minnesota and Iowa.

I have corresponded with four ministers of other denominations, who are considering the question of coming into the Unitarian fellowship. One of them writes under date of April 30th., 1887: "I am preaching liberal doctrines to crowded houses. I find many people in sympathy with better preaching. I think that I will organize two or three independent congregations this fall." Seventeen others, several of them from other denominations, and others from no denominational connection, have applied for work and fellowship among us. Of this number seven are now working acceptably in various parts of the west.

New societies have been organized as already mentioned at Luverne, Minnesota; Rock Rapids, Iowa; Sioux Falls, Dakota; Hinsdale, Illinois; and Winona, Minnesota, (the latter by Mr. Crooker, of Madison), and the new movement at Duluth, Minnesota, looks toward permanent organization.

Unusual missionary activity has characterized some of our churches. By invitation of the manager, the minister of All Souls church, Chicago, took charge of evening services in Central Music Hall in January last, preaching every Sunday evening for three months to large audiences in the very center of Chicago; a rare opportunity was thus offered of setting before the people of this city the inspiring truths and practical aims for which we as a body stand.

F. L. Hosmer, of the Church of the Unity, Cleveland, Ohio, has started a mission work in east Cleveland. The papers of that city report his sermons in full and speak of large audiences in attendance.

From many of our churches we hear of increasing congregations and growing interest. One writes, "We feel that our minister will do good work, and that our numbers will be increased as we become better known." From another comes the word, "Congregations are large and enthusiasm increasing." From still another, "Only one minute was required to select or call a pastor for the ensuing year, so that Miss—who had retired to our church parlor, was called back almost before she had time to reach it."—"Following the vote calling the pastor was a succession of resolutions thanking everybody for good work done during the year past, and in a thankful, hopeful spirit the meeting was adjourned." That, I take it, is the key-note of many a Unitarian parish in the west at the present writing.

CHURCH BUILDING.

The past year has been a remarkable one in our history in respect to church building and improvement.

The Unitarian church, of Cincinnati, has been offered for sale, and the trustees have bought a site for a new house two and a half miles out in the suburbs, where it is expected that building will soon begin,—amount paid for lot not reported.

In Detroit there is much talk about a new church building and a strong probability that the talk will soon take more definite shape. Over \$25,000 have been spent in completing the original design of Unity Church, Chicago; Kansas City is building a church to be dedicated October 1st, the estimated cost of which, including the lot, organ and furnishing, is \$40,000.00 and no outside aid has been asked. Arcadia, Wisconsin, has a new parsonage in which to house its minister, at a cost of \$800.00, contributed from friends in various parts of the country,—\$635.00 of this amount through the Women's Auxiliary Conference of the east. Sioux Falls, Dakota, one of our newest societies, has paid \$1,200.00 for a lot, has \$800.00 in hand toward a church building, and is doing missionary work in the surrounding country. Minneapolis now has a church nearly ready for dedication, at a total cost of \$60,000.00, \$45,000.00 of which is already paid; no aid asked for outside the parish. Denver, Colorado, is pushing a new church building to completion, which, with the lot, will cost \$66,000.00, and hopes to dedicate it September 1st,—no outside aid asked. Moline, Illinois, has raised \$900.00 on a church lot. Beatrice, Nebraska, has raised a building fund of \$350.00. Helena, Wisconsin, has dedicated Unity Chapel at a cost of \$1,900.00. Keokuk, Iowa, has raised \$7,805.50 to pay off an old church debt,—\$1,000.00 of this amount contributed by the American Unitarian association. Topeka, Kansas, has completed a church at a cost of \$7,950.00,—\$2,400.00 of this coming from the Church Building Loan Fund. Greeley, Colorado, is building at a cost of \$5,800.00,—all provided for but \$900,—\$2400 of it borrowed from the Church Building Loan Fund. St. Joseph, Missouri, has completed a church at a cost of \$9,779.00, borrowing from Church Building Loan Fund \$4,000.00. Manistee, Michigan, has finished a church and parsonage,—amount of cost not reported to this office.

The Winona people have raised within the year a subscription of \$2,500.00 for a church lot. The Liberal Holland church at Grand Rapids, Michigan, has completed a church building, which, with lot and furnishing, has cost \$7,682.96. Midland, Michigan, has completed a church at a cost of \$4,000.00, by the help of \$1,500.00 borrowed from the Church Building Loan Fund. The First Unitarian church of Sioux City, Iowa, has purchased an eligible church lot for \$6,500.00 (which is already estimated as being worth nearly double its cost), on which nearly \$4,000.00 has been subscribed, and the work goes on.

All Souls Church, Chicago, has paid \$20,800.00 for this building and the lot whereon it stands, by the help of its many friends throughout the whole United States and Territories, the A. U. A. among them.

This statement of the cost of churches built or completed during the year is a transcript of special reports made to the Chicago headquarters. It has been found difficult to estimate with exactness what portion of the whole amount has been raised within the last Conference year, because the cost of building as reported now for the first time represents more than a single year's work. The following summary is an approximate statement, though in my judgment an understatement of the money raised within the bounds of the Western Conference since its last session in Cincinnati.

Church building begun at Kansas City, Denver and Greeley, \$32,600. Subscriptions preparatory to building:

Sioux City, Iowa.....	\$4000
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	2000
Winona, Minnesota.....	2500
Moline, Illinois.....	900
Beatrice, Nebraska.....	350
	\$9750

Amount raised for completion of buildings previously begun, \$36,500; for liquidation church debts, \$6,800.

Total of money and subscriptions raised within the year, \$85,650.00. All of which indicates a healthy activity, an enlarging interest and a noble confidence in the future.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

President Livermore reports: "A prosperous and useful year. The whole number in attendance has been thirty-two, four women and twenty-eight men. They have been from all parts of the country, and from several foreign countries,—England, Holland, Germany and Sweden. The new recruits were in general better fitted than usual for admission. Good progress has been made during the year. Amid so many varieties of character and faith, there has been as much unity of the spirit in the bond of peace as could be expected, or desired even, for the best purposes of discipline and spiritual progress. The prospect is encouraging for another year. We need, very much, more means for many purposes in the school, viz.: beneficiary aid, the library, increased staff of professors, etc., etc."

This school of the prophets has given us some of our most earnest and useful ministers. May it continue to give us men and women distinguished alike for breadth of vision, for zeal and ability.

STATE CONFERENCES.

The work of the several State Conferences will be briefly reported to you this morning by the state Secretaries.

It is clear that our State Conferences are getting a better grip on their work, and have a growing consciousness of power.

The movement in Iowa to organize and equip a lay-ministry is worthy of note. Its object is to "encourage the laity to enter more largely into the aggressive, moral and religious work which it falls to our denomination to do," to organize a new ministry, on whom the conduct of religious services shall partly depend, to provide for lay meetings, meetings in halls and school-houses,—in short, to create a missionary laity for the promotion of moral instruction among the masses.

This carries us back to the days of early Methodism, when Wesley organized that body of zealous and consecrated lay-preachers, whose labors were so indispensable to the progress of that great spiritual movement to which our own denomination is so deeply in debt.

If our Iowa friends succeed (and we shall watch the experiment with great interest) in organizing such a body of helpers, it will give a strong impetus to our work both east and west.

POST-OFFICE MISSION WORK.

The Post-office Mission work moves on with the steady tread of an assured and well-organized movement. It carries our joyful message to waiting and hungry hearts in every state and territory. One of these Post-office Mission ministers in Chicago furnishes the moral and intellectual pabulum for a monthly meeting of farmers and their wives in Florida. Another reaches out a hand to a lonely soul in Oregon, and fills him with new light and joy, and sets an orthodox minister in a western state to preaching Unitarianism. Professors in colleges and students alike eagerly receive from these home missionaries a literature which stimulates and inspires to higher thought and a better life.

"And so I remain firm of heart," says Father Brown, of Kansas. "Every tract which I send away I regard as good seed, and a prayer follows it, that it may fall upon good ground. I sow in faith. I have no doubt of the fruitfulness of the Post-office Mission; in the nature of things it can not help doing good; it is good for the intellect as well as the heart; it goes where the living voice is not heard; it is a still, small voice which whispers in secret; it is clear and affirmative."

Let our Post-office mission workers persevere and faint not. From their quiet homes they are leading the evolution of thought; they are promoting that great silent, bloodless revolution which is overturning old faiths and old ideals,

and nursing the new growth of spiritual freedom and moral power which are springing up in the land.

A LOOK BACKWARD.

Notwithstanding certain embarrassing conditions under which the Conference started out, thanks to the good-will of its friends it was enabled to plan and carry forward its work much as in previous years. But the increasing misapprehension of its action was such that early in the year the Directors thought it necessary to issue the following letter:

"A LETTER TO THE CHURCHES."

"Brethren of the Western Conference: It becomes our duty, as the body intrusted by you with the care of the Conference interests, to announce that several ministers and laymen, heretofore acting with the Conference, have formed a new society, to be known as the Western Unitarian Association; its basis to be that of the American Unitarian Association, and its purpose to co-operate with that body in its western missionary work, without itself receiving or disbursing money. Its constitution and names of officers and directors have been officially announced. The purpose is to encourage our churches to transfer their usual contributions from the treasury of the Western Conference to that of the American Unitarian Association, whose western representative and agent the new society hopes to be; and thus to reduce your Western Conference to the position of a talking body, deprived of all executive functions.

"The cause of this action is the resolution which was passed by our Conference at its recent meeting in Cincinnati. The resolution reads as follows:

"Resolved, that the Western Unitarian Conference bases its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world."

"Our brothers feel that by extending this wide welcome to our fellowship, without referring in the welcome to any doctrinal belief or name, however great and dear to us, even the names of 'Christianity' and 'God,' our Conference has placed itself on non-religious ground and crippled all its possibilities for good. Hence they organize their new association.

"In view of this protest and the wide discussion east and west to which the Cincinnati action has led, your directors wish to indicate the meaning and bearing of the resolution there adopted, as they understand it. In our judgment that resolution has not changed in the least the practical aims of the Conference, nor is it likely to do so in the future. It also leaves the beliefs of the Conference what they were before, unrevised and undiminished. Theists are theists still, Christians are Christians still; and it is well known, and known by none better than our brothers, that there are few among us, men or women, who surrender either name. In truth we think that both these names have deepened in significance and value among us these last ten years,—years of more religious life and more missionary earnestness than any previous years in our western history. But—and partly in consequence of this deepening faith—the resolution distinctly means that Western Unitarianism, so far as represented by the majority at the Cincinnati Conference, does not refuse to fellowship any person of approved character and good work who is drawn to us in spirit, but may not share in our deep beliefs. The resolution means that we neither wish, nor feel we have a right, to give our Unitarianism bounds that will exclude those who worship God in spirit and in truth and in their life, whether they worship him in name or not.

"The resolution means that if such a man, be he layman or minister, eager to establish truth and righteousness and love in the world, comes to our gates, sees us worship, hears us at prayer, hears our spoken faiths, and says, 'Let me join you; my purpose is your purpose, though my faith is not wholly your faith,' he shall be welcome, welcome unreservedly. The resolution means that we would rather take the consequences in the world's eyes of accepting, than the consequences in our own souls, and in that man's, of rejecting him.

"It means that we think our part is to look to God, not men in such a matter; that we will organize Unitarianism, but not at the cost of spirituality, lest it cease to be a movement and become a sect; and that, therefore, as Unitarians, we esteem it our best missionary success to set the higher standard of religious faith and liberty and fellowship before men, even if men at first have nothing for that standard but misunderstanding and rejection,—all they had for the ideals of Jesus! The resolution means that we believe, to do this and, if necessary, suffer for it, is Christianity, in the sense of Christ-likeness, is living faith in God. This is what in our judgment the Cincinnati resolution means.

"And inasmuch as the resolution means this to your directors, we commend it to your careful judgment. If at first thought it seem dangerous, we ask you to give it second thought and face the central questions it involves until the answers in your mind grow clear and sure. And be it, of course, remembered that the resolution at Cincinnati binds the Conference no longer than the Conference desires; that the whole matter is as open to reconsideration as it was to first consideration.

"Meanwhile we commend to your remembrance the common laws of comradeship—patience with each other's minds, trust all around, and slow, warm-hearted judgment. We would remind you of many a Conference greeting that has made less lonely our church-life on the frontiers,—and with few exceptions our churches are still frontier churches with lonely duties to perform. We remind you of the growing hopes of service we have cherished these late years, as we have learned to join hands more closely in our state conferences and headquarters work. We are very small,—too small to break, brethren. As broken pieces of the Western Conference we shall help high causes in the west far less than if we stay together. And we are too much alike to break! Our thoughts, our faiths, our ideals, our worship, all our methods, are too closely the same to break. We cannot succeed in parting if we would.

"Let us do a nobler thing,—stand together! Let discussion go on to clear our judgments; it is a noble theme,—what are the essentials of Unitarianism? and will take us among the deep things of the spirit. And let us make this year our best for spiritual life inside our churches, and for earnest work around them. This year let *real giving for our faith* begin among us! Let us do things we have never done before! Our poverty is in our western hearts and wills, and not in western purses. First, before all,—keep up the old activities at our Chicago headquarters; call on our western secretary for much work, and enable him to do the work.

"Our western center must be live and strong, if we are ever going to have a western circumference broad. And next, let that which has hitherto been done occasionally by a few, become a custom with all our western churches,—the sending of an annual contribution, however small, to our mother-conference, the American Unitarian Association, in recognition of our larger fellowship and to keep strong the household bond. And then build up the state conferences.

"In the fellowship of faith and service, sincerely yours,

D. L. SHOREY, President.	S. S. HUNTING.
J. R. EFFINGER, Secretary.	C. J. K. JONES.
JAMES B. GALLOWAY, Treasurer.	J. LL. JONES.
HORACE H. BADGER.	A. M. JUDY.
J. V. BLAKE.	J. C. LEARNED.
W. C. GANNETT.	MRS. A. B. MCMAHAN.

F. L. HOSMER.

DIRECTORS OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

UNITARIAN HEAD-QUARTERS, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., July 27, 1886."

This letter was sent to all our churches east and west, and is the only official answer your Directors have made to the charges that have been preferred against the Conference, in consequence of the action at Cincinnati. The Conference has endeavored to go on its way with courage and hope, to meet contradiction and misunderstanding in a spirit of meekness and steadfastness, trusting to the sure verdict of time for its explanation and vindication. Its head-quarters, with all

the activities centering there, has been maintained as usual. The lease of its rooms at 175 Dearborn street has been renewed for another year. Its work of fellowship and its missionary activities have been carried on as heretofore. The results of the year in missionary work, in self-reliant church-building work, in the development of home resources, have been reassuring.

CO-OPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

In the month of April, a proposal was received by the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, from brethren in the east, to hold a consultation with representatives from the American Unitarian Association in regard to co-operation with that body in missionary work. Your Directors acceded to this proposal and invited a committee of the American Unitarian Association to meet them at the headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, at 2:30 P. M., April 28th. A consultation was held on the date named, the American Unitarian Association being represented by Secretary Reynolds, Rev. H. N. Brown, Rev. James De Normandie, Mr. A. L. Calder, and Rev. George A. Thayer,—certain brethren of the west who have differed with the Western Conference position, being also present. There was a frank interchange of opinion, but no definite results were reached. This was to be regretted, as the desirability of co-operation between the American Unitarian Association and the Western Unitarian Conference must be apparent to all. Our aims are essentially the same, and the interest of our cause in the west can best be promoted by joint action.

The Western Unitarian Conference with its thirty-five years of honorable work behind it, with its growing powers of usefulness, its fresh, inspiring outlook upon truth and duty, with its experience in the western field, and its ringing voice, as expressed in its literature, is fitted, as never before, for aggressive work and for active co-operation with the American Unitarian Association, and cordially welcomes such co-operation, provided it can be based on mutual confidence and equality of rights.

THE OPPORTUNITY BEFORE US

is one of increasing usefulness. This great empire of the west, with its rapidly developing material resources and population, with its own peculiar claims and needs, is making demands upon us far in excess of our ability to respond. The opportunity to lay the foundations of the church of the future is ours, and no thought of failure or looking back, of relapsing into inaction or dropping our task into other hands, should for one moment be allowed.

My heart was touched by the closing words of the Conference sermon by Brother Covell, one year ago, at Cincinnati, and they shall be the closing words of this report:

"Let us remember that we are not working alone for to-day, but the religion we represent has come to stay, not in its theories and forms but in its principles and influences, and whatever we do, is so much of a bequest to the ages. Our position is susceptible in the highest degree to zeal and missionary spirit. If we but observe the hands on God's time-piece and regulate *our* time by it, the future will hold for us glad surprises."

JOHN R. EFFINGER,
Secretary.

Religious Study Classes.

REPORT MADE BY MRS. E. A. WEST, PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

In conducting our Conference work the past year we have realized that the best way to promote religion is to diffuse a knowledge of its truths. We have, therefore, continued to encourage religious study classes.

Last fall we published an appeal to the members of our Conference urging the importance of this subject. This appeal was widely distributed through our directors, post-office mission workers and the churches.

From the reports of the churches, just received, we learn that in some instances the ladies are conducting their religious study in connection with the Sunday-school, a plan to be most heartily commended because of the advantage of weekly meetings and of its influence upon the children. If the mature people are not members of the Sunday-school, the children soon feel that they, too, should leave it. The presence of a large class of adults would correct this false impression. We trust that in every church where a study class does not exist the ladies will form one in the Sunday-school; and if gentlemen would also join it, the influence would be proportionately increased. In connection with the church at Minneapolis there is such a class, and at Topeka, Kansas, an adult class is led by the president of the Board of Education. At Lawrence there is a Liberal club of fourteen members, meeting on alternate Fridays. The ladies of Denver, Colorado, are thoroughly interested in this work, as their report will show. At Sioux Falls, Dakota, seven ladies meet weekly for study and consultation. At Sioux City, Iowa, there is a class of forty-two members which is holding thirty-six meetings this year, at which have been considered "Religious Training of Children in the Home," "The Public Schools," "Church and Sunday-school," "The Eight-hour System," "Dress, Food, Drink and Exercise in their Relation to Health." The ladies of the two churches in St. Louis continue their association, holding eight meetings during the year, with papers and discussions upon the "Unities of Unitarianism," "Relation of Health to Religion," "Relation of Parent to Teacher in Sunday-school," "Conference Work," "Development of Religious Truth," "Life of Lydia Maria Child" and "Present Tendencies in Religion."

The branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference at Cincinnati have happily blended the continuous study of one subject with a miscellaneous programme. Every alternate meeting has been devoted to the life of Jesus, with the special topics, his Childhood, Doctrines, Friends, Miracles, Death and Resurrection; and at the other meetings papers have been read upon "Dress in its Relation to Health," upon "Punishment," and the "Higher Education of American Girls."

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association is composed of members from the four churches, with a usual attendance this year of 120. At its monthly meetings a deeper and more earnest interest has characterized the gatherings. Thoughtful consideration has been given to the following subjects: "Women's Philanthropic Work in our City," "Organized Unitarianism," "Inspiration," "The Place of Emotion in the Moral and Religious Life," "Evolution of Religious Freedom," "What shall we do with our Doubts?" "Our Creeds," "Poets of the Liberal Faith," "Alice and Phoebe Carey."

The church in Denver reports a Religious Study class of twenty-six members, which has had papers and discussions upon "Love to Neighbor," "Prayer," "Church History," "William E. Channing," "Theodore Parker," "Organized Unitarianism in the West," "Poets of the Liberal Faith," "Religious Education of Children," "Bible in the Light of Modern Criticism," and "Inspiration of the Bible."

At Madison, Wisconsin, the study class consists of twenty-five members, who have held forty-seven meetings and studied the books of Corinthians and Galatians, "History of the Unitarian Movement," "The Present Aspect of our Liberal Movement," by Rev. Joseph Allen, "The Destiny of Man," "Darwin's Theory of Evolution," "History of the Charleston Church," "Yeal's Outlines of History of Religion," "Chinese and Egyptian Religion," "The Higher Education of Women," and "Brahmin's Religion."

Such a wide range of subjects must give food and enjoyment to the thoughtful members. When the associations for religious study are large and the majority of the members will not participate in the discussion, it may be wise to alternate the general meetings with smaller classes, designed mostly for conversation. By this plan a larger number will be induced to take part, and greater benefits will result.

Although these reports do not cover our entire field, they show that the good work is progressing.

Sixth Annual Report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. 1886-1887.

(1) WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CHURCHES.

Ohio. In *Cleveland* the Ladies' Aid society with twenty-five members has held thirty-nine meetings and raised \$570, nearly one-half of which has been devoted to charitable purposes. \$20 contributed to the W. W. U. C. Many of the women have been actively engaged in the kitchen-garden, which has been conducted in the church kitchen and parlors. The young ladies of this society started the free kindergarten which for three months also met in these rooms, although not directly connected with the church. The Unity club has been largely attended and has done very interesting work.

Cincinnati.—The Ladies' Benevolent society, which has eighteen paying members beside many occasional workers, held weekly meetings from January 1 to March 1; by a fair raised \$500, for church purposes; spent a part of the fund on hand for material to make up for use in the day nursery, and to be given out through other channels to the needy. The Women's Auxiliary at its monthly meetings has attended to the reading and discussion of essays on the life of Jesus, alternated with papers on social topics. A continuance is reported of the usual activities. The day nursery is entirely carried on by the women of this church; the Associated Charities of the city, the free kindergarten and kitchen-garden, the hospital for women and children, the society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, with other similar philanthropies and local literary societies, all have their zealous supporters. Unity Club was never more active. From *Marietta* comes a brief word breathing the true spirit of consecration to a noble purpose. The ladies try to meet every other week in the interest of the social life of the church society, and to do other necessary work for the church.

Iowa. *Sioux City.*—Unity circle, numbering forty-two, has held during the year thirty-six meetings and has raised \$440.90; has re-paid to the American Unitarian Association a \$200 loan, has spent for the publication of pastor's sermon in *UNITY*, \$15; has contributed \$5 to the Western Conference, and \$5 to the W. W. U. C., besides four annual membership fees, and has helped defray the current expenses of the church. The work of the several sections of the Unity club is sufficiently indicated by the name of each, Dramatic, Shakespeare, Social, Social Science, and Young People's. This frontier church also furnishes workers for the temperance and White Cross movements, and to the Chautauqua and other societies.

Humboldt.—The Ladies' circle has had at its thirty meetings an average attendance of fourteen, has raised \$213.68; \$100 have been applied on minister's salary; \$15 sent to Western Conference; \$85.02 devoted to church improvement and other expenses. The "Light of Asia" and "Miss Toosey's Mission" have been read in the Circle. The whole society has been constituted a benevolent committee. The W. C. T. U., the Chautauqua, Unity club, Woman's Relief home, Woman's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., and the Association for the Advancement of Women, have members in this church.

Davenport.—The Ladies' Working society numbers twenty-seven; has held eighteen meetings. Money raised \$580.27; part applied on minister's salary, and the rest used to meet running expenses. There are also a society composed of the young ladies, and a Lend-a-hand club, of the boys and girls of the church. Monthly teas are held, a success socially and financially, the proceeds being devoted to church repairs. Women of this church are active in the Associated Charities, the Industrial Relief Association and the Davenport Cooking School.

Des Moines and *Algona* have but one pastor, a woman, who preaches at each place on alternate Sundays. At *Des Moines* the ladies meet on Tuesday afternoons for sewing and reading. On Sunday evenings inquiry meetings are held, the subject discussed during the winter being Religious Evolution. The *Algona* ladies have raised \$200 this year for church ex-

penses. Every other Monday evening the minister meets the little children from seven to eight o'clock, and the older young people later, for the reading and discussion of moral and religious topics.

All Souls' church, at *Sioux Falls, Dakota*, yet in its first year, has a recently organized Ladies' circle of eight members, and a religious study class of seven. It has also a Unity club, with its Lowell section and Social Science section. Monthly socials are held.

Minnesota. *St. Paul.*—The women's side of Unity church work remains much the same as last year. The Ladies' Benevolent society continues to act in connection with the City Relief society, meeting one day each week to cut out and distribute work to poor women who come regularly for it. The church cupboard still serves its purpose of furnishing the sick and needy with delicacies, medicine, clothing and a friend. In December the annual Christmas sale netted \$290. Unity church is represented by active workers in the Flower mission, Relief society, Home for the Friendless, Orphan asylum and Mitford home.

Minneapolis.—A ladies' circle of thirty-one members, has held sixteen meetings, has raised \$180 and disbursed \$138. Of this \$30 were given to Rev. Mr. Janson's society and to Maternity hospital. Another sum was used in furnishing a room in the hospital, the rest has been applied to church furnishing. Other centers of interest and activity are the Sunday-school, including a Bible-class, a Young People's club and a Browning club. A Thanksgiving dinner was given to the boot-blacks and news-boys. In the new movements at *Luverne* and *Winona*, devoted women have been from the first among the most earnest and efficient workers. *Luverne* has already a ladies' reading and working circle.

Missouri. *St. Louis.*—Church of the Unity. Unity Working society has twenty-five members. \$400 raised during the year have been spent in paying the organist and in meeting sundry small expenses, a reserve fund always being kept on hand for emergencies. The *St. Louis* association of Unitarian women devoted to religious study has thirty members from this church. A day nursery for the children of working mothers was started by the women of this church in June, 1886. Helping hands are also lent to the hospitals for children, the Flower mission, the Fresh Air mission, the Nurses' Training school, and the Industrial home for girls. Four ladies constituting a board of almoners dispense from a charity fund such sums as reason dictates or friendliness suggests. On Sunday evenings have alternated a Wordsworth class, and an ethical class, which has taken Jewish history in connection with Hall's "Lessons on the Bible."

Kansas. *Lawrence.*—The Ladies' Aid society in the year ending April 1, had eighteen regular members, but others often came to the meetings and helped in the work, of which the financial result was \$206.70. Part of this was applied on the minister's salary, the remainder on church repairs and other incidental expenses. The Ladies' Liberal club meets on alternate Fridays, is studying the religions before Christianity, also English history and literature. Unity club meets every Friday evening for the reading of papers and discussion. Members of this are connected with the W. C. T. U., the Equal Suffrage society, and other literary clubs.

Topeka.—The proceeds of a May party, a New England supper, and four social teas amounted to \$125, the greater part of which has been spent in fitting up a church kitchen and in furnishing the tables. In the church parlor, at the Sunday School Home, an adult class made up on the co-educational plan has been enthusiastically investigating theories of modern scientists. Unity club represents all the various activities of the church, its work being largely carried on by women on its various committees, social, dramatic, literary and musical. Concerts, lectures and other public entertainments have been given. A number of the ladies belong to the Hospital Guild, to Ingleside, a temporary home for friendless women and children, to the sewing school for poor children, also to the Literary Friends in Council.

Colorado. *Denver.*—The Ladies' Aid society, 48 members.

has held thirty-one meetings and raised \$1,381.46. Part has been spent for rent of rooms; the remainder is to be appropriated to the purchase of an organ for the new church. A religious study class of twenty-six members has held ten meetings. Four annual members of the W. W. U. C., five of the Ladies' Relief society, two of the Orphan's home, and ten of the Young Ladies' reading club. At Greeley good work is being done; the matter of joining the W. W. U. C. is under consideration. At Boulder the women are active in literary and in local charitable work.

Wisconsin. Arcadia.—The Ladies' Benevolent society of about thirty members meets fortnightly, working in every possible way to help along the life of the church. Has raised \$100, applied on minister's salary and running expenses.

Gilmanton.—The Ladies Aid society of the Union church association, including both liberals and orthodox, has been active in raising funds to furnish and decorate the church.

Baraboo.—The Ladies' auxiliary, twenty-five members, has raised \$349, used for church repairs and incidentals, and applied on salary. The work of the women has been to make the Free Congregational society a living one, and the church home neat and cheery. They belong to various charitable and literary societies, notable among them being the Goose club, a reading circle whose Saturday evening meetings for twenty years have rarely failed.

Helena Valley.—A faithful few keep the society and Sunday school in working order.

Madison.—The Women's society has held weekly meetings, except in August, and has raised \$209.63, expended on post-office mission, on music, for kitchen utensils, carpenter work, etc. A study class of twenty-five has taken up, mostly, religious topics; has also given some attention to scientific and educational questions. In the Sunday-school has just been organized a Lend-a-hand club to help in all good work. A choral club is to assist the choir in an occasional song service. The Contemporary club is a popular literary society of several years existence. The Channing club of university students studies Unitarian literature.

Milwaukee.—The Ladies' Benevolent society of twenty-four members has held twenty-two meetings, and raised \$60.42. Partly expended in charity and for hospital bedding. The ladies are now furnishing rooms in the new home for working girls. Women of this church are connected with every Protestant charity and with the prominent literary societies of the city. A religious study class under the pastor's leadership is at work on the history of the children of Israel. The Social Life club of old and young has monthly meetings at the homes for social enjoyment, and provides also public entertainments at the church parlors.

Kenosha.—In the efficient hands of a committee of one the Post-Office mission is in a state of healthful activity. At **Janesville** the women are busy and helpful. At **Cooksville** the brothers and sisters have a common interest in the faith and bear for it a common toil, with only an occasional hearing of the preached word. Besides all these, the director for the State notes with pleasure how many are the helpers in the direction of liberal thought and charitable activity.

Illinois. Geneva.—The Ladies' society and Unity Help society have raised \$305.35 for church expenses and charitable purposes. The ladies are also active in the W. C. T. U., the Flower mission, Unity industrial school and a George Eliot class. **Geneseo** has a Ladies' society and Unity club of twenty members, meeting every week, and also taking part in the Chautauqua society; \$150 raised for church purposes.

Sheffield.—Much energy and enthusiasm among the ladies, thirty names on the society list, working at whatever their hands find to do. **Mattoon** still lives, although it has no Sunday-school and no religious study class. Boston and Chicago friends supply much good literature for missionary work.

Quincy.—The Ladies' Industrial society with thirty members, meeting fortnightly, and a weekly Monday club of fifteen members, have raised \$365 for the church choir. The Monday club is reading "Stanley's Jewish Church." Members of

this church contribute to the Blessing hospital, Free Reading room, and Woodland home. The president of the Associated Charities is a member of this church, as are three district visitors. The ladies are active members, of the Friends in Council, Atlantis, Round Table and Unity clubs.

The smouldering embers of Unitarianism in Princeton have been quickened this winter by the fierce blasts of continuous revivals. It seems *now* is the best time for years for this Conference to send a man, or better perhaps a woman, there to fan the flame. She has shown her revival by contributing thirty-five dollars to the various churches of the Conference, and added several new subscribers to UNITY.

Greater activity and interest have been displayed by the Chicago churches this year. Their work can not be fully described. Briefly condensing their reports, we may say in the Church of the Messiah, the Industrial society has raised \$600. The fraternity has three sections, musical, dramatic and literary, and takes charge of the industrial school. The ladies also sustain a kindergarten and work in the Postoffice mission, and are interested in sixteen charitable and literary societies outside the church.

The Ladies' Aid society of Unity church, with fifty members, has raised about \$1000. The industrial school, with its kindergarten and crèche, continues the excellent work of last year, with the addition of an evening school for men and boys. The young ladies also have a society meeting weekly for charitable work.

The Third church and All Souls' are conducted so as to avoid the sex line. This does not bespeak less activity, but more on the part of the women. The charity, social, missionary and educational sections have charge of their respective interests. The charity section of the Third church has thirty-six members and has held fourteen meetings and co-operated with the Associated Charity organization. Meeting fortnightly are the Literary, the Musical and the Longfellow clubs.

In All Souls' church the charity section has assisted seven efficient charitable institutions, besides needy individuals. The missionary section has carried on Postoffice mission work and has raised \$150, which it has contributed to the American Missionary association and to the four Unitarian missionary organizations in the west. The Unity club is divided into three sections, which have been studying Emerson, Browning and philosophy. The four Chicago churches have from thirty-five to forty-five members each of the W. W. U. C., and have also contributed liberally, as the treasurer's report will show.

POSTOFFICE MISSION.

This work is being done with greater care year by year. The agents are becoming better acquainted with the material they are using, and are taking more and more pains to send only where it will be appreciated; more and more, working in the sublime spirit of consecration to noble endeavor which makes drudgery divine. An examination of the reports that have come in from Denver, Colorado; Lawrence, Kansas; Aberdeen, Dakota; Church of the Unity, St. Louis; Davenport, Des Moines, Humboldt and Mt. Pleasant, Iowa; Baraboo, Cooksville, Janesville, Kenosha, and Madison, Wisconsin; Athens, Grand Rapids, and Muskegon, Michigan; Cincinnati and Cleveland, Ohio; and from Geneva, Geneseo, La Fox, Normal Park, Princeton and Chicago, Illinois, yields these Mission results: Postal cards and letters sent 2030; Unity tracts, 2821; Unity Short tracts, 3156; Unclassified, 9615; American Unitarian Association tracts, 10,777; *Register*, 2914; UNITY, 4165; Miscellaneous, 1840. Total, papers, 8744; tracts, 26,805. Number of people receiving, 853. Postal cards and letters received, 740. Books loaned, 72; sold, 17; given away, 4. In Cincinnati, 136 copies of "Miss Ellis's Mission" were given away by Mrs. Smith and Mr. Ellis, and 61 copies sold by mail and at the church door.

These figures tell but a part of the story. They must be supplemented.

Our veteran Post-office missionary, Rev. J. S. Brown of Lawrence, Kansas, has sent out about 4000 tracts and papers

of which he has not kept an itemized account. Another enthusiastic defender of the faith, living in Michigan, gives an account only of the \$46.75 spent.

The Denver distribution of tracts, 945 in all, beside numerous papers unrecorded, has been thus far mainly at the church door; but the committee have begun to reach out into the country with their literature, and are purposing to do more in that direction. Among the good things planned for the near future are a Free Readingroom and a Loan Library. To the list already given should be added the church door distribution at La Fox, Illinois, 240 tracts; Davenport, 338; Cincinnati, 1688 and 113 papers. Also at Ann Arbor, Mich., a large number carefully selected, often with reference to the subject of the morning sermon.

The St. Paul branch of the Post-Office mission has been adopted by Unity church as a part of its missionary work for the future. Here, as elsewhere, more liberal advertising has brought an increased number of applicants, showing that the work is limited only by the amount of money to be spent, and the time one can afford to give for love's sake only. At Luverne and in Duluth the ground was well seasoned with liberal literature by the Post-office mission before any effort was made to hold services. Our St. Paul friends have brought into the field a new laborer, an Icelander, who has translated some of Rev. Kristofer Janson's tracts into his native tongue, and is now having them printed for distribution among his countrymen.

The report from Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, says: "In the general distribution of literature for the Women's Auxiliary conference we have perhaps done more than in previous years. But this is *their* work, not ours. Ten barrels of books, papers, and valuable magazines have been placed in active circulation where the help and stimulus was both needed and appreciated. This material has brightened the Anamosa penitentiary, the Girls' Reform school, the Benedict home, an Indian Agency school, several Union Sunday-schools, two temperance headquarters kept open all the while, and many country homes. On our Post-Office mission list we had in December 159 names, with over one hundred on special lists, that we did not try to supply regularly. All of these names have been given out in groups, varying from ten to fifty names, to New England committees who are now dealing more faithfully with them than we have been able to do with so large a parish and only a committee of one to care for it. . . . We believe the Post-office Mission is destined to play an important part in the work of religious reconstruction that is only now fairly begun."

Humboldt, Iowa, writes, "We have supplied a large number of people in the country and awakened considerable interest in the work; have done some advertising and mailed quite a large number of A. U. A. tracts, *UNITYS*, *Registers* and *UNITY* tracts. Expended for postage about \$4.50, the Ladies' society supplying the funds."

(3) CENTRAL OFFICE WORK.

May 15, 1886 to May 15, 1887.

Postal cards and letters sent out, 683; Church Door Pulpit, 3874; American Unitarian Association tracts, 2727; Unity Mission, 1428; Unity Short, 1071; Miscellaneous, 1339; Loan Library catalogues, 116; Religious Study Class and Programmes leaflets, 135; Secretary's report last year, 59; Post-office Mission circular, 84. Register, 353; Unity, 424; Miscellaneous, 356. Belief leaflets and cards, 371. Postal cards and letters received, 666. The subscription to Mr. Savage's *Unity Pulpit* sermons from P. O. M. agents which passed through the secretary's hand to Mr. George H. Ellis, publisher, was \$64.99. Postage on Mr. Chadwick's sermons, \$6.77.

Reading matter received. From the American Unitarian Association, Boston, four packages of tracts delivered at the office free of charge; from Mr. Charles H. Kerr, papers and some 4000 Church Door Pulpit tracts; from Rev. J. T. Sunderland, fifty copies of the *Unitarian* for March and May, 1886, 51 copies of "What Unitarians Believe," and 150 "Sermons on Great Themes," papers, and *Unity Pulpit* sermons from several individuals; from Church of the Disciples, Boston,

branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, a box of papers and 884 sermons by Rev. J. F. Clarke, including the first two of the monthly series of eight, of which 1600 were promised in all; from the Barton Square W. A. C., Salem, Mass., a box of papers and magazines: The Boston box also brought ten books to the Loan Library, of which the secretary has had charge during the year.

From the Sunday-school society, Boston, in December, 50 copies of "Every Other Sunday," the ten copies that had been coming to this office fortnightly having been shortly before transferred to the Sunday-school at Arcadia, Wisconsin.

(4) OUTSIDE WORK OF THE SECRETARY.

In October at the State Conference held in Chicago, the secretary responded to a call for a few words on the work of the Woman's Conference. Later, a vote of the directors sent her to Winona, Minnesota, where she read a paper on the general subject of woman's work in the churches, and gave an account of Miss Ellis and the Post-Office Mission.

The secretary has preached in Mattoon and Warren two Sundays each, in Tremont one Sunday, and has also supplied the pulpits of Rev. Mr. Judy in Davenport and Moline, and of the Third Church in this city, once each,—in all eleven sermons.

Our Women's Conference needs more members. And more women in our churches need this added stimulus to noble living which comes from joining an association devoted to helpful work for humanity. The Post-Office Mission is but the beginning of good to be done by us and those who will join our ranks in the future. As was beautifully shown by Miss Ellis, this work has been done at its best by an invalid, a living aspiring soul pent in a feeble body restricting her to stay-at-home work alone. Scores are taking this up where she left it. Will this service satisfy all? Where are the young and the strong who will take up the work she longed to do, go out into little villages and hamlets and *preach* the gospel of the larger hope; with our Iowa sisters, illustrating the "fitness of women for the ministry of religion."

MARY H. GRAVES, Secretary.

Fourteenth Annual Report of the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society. 1886-1887.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD.

This year has brought fuller returns than any previous one from the Sunday-schools within the range of the Western Conference. Blanks were sent out to sixty-six parishes to be filled from the Sunday-school records; forty-five have been returned, and two reports have been made in person—over two-thirds of the whole. Last year it was not quite half. Of these, thirty-seven gave definite statistics of school work, and ten replies by postal were received with reasons why no school was sustained. The cause of discontinuing, in most cases, is said to be that no minister is in charge. All but two of these have been discontinued for several years. Of these two, one hopes that "another year this will not be the case," and the other believes that the present Unitarian difficulties are responsible for the depressed condition of church and school work in that locality. This, possibly, may be true; for so earnest a state of activity in thought and life, abroad in the field at large, must of necessity work both ways,—depress for a time in some instances, as well as generate fresh life in others. The west has given birth to more new beginnings this year than in any other year during the charge of the present secretary. These are Moline and Hinsdale in Illinois; Helena and Gilmanton, Wisconsin; Sioux Falls, Dakota; Luverne, Minnesota; Keokuk and Rock Rapids, Iowa. Minneapolis, Minnesota, recommenced work last fall in the new church, and sends in a good Sunday-school report for the winter. Five of the reports were accompanied by a cordial letter giving a few further particulars.

We have statistics from nine schools in Illinois—Alton, Buda, four in Chicago, Geneva, Geneseo, Quincy and Sheffield; two in Indiana—La Porte and Hobart; two in Michigan—

Jackson and Midland; six in Wisconsin—Arcadia, Gilmanton, Helena, Madison, Milwaukee and Janesville; two in Minnesota—both in Minneapolis; five in Iowa—Davenport, Humboldt, Iowa City, Keokuk and Sioux City; one in Dakota, at Sioux Falls; one in Missouri,—Church of the Unity, in St. Louis; one at Omaha, Nebraska; two in Colorado—Greeley and Denver; one at Louisville, Kentucky; and three in Ohio—Cleveland, Cincinnati and Marietta.

The number of pupils enrolled in these schools is 2785, of which the average attendance is about two-thirds. In three instances there are more boys in the school than girls, but a general average shows about three-fifths as many of the former as of the latter. There is gain, though slow and small, in favor of giving the freshness of the *morning hour* to the Sunday-school. Two years ago, when this question was last asked, there was a trifle less than half preferring it; now, the trifle is a degree larger on the other side of the half. Then, there were four which held their session in the afternoon; now, only one; and one also during church service in the morning.

Sixteen of the schools have followed but one *line of study*; while in nineteen from two to six or more different lesson-courses have been in use during the year. Two take their study from the Bible only, and one reports itself as "doing independent work." The proportion of sixteen single-course to nineteen graded schools is nearly the same ratio as has been found before; but those using several different courses of lessons have gained a little in number over those using but one. Our schools are in a condition which calls for the systematization of lesson-work, and our programme this morning endeavors to meet this want in some measure, through the thought and experience of a few who have been earnestly engaged in this part of the Sunday-school work.

"Unity Services and Songs" is used in twenty-five schools. A few speak of it as difficult, but most express a growing satisfaction with it. The "Sunny Side" is still used in connection with this, and also now the new "Carol," lately published. Two or three are changing from the former to the latter. Rev. H. G. Spaulding's "Hymnal" is used in three schools, and in three also they sing from the song-tract, "Love to God and Man."

The fact that so large a proportion as nineteen to sixteen of the schools follow several lines of study, naturally leads to the expectation that *teachers' meetings* are not as well sustained as a year ago. The proportion is a little less this year, being about one-third against nearly one-half last year. Wherever these meetings are held, expression is most hearty in appreciation of the direct benefit and pleasure derived from them, and they are generally considered indispensable for really good work. One school, young and small, reporting no teachers' meetings, surely ought to be counted among those holding them, for the superintendent replies, "I have informal talks with the one teacher whenever I please." Another answers, "not yet; just beginning." That is precisely the time when they are needed. The fewer the teachers, the less difficulty in securing full attendance; and the newer the work, the more need of consultation. It is hard to tell with which they are needed *most*—with the young and unsettled beginners, as a means of infusing spirit into the new work, or with the well-filled, established and prosperous ones, to prevent the external life from overtopping the internal quickening powers. Have teachers' meetings in *new* schools as a preliminary movement toward *external* growth, and hold them firm and fast though there be but two or three who meet. Let every part of the work pass into consideration, if you really aim to grow into a live school. Not only study the lesson in company, but choose the worship service carefully, and rehearse it; sing the songs together, look over the records, loosen the earth and pour water around the roots of every difficult and unfruitful question in the work before you. In small parishes, where the growth can never be a matter of much increase in numbers, this united foundation is indispensable. And have teachers' meetings in the *older and larger* schools, as a con-

tinual quickening of *internal* growth. Keep the hidden fountains flowing; put individual interest and effort into the work;—the *union* of individual efforts brings high standards and noble results in any work; it is *disunion* that scatters and destroys. Happy is that school whose standards do not rest in its external conditions, but which places its hopes of growth upon an entirely different scale of being! To have a fundamentally vigorous life, a school depends more upon the religiously earnest spirit which prevails, than upon the lesson used or the methods applied. It is a something which is unseen, but pervading; it is in the air, and is catching. The teachers' meeting is the place where it is generated.

Twelve schools observe the *four regular services*,—Christmas, Easter, Flower and Harvest. Nearly all observe one or more of them, and several have concerts and other celebrations.

The *library* continues to be a real help to most of the schools using one at all. It does good missionary work for the scholars and through them for the homes into which the books enter. There are five which either do not use a library, or consider it a very unimportant contributor to the vigor of the school. All but one of these are city schools where a good public library is at hand. As to its being a real help or a necessary evil, two consider it both and two neither, which places the estimate of these four on about the same footing. It also leads to the inference that in these places the library holds as nearly as possible its rightful average valuation as one of the useful benefits to the school, but not an essential to its actual vitality.

It is probably one of the best evidences of good religious tone in our Sunday-schools, that the spirit of being helpful as well as receiving help is steadily gaining ground. Each year the average increases in favor of an *outside missionary interest*. Last year's report showed that nearly half the schools,—ten to twenty-three,—were contributing to some outside interest either by work or money. Now we have more than half,—twenty-one to thirty-four. Some of these schools, like people, forget their good deeds in keeping their faces set toward what they are aiming to attain. But the recipient of the benefits does not forget, and although four of the blanks from schools which had made generous contributions to the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, omitted to record the same, it was the secretary's pleasure to supply that defect and count them in for more than they claimed. It suggests also the probable existence of other unrecorded interests of similar character. Day nursery, industrial school, supporting a bed in a hospital, flower mission etc., are some of the channels into which this missionary work is directed. There is a first and primary outgo that any Sunday-school, which has life enough to exist at all, cannot fail to sustain; that is, the influence it scatters abroad through the individual lives of those who meet together for its purposes and who carry that influence away with them into daily contact with other surroundings. Later on, as the school gathers vigorous activity and grows, friction increases and the prevailing spirit tends toward the formation of its individuality as a body. This needs a definite outward expression, and to strengthen this tendency by giving to the school some one direct interest outside of itself has a thoroughly wholesome effect upon its character. The former tendency is to scatter, the latter to crystallize. It is the beautiful correlation of forces in a school complete and well-poised as a body, as in any other body; the power that concentrates only to diffuse,—that diffuses only to concentrate. It takes a long time in small country schools, where the tendency of surrounding nature is toward slow and quiet growth, to recognize and respond to this law, and many never come to it, yet continue to do good work while being only half what they might be; but in city neighborhoods teeming with life, the immediate pressure of surrounding forces compels more rapid growth, and to sustain well-balanced conditions these schools must the more promptly and efficiently meet and subject themselves to the outer and inner relations of life.

The total sum of *money raised* by the 37 schools reporting

is \$1708.42 making an average of \$46.11 to each. Most of this has gone into the current expenses of the schools, not more than one-fourth being approximately the proportion put into the missionary work. Among the expenses we are glad to notice such items as pictures and piano, beside library and text books, children's papers, entertainments, etc.

The two *main difficulties* of previous years to be met in Sunday-school work, are still the difficulties of to-day. The obtaining of teachers who can grasp, and yet hold themselves subject to, the demands of the situation; and the remoteness of the parents' relation to the school. More earnest teachers, and more interest from the parents are still the anxious demands. These two difficulties really resolve themselves into one and the same, whose cause lies far back of Sunday-schools, and reflects a similar deep-seated difficulty in homes, day-schools and social life. This is the too great separation of mutual interest and kinship of relation between old and young, parent and child; between those who direct and those who execute, those who are to teach and those who are to learn. Parents and teachers do not sufficiently recognize that they must follow the children's lead, if they expect the children to follow theirs; that they must respect the instincts born in the incoming generation, if they would win respect for the experience of the one going out; that they must be guided not only by what they know of the past, but by what they do *not* know of the future; and that this future can be shown them through a genuine union of their interests with those of the children, more than through any other power in their lives. It should not be understood from this, however, that there is no gain in this particular on the part of the schools. Several of them report progress in the right direction, but most of them continue to lament the deficiency. With some there has been gain in the attendance of visitors at the opening services, in help toward the preparation of lessons, or in sending the children regularly. But probably in no religious denomination have the Sunday-schools so small a proportion of adult members as in the Unitarian.

The *minister* is, in nearly every case, closely connected with the school either as Superintendent or teacher of Bible Class, or both. Where this is not the case, he is a frequent visitor and contributes actively to the interest of the exercises.

The *needs* for the future, and the *encouragements* from the past, are many and varied. It has been already indicated what are the two needs most distinctly expressed. The next, that of more adequate lesson methods, will be treated here to-day. An improvement in black-board system is wanted by one; by another, a good chorister; and by several, better musical discipline. There is a tone of good cheer in the sources of satisfaction named which, if this report can convey it, may perhaps lead others to go and do likewise, although there is perhaps but one new hint among them. One thinks the special attention given to the music has been the greatest improvement of the year. "Sunny Side" and "Services and Songs" were both used, and several concerts were a result of their efforts. With two or three a monthly sociable has proved thoroughly helpful as a means of bringing together the children and promoting the interests of the school. Kindergarten features have been successfully introduced in the primary department in one place; while the infant class work done in another, where a separate room, organ and library for seventy pupils make it a school within a school, has been their best work for the winter. The school of the Church of the Messiah in this city has found, in a monthly tea party for the teachers, a means of much helpful exchange of thought upon the work in hand. In the same school also a careful inspection each week of the answers to the lesson-papers of the Union course, before returning them to the pupils, with written estimates of the same, has proved a stimulus to more thoughtful study. Temperance work is a specialty at Hobart, Ind., and the report says they are doing the best work religiously that they have ever done. The mission school in St. Louis, which has been carried on in connection with the Church of the Messiah, holds its session at 3 P. M., and has 367 pupils enrolled. These figures were not included in the total number of

scholars given, because the school is now working on an undenominational basis and hardly considers itself as belonging among those who should make report to this society. It has this year abolished the prize system and finds that better results are obtained without than with it. They find also that the use of the Bible as text-book has proved much better than any thing among the children they have to teach, and they believe that a real church of the people can be gradually built up from the school.

Turning from the field and the interests of the schools at large, the work of the Sunday-school Society at the

HEADQUARTERS

has been substantially the same as shown in reports of previous years. Its Board of Directors has met each month excepting July and August, with a good attendance. Matters of business import at the headquarters, together with those of interest in relation to the schools at large, have occupied the attention of the members.

The *Union Teachers' Meetings* have been held here and attended by teachers from three of the Chicago schools. Unity church, having adopted a graded course of study, did not find it to the advantage of its teachers to join the meetings. The lessons have been a continuation of last year's study of the prophets in the Old Testament. Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel and Job have been the ones chosen, and the course is not yet completed. Next winter the lessons will be upon Jesus and his associates.

There has been no change in the business relations of the society. As heretofore, it has occupied the position of home-keeper for the three branches of Western Unitarian work known as the Western Unitarian Conference, the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, and the Sunday-school Society. The sale of publications of the society, and of those of the Boston society and the London association, has been carried on here. Also books of Unitarian interest held on sale from the American Unitarian Association and George H. Ellis of Boston, or owned by the society, have been supplied through this office to order of our customers so far as possible. Such hospitality as could be extended from these rooms to friends living in and out of the city has been one of the pleasant duties of the society and its secretary.

Publications have been only a few leaflets, such as a little drama for the Christmas season; a New Year's story in tract form with a pretty woodcut as title page, over 2,000 of which were distributed freely to the schools as a greeting, and cards containing the Ten Commandments. Two new editions of "Services and Songs" show the generally increasing favor which the book finds by acquaintance. As to the *future needs*, there are many plans in waiting, and the calls for new publications are accumulating. This year we had *one very* distinct plan which outweighed every other, and that was to come to the next annual meeting with our debts all paid. In the hope of realizing this, nothing has been issued during the year that could involve much expense. A class-book for Sunday-school records, which has been one of the demands of the last few years, was projected, and a committee has prepared the plan. Its publication is delayed until more means are forthcoming, and those interested here to-day are invited to examine and make suggestions. Among the publications asked for are lessons specially adapted to temperance work, lesson series on Jesus for children just beginning to read; also Bible stories related from a Unitarian standpoint, for children under ten years of age to read for themselves; another Christmas drama—a thoroughly cheery, spirited, yet simple and homelike one; a pamphlet biography series on Marcus Aurelius and others, to put into the hands of the pupils; and others which have been suggested in previous years and are still waiting.

The cordial help which has been given us this year is a matter of much encouragement. Why may it not grow, and the plan of an annual entertainment in each school for the benefit of the Sunday-school Society become one of the fixed festivities in the calendar of every society? This plan, proposed at the last annual meeting, has been carried out in some seven

or eight schools, and some who have not chosen to gather up their contribution in this manner have done it otherwise. The schools which have so loyally joined hands with us are Cleveland, \$20; Chicago, Church of the Messiah, \$20; Third church, \$55, and All Souls, \$20; Geneseo, \$10; Humboldt, \$5; Quincy, \$20; Sioux City, \$10; Mr. Janson's church at Minneapolis, \$5; Unity church, of St. Louis, \$21; and Davenport, \$10.

This Sunday-school society has been in existence fourteen years. Its schools have been increasing in number, and its own executive functions have been steadily growing. Its first effort was the issuing of lesson manuals, to bring out the activity of class-work and enlarge the thought-life of its schools. That line of work being taken up by abler hands, its second was to gain a stronger foothold of its own and establish more mutual relations between itself as a body and its schools as individuals. The next should be the binding together of those mutual relations for a fuller exchange of services toward the growth and development of stronger and truer Sunday-school work. The times are ripe for it. Our schools and this society are ripe for it. It will take heart and confidence, which means time and money. There must be more personal relations between the schools on the one side and the society on the other. There must be more interchange of thought and experience on both sides, more emphasis put into the establishment of just this relation, if we would strengthen the main cause for which we both exist. Let us join hands, *both* hands, and pledge ourselves for more co-operation. We shall all fall short of our deepest obligations toward this main cause if we do not recognize, and recognizing, grasp this fullness of time.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, *Secretary*.

Treasurer's Report of the Western Unitarian Conference for 1886-7.

1886.	Dr.		
May 22,	To C. S. Udell, Treasurer, certificate of deposit in Grand Rapids National Bank.....	\$3000 00	
June 2,	" Interest thereon from March 22d to June 22d, 3 months @ 3 per cent.	22 50	
" "	" W. C. Gannett, loan, to meet current expenses.....	600 00	
Aug. 2,	" Interest for 6 months on C., B. & Q. R. R. bonds, \$3000 @ 4 per cent.	60 00	
Nov. 26,	" Estate of S. Patterson, loan on call, 1887.....	250 00	
Feb. 1,	" Interest for 6 months on C., B. & Q. R. R. bonds, \$3000 @ 4 per cent.	60 00	
Mch. 17,	" Estate of S. Patterson, loan on call, 1887.....	250 00	\$4242 50
	To Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society for shelving.....	\$ 40 00	
" "	" Women's Western Unitarian Conference for shelving.....	5 00	45 00
" "	" Contributions from churches.....	1206 25	
" "	" Contributions from individuals.....	880 61	2086 86
			\$6374 86
1886.	Cr.		
June 25,	By C., B. & Q. R. R. (Denver extension) bonds, \$3000 @ 99½ cents.....	\$2985 00	
	Accrued interest from Feb. 1st, 1886, 4 per cent.....	47 01	
	Brokerage, ⅛ of 1 per cent.....	3 75	3035 76
	By Printing bill for Conference of 1886.....	\$ 18 75	
" "	" J. T. Sunderland, Secretary, salary for June, 1886.....	125 00	
" "	" J. T. Sunderland, bill for sundry expenses.....	36 61	
" "	" Charles H. Kerr & Co., printing proceedings of Conference of 1886.....	100 00	
" "	" J. R. Effinger, Secretary, salary from June 1, 1886, to May 1, 1887, 11 months @ \$125.....	1375 00	

(Brought forward from other column.)

" Rent of headquarters one year, to May 1, 1887.....	780 00	
" Janitor, care of headquarters for one year, to May 1, 1887.....	63 00	
" Stationery, printing, and sundry expenses on Secretary's requisitions.....	88 20	
" Sundry expenses on Treasurer's account.....	15 50	
" Printing for Conference of 1887.....	28 50	
" Exchange, collection two checks.....	50	
" Secretary's traveling expenses.....	156 19	2787 25
		\$5823 01
Debit, total.....		\$6374 86
Credit, ".....		5823 01
Balance.....		\$551 35

ASSETS.

C. B. & Q. R. R. bonds, par.....	\$3000 00	
Accrued interest, May 1, 1887.....	20 00	3020 00

LIABILITIES.

W. C. Gannett.....	\$ 600 00	
Interest, 6 per cent. to May 1, 1887.....	33 00	
Estate of S. Patterson.....	500 00	
Interest, 6 per cent. to May 1, 1887.....	8 75	\$1141 75

JAMES B. GALLOWAY, *Treasurer*.

Receipts from Churches for 1886-7.

Algona.....	\$ 5 00
Alton.....	10 00
Buda.....	10 00
Chicago—Church of the Messiah.....	10 00
" Third Church.....	60 00
" All Souls.....	52 50
Cincinnati.....	25 00
Cleveland.....	125 00
Davenport.....	25 00
Des Moines.....	15 00
Detroit.....	10 00
Geneseo.....	30 00
Geneva.....	20 00
Grand Rapids.....	10 00
Greeley.....	10 00
Hinsdale.....	10 00
Helena.....	10 00
Hobart.....	5 00
Humboldt.....	15 00
Janesville.....	20 00
Kenosha.....	10 00
Madison.....	30 00
Marietta.....	12 35
Minneapolis (American).....	30 00
Muskegon (Unity Club).....	15 00
Omaha.....	18 00
" balance for 1885-6.....	10 00
Princeton.....	10 00
Quincy.....	77 40
Sheffield.....	24 00
Sioux City.....	50 00
Sioux Falls.....	7 00
St. Joseph.....	10 00
St. Louis (Church of the Unity).....	290 00
St. Paul.....	125 00
Topeka.....	10 00
	\$1206 25
Members of the Church of Messiah, Chicago, paid individually.....	\$ 190 00
Members of Unity Church, Chicago, paid individually.....	45 00

Guaranty Report.

When it was known, immediately after the Cincinnati Conference of 1886, that some of the churches were likely to withhold their usual contributions to the Conference treasury, a guaranty fund of \$1520 was at once raised by a few friends to meet the expected deficit. Of this amount it has been necessary to call for \$974.15, as the following items show:

Total current expenses for year 1886-7, as above, ... \$2787 25
 Contributed by churches, as above, ... \$1206 25
 Contributed by individuals other than guarantors
 (\$880.61 mentioned in Treasurer's account,
 less \$425.50 of this, advanced by guarantors) 455 11
 Received from other sources (\$187.50 mentioned
 in Treasurer's account, less \$35.76 cost of
 investing permanent fund) 151 74

\$1813 10
 Deficit made good by twenty-one guarantors 974 15
 \$2787 25

W. C. GANNETT, Agent for Guarantors.

Treasurer's Report of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

May 12, 1886 to May 17, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

Cash in hand, May 12 \$ 4 36
 By the Unitarian Soc., Algona, Iowa 5 00
 " " Cincinnati branch of the W. A. C. 5 00
 " " Church of the Unity, Cleveland, O. 20 00
 " " Unity Church, Denver, Colo. 5 00
 " " Unitarian Soc., Davenport, Iowa 5 00
 " " " " Des Moines, " 10 00
 " " " " Janesville, Wis. 5 00
 " " " " Madison, " 5 00
 " " Unity Church, St. Louis, Mo. 35 75
 " " St. Louis branch of the W. W. U. C. 20 00
 " " Unity Circle, 1st Unitarian Soc., Sioux
 City, Iowa 5 00
 " " Church of the Messiah, Chicago, Ills. 50 00
 " " Third Church, " " 21 00
 " " All Souls Church, " " 20 00
 " " Contributions for P. O. Mission work, ... 25 50
 " " Personal contributions 39 00
 Annual memberships, \$1 each \$ 234 00
 Life " \$10 " 20 00
 \$280 61
 \$254 00
 \$534 61

PAYMENTS.

To Traveling Expenses of Secretary \$ 20 26
 " C. H. Kerr & Co., for stationery 12 25
 " Bookshelves, twine, and paper 5 12
 " Postal cards for office use 10 00
 " Unity Mission Tracts 18 13
 " Postage, wrapping paper, &c., for Secretary ... 4 77
 " Incidentals—Secretary 4 05
 " Secretary's salary 200 00
 " Rent and expenses of Central Office 216 00
 " Subscription for Christian Register 15 62
 " " " Unity 18 75
 " Postage and stationery for Treas. 6 34
 " Balance 3 32
 \$534 61

STATE EXHIBIT.

	Annual Memberships.	Life Memberships.	Other Contributions.	
Colorado	\$ 6	\$--	\$ 5 00	\$ 11 00
Dakota	1	--	---	1 00
Iowa	11	--	25 00	36 00
Illinois	176	20	134 50	330 50
Kentucky	---	--	5 00	5 00
Massachusetts	1	--	---	1 00
Michigan	2	--	3 00	5 00
Minnesota	11	--	---	11 00
Missouri	1	--	55 75	56 75
New York	1	--	---	1 00
Ohio	8	--	25 00	33 00
Texas	2	--	---	2 00
Wisconsin	14	--	23 00	37 00
				\$530 25

MRS. J. C. HILTON, Treasurer.

Treasurer's Report of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

May 1, 1886, to May 20, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand May 1, 1886 \$ 57 83
 Received on bills outstanding, May 1, 1886 103 30
 " from sale of mdse. 1,375 67
 " " Annual Memberships 86 00
 " " Life " 70 00
 " " Donations:
 " " Cleveland 20 00
 " " Chicago, Church of Messiah 20 00
 " " " All Souls Church 20 00
 " " " Third Church 55 00
 " " Davenport, Ia. 10 00
 " " Geneseo, Ills. 10 00
 " " Humboldt, Ia. 5 00
 " " Minneapolis (Scandinavian) 5 00
 " " Quincy, Ills. 20 00
 " " St. Louis (Church of Unity) 21 00
 " " Sioux City, Ia. 10 00
 " " Friends 4 28
 \$200 26
 " " Rentals at Head-quarters:
 " " W. W. U. C. \$216 00
 " " Charles H. Kerr & Co. 120 00
 " " J. T. Sunderland 15 00
 351 00
 \$2,244 06

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid on bills outstanding prior to May 1, 1886 \$ 310 84
 " for mdse. bought and publications made 869 36
 " " Room rent and Clerk 432 79
 " " Boy 143 00
 " " Secretary and Treasurer 150 00
 " " General expense, stationery, express-
 age, printing, &c. 126 71
 " " Room expense, repairing furniture,
 laundry, &c. 15 77
 " " Insurance 12 93
 " " Gas 8 20
 " " Advertising in Unity 30 00
 " " Postage 67 00
 " " Carpenter's bill to W. U. C. 40 00
 Cash on hand 37 46
 \$2,244 06

RESOURCES.

Cash on hand \$ 37 46
 Mdse. and plates 862 11
 Furniture 40 00
 Accounts receivable 70 81
 \$1,010 38

LIABILITIES.

Notes payable \$ 103 17
 Accounts payable 5 10
 Present worth of W. U. S. S. Society 902 11
 \$1,010 38

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Treasurer.

Report of the Proceedings of the Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Conference.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, May 17, 18, 19, 20, 1887.

A large audience assembled at 8 P.M., May 17, to hear the opening sermon, by Rev. H. M. Simmons on "The Divine Unity." Rev. F. L. Hosmer and J. L. Jones conducted the devotional exercises.

The exercises were opened May 18, at 9 A.M., by a devotional meeting led by Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Des Moines, Iowa. At 10 A.M., Rev. J. L. Jones, minister of All Souls Church, welcomed the Conference.

President Shorey delivered the opening address.

On motion Rev. Judson Fisher, of Sheffield, was elected Assistant Secretary.

Moved and passed that a business committee of seven be appointed.

The chair announced the committee as follows: Rev. J. C. Learned, Rev. W. C. Gannett, Mr. J. M. Good, Mr. J. D. Ludden, Rev. Mary A. Safford, Rev. M. J. Miller, Rev. J. L. Jones.

Mr. J. R. Effinger, the Secretary, then made his report, which was referred to the Business Committee.

Mr. Galloway, the Treasurer, submitted his report.

Mr. Effinger moved the appointment of a committee on credentials, carried. Mr. Effinger, Mr. Copeland, and Miss Hultin were announced as the committee.

Reports from State Conferences were called for.

Mr. Crothers reported for Minnesota; Mr. Hunting for Iowa; Mr. Powell for Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri; Mr. Rowen for the church at Detroit; Mr. Sunderland for Michigan and Mr. Effinger for Illinois.

Mr. Galvin asked the privilege of the floor. He stated that he was the bearer of "a printed address in the interest of harmony and co-operation," to the members of the Conference from "the Executive Committee of the Western Unitarian Association," and desired permission to distribute copies of the same. Referred to the Committee on Business.

Mr. Gannett and Mr. Blake reported on publications. A supplement to the Treasurer's report in reference to the guaranty-fund, was made by Mr. Gannett. Mr. Gannett, Mr. Utter, Mr. Miller and Mr. Hunting offered various resolutions which were referred without reading to the Business Committee. The Conference adjourned.

At 2 P.M. President Shorey called the Conference to order and introduced W. W. Clay, of Chicago, who read a paper on "Church Architecture."

At 2:30 P.M. Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, gave a paper entitled "Church Organization and Membership." A discussion followed, Messrs Powell, Blake and Jones taking part.

At 3:30 P.M. Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, Minnesota, read a paper on "Prayer." A brief discussion followed, in which Rev. Charles Ellis, of Michigan, Rev. J. C. Adams, of the Universalist church, Chicago, Rev. J. H. Allen, of Cambridge, and William Salter of Chicago, participated.

The Business Committee reported back the resolutions referred to them, recommending that they be taken up in the order in which they were presented. In reference to Mr. Galvin's request, they reported that, while in their judgment "the printed address" offered to the Conference, presented no new suggestions not already made familiar in recent discussions, they yet recommended that copies of it be placed on the rack near the door for distribution.

Mr. Copeland moved that this recommendation of the Business Committee be adopted. Mr. Judy seconded. Mr. Blake opposed. Mr. Cole moved to adjourn. Lost. Mr. Sprigg offered as a substitute: *Resolved*—That this Conference concur in the recommendation to place the pamphlet at the door. Passed. The Conference then adjourned.

At eight o'clock in the evening the church was filled to hear addresses on "Church Union", by Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago, Rev. Reed Stuart, Detroit, Michigan, and Rev. Amos Crum, Dubuque, Iowa.

The exercises opened Thursday at 9 A.M. by devotional meeting, led by Rev. Marion Murdock, Humboldt, Iowa.

At 10 A.M. the Committee on Delegates reported one hundred and nine accredited delegates, from thirty-two societies and associate organizations. Mr. Jones moved that the report be accepted subject to further revision. Passed.

Mr. Powell moved that each person having a right to vote in the Conference, presenting a resolution, shall be given ten minutes. All others having a right to vote in the Conference shall be given five minutes to each separate resolution. An amendment was offered that the time be extended to fifteen minutes. Amendment lost. The original motion was then carried.

Mr. Gannett addressed the Conference, and submitted the following resolution.

Resolved, THAT, WHILE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE HAS NEITHER THE WISH NOR THE RIGHT TO BIND A SINGLE MEMBER BY DECLARATIONS CONCERNING FELLOWSHIP OR DOCTRINE, IT YET THINKS SOME PRACTICAL GOOD MAY BE DONE BY SETTING FORTH IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THINGS MOST COMMONLY BELIEVED TO-DAY AMONG US,—THE STATEMENT BEING ALWAYS OPEN TO RE-STATEMENT, AND TO BE REGARDED ONLY AS THE THOUGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

Therefore, SPEAKING IN THE SPIRIT AND UNDERSTANDING ABOVE SET FORTH, WE, DELEGATES OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED AT CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1887, DECLARE OUR FELLOWSHIP TO BE CONDITIONED ON NO DOCTRINAL TESTS, AND WELCOME ALL WHO WISH TO JOIN US TO HELP ESTABLISH TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE IN THE WORLD.

AND, INASMUCH AS MANY PEOPLE WISH TO KNOW WHAT UNITARIANISM COMMONLY STANDS FOR, SPEAKING ALWAYS IN THE SPIRIT ABOVE SET FORTH WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF ITS PAST HISTORY AND OUR PRESENT FAITHS.

OUR HISTORY.

In this country Unitarians came out from the Congregational churches of New England some eighty years ago,—came out as New Protestants, asserting—

- (1) The Supremacy of Character above Belief, in Religion.
- (2) The Rights of Reason in the use of the Bible Revelation.
- (3) The Dignity, as against the Depravity, of Human Nature.
- (4) The Unity, not Trinity, of God; the Divinity, not Deity, of the Christ; and that Jesus was sent as teacher to save us from our sins, not as substitute to save us from the penalties of sin.

Channing was their leader then. Since Channing's day belief in the Bible as a miraculous revelation, and in Jesus as having any au-

thority save as his word coincides with natural reason and natural right has largely faded away among them. This second movement of their thought began some fifty years ago; and Emerson and Theodore Parker have been their real, though at first their unaccepted, leaders in it.

To-day few Unitarians but trust free thought and trust it everywhere; we only fear thought bound. Therefore our beliefs are still deepening and widening, as science, history and life reveal new truth; while our increasing emphasis is still on the right life and great faith to which the right life leads,—faith in the Moral Order of the Universe, faith in All-Ruling Righteousness.

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

In all matters of church government we are strict Congregationalists. We have no "creed" in the usual sense; that is, no articles of doctrinal belief which bind our churches and fix the conditions of our fellowship. Character has always been to us the supreme matter. We have doctrinal beliefs, and for the most part hold such beliefs in common; but above all "doctrines" we emphasize the principles of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. These principles make our all-sufficient test of fellowship. All names that divide "religion" are to us of little consequence compared with religion itself. Whoever loves Truth and lives the Good, is, in a broad sense, of our religious fellowship; whoever loves the one or lives the other better than ourselves is our teacher, whatever church or age he may belong to. So our church is wide, our teachers many, and our holy writings large.

OUR DOCTRINES.

With a few exceptions we may be called Christian theists; theists, as worshipping the One-in-All, and naming that One, "God, our Father"; Christian, because revering Jesus as the greatest of the historic prophets of religion; these names, as names, receiving more stress in our older than in our younger churches. The general faith is hinted well in words which several of our churches have adopted for their covenant: "In the freedom of the Truth, and in the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man." It is hinted in such words as these: "Unitarianism is a religion of love to God and love to man." "It is belief in the humanity of God and the divinity of man." "It is that free and progressive development of historic Christianity, which aspires to be synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion." But because we have no "creed" which we impose as test of fellowship, specific statements of belief abound among us,—always somewhat differing, always largely agreeing. One such we offer here.

We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion:

We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief:

We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion:

We believe in the growing nobility of Man:

We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this Order is truth; to obey it is right, and liberty, and stronger life:

We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of Good:

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all:

We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in man the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal,—the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of a life to come:

We worship One-in-All,—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name,—the Eternal God, our Father.

Mr. Utter offered as a substitute to Mr. Gannett's resolution the following:

Whereas, by virtue of its act of incorporation the Western Unitarian Conference exists for the purpose of promoting the interests of the churches associated in it; and,

Whereas, according to the principles of congregationalism, all questions of doctrine and of fellowship, so far as the latter may be limited by or hinges upon the former, pertain to the individual churches and can be decided only by them; therefore,

Resolved, that any action on these questions is beyond the province of this Conference, and consequently null and void.

A discussion on these resolutions followed, in which Messrs. Robbins, Sprigg, Van Inwagen, Powell, Jones, Tiffany, Crothers, Blake, Judy, Hosmer, Learned, Cole, Ellis, Copeland, Hunting, Thayer and Mrs. Sayres took part.

The substitute was then voted down.

Mr. Thayer offered the following amendment.

Resolved, That, while the Western Unitarian Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declara-

tions concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to restatement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

Therefore, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, whose names are hereto appended, delegates from Western Unitarian churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May 19, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests, and welcome all who wish to join us, to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world. (Then followed the rest of Mr. Gannett's statement as printed above.)

The amendment was lost.

Mr. Galloway spoke to the main question.

Mr. Hunting moved as an amendment to the resolution to strike out the words between "therefore" and "to know."

Mr. Judy seconded the amendment. This amendment was lost.

Mr. Gannett's resolution was then carried by a vote of 59 to 13.

Mr. Utter moved that the seventh resolution be taken up. Seconded and carried.

Mr. Utter read the resolution as follows:

Whereas, the American Unitarian Association, the Western Unitarian Conference, and the several state conferences are doing missionary work with the same aims and purposes in the same territory; therefore,

Resolved, that the Western Unitarian Conference, now assembled, hereby suggests the formation of a general missionary board, to consist, if agreeable to the other bodies named, of the secretaries of the American Unitarian Association, the Western Unitarian Conference, and the several state conferences, with the addition perhaps of the missionaries at work in this territory, said board to have consultative and advisory power in regard to all missionary work within the limits of the Western Unitarian Conference, its recommendations to be honored by the executive boards of the several organizations so far as it seems possible and right to them, and to this end

Resolved, that a committee of three be appointed to act for the Conference in perfecting the organization of such a general missionary board in connection with the other missionary bodies above named. This resolution was adopted by a unanimous vote.

Rev. Mr. Miller offered the following resolution.

Resolved, that the Western Unitarian Conference at each annual session shall give an opportunity for any duly accredited delegate to read such brief statements of religious faith as the individual may wish to offer. The same to be received without debate or vote and published with the Conference minutes. Provided that the person who makes the statement shall subscribe his name and pay the cost of publication. This was adopted.

The fifth resolution was called for. It was read by Mr. Hunting. Mr. Judy moved an amendment by striking out two clauses. Amendment carried. Resolution was adopted as follows:

Whereas, this Conference aims to be strictly representative of the churches composing it according to the article of its incorporation which says, "The object for which it is formed is the transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the societies connected with the conference;" therefore,

Resolved, that this Conference will endeavor to carry out the aims, teachings and spirit of the churches forming it.

The sixth resolution was adopted as follows:

Resolved, that the interest of the Western Unitarian Conference is identical with that of the American Unitarian Association in everything pertaining to the missionary work to be done, that their cause is our cause, that we know no east or west in the grand work of spiritual emancipation which this time demands of us, and that we extend to them a fraternal hand and a consecrated heart and ask their co-operation, as in years past, in the propagation of Unitarianism in the west.

The meeting adjourned.

In the afternoon Rev. S. J. Barrows, of Boston, read a paper on "A New Study of Celsus."

Mr. Hosmer offered the following resolution:

Whereas, since the last meeting of this Conference the Rev. W. G. Eliot, D.D., of St. Louis, for so many years identified with the Unitarian cause in the west, has passed from this earthly life; therefore,

Resolved, that the delegates and members of the Western Unitarian Conference, in conference assembled, desire hereby to express our deep and enduring regard for this elder brother and associate so widely beloved, our grateful appreciation of his noble life, of his great services to the cause of true religion and the educational interests of his adopted city and state, as well as through the entire west; and that our sense of loss in his death finds its comfort in the deeper sense of joy and quickened faith as we look back over a life so prolonged, so blessing, and so blessed, so rich in accomplishment even up to its last hour. To us he has but joined that great company who "being dead, yet speak."

Resolved, that this expression of our feeling be entered upon our records, and that copies be sent to the family of our friend and to the church of which he was senior minister.

This resolution was seconded by Mr. Learned, and passed unanimously by rising vote.

Mr. Learned reported for the Business Committee, nominating the following officers:

President, Hon. D. L. Shorey, Chicago; Vice-President, Rev. S. S. Hunting, Des Moines; Secretary, Rev. J. R. Effinger, Chicago; Treasurer, Mr. J. B. Galloway, Chicago.

Directors for three years: Messrs J. V. Blake, W. C. Gannett, D. L. Shorey, J. C. Learned, J. N. Sprigg, S. M. Crothers, Miss S. A. Brown.

Directors to fill vacancies for two years: Mayor John A. Roche, Mr. John Wilkinson, Rev. Mary A. Safford.

Moved that this report of the Committee be adopted, and that the Secretary cast the ballot of the Conference. Adopted.

The officers named were declared elected. The financial outlook was considered. It was determined to engage the whole time of the Secretary, instead of three-fifths of it as last year, at a salary of two thousand dollars; and to announce no definite apportionments for the churches for the current year, but to look to them as heretofore for the help they usually give. The Business Committee recommended the raising of a guaranty fund to meet possible deficit for coming year. Over eighteen hundred dollars was secured for this purpose from delegates and friends during the afternoon and evening sessions. Mr. Effinger moved that the thanks of the Conference be given to the people of All Souls church for their hospitality and courtesy during the Conference. Seconded and passed by a rising vote. The meeting then adjourned.

Thursday evening session.

The meeting was called to order by the president. Rev. C. Covell, of Buda, led in prayer. Rev. Mary A. Safford read a paper on "Reasons for Church Going."

Rev. Joseph Waite followed with a paper on the same topic.

The chair announced David Utter, J. R. Effinger and A. M. Judy as the committee to confer with committees from the American Unitarian Association and the several State Conferences concerning the appointment of a missionary board.

Mr. Utter moved the adoption of the following resolution:

Whereas, there is a vacancy of five of the members of the school board of Chicago, which is about to be filled by appointment by the newly elected mayor,

Resolved, that we heartily favor the movement for the appointment of women upon said board, and we recognize the wisdom and justice of permitting the mothers of Chicago to share with the men in the management and control of those who have charge of the education of their children. Adopted.

After a reception in the church parlors the Conference adjourned, *sine die*.

J. R. EFFINGER,
Secretary.
JUDSON FISHER,
Assistant Secretary.

Sixth Annual Meeting of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the W. W. U. C. was held in All Souls church, Chicago, on Tuesday afternoon, May 17, 1887, Mrs. E. A. West presiding.

Opened by devotional meeting led by Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City. Psalm read and prayer offered by Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, of Oak Park. Soulful words were uttered by Miss Safford on the strength and comfort derived from the thought of God as all good and ever near.

The president delivered her annual address, and the reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted.

A report of missionary work in Dakota, prepared by Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, Dak., was read by Miss Jennie Dow. Report of the church activities of Michigan was given by Mrs. E. R. Sunderland; of Wisconsin by Mrs. Minnie S. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; of Illinois by Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Ill. The report of the work in Colorado, prepared by Mrs. E. H. Hiscock, of Denver, was read by Mrs. H. A. McConnell.

An address upon "What did Phœbe do?" was delivered by Rev. Marion Murdock, Humboldt, Iowa.

Mrs. A. L. Moss, a member of the St. Louis Branch Conference, instructed by the ladies of the Church of the Messiah of that place, presented the following statement and notice:

"*Whereas* it has been determined to send a delegate to the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, to be held at Chicago, May 17, 1887, and it is thought to be proper to formulate an expression of feeling in regard to the purpose and object of this Conference, it is *Resolved*, that we, the ladies of the Church of the Messiah, who are also members of the St. Louis Branch of the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, do hereby emphasize our belief in the necessity of a clearly defined religious basis of action, founded on Theistic and Christian principles." Passed almost unanimously at St. Louis, May 8, 1887.

In accordance with the resolution of the ladies of the Church of the Messiah, just read, I give notice that I shall, at the next annual meeting of this Conference, move an amendment to our Articles of Incorporation, substituting in Article 2 for the words "The Advance-

ment of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," the words "The Promotion of Unitarianism, whose Central Principles are Love to God and Love to Man."

ANNA L. MOSS.

The Nominating Committee made the following report:

President, Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago, Ill. First Vice President, Mrs. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo. Second Vice President, Mrs. A. G. Jennings, La Porte, Ind. Secretary, Miss Florence Hilton, Chicago, Ill. Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Hilton, Chicago, Ill.

For Directors for three years: Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. O. C. Dinsmore, Omaha, Neb.; Mrs. C. C. Warren, Hinsdale, Ill.; Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Ill.; Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; Miss S. A. Brown, Lawrence, Kan.; Mrs. J. C. Hilton, Chicago, Ill.

For Post-office Mission Central Committee: Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.; Miss F. Le Baron, Elgin, Ill.; Miss Florence Hilton, Chicago, Ill.

For Study Class Committee: Mrs. E. R. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago; Miss Florence Hilton, Chicago.

For Literature Committee: Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago; Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, Chicago; Mrs. E. E. Marean, Chicago; Mrs. E. C. Whipple, Sheffield; Miss F. Hilton, Chicago.

The officers nominated were elected.

Miss F. Le Baron presented the following, which was carried unanimously:

I move a vote of thanks to our retiring secretary, Miss Mary H. Graves, for her faithful and efficient service during the past year, together with our sincere regret that Miss Graves feels obliged to terminate her official connection with this association.

A letter was then read from Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, of Boston, President of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, conveying the greetings of the directors of that Conference and messages of sympathy and encouragement. It was moved by Mrs. C. T. Cole, and carried, that Miss Mary H. Graves convey to the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, to be held at Boston, May 23d, the thanks and kind greetings of this Conference.

Meeting adjourned.

MARY H. GRAVES,
Secretary of W. W. U. C.

Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School-Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Sunday-School Society was held in Chicago, Friday, May 20, 1887, at All Souls Church. The session opened at 10 A. M. with a service selected from "Unity Services and Songs," and with the singing of several songs from the same book.

An address followed by the President, J. V. Blake, after which the annual report of the work of the Society and its schools was read by the Secretary, and the Treasurer's report by the treasurer.

A Business Committee was appointed consisting of F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland, J. N. Sprigg, of Quincy, A. M. Judy, of Davenport, J. Ll. Jones of Chicago, and Mary A. Safford of Sioux City, Iowa.

The Treasurer's report showed that the indebtedness of \$175 last year, had been reduced to \$32.76. Three life memberships of \$10 each were promptly subscribed, one from Sioux City, Iowa, one from All Souls Church, Chicago, one from the Church of the Unity, St. Louis, and the remaining \$2.76 was paid by a friend. This canceled the debt and, offsetting the cash on hand and accounts receivable against the notes and accounts payable, gave the society an even balance sheet with which to begin the new year. Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport, Iowa, offered the following resolution:

Resolved, that we recognize that a Sunday-school manual in which the early history of the Christian church is illustrated by its art and by appropriate text, would be of great service to the Sunday-schools; and that therefore we would suggest to the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, of Boston, the preparation of such a manual; and that this Society will co-operate as far as possible, if so desired.

It was further

Resolved, that this Board of Directors confer with Rev. Arthur Knapp, and, if possible, arrange for him a lecture course, looking toward the preparation of the above manual, under the auspices of the Western Sunday-school Society.

These resolutions were adopted.

Rev. David Utter introduced the subject of lesson-papers under the Union Course system of study for the coming winter. This course of study is upon Jesus and his associates, and is intended for use not only in the three schools of Chicago, which are following the Union series, but also for any schools outside which may wish to join. Sample lesson slips were distributed for examination,—the entire course being now ready, so that it can be supplied complete in advance.

A paper was read by Prof. Alexander Kerr, of Madison, Wis., upon Bible Class Work, which engaged the interest of the audience; and following this, Mrs. S. W. Conger, of the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, gave some excellent suggestive thoughts in her paper entitled, "What shall our Unitarian Sunday-schools Study?" That part of the programme which called for "Queries and Discussion," in

charge of Miss E. E. Gordon, of Sioux City, Iowa, owing to the lateness of the hour was reluctantly postponed to some future time.

The Business Committee reported nomination of officers for the coming year, as follows: For President, J. V. Blake; Vice-President, Mrs. S. W. Conger; Secretary and Treasurer, Ellen T. Leonard. For Directors for three years, in place of those whose term expired with the date of this meeting, Miss M. L. Southworth, of Cleveland, William Bouton, of St. Louis, W. C. Gannett and E. T. Leonard, of Chicago. The officers nominated were elected.

The returns from the subscription cards, which had been circulated for memberships earlier in the meeting, were announced as amounting to \$49, life and annual, cash in hand, and three annual to be paid during the year. The plan for a Sunday-school Record Book, to be published in the fall of 1887, was presented, with sample copy modeled by hand, and suggestions with regard to the same were invited.

It was moved by Mr. Jones that a committee of three be appointed from this Society by the Chair, to confer with a committee from the two Conferences at the Headquarters, for the adjustment of the business relations between these three bodies during the year ending May, 1888. The Chair appointed J. Ll. Jones, Mrs. S. W. Conger, and Mrs. Jonathan Slade, all of Chicago.

A motion was made by Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, Iowa, and carried, that the thanks of the Society be tendered to the officers thereof for the faithfulness of their efforts in promoting the welfare of the Society and its schools.

Meeting adjourned.

ELLEN T. LEONARD, Secretary.

The Discussion on the Resolution Concerning a Declaration of Fellowship and Faith.

REPORTED BY MRS. R. HOWARD KELLY, AND SLIGHTLY REVISED.

The Conference met, pursuant to adjournment, at 10 o'clock A. M., May 19th, 1887.

The President, D. L. Shorey, in the chair.

After a report by the Committee on Delegates, giving the names of delegates entitled to vote, and a report from the Committee on Business, Rev. Enoch Powell moved that the time given to the speakers be limited to ten minutes for the mover of a resolution, and to five minutes for those following. The motion was seconded by Rev. J. Ll. Jones, and carried.

REV. W. C. GANNETT, of Chicago:

Mr. Chairman: The resolution I am to offer and to speak to, is in the nature of a substitute for, and enlargement of, the resolution passed at Cincinnati last year. It is so long that it ought to be before our eyes, as we can not take it in unless we read it; therefore I would like to have everybody here have one of these little leaflets, entitled "The Things Most Commonly Believed To-Day Among Us."

[The printed leaflets were distributed. The resolution and appended "declaration" will be found on page 200 above, in the official report of the Conference.]

I want to speak to three points:

First, as to the form of the resolution that I offer.

Second, as to the congregational right of this resolution.

Third, as to the advantages of this resolution.

AS TO THE FORM.

I said just now, it is in the nature of a substitute for the resolution passed last May at Cincinnati. At Cincinnati I offered two resolutions, which are now familiar. The first was;

Resolved, "That the Western Unitarian Conference conditions "its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all who wish to "join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the "world."

This resolution passed by a large majority, thirty-four to ten.

The second resolution was not passed, but was lost by a small majority, and that one read:

Resolved, "That while the above expressly represents the basis "and width of our fellowship, and while the Conference has neither "the wish nor the right to bind itself or any single member by a "declaration of doctrines, it yet thinks some practical good may be "done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly "believed to-day among us, the statement being always open to re- "statement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority; "and that to this end a committee of five be appointed to draw up "such a declaration of belief, to be submitted to the Conference at "its next annual meeting,"—which meant this present meeting.

The first resolution, the one passed, was very sweeping. It said, as if speaking for the whole of us, "The Western Unitarian Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all," etc. In the course of the year, the question has been raised whether that were "congregational," and there are some who feel that, strictly and literally taken, it did perhaps infringe upon the rights of congregations. Therefore I offer now a change in the wording of that "fellowship" resolution as passed at the last Conference at Cincinnati; and what I further do to-day is to offer in one resolution the substance of those two resolutions offered at Cincinnati. You will

notice that the change consists in making the "fellowship" resolution, which at Cincinnati we made to cover everybody, in the present resolution apply only to the majority, binding nobody, and not extending beyond to-day:

I will read the present preamble, and will you please follow:

Resolved, "That, while the Western Unitarian Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to re-statement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority."

You notice that I say "concerning *fellowship*" as well as doctrine, —to that extent modifying the resolution passed last May at Cincinnati. To continue:

"Therefore, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, delegates of the Western Unitarian Churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May 19, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests,"—changing *dogmatic* to *doctrinal*—"and welcome all who wish to join us to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world."

"And, inasmuch as many people wish to know what Unitarianism commonly stands for, speaking always in the spirit above set forth, we make the following statement of its past history and our present faiths."

That is the resolution that I offer, and appended to it comes the "Statement."

Now I am going to risk the fate of this whole declaration by pointing out one word which is ambiguous. This is a word whose ambiguity has been developed this year in the course of the discussion. Of course I ought to make this explanation. The one ambiguous word here is the word "fellowship." At the risk of losing the whole thing, I am going to tell you what the offerer of the resolution means by that word "fellowship." I mean fellowship absolute and unconditioned; full, co-equal fellowship; applying to all, to lay-men and lay-women and to ministers, equally; full co-equal fellowship in everything which lies within the privilege and title of Unitarians, and that governs the use of our Unitarian name. I mean that. I do not mean mere church hospitalities, nor mere right to the office of Sunday-school teacher or trustee. I do not mean anything short of full, co-equal fellowship. I think the word "fellowship" means just that. "Church-fellowship" is almost a technical phrase, as I understand it, and means whole, co-equal fellowship. I dwell on this point because a good deal has been said about it. The right to the name, the right to our Unitarian name, as well as the right to be a Unitarian, is the meaning of "fellowship" to me.

That whole phrase was caught out of our old 1875 declaration, which was something like this one. Away back in 1875, when the Western Unitarian Conference had a sort of resurrection, after years of almost stagnation and death, they passed this resolution: "Resolved, that the Western Unitarian Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests, but welcomes all thereto who desire to work with it in advancing the Kingdom of God." Let me remind you how that resolution came to be offered, and to be passed, I believe, unanimously. In the east, the American Unitarian Association was dropping from its official Year-Book list of ministers, the names of a few ministers who did not take the "Christian" name, or did not claim it,—dropping from the Year-Book those names, saying, "You have no right there, because you do not take the Christian name." The Western Conference passed their resolution directly looking toward that action of the A. U. A. I think that showed very clearly what the word 'fellowship' meant at that time. It meant, "Whether you take the 'Christian' name or not, you are entitled to the 'Unitarian' name. Christian name or not, you are entitled to the Unitarian name. The Western Conference conditions its fellowship on no dogmatic tests." That has been ringing in our ears twelve years. I caught that into the phrase used at Cincinnati; and here it is again. That is my reason for keeping the word "fellowship," and I keep it in its absolute sense. I know some of you do not agree with me. Some of you use the word in a much narrower sense, but I risk the whole resolution on that word "fellowship."

Now, to go on. You see this "declaration" is divided into three parts: a little sketch of "our history," a word about "our fellowship," and then some words about "our doctrines."

In the history, if you will read it carefully, you will find that, in a nut-shell, it states the three phases of our history,—the Channing phase, when it began,—the Parker and Emerson phase, later on,—and the out-look to-day.

Then come a few lines about our fellowship; I will not read that. I would like to read the rest of it, about our doctrines. Please notice how frank it is. Frankness is essential; there ought to be nothing unfrank in a Unitarian word or deed.

"With a few exceptions"—notice those words allowing for exceptions—"with a few exceptions we may be called Christian theists; theists, as worshipping the One-in-All, and naming that One, 'God, our Father;' Christian, because revering Jesus as the greatest of the historic prophets of religion; these names, as names, receiving more stress in our older than in our younger churches. The general faith is hinted well in words which several of our churches have adopted for their covenant: 'In the freedom of the Truth, and in

"the spirit of Jesus Christ, we unite for the worship of God and the service of man.'" That is Charles Ames' form, which has been copied by quite a number of our churches.—"It is hinted in such words as these: 'Unitarianism is a religion of love to God and love to man.'" We have been saying that for fifty years. Those words were put into a resolution offered in Cincinnati, and it was refused there because from the way in which it was offered it seemed to be in the nature of a binding creed. With this preamble here, it becomes something which everybody can say.—"It is hinted in such words as these: 'Unitarianism is belief in the humanity of God and the divinity of man.'" There is a whole sermon, a month of sermons, in that little phrase by Edwin Browne of Charleston: "Unitarianism is belief in the humanity of God and the divinity of man." And here is Mr. Barrows' word: "It is that free and progressive development of historic Christianity, which aspires to be 'synonymous with universal ethics and universal religion.'" So there we have four short statements of Unitarianism: Charles Ames', Mr. Sunderlands'—or that of Jesus, we will call it; Edwin Browne's, and Mr. Barrows'.

"But because we have no 'creed' which we impose as test of fellowship, specific statements of belief abound among us,—always somewhat differing, always largely agreeing. One such we offer here." And a little statement follows. It contains words from the Bible; it contains words which Socrates uttered at Athens after he had been sentenced to death for his faith; it contains some heart-words, I think, by Samuel Longfellow; it contains a great line of William Salter's; it contains the old watch-words of Unitarians. To me this statement seems very noble; it has on my mind somewhat of the effect of the chanting of a great Psalm. Yet I can easily understand how a more ennobling, how a larger,—no, not larger, but a better, more inspiring statement, could be made. I do not expect all of you to have my feeling about it. I am going to read it to you, though.

"We believe that to love the good and live the good is the supreme thing in religion:

"We hold reason and conscience to be final authorities in matters of religious belief:

"We honor the Bible and all inspiring scripture, old or new:

"We revere Jesus and all holy souls that have taught men truth and righteousness and love, as prophets of religion:

"We believe in the growing nobility of Man:

"We trust the unfolding Universe as beautiful, beneficent, unchanging Order; to know this Order is truth; to obey it is right, and liberty, and stronger life:

"We believe that good and evil inevitably carry their own recompense, no good thing being failure and no evil thing success; that heaven and hell are states of being; that no evil can befall the good man in either life or death; that all things work together for the victory of Good:

"We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all.

"We believe that this self-forgetting, loyal life awakes in men the sense of union, here and now, with things eternal,—the sense of deathlessness; and this sense is to us an earnest of a life to come:

"We worship One-in-All,—that Life whence suns and stars derive their orbits and the soul of man its Ought,—that Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, giving us power to become the sons of God,—that Love with whom our souls commune. This One we name,—the Eternal God, our Father."

AS TO THE RIGHT.

Now, Mr. Chairman, as shortly as I can, I wish to speak about the right of passing this as a resolution by the Conference, and then about the advantages of doing so.

If there is any wrong in passing it, it is because it is uncongregational, because it infringes on the rights of our congregations. That objection will be raised in a moment before you; it will be discussed this morning, no doubt. In the first place, let me say that this thing, in principle, is no new thing. This is not the first time it has been done; there is ample precedent for it. Precedent made by bodies whom you know well, and respect. In the American Unitarian Association's by-laws, stand the words, "The object of the Association is to promote the interests of pure Christianity." I call that a statement of faith; don't you? Is not the A. U. A. to-day almost insisting on that as a statement of faith, if it take the position that it won't grant aid to churches that do not take the "Christian" name? I am not now criticising the position; but there is the A. U. A. basing itself on those words "pure Christianity,"—and I don't know that anybody has ever challenged them as uncongregational; and the A. U. A. is to-day a delegate body as ours is. If nobody challenges them as uncongregational, the mass of Unitarian people in America does not take it as uncongregational to use them so. Another precedent: in the constitution of our National Unitarian Conference certain doctrinal phrases are embedded,—the Lord Jesus Christ," and others. Those words Dr. Bellows said were incorporated there in order to keep out certain people. Four or five years ago the National Conference, leaving in those words, added this article to its constitution: "While we believe that the Pream-

"and Articles of our Constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims." In other words, the National Conference, in rather a blundering way, states its beliefs and then says, "Never mind." What we do, we do in a frank way, first saying the "Never mind", and then saying, "Hallelujah! we believe." And if you want another precedent, I hold in my hand here, what is called "a Statement of Belief adopted by the New-Hampshire Unitarian Association." It was passed unanimously at Concord in 1878. It is a little statement of twelve articles, each article having notes, commenting on and describing it, and at the end are these words; "This Statement of Belief was unanimously adopted by the N. H. Unitarian Association, not as a creed in the sense of a limit of inquiry or a test of fellowship, but as an affirmation of the most distinctive views that are now generally held by Unitarians." Precisely the sort of statement which I offer you here. Here, then, are three precedents, those of the A. U. A., the National Conference, and the New Hampshire Association. The last statement has been put in a tract by the A. U. A. and has been circulated widely, and I do not think it has ever done a bit of "binding;" I don't see how it could. Those are the precedents.

But now look straight at this resolution itself; if you please, put all your common-sense and all your common sympathies, and all your *dis-sympathies*, if you will, right on the Preamble. The word "uncongregational" means, somehow infringing on the rights and liberties of congregations and individuals. *Does this? Can it?* "It yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words, the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to re-statement,"—any time, five years from now, or next year,—and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority." Can that infringe on the right of a congregation? Suppose Mr. Jones' church reads something in this statement which it does not believe, while the rest of the Conference does believe it,—are the rights of Mr. Jones' church infringed by that expression of belief? Infringed when it says, "The Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine"? Surely Mr. Jones' congregation has its rights absolutely intact. Isn't that common-sense, and the real truth of the matter?

But I claim more than that; instead of being merely congregational in the old sense, I say this kind of a statement *protects* the rights of a minority *better* than if we say nothing at all. Do you remember how all this "issue" began, eighteen months ago? It began in somebody's challenging the right of certain Unitarian ministers to the name "Unitarian," and the challenge went on persistently. Five persons were pointing fingers and saying, "There is the door for persons who think like you." There is where all this discussion began. And now I say, that the man who is pointed to the door, or this church if it is pointed to the door, or any church that is pointed to the door, will be *protected* by this statement here, and that those door-pointers are the ones who will be condemned out of the Conference words,—the words which say, "So far as only the majority of us are concerned, do we make the statement on these matters; it binds none, is always open to re-statement, and is to be regarded only as the thought of the majority." That is *more* congregational than our common congregationalism, inasmuch as the rights of the minority to dissent are maintained as well as the rights of the majority to speak.

THE ADVANTAGES.

Now, on the point of the *advantages*. I think there will be four advantages from passing the resolution.

The first is the missionary advantage. That is my main reason for proposing the "declaration." I believe we owe our Unitarianism in the most voiceful way to the broad world. Anything that is safe to do, safe for a Unitarian to do in missionary ways, he ought to do. We *owe* to the world a statement of faiths; and if it be right to make Conference statements, we owe that kind of statement. For the language of the choral "We believe, we believe, we believe," is heard by many; it spreads into literature, into encyclopedias, into newspapers and sermons, into tracts, into leaflets; spreads in all sorts of ways, and more widely than the individual's statement can.

We *owe* the most voiceful Unitarianism to the broad world. Then shall we see the real missionary effect. We shall see the faith spread wider and wider,—not like the wild fire over the prairies; nothing rational spreads like that,—things rational spread like the morning light. This kind of word, a Conference word, will have more effect than any individual's word, to spread it.

Secondly, I think for us Unitarians to base our faith on those deeper things of the Spirit—righteousness, truthfulness, love—in a man, will tend to spiritualize our Unitarianism; and we need that spiritualizing. What faith does not? Get down to the deepest thing in your nature,—isn't it love of truthfulness, love of righteousness, and love of love? If we base our Unitarian fellowship on those deepest things of God in man, it will surely help to spiritualize our faith.

Then there is a third point on which I cannot now enlarge, but which I believe will be enlarged on considerably during the next ten

years. This resolution would remove the inconsistency which has been dangling around our Unitarianism for the last seventy years. We have been trying to be creedless, and all the while have been holding on to a "creed." I say, we have always been affirming that we are creedless, and always, when the pinch has come, have held on to a "creed in a *testing* sense." Now, this kind of declaration has the advantage of absolute creedlessness, opening fellowship to all, and *yet* is a declaration of the things commonly believed to-day among us. It will remove that inconsistency from our Unitarianism.

Finally, I believe the passage of this resolution will have a real effect to allay the "issue" trouble in the west. If it be passed, see where our friends will be put. We shall be a Conference stating these great "We believes" of Unitarianism,—stating them more boldly than perhaps any large body of Unitarians has ever done; we shall be a body stating these things, and here will be a set of friends, (I will not call them enemies), saying, "We are going to leave you because you won't say to other men, 'You have *got* to believe those things.' They say, 'You *must* believe those things in order to be a 'Unitarian';" we leave that matter of believing open, and bind none. I think, if we make this declaration, we shall put our friends in a position from which they themselves will wish to retire in three or four years. At any rate we put ourselves in a position where we shall at last be understood. I repeat—the difference between us is just this: *We* say what *they* say about beliefs, but they add, "You *must* believe this in order to be a 'Unitarian.'"

Friends, for these reasons I offer this resolution, hoping it may pass by a large majority vote. If it do not get a majority vote, of course that ends it. If it get only a small majority, I shall myself move to re-consider and table it, convinced it will not have the good effect I hope from it. If it pass by a large majority vote, I think it will be a very great benefit to ourselves and to our friends in the east and in the west, and that it will tend to the energizing of the spirit of the church.

[Mr. Gannett's "time" had been twice extended by courtesy of the Conference.]

Rev. David Utter, of Chicago:

I wish to move as a substitute to Mr. Gannett's motion the following:

Whereas, by virtue of its act of incorporation the Western Unitarian Conference exists for the purpose of promoting the interests of the churches associated in it; and

Whereas, according to the principles of Congregationalism all questions of doctrine and of fellowship, so far as the latter may be limited by or hinges upon the former, pertain to the individual churches, and can be decided only by them, therefore,

Resolved, that any action on these questions is beyond the province of this Conference, and consequently null and void.

Mr. Utter's substitute was seconded by Mr. J. N. Sprigg.

Mr. Utter:

I move this at this point in order that we may discuss the objections to Mr. Gannett's motion, discuss the two questions at once, upon their merits.

You all know, friends, that I agree very largely with Mr. Gannett. You know, or I can tell you, that I believe as much in liberty and the absolute freedom of the individual as he. I am as far from wishing to bind anyone as he; indeed I think even farther. My objection to Mr. Gannett's motion is its binding force; it is because it is a creed and it will have that force. We are bound by the simple statements of men whom we reverence. The trouble to-day with our conservative friends in the east, or the difference that exists between us and them, is because of the reverence in which they hold certain words,—mere words spoken by the fathers of our faith. It is the reverence in which they hold, perhaps, that little statement passed by the New Hampshire Association. That is "binding." And because the preamble to this statement of Mr. Gannett's says it shall have no binding force, that will not prevent its *having* a binding force. It does infringe upon our congregational rights, and therefore I have moved this substitute for it, which, if passed, leaves the Conference upon the business basis where its articles of incorporation placed it—a basis which puts us in the best position that has ever been contrived by the mind of man for absolute liberty in religious ways. No scheme or plan that has ever been devised has given so great liberty to individuals within churches as the congregational scheme or plan, and that plan says simply that the individual church shall decide all matters of doctrine. The church settles with the minister the matters of doctrine between itself and himself. A Conference has no fellowship except the fellowship of the churches composing it; therefore it does not belong to this Conference, it is beyond its province, to pass such a resolution as Mr. Gannett's. This is the theoretical objection, which others will state doubtless much better than I can state it.

Now as to the practical good that Mr. Gannett's resolution will do. With all due respect I think we have had a specimen of it during the year that is past. I think the year has been disastrous. I think there is a line of cleavage running all through our churches which this resolution will deepen, and which even my resolution will not wholly mend. The only thing that even a congregational resolution would do would be to put the churches upon grounds that are defensible, would be to put our Unitarian churches upon ground where they would just barely live for a while, and then would grow. But *that* resolution

means war and division all through our churches. My friends, it has begun already. I stand here on your sufferance not as a representative of my church, not as a delegate from any church. You know there is this line of division in all our churches. But I urge not consequences; for one I can stand, if I stand alone, forever, in the defense of any principle in which I believe; and can be one of a small minority, if need be, working with the Western Conference, though defamed as atheistic around the earth,—it will make no matter. I do not plead consequences. What I say is simply in rebuttal of the great good our dear friend Mr. Gannett has said he thinks will come from his resolution. I think he is entirely mistaken; I hope you know he is mistaken, and will vote down his resolution. It can do no good. I urge this, because it is right, as it seems to me; because it is the true ground upon which our churches can stand, and can find a real ground of union. No Unitarian church ever yet stood upon a creed; no Unitarian church or body of churches ever did stand on or can formulate a statement of faith upon which they can all agree. Oh, friends, let us stop trying to state our beliefs, as I pleaded with the Conference last year at Cincinnati, and go on and do the work that is before us to do. Now this we can do under this congregational plan.

As I say, experience has proved in all the history of religion in the United States, and even back in old England, that the autonomy of the individual church, absolute as you can make it, is the best way. I plead for my liberty. I don't want your creed, brother Gannett, good as it is. There are things in there contrary to my taste. For one thing there is a little literary statement. It calls "fellowship" a principle, and it calls "character" a principle. I don't know that these things are "principles,"—the standing up for them may be somebody's principle of action. But I speak of that not as an objection. I like the statement, it is grand as Gannett's statement, but not as my own, you see—not as a thing we should vote up or down. Let us have none of them, but stand on simple congregationalism and be free.

The Chairman:

The question before the house is on the substitute offered by Mr. Utter. If this substitute is adopted, it will take the place of the motion offered by Mr. Gannett.

Rev. George A. Thayer:

Is this in the nature of a first amendment to the resolution, and, if so, may I offer a second amendment?

The Chairman:

This is a *substitute* for Mr. Gannett's motion. My idea as chairman is that we should first decide whether this shall be accepted as a substitute, and then any amendment you may wish to offer may be made.

Rev. J. V. Blake:

I want to announce to all members of the Board of Directors of the Sunday-school society, if they do not understand it so already, that they are entitled *ex officio* to a vote, whatever else they may not represent.

Doctor Joseph Robbins, of Quincy:

I hope the amendment proposed by Mr. Utter will prevail, and that we shall place ourselves upon the ground which we ought to have taken affirmatively, instead of negatively, last year,—at least in my judgment. I do not believe that the action of the Conference then, although it voted down a resolution affirming the congregational position and the right of the churches only, the individual bodies, and not this Conference, to deal with this question,—I do not believe, notwithstanding the Conference voted that resolution down, that it abandoned by its action the congregational position. I do not regard the statement of fellowship made by the Conference last year as being a departure from the congregational position. In fact, I differ with my friend from the Church of the Messiah [Mr. Utter], because, as I understand that resolution adopted by the Conference last year, it not only did not deal with any doctrinal question, but absolutely refused to do so. The Conference should always be its own best interpreter, and the declaration that it started out with, namely, that it conditions its fellowship upon no dogmatic test, is interpreted by the statement that follows,—that it welcomes all who wish to join it to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world.

My advocacy of Mr. Utter's resolution as a substitute for Mr. Gannett's is based upon two grounds. First, I do not think the Conference ought to run any risk of being accused of adopting a creed. The Unitarian body, on being accused by Evangelistic bodies of having no creed, has boasted that that is a fact; it has been proud of the position; but when one portion of the Unitarian body itself accuses another portion of having no creed, we begin to get nervous. Now, I apprehend that it is more important that we do right, than that we have peace; although I see no reason, if we adopt the substitute proposed by Mr. Utter, why we should not have peace. His substitute being adopted, there are then no grounds for anybody that is disposed to be peaceful, to find fault; we have placed ourselves upon the platform to which Unitarianism has grown, to which it owes its growth and liberty, and from which it ought never to depart. It is true that a line of division does, more or less, run through the bodies connected with this Conference; but it is also true that the great bulk of the individuals represented in this Conference, that the

great bulk of the societies represented in this Conference, are true to the broad position which this Conference has laid down.

And I advocate this resolution of Mr. Utter's, because I believe that it is taking no step backward from the step which was taken last year. Our word then was simply reiterating what the Conference had said before, that it conditioned its fellowship upon no dogmatic test. If the question were reduced to this, whether this Conference should take a position any less broad than that, or die, I should say, "Let it die." But I understand that, if we pass this substitute, we simply say that, if anybody believes that the declarations we made last year, trenched upon the doctrines or the rights of anybody,—if anybody believes that, they would know from our present declaration that any such interpretation is annulled by the action now taken. We should now say that last year's action did not have a dogmatic significance, and that we will not have a dogmatic significance in any declaration we make.

Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, of Cincinnati:

I think I heartily agree with the gentleman who has just spoken, that our main resource, or only way out of our difficulty, is to fall back upon our simple position of congregationalism. I wish to say here, that any action taken by this Conference that did not approve itself to my judgment or to the belief of my church, would have not the slightest weight with me, and I should wash my hands of it altogether, saying that the Conference is simply speaking for the churches that endorse it. I think our safety would be in declining to pass any resolution. But supposing we should not decline,—I simply say what I say, because somebody wants, to know what I would *like* to say,—supposing that it were not the sentiment of this convention that it was unwise to pass any resolutions of fellowship or statement of belief, then I should insist that it was the duty of this and all conventions to attach to any resolution touching religious beliefs or fellowship the names of the individuals who voted for it, and of the churches who voted for it; and some day, if we lived to read it, we would see something like this: "Whereas the name 'Western Unitarian Conference' attached to a statement of beliefs, or to a resolution concerning fellowship, means to many of our brethren the body of Unitarian churches in the west; Therefore, in order to avoid producing false impressions as to the significance of such statements passed in any annual association of the Conference, it is resolved that any such statement or resolution should be signed by those who have voted for it, and go forth to the public as simply their expression of opinion, or the opinion of the churches which may authorize their signature." That seems to me to be good, sound, Unitarian, congregational doctrine; call it by whatever name, it is doctrine that recognizes the right of each man to think for himself, and his duty to speak for himself.

Mr. J. N. Sprigg, of Quincy:

I do not see why the suggestion of the gentleman would not be entirely proper, and from a Unitarian stand-point. It seems to me that each of us is quite as competent to say what he believes over his own signature, as to say what he believes as delegate to this Conference; and if it is necessary to correct any improper impression that has gone out, it would be a good deal safer correction should the names of these people be attached to this declaration individually; because we must remember that these statements have gone out far beyond the limits of this Conference. I wish I could vote for Mr. Gannett's proposition. I don't suppose there is a society in our Western Conference that does not wish it. But does this ask that the majority of the delegates to this Conference express such a proposition? Now, the delegates of this Conference, from a fundamental view of the question, are the Conference itself. When the Conference is adjourned, they are no longer delegates. And a majority of the delegates is a majority of the Conference, and the Conference acts only by the majority vote. If a statement were to go out that this Conference had adopted a certain proposition and it were not stated that they unanimously adopted it, it is understood that they adopted it by a majority vote; so whether we say that a majority of the delegates adopted this proposition, or that the Conference adopted it, it is precisely the same thing. If the majority of the persons here in this room, after the Conference is adjourned, see fit to call themselves together as individuals to take action in regard to this matter or any other matter, they are then entirely free to form their own opinion; but as long as they are delegates, they represent the societies. Now, so far as our society in Quincy is concerned, we cannot come here as delegates to this Conference to vote in favor of any proposition. Our society stands by this Conference, and it will stand by this Conference as long as it shows the great heart that it has shown in times past; stands by it, not for the purpose of adopting statements, which we reserve entirely to ourselves, but for the purpose of missionary work, for the building up of our cause. Now, what is a "majority" statement? If Dr. Channing was right, if the people whom we heard from that platform last night are right, if our friend there and the leaders of this convention, whom we have heard from year to year, are right, each individual soul is a majority. because God is with it.

Mr. J. Van Inwagen, of Hinsdale:

After attending this convention yesterday morning, and getting pretty clear ideas in regard to this question which is now before us, and aided by the attention which I have given it the last year, I took my pencil last evening and jotted down a few sentiments that I

would like to read, before we vote upon the resolution that is before us.

It seems to me that it is more important to agree in our *work* than in our *words*. Inasmuch as such a Conference as this represents very many churches, in which a congregational freedom is allowed for each church society as well as a proportionate freedom for the individual members of these churches, is it best to try to fasten any declaration upon this body, unless it is a statement that not merely represents the views of a majority of delegates present, but, instead, is one that *all*, without any dissent, can adopt? The great strength and growth of the Unitarian system of religion in this country up to the present time, is clearly due to the unity that has prevailed in its work and purposes. Anything that shall now divide this unity of action and purpose, will, I believe, weaken and permanently impair the future growth and usefulness of our most loved denomination. Is that desirable or necessary? It is my judgment that not one clerical member of this body, especially among those who have given the deepest thought to the subject which is now agitating this Conference, has changed an iota in his inward purpose or zeal to devote himself, in the future as in the past, to the establishment of either "pure Christianity", from a liberal standpoint, or "truth, righteousness and love". It seems to me that there can be no question or debate as to the importance of the *work* that the American Unitarians ought to accomplish in their old-time fashion, standing shoulder to shoulder in the Father's service. Will you not sink your individual propositions, for the sake of keeping in one line all of the strong heads, hearts and hands, that are capable of, and so necessary to, the *work* that properly belongs to our great and growing religious system?

With these convictions, my better judgment impels me to vote against any more word statements or declarations, that seem calculated to divide the Unitarian forces in twain in their future work and in their great opportunities as well as responsibilities.

Rev. Enoch Powell, of Topeka:

I would like to offer one suggestion before the motion is put. I want to call attention to the first statement in Mr. Gannett's resolution—"Resolved, that while the Unitarian Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member".—Well, if we haven't the wish nor the right to bind a single member, the first question that arises is, Would the statement of belief that follows, do this binding? I think it is the general sense, at least the feeling of a great many of us, that it would do so; and consequently, I for one, shall vote, and I think a great many will vote, for this substitute. Then, the next question that comes up is, whether we feel or think that some practical good may come from it. I for one, say that I do not think any practical good ever did come, or ever will come, from a Unitarian Conference of this kind formulating our belief. I would like this statement, if there were no authority in it; but as authority coming from this Conference, I believe it would do a great deal of harm instead of a great deal of good.

Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago:

Mr. Chairman, I would like to speak a word to the substitute. Congregationalism cannot be so interpreted as to rob a body having this significance of the power of utterance on living questions. If it can, then, so much the worse for congregationalism. The argument made is just the argument that was made in 1857 on the floor of this same body against an utterance concerning slavery. The utterance was made, and delegates withdrew, and the Conference acquired strength thereby. The same argument can be made, and has been made, against an utterance upon the Temperance question, upon the Woman's Suffrage question, upon any other question.

Those of us who were in favor of the Cincinnati resolution were confronted soon by the argument, "Your resolution was all right, your principle is true, but you must not undertake to *work* under it; give up your *hands*, and you are all right." To-day we are asked not only to give up our hands but to hold our *tongue*, and then we are all right. We are all right; but this Conference has a moral power which it has a right to give expression to, if the right of the minority be guarded so wisely as it is here.

But I object to the substitute because it seems to imply that the position taken at Cincinnati was an uncongregational one and must be rescinded. Technicality is out of the question, gentlemen. We have had a great deal to say about *misunderstanding* and *misrepresentations*, and there has been ground for it; but the truth remains that the division has sprung largely because the issue has been *understood*, and because the world, even the Unitarian world, is not prepared to take that Cincinnati position. It is not a question of the west nor a question of Unitarianism. It is a question as to whether the time has come when a religious body, organized for religious purposes, dare plant itself upon the large proposition which received your hearty enthusiasm as expressed in the utterances of last night and the night before. I stand against this substitute because it seems to take that plank out of the Cincinnati resolution—which is, as Dr. Robbins has well said, a non-doctrinal, non-dogmatic statement, insisting that religion is a matter of character and not of words. Ladies and Gentlemen, we may, if we dare, by some insinuation seem to discredit that statement, but, if we do, the world will wait and will rebuke us for it some day.

Now, one word about the *results*. There has been a great deal done and said in the way of alarming our friends here and in the

east, but I see none of the catastrophes coming that have been predicted. Where have we had, gentlemen, a more enthusiastic, more potent, session of the Conference than this? The returns will come next week that the American Unitarian Association has received three or four or five thousand dollars more than the year before. The depths of our churches have been stirred nobly and grandly, and there are no consequences to be feared. I believe this Conference has a right to a *tongue*, and having a tongue, I believe it has a right to *hands*; and I believe the main issue,—when it is not overlaid with technicalities,—that the main issue is, whether a body of men and women can find religious life enough upon the great imperishable realities about which there can be no quarreling—truth, righteousness, love; whether these things do not imply all the inspiration and all the truths which religion and the church imply. I hope this substitute will be voted down because it has a tendency to blur in some way and to cast a reflection upon what future generations will regard as a brave, large, true and perfect utterance, which has enkindled the western churches, which has deepened the religious life east and west, and which will enrich our treasury, and which will enrich our own lives religiously.

Friends, let us stand on the largest thing; let the word of the Conference be the same word as that which stimulated us in our opening sermon, and which came to us again last night. I believe that "congregationalism" cannot be so interpreted as to emasculate such a body as this, as to devitalize our churches. Let the friction come, let the division come—we will see more clearly eye to eye and touch more closely elbow to elbow. Only keep unsullied the great non-doctrinal and non-creedal basis. This is not Brother Gannett's statement, nor any man's statement; it is the product of the teeming centuries, it is the utterance of prophetic voices. Call that "Gannett's" statement? I deny the imputation on the honor of Socrates and Jesus, I deny the imputation on the honor of Christianity. If we can find more gold and better gold in the treasury of the past, we will pay tribute to it in the long run. We will stand, if we may, by that statement, *together*; if we must, we will stand by it *individually*. Any how as a Conference, friends, we will stand by that utterance made at Cincinnati, which is congregationalism with a *tongue*; and we will yet minister unto this congregationalism with such *hands* as it has never yet had in America.

Judge Joel Tiffany, of Hinsdale:

I rise to inquire whether an association, or a congregation, or an associated congregation of churches, have a right to assume a name and make it their own, to represent both government and practice. Early Unitarian churches asserted the right to separate from the orthodox churches and to place themselves before the world as congregations having congregational authority, to be interfered with by nobody—each congregation to determine what should be its mode of government. They assumed that name and became known by it, so that when the word "Unitarian" was given to represent a church or a society, we knew something about what it signified. In law, your Honor will remember that where we get a trade mark we are entitled to it. When we take a name to represent a principle or a business, we are entitled to keep it, and nobody else has a right to take from us that name and make it mean something else. Now, as I understand, the Unitarian society was purely congregational, and that left each congregation to determine what should be the expression of its faith, and what should be the mode of its practice; but are we now to take the name "Unitarian" and make it mean something different from what it formerly meant? Have we a right to do that? Has a Unitarian Conference a right to do anything of the kind, to eliminate any of those principles which entered into the early congregations calling themselves Unitarians? If any of those eastern congregations object to this being put forth by the Western Conference, they have a right to object. If the original proprietors of the name "Unitarian" and "Unitarian society," object to being represented by what the Western Conference puts forth before the world, I say they have a right, they have a legal right, they have a religious right, to object to it, and not be interfered with. Now, I do not know by what authority the Western Conference, or these western societies, that are more modern a good deal than the original ones, can come and take that name and use it. It seems to me it is not called for; and, furthermore, it seems to me that this Western Conference by this action is trying to give us the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul:

I suppose I am the only person who came to this Conference with his mind absolutely free on this question of creed. I came with the thought uppermost in my mind which Mr. Simmons had in his,—that what we wanted was unity; not the name, but something that was absolutely going to unite; and I have been waiting until I could hear some proposition that showed some sign of doing that. My mind has been open. I heard Mr. Gannett's remarks and I thought of an old member in my Presbyterian church in California. When I began to preach Unitarianism, some of his neighbors said to him, "Your minister is getting heretic," and he used to always say, "That is the pure milk of the word." I thought Mr. Gannett was reading the pure milk of the word; and the question comes to me, does that, and will that, as a matter of fact, unite these churches of ours? Now, I don't care to argue about that; the question is, After those propositions are

printed and scattered through the country, will they then have a uniting force? For one, I believe that no form of words possibly can unite our Unitarian churches here or elsewhere. You know that Fielding says that virtue is like a saint,—it is not canonized until it is dead; and I have sometimes thought that was the trouble with our fellowship,—most of you kill fellowship practically before you are going to exalt it and make it a better word.

As I have listened here to the proposition of Mr. Utter, I felt very much as I did when I heard my first Unitarian sermon. I said, "That is what has been in my mind, floating about." And what seems the practical, sensible, free, brotherly thing to do? Simply to stop this thing where it is. I feel about this whole Western issue as some one did about the Indian,—that the only good issue is a dead issue. I don't want anybody to take anything back. I was disappointed when I heard Mr. Jones speak. I sympathize with the Western Conference; but when you say we want these words, I answer, Wait till we are united. Wait till we have a Conference that is so large that the biggest church in Wisconsin won't hold it. I like that idea of the choral chant, but I say, First get your chorus and then get your chant; one thing at a time. Mr. Jones has spoken about taking off your hands or your tongue. I think you have reduced it to just that,—you have either got to make this a working body or a talking body. If you are going to make it a talking body you can pass all the resolutions you want. If you are going to make it a working body, you have got to stop talking. Horace Greeley's idea that the only way to resume is to resume, is right; that is the best way for us,—not to ask anybody to put anything down, or take anything back, but simply to go ahead.

If you want to know what I think, as a stranger, of this whole convention, my diagnosis is this: it is suffering from a morbid self-consciousness that is peculiar to all little bodies. What you want is to get all sorts of people in here. First enlarge your tea-pot, and then there won't be so much of a tempest in it.

Rev. J. V. Blake, of Chicago:

I would suggest that Brother Crothers' idea of resuming work cannot be carried out, as we have never stopped.

I am not going to argue the matter at all. It is a custom in my church for the minister to appoint delegates to the Conference, and I regard it as a very good custom indeed. I did so on this occasion. I took special pains to represent, in the four delegates that have come here from my church, every shade of opinion that I could gather in that four, and I think I was very successful in doing so. I will simply speak a word to *them*; and the rest of you, if you can profit by it, may do so. I want to say a word of instructive information to these delegates, and also to those members of the Sunday-school society board who belong to my society and can vote. The first thing is this, that if you vote for Mr. Utter's substitute and it is passed, the consequence is that all possibility of considering Mr. Gannett's resolution is ended. You cannot have any more to do with that. This resolution of Mr. Utter's then has the attention of the house as the original motion, and you will have to consider that on its merits; but you cannot take up Mr. Gannett's again, unless by some subsequent action it be brought forward anew. The effect of *not* passing this substitute resolution is to leave Mr. Gannett's motion just as it was before, before the house for consideration. You have not done anything, then, by voting against the substitute and by not passing it, except to say, "We will consider the other in debate, and see what wisdom there is in it." I want you all to understand that fully.

Then I want to say with regard to this resolution of Mr. Utter's, that, if it is passed, the effect will be to make it the voice of the Conference and that would be the same thing as to disown and to repudiate the expression set forth at Cincinnati a year ago. Now, if you are ready to do that, do it, but understand what you are doing. I am speaking entirely to my own people. I want you to know that if Mr. Utter's resolution is passed as a substitute, and then adopted, you have repudiated and disowned the free-fellowship principle set forth at Cincinnati, and have condemned the action of that Conference.

And then I want you to know this, that, as regards the congregational right itself, in my humble judgment it is a glaring folly to say that this Conference has no right of utterance. For instance, if you had a consensus of opinion in your church, and Brother Jones' church has the same consensus of opinion,—and that would very likely be the fact,—isn't it competent for each one of those churches representing that fact to appoint three or four people to meet together and express certain things they want to do and say in common? How unsound it is to say that it is not competent! How unreasonable to say that that would be an infringement of the congregational right and liberty of each church! Not to have that power would be simply to deprive yourself of a congregational right, namely, the congregational right to meet with other churches for the purpose of setting forth certain propositions and facts. So understand that, unless you wish to deny your right in that respect, you will not vote for this substitute.

Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport:

I want simply to call the Conference back to what seems to me the most fundamental question at issue, namely, Is this declaration likely to become in effect a creed? Is Mr. Utter's position right that, although we say we do not intend to have a creed, it would

practically have a credal effect? Friends, I tell you that is the real question at issue now, the important one. Do you think that, although we say here we do not mean this for a creed, in the course of time those words will come to be so honored, that people will scarcely dare to speak out against them, and so the free development of our church may be practically stopped? I say that is the issue. I can not say that I think that will be the effect, but I think that the point is worth the most serious consideration.

Rev. F. L. Hosmer, of Cleveland:

I stand here as a congregationalist of the congregationalists; and as such, I want to call attention to what Mr. Gannett so very plainly, as it seems to me, showed,—that his resolution binds no one, *no* one who dissents from it. That is so plainly put in and connected with what follows, that I do not see how the congregational polity is in any way infringed. If it be, then this Conference has no business at any time whatever to pass a resolution by which any great measure is affected,—temperance, or any thing else; and the venerable Doctor Eliot was quite right in stepping out of the Conference when it passed upon the question of slavery,—right, because by this theory the Conference vote bound all in the Conference. But this resolution guards against even the possibility of that.

I voted for the resolution concerning a declaration of faith, last year at Cincinnati; I voted for it, not because I particularly wanted it, but because there are many who say Unitarianism is not clear to outsiders. I want to tell you a little story that some of you may have heard. It is said that a stranger was in the town of Meadville, where our theological school is situated, and, stopping one night at the hotel, he was out walking in the town and said to a man, "What building is that on the hill?" "I don't know." Another man who was passing and heard the question said, "That is the Unitarian theological school." "Oh, what do they believe?" "Well, I don't know." And it is said that a small boy, who stood by, spoke up and said, "There doesn't anybody know except Professor Huidekoper, and he won't tell." Now, whether justly or not, that is the common feeling around the country; not in our churches, or where our churches are well known, but in the country at large. And it seems to me, as Mr. Gannett said, this statement does have a great moral effect as being a sort of expression of the thought of the Conference, like what the Quakers call "bearing testimony," and without committing any individual who dissents from it; and while I find myself in sympathy with my friends on the right, and while I agree with them generally, I do believe that Mr. Gannett's statement is the braver, the bolder, and the nobler statement, and will have more effect for the Unitarian name in this country.

Rev. J. C. Learned, of St. Louis:

I am rather a late convert in some respects. Last year I voted for indefinite postponement of this matter. When it came to the final test, I voted for the resolution that was passed at Cincinnati and for tabling the rest of it,—the proposition to have a theological statement.

One fact has been overlooked I think. Our friend from the northwest, who comes with such an unprejudiced eye to look in upon us and give us his diagnosis of our looks, seems to imply that the trouble *began* with that resolution passed at Cincinnati. No mistake could be greater. It is to be remembered, and not lost sight of, that the agitation of this whole matter was begun before any such proposition was thought of. Why, it was declared that *by the constitution* of our Conference we were already not merely non-Christian, but un-Christian, and even atheistic. We had not got "God" in our constitution, we had not got theism there. But the whole trouble was that we did not have any belief! The whole effort was to have a statement made. Now here comes a proposition which would seem, at least, to offset some of those charges, and which, thinking it over more and more, I am inclined to think might disabuse some of the good people down east of their impression that we are atheistic and un-Christian. I think, on the whole, that it might be a good thing. This is a resolution which leaves everybody free,—congregations, individuals, everybody. We might pass it as a vote of the majority and no man's right would be infringed on. Therefore I shall vote for Mr. Gannett's resolution.

Mr. W. R. Cole, of Mount Pleasant, Iowa:

I came here very much a friend of congregationalism, but I believe if congregationalism stultifies a man's conscience, closes his lips, and makes the Western Conference impotent to make any great moral declaration, then I don't want anything to do with congregationalism. Now, friends, let us look at this matter squarely. Does this resolution of Brother Gannett's infringe upon our congregational liberty? I don't think it does in the least degree. If it did, I would not favor it. I could not vote for it, because congregationalism interpreted in its true sense is a sublime principle, which we cannot afford to violate. But let us look at it closely. How does it affect us? It does not bind us. No one will be bound at all, and that kind of congregationalism is just what we want to-day. Does it infringe upon the freedom of any church, or the freedom of any individual in any church?

The question is to be answered by the declaration, just as it is. Now, it says, "The Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine." What can be broader? What can be more emphatic? Nothing can be, but this is carried still farther. It seems as

though our friends are agonizing not to touch congregationalism, and they say, "Speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth:"—what is the spirit, what is the understanding? It is the understanding that we have no right to bind any church or any individual in the church. That is the spirit and the understanding. Then they go on and repeat that again; they say "Always in the spirit above set forth, we make the following declaration." That covers the whole ground. Now, I will vote for this. I shall vote against that substitute. We do not want anything forced in here, to cut off a consideration of this. Let us consider this on its own merit, then take up something of that kind on its own merits. Whether we are in favor of this resolution or not, let us at least vote down that substitute, and take things fair and square on their own merits.

Some say, this is too inclusive, it makes our fellowship too broad. We differ in regard to that. The only trouble I have with this is, it isn't broad enough. I want this so broad that we not only invite those to our fellowship who are willing to work for the filling of the world with truth, righteousness and love, but I want to invite those to our fellowship who do not know anything about truth, righteousness and love. This is the business of the Western Conference, to make men conscious of these great principles. For my part, I think the example of Jesus in this respect is good enough as a guide in fellowship for this Western Conference; when we see him eating and drinking with publicans and sinners, as a matter of fellowship I think that is a grand idea.

Rev. Charles Ellis, of East Saginaw, Michigan:

Mr. Chairman, I was delegate twenty-two years ago to the first National Unitarian Conference in New York. Toward the close of that meeting there was a great debate on the adoption of a preamble to the constitution. Among the delegates was a man sent by the Independent Congregational Society of Florence, Massachusetts—a society that did not call itself religious, did not call itself Christian, did not call itself Unitarian; but the man who was there as its delegate was a man who in his boyhood gave up all chances of preferment, and threw himself into the cause of the slave and worked with the abolitionists and for the slaves for half a century. He lived and labored in poverty all that time; if ever a man lived and worked in the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, it was that man. And yet because he was poor, and his clothes were old and almost ragged, men, Unitarians, rich men of New York backed by the ministers of the Unitarian Church in New York, stood on the platform and derided that man, and they called him "rag-tag and bob-tail;" they didn't want any such in the Unitarian church; and it was because he was there, that such a tremendous effort was made against Frothingham and Abbot, the men who opposed the resolution.

I went out of that Conference, and I said, "Never again will I enter it as a delegate, or in any other way, until it has grown large enough to welcome such men as Charles C. Burleigh as a Unitarian and a delegate."

Now, for the first time, after twenty-two years, I am here again as a delegate to a Unitarian Conference, and I see here a disposition to call the same part over again, which was acted toward Charles C. Burleigh. Some of you don't want anybody in here, who can not swear that he is a Unitarian and has been all his life. I think that is all wrong. I agree with this declaration of Mr. Gannett's. It says in the outset, we don't propose to bind anybody, but it goes to show, to some extent, what Unitarianism is.

You are but a handful, but the world is full of men and women growing out of the old churches, who are hungry, starving for the word that Unitarianism has to give them, and you, by adopting this resolution, will cast abroad these little leaves like snow-flakes from the skies, and they will tell the world, to some extent, what Unitarianism is and what you can do for it.

Rev. W. E. Copeland, of Omaha:

I have been pretty nearly converted to the congregational side, but I object to its coming up in the form of a substitute. I want a square vote on Mr. Gannett's proposition. He has said that if it can not be passed by a strong vote of the Conference, he don't want it at all. If we pass this substitute by one or two votes, it cuts off the discussion on the original question.

Mrs. Henry Sayres, of Chicago:

I stand before you, perhaps not the oldest in years, but I think the oldest delegate here. Thirty-five years I have stood in the Conference, and it has been a Conference of unity. I have been termed, and always supposed that I was, a conservative Unitarian; but that did not hurt the work I was to do for my fellow-creatures. When we stand by that banner, "Truth, love and righteousness," it don't hurt the work we want to do for our Father, God. I thank God to-day that I have the privilege of sitting under that deep searcher after truth, our Brother Jones, and it hurts me when I hear him pronounced an atheist or a non-believer in God. It hurts me very much; no one can sit under his preaching and not go away feeling that he has been lifted way above. And I am in sympathy with Mr. Gannett's resolution, whatever my friends may think, and even though I did receive a little notice—"Be very careful, Mrs. Sayres, don't get on the slippery path." That note, an anonymous note, I have received within a few days: "Be very careful, my dear old Unitarian friend, that, when you attend the Western Conference, you don't get on the slippery slide." I do not feel that I am on the slip-

pery side when I stand up boldly and endorse that resolution, but that I am strong in my great belief in God, our Eternal Father.

On vote of the Conference, Mr. Utter's substitute for the original motion was lost.

Rev. George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati:

I offer the following amendment to Mr. Gannett's resolution,—words to be inserted after the first "therefore," so that the whole shall read:

Resolved, That, while the Western Unitarian Conference has neither the wish nor the right to bind a single member by declarations concerning fellowship or doctrine, it yet thinks some practical good may be done by setting forth in simple words the things most commonly believed to-day among us,—the statement being always open to restatement, and to be regarded only as the thought of the majority.

Therefore, speaking in the spirit and understanding above set forth, we, whose names are hereto appended, delegates from Western Unitarian churches in Conference assembled at Chicago, May 19, 1887, declare our fellowship to be conditioned on no doctrinal tests, and welcome all who wish to join us, to help establish truth and righteousness and love in the world. [Then followed the rest of Mr. Gannett's statement as printed above, in the minutes of the Annual Meeting on page 200.]

The motion was seconded, and, on being put to the Conference, was lost.

Mr. J. B. Galloway, of Chicago:

I can readily see that this Conference is being carried off its feet by Mr. Jones' eloquence and Mr. Gannett's inspiring declarations, and I think it will land where anything lands that is carried off by the waves of the ocean—in gravel. As treasurer of the Conference I have been in that gravel during the whole year financially, and I don't wish to be there another year. I believe everything that Mr. Gannett has said in that resolution, but, as I understand it, this is but the opening wedge, and if we once begin to say, "We believe," no matter what it is, that is a creed.

We believe that "pure Christianity" will cover it all; if any man can say that he does not stand for pure Christianity, then he may as well say, "I do not stand for truth, righteousness and love." Now, have we not the right to define what pure Christianity is? And if we have, we have just as much right to say, "We believe in pure Christianity." I was asked in the Christian Association rooms one day if I were a Christian. I did not tell the man it was none of his business, whether I was or not; I said, "That depends on what you call a Christian." Now then, if we are asked whether we are Christians, let us say to those who ask the question, "Define your meaning of Christianity, then we can answer the question; if you define it as the spread of truth, righteousness and love through the world, then I am standing for pure Christianity." If the man says, "I mean a man who believes in the divinity of Christ, and the immaculate conception," then I would tell him I was not a Christian, for upon that point my mind for twenty years has been made up. I left the church in which I was brought up, to become a Unitarian. I am one by sufferance. I do not believe your most radical minister is as radical as I am, but I am not called on to state what my beliefs are.

The only question is, Are you going to start out to say, "I believe." I think the trouble arose at the Conference last year, simply because there was an entering wedge entered in a resolution there.

Rev. S. S. Hunting, of Des Moines:

I move an amendment to Mr. Gannett's resolution by striking out the whole of the paragraph between the words "Therefore" and "to know."

Motion seconded by Rev. A. M. Judy.

Mr. Hunting:

I was not at the Cincinnati Conference. I have supported this Western Conference in its work and shall continue to do so. I am not in favor of reiterating any thing said last year. I am satisfied with what was done by the brothers at the Western Conference last year on the technical question of fellowship. That resolution read a little differently from this. I stand fairly and squarely upon our Conference as it has been. I find introduced here a special definition of the word "fellowship," to which I object. The devil in the Western Conference is the devil of definitions. We don't want it. I am told if we vote on this thing, we vote on the definition, and therefore especially I would like to have this part stricken out, leaving it as it was last year so far, but the other part I can heartily accept. I object to the word *doctrinal*, as substituted for the word *dogmatic*, because *dogmatic* has a little stronger meaning. I move that we simply preface this resolution by the words, "that it is proper and desirable that people should know," etc., in order to put simply that issue before us, and that we leave the rest of it as it is; then I shall vote for it; otherwise, I shall not.

Rev. A. M. Judy, of Davenport:

This question has always been essentially a question not as to who is to come into the Unitarian churches and Conference to-day, but as to who is to be put out of the churches and Conference in the future. If we make a statement here which somebody outgrows in the future, we don't want to give the church in the future a right to say, "You don't believe that statement, so get out; here is our statement." Now, by cutting out that portion there about "fellowship," which I think is unnecessarily reiterating and adds nothing to the

spirit of the resolution, we project the statement as a majority statement, so it stands simply thus: "Here is our statement; but anybody who don't believe that statement has a perfect right to stand in our Conference and maintain his position. No one has the right to bind the church or the individual."

Many people think that our aim is to invite in, when the truth is, that I cannot conscientiously say that I can really, heartily, welcome a man who is ready to preach atheism. I can vote for all the rest of that resolution, but I cannot heartily welcome a man who wants to preach atheism. I do not want to run the danger of making an essential statement, which is what every orthodox church in the world has done. But I cannot heartily say that I want to back up, give my money, and all that, to a man who preaches atheism.

Mr. Gannett:

Mr. Hunting, will your amendment in your judgment rescind the Cincinnati resolution?

Mr. Hunting:

Not in the least.

Mr. Gannett:

Mr. Judy, will this amendment, which you have seconded, in your judgment rescind the Cincinnati resolution?

Mr. Judy:

You have yourself proposed to change that resolution.

Mr. Gannett:

Yes: and will this amendment, which you second, in your judgment rescind it *otherwise and more*?

Mr. Judy:

I think it will.

Mr. Gannett:

That is the trouble, friends. If we adopt this suggestion, it will, in the minds of some people at least, take out a great deal of what you said last year; that is why I object to it.

Rev. W. E. Copeland:

I think Brother Gannett is mistaken. If I understand the English language at all, we do not rescind any thing that is on the books. What we want is something with which to answer the people, when they ask us the question, What do Unitarians believe? I meet in my western field very often just this question as to what we believe. I want to leave that "fellowship" clause out.

The question on the amendment offered by Mr. Hunting was put to the Conference, and lost.

The question on the adoption of the original resolution offered by Mr. Gannett, was then put to the Conference and carried, fifty-nine voting Aye, and thirteen, No.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN YEAR-BOOK.

I.

The West.

Western Unitarian Conference.

HEADQUARTERS, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.
ORGANIZED at Cincinnati, 1852. INCORPORATED under laws of Illinois, 1882.

OBJECT: "The transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the societies connected with the Conference."

MOTTO ON SEAL: "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion."

INCOME: The Conference depends mainly on the annual contributions of the western Unitarian churches. About \$3500 is needed for this year's work, and the work would enlarge with larger resources.

ANNUAL MEETING, in May.

FELLOWSHIP AND FAITH: The following resolution was adopted at the annual meeting in Chicago, 1887, by vote of 59 to 18 of the delegates present:

Resolved, THAT, WHILE THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE HAS NEITHER THE WISH NOR THE RIGHT TO BIND A SINGLE MEMBER BY DECLARATIONS CONCERNING FELLOWSHIP OR DOCTRINE, IT YET THINKS SOME PRACTICAL GOOD MAY BE DONE BY SETTING FORTH IN SIMPLE WORDS THE THINGS MOST COMMONLY BELIEVED TO-DAY AMONG US,—THE STATEMENT BEING ALWAYS OPEN TO RE-STATEMENT, AND TO BE REGARDED ONLY AS THE THOUGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

Therefore, SPEAKING IN THE SPIRIT AND UNDERSTANDING ABOVE SET FORTH, WE, DELEGATES OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN CONFERENCE ASSEMBLED AT CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1887, DECLARE OUR FELLOWSHIP TO BE CONDITIONED ON NO DOCTRINAL TESTS, AND WELCOME ALL WHO WISH TO JOIN US TO HELP ESTABLISH TRUTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS AND LOVE IN THE WORLD.

AND, INASMUCH AS MANY PEOPLE WISH TO KNOW WHAT UNITARIANISM COMMONLY STANDS FOR, SPEAKING ALWAYS IN THE SPIRIT ABOVE SET FORTH WE MAKE THE FOLLOWING STATEMENT OF ITS PAST HISTORY AND OUR PRESENT FAITHS.—(See page above.)

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: Life membership, \$25.00. Annual

membership, \$1.00. "Delegate membership shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than ten dollars to the Conference. Such society or organization may be so represented by three general delegates, and an additional one for each thirty families therewith connected. And such delegates, together with all officers of the Conference, the officers of the State Conferences within its limits, the Sunday-School Society, the Women's Western Conference, and all missionaries at work within its boundaries, *alone have the right to vote.*"

Blanks are sent by the Secretary to the churches, which should be filled out by the proper authorities with the names of the delegates appointed, and returned to him by mail *before* the annual meeting, as certificates of election.

OFFICERS: President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer, elected at each annual meeting from the Board of Directors. Twenty-one Directors chosen for three years, seven annually. Vacancies in the Board may be filled by the remaining members. Five members a quorum for business. Directors' regular meetings on second Wednesday of September, November, January and March, and on the first and last days of the annual meeting.

OFFICERS FOR 1887-8.

President,.....HON. D. L. SHOREY, Chicago, Ills.
Vice-President,.....REV. S. S. HUNTING, Des Moines, Ia.
Secretary,.....REV. J. R. EFFINGER, Chicago, Ills.
Treasurer,.....J. B. GALLOWAY, Chicago, Ills.
(Treasurer's address, 605 Rialto Building, Chicago.)

Board of Directors.

To May, 1888.

Rev. S. S. Hunting, Des Moines, Ia.
Rev. C. J. K. Jones, Louisville, Ky.
Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.
John A. Roche, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.
John Wilkinson, Chicago, Ills.
C. S. Udell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

To May, 1889.

Horace H. Badger, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. J. R. Effinger, Chicago, Ills.
J. B. Galloway, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. F. L. Hosmer, Cleveland, O.
Rev. J. L. Jones, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. J. G. Milsted, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. D. Utter, Chicago, Ills.

To May, 1890.

Rev. J. V. Blake, Chicago, Ills.
Miss S. A. Brown, Lawrence, Kas.
Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.
Rev. W. C. Gannett, Chicago, Ills.
Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.
D. L. Shorey, Chicago, Ills.
J. N. Sprigg, Quincy, Ills.

Executive Committee:—J. R. Effinger, J. B. Galloway, J. L. Jones.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE W. U. C.

Including all names on the list from the beginning.

ILLINOIS.

Cheney, C. C.....Chicago.
Effinger, J. R....."
Felix, B. F....."
Furness, W. E....."
Mearns, Mrs. E. E....."
Mears, N....."
Moulton, B. P....."
Shorey, D. L....."
Tilton, Miss C. P....."
Tilton, Mrs. L. J....."
Tucker, Mrs. E. C....."
Wilkinson, J....."
Wilson, F. C....."

MASSACHUSETTS.

Batchelor, G.....Wellesley Hills.
Batchelor, Mrs. P....."
Ferry, C. B.....Northampton.
Frothingham, F.....Milton.

MISSOURI.

Rowse, E. S.....St. Louis.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Clark, E. W.....Philadelphia.

LIST OF SOCIETIES,

WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, WITH THEIR MINISTERS.

Where there is no settled pastor, the name of one of the officers or interested laymen is printed in italics. The list is only approximately correct, as some embryo societies are not included.

Colorado.

PLACE.	NAME.	MINISTER.
Boulder.....	First Unitarian.....	Col. I. Phillips.
Denver.....	First Unitarian.....	Thomas J. Van Ness.
Greeley.....	Unitarian.....	N. S. Hogeland.

Dakota.

Sioux Falls.....	All Souls Church.....	Miss C. J. Bartlett.
" " Circuit.....		Mrs. Eliza Tupper Wilkes.

Illinois.

Alton.....	First Congregational.....	J. B. Frost.
Bloomington.....	Unitarian.....	Henry A. Westall.
Buda.....	Christian.....	Chester Covell.
Chicago.....	Church of the Messiah.....	David Utter.

Chicago	Unity Church	Thomas G. Milsted.
"	Third Unitarian	J. Vila Blake.
"	All Souls Church	Jenkin L. Jones.
Geneseo	First Unitarian	Milton J. Miller.
Geneva	First Unitarian	James H. West.
Hinsdale	Unity Church	J. Van Inwagen.
Mattoon	Unitarian Society	Judge Bennett.
Monmouth	Unity Church	Mrs. J. R. Webster.
Moline	Unitarian	Arthur M. Judy.
Quincy	Second Congregational	Charles F. Bradley.
Rockford	Christian Union	Thomas Kerr.
Sheffield	Unitarian	Judson Fisher.
Shelbyville	First Congregational	Jasper L. Douthit.
Tremont	Liberal Christian Church	Mrs. W. L. Robison.
Warren		S. A. Clark.

Indiana.

Evansville	Church of the Unity	Miss C. F. Pushee, Sec'y.
Hobart	First Unitarian	W. H. Rysenburg.
La Porte	First Unitarian	Allen G. Jennings.

Iowa.

Algona	Unity Society	Miss Ida C. Hultin.
Davenport	First Unitarian	Arthur M. Judy.
Des Moines	First Unitarian	Miss Ida C. Hultin.
Humboldt	Unity Society	Miss Marion Murdock.
Iowa City	Unitarian and Universalist	Arthur Beavis.
Keokuk	First Unitarian	Dr. J. M. Shaffer.
Rock Rapids	Unitarian	T. C. Puckett.
Sioux City	First Unitarian	Miss Mary A. Safford.

Kansas.

Lawrence	Unitarian	Clark G. Howland.
Topeka	First Unitarian	Enoch Powell.

Kentucky.

Louisville	Church of the Messiah	Charles J. K. Jones.
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Michigan.

Ann Arbor	First Unitarian	Jabez T. Sunderland.
Big Rapids	Unitarian	Henry A. Wales.
Detroit	First Congregat'nal Unitarian	Reed Stuart.
East Saginaw	First Unitarian Society	Rowland Connor.
Grand Haven	First Unitarian	George Stickney.
Grand Rapids	First Unitarian	John E. Roberts.
"	Free Holland Church	F. W. N. Hugenholtz.
Jackson	First Unitarian	Charles F. Elliott.
Kalamazoo	First Unitarian	Hon. Charles S. May.
Leslie	Unitarian Society	Frank E. Kittredge, (add. Quincy.)
Manistee	Unitarian Church	Albert Walkley.
Midland	Unitarian Church	Leverett R. Daniels.
Mt. Pleasant	First Unitarian	
Muskegon	Unity Club	Maj. G. Davis.
Sherwood	Church of Sherwood	Miss Bertha Sawin.

Minnesota.

Duluth	Unitarian	Judge O. P. Stearns.
Luverne	Congreg'nal Unitarian Church	F. C. Mahoney.
Minneapolis	First Unitarian	Henry M. Simmons.
"	Scandinavian Liberal Church	Kristofer Janson.
St. Paul	Unity Church	S. M. Crothers.
"	Scandinavian Liberal Church	Kristofer Janson.
Brown County	Scandinavian Circuit	Kristofer Janson.
Winona		

Missouri.

St. Louis	Church of the Messiah	John Snyder.
"	Church of the Unity	John C. Learned.
Kansas City	First Unitarian	James Scammon.
St. Joseph	First Unitarian	C. B. Roberts.

Nebraska.

Beatrice		Enoch Powell.
North Platte	First Unitarian	George Vroman.
Omaha	First Unitarian	William E. Copeland.

Ohio.

Cincinnati	First Congregational	George A. Thayer.
Cleveland	Church of the Unity	Fred'rick L. Hosmer.
Marietta	First Unitarian	James T. Lusk.

Pennsylvania.

Meadville	Independent Congregational	Henry H. Barber.
"	Theological School	Pres't. A. A. Livermore.

Wisconsin.

Arcadia	People's Church	T. Grafton Owen.
Baraboo	Free Congregational	Joseph Waite, (add. Janesville.)
Cooksville	Unity Society	Mrs. M. S. Savage.
Gilmanston	Unitarian	Nathaniel C. Earl.

Helena	Unitarian Society	Thomas L. Jones.
Janesville	All Souls	Joseph Waite.
Kenosha	First Unitarian	Z. G. Simmons.
Madison	First Unitarian	Joseph H. Crooker.
Milwaukee	First Unitarian	Trowbridge B. Forbush.

LIST OF MINISTERS,
WITH THEIR RESIDENCES.

Those marked † are not settled as pastors of churches.

NAME.	ADDRESS.
Barber, H. H.	Meadville, Pa
Bartlett Miss C. J.	Sioux Falls, Dak
Beavis, Arthur	Iowa City, Iowa
Blake, James Vila	Chicago, Ill
† Bowker, S. D.	Kansas City, Mo
Bradley, Charles F.	Quincy, Ill
† Brown, John S.	Lawrence, Kas
† Brown, James	Mode, Ill
† Cary, George L.	Meadville, Pa
† Clute, Oscar, Miss'y of A. U. A.	
for Iowa, Dak., Minn	Iowa City, Iowa
† Cole, William R.	Mt. Pleasant, Iowa
Connor, Rowland	East Saginaw, Mich
Copeland, Wm. Ellery	Omaha, Neb.
Covell, Chester	Buda, Ill
Crothers, S. M.	St. Paul, Minn
Crooker, Joseph H.	Madison, Wis
Daniels, Leverett R.	Midland, Mich
† Davis, Joel P.	Des Moines, Iowa
Douthit, Jasper L.	Shelbyville, Ill
† Dudley, John L.	Milwaukee, Wis
Earl, Nathaniel C.	Gilmanston, Wis
† Eddowes, Timothy H.	Geneva, Ill
† Effinger, John R., Sec'y W. U. C.	Chicago, Ill
Elliott, Charles F.	Jackson, Mich
† Ellis, Charles	East Saginaw, Mich
Fisher, Judson	Sheffield, Ill
Forbush, Trowbridge B.	Milwaukee, Wis
Frost, J. B.	Alton, Ill
† Galvin, Edward I.	Chicago, Ill
† Gannett, William C.	Chicago, Ill
† Gibbs, Edward P.	Grand Haven, Mich
† Gibbs, Joseph F.	Greeley, Col
† Gibson, C. K.	Grand Rapids, Mich
† Gordon, Gustavus E.	Milwaukee, Wis
† Graves, Miss Mary A.	Chicago, Ill
† Gray, J. Fletcher	Beardstown, Ill
† Hassall, Robert	Keokuk, Iowa
Headle, Edwin C.	Mt. Pleasant, Mich
† Hewett, James O. M.	Chicago, Ill
Hogeland, Napoleon S.	Greeley, Col
† Hoisington, William H.	Roscoe, Ill
† Hoskin, A. A.	Milwaukee, Wis
Hosmer, Frederick L.	Cleveland, Ohio
† Hosmer, James K.	St. Louis, Mo
Howland, Clark G.	Lawrence, Kan
Hugenholtz, F. W. N.	Grand Rapids, Mich
† Huidekoper, Frederic	Meadville, Pa
Hultin, Ida C.	Algona, Iowa
† Hunting, Sylvan S.	Des Moines, Iowa
Janson, Kristofer, Miss'y of A. U. A.	Minneapolis, Minn
Jennings, Allen G., Miss'y of A. U. A. for Ind., Ohio, Ky	La Porte, Ind
Jones, Charles J. K.	Louisville, Ky
Jones, Jenkin Lloyd	Chicago, Ill
Judy, Arthur M.	Davenport, Iowa
Kerr, Thomas	Rockford, Ill
† Kittredge, Frank E.	Quincy, Mich
† Krauss, E. C. F.	Kansas City, Mo
Learned, John C.	St. Louis, Mo
† Livermore, Abiel A., Pres. Theol. School	Meadville, Pa
† Loomis, Simon B.	Lone Rock, Wis
Lusk, James T.	Marietta, Ohio
† MacCauley, Clay	Minneapolis, Minn
Miller, Milton J.	Geneseo, Ill
Milsted, Thomas G.	Chicago, Ill
† Morton, Frederic W.	Bloomington, Ill
Murdock, Miss Marion	Humboldt, Iowa
† Norris, Miss Anna J.	Sinaloa Colony, Mexico
Owen, Thomas Grafton	Arcadia, Wis
Powell, Enoch	Topeka, Kansas
† Roberts, Abraham A.	Aberdeen, Dakota
Roberts, C. B.	St. Joseph, Mo
Roberts, John E.	Grand Rapids, Mich
Safford, Miss Mary A.	Sioux City, Iowa
† Spencer, Abraham A.	Madison, Wis

Snyder, John	St. Louis, Mo.
Simmons, Henry M.	Minneapolis, Minn.
†Stone, William G. M.	Denver, Col.
Stuart, Reed	Detroit, Mich.
Sunderland, Jabez T.	Ann Arbor, Mich.
†Taft, Stephen H.	Humboldt, Iowa
Thayer, George A.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Utter, David	Chicago, Ill.
Van Ness, Thomas J.	Denver, Col.
Waite, Joseph	Janesville, Wis.
Wales, Henry A.	Big Rapids, Mich.
Walkley, Albert	Manistee, Mich.
Westall, Henry A.	Bloomington, Ill.
West, James H.	Geneva, Ill.
†Wilkes, Mrs. Eliza Tupper	Sioux Falls, D. T.
†Woodward, George W.	Chicago, Ill.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.

HEADQUARTERS: 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ORGANIZED at St. Louis, 1881.

INCORPORATED under laws of Illinois, 1882.

OBJECT: "The advancement of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion."—at present, by uniting the women of our churches (1) in a central organization, (2) in religious study classes, (3) in Post-office Mission work.

INCOME: The Conference depends wholly on the contributions of the women of the western Unitarian churches. About \$800.00 is needed for the year's work, and the work would enlarge with larger resources.

ANNUAL MEETING, in May in connection with the W. U. C.

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: "Life membership, \$10.00; annual membership, \$1.00. Delegate membership: "Delegate membership shall be acquired by certificate of appointment by any religious society or organization that shall have, during the previous year, contributed not less than five dollars to the Conference; and such society or organization may be represented by two general delegates."

OFFICERS: President, two Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, elected at each annual meeting from the Board of Directors. Twenty-one Directors chosen for three years, seven annually. Vacancies in the Board may be filled by the remaining members. Five members a quorum. Directors' regular meetings on the first Thursday of June, September, December, March.

OFFICERS FOR 1887-8.

President	MRS. E. A. WEST, Chicago, Ills.
Vice-Presidents	{ MRS. J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis, Mo. MRS. A. G. JENNINGS, La Porte, Ind.
Secretary	MISS FLORENCE HILTON, Chicago, Ills.
Treasurer	MRS. J. C. HILTON, Chicago, Ills.

(Treasurer's address, 561 Webster Ave., Chicago.)

Board of Directors:

To May, 1888.

Mrs. E. L. Brown, Hyde Park, Ills.	Miss M. C. LeDuc, Minneapolis, Minn.
Mrs. W. C. Dow, Chicago, Ills.	Mrs. E. E. Marean, Chicago, Ills.
Miss Florence Hilton, Chicago, Ills.	Mrs. A. A. Roberts, Aberdeen, Dak.
Mrs. E. H. Hiscock, Denver, Col.	

To May, 1889.

Miss M. H. Gale, Cleveland, O.	Mrs. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss E. M. Gould, Davenport, Ia.	Miss F. L. Roberts, Chicago, Ills.
Mrs. A. G. Jennings, LaPorte, Ind.	Mrs. C. S. Udell, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Mrs. S. C. L. Jones, Chicago, Ills.	

To May 1890.

Miss S. A. Brown, Lawrence, Kan.	Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.
Mrs. O. C. Dinsmore, Omaha, Neb.	Mrs. C. C. Warren, Hinsdale, Ills.
Mrs. J. C. Hilton, Chicago, Ills.	Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago, Ills.
Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Princeton, Ills.	

Post-office Mission Central Committee: Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, Ia.; Miss F. Le Baron, Elgin, Ill.; Miss F. Hilton.

Literature Committee: Mrs. E. A. West, Mrs. S. C. L. Jones, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Mrs. E. C. Whipple, Sheffield, Ill., Miss F. Hilton.

Study Class Committee: Mrs. E. R. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich., Mrs. E. A. West, Miss F. Hilton.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE W. W. U. C.

Including all names on the list from the beginning.

ILLINOIS.		ILLINOIS—continued.	
Adams, Mrs. G. E.	Chicago.	Ingalls, Mrs. E.	Chicago.
Beecher, Mrs. J.	"	Jones, J. L.	"
Blackman, Mrs. E.	"	Jones, Mrs. S. C. L.	"
Chambers, Mrs. G.	Riverside.	LeBaron, Miss F.	Elgin.
Driver, Mrs. H. M.	"	McFadon, Mrs. A. C.	Quincy.
Felix, Mrs. B. F.	Chicago.	Moulton, Mrs. B. P.	Chicago.
Foster, Mrs. N. S.	"	Root, Mrs. H. E.	Alton.
Gore, Mrs. G. P.	"	Sayres, Mrs. H.	Chicago.
Hull, Mrs. M. D.	"	Spears, Mrs. E. R.	Riverside.

ILLINOIS—continued.

Tilton, Miss K.	Chicago.
Tilton, Mrs. L.	"
Van Inwagen, Mrs. J.	Hinsdale.
West, Mrs. E. A.	Chicago.
Wilkinson, Mrs. J.	"
Wilson, Mrs. F. C.	"
Wright, Mrs. E.	"

IOWA.

Cole, Mrs. C. T.	Mount Pleasant.
French, Mrs. G. H.	Davenport.
Harkness, Mrs. C. F.	Humboldt.
Hunting, Mrs. J. M.	Des Moines.
Safford, Rev. Mary A.	Humboldt.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Davis, Mrs. C.	Shrewsbury.
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MICHIGAN.

Ashley, Mrs. J. M.	Ann Arbor.
Bagley, Mrs. J. J.	Detroit.
Davis, C.	Muskegon.
Hall, Mrs. P.	Ann Arbor.
Palmer, Mrs. T. W.	Detroit.
Papineau, Mrs. S. L.	Lansing.
Scheffeler, Mrs. J. A. F.	Tawas City.
Sunderland, Mrs. E. R.	Ann Arbor.

MINNESOTA.

Ludden, Mrs. J. D.	St. Paul.
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MISSOURI.

Brockhauser, Miss	St. Louis.
Chapman, Mrs. J. G.	"
Chapman, Mrs. N. C.	"
Crane, Mrs. W.	"
Cutter, Mrs. N.	"
Goddard, Mrs. J. W.	"
Hagardine, Mrs. W.	"
Jones, Mrs. R.	"
Kefenstein, Mrs.	"
Leighton, Mrs. G. E.	"
Louderman, Mrs. J. H.	"
Moore, Mrs. R.	"
Noyes, Mrs. W.	"
Partridge, Mrs. G.	"
Powell, Mrs.	"
Reed, Mrs. A. P.	"
Richards, Mrs. E.	"
Rowse, Mrs. E. S.	"
Todd, Mrs. A.	"

OHIO.

Ellis, Miss S. E.	Cincinnati.
Peters, Miss J.	"
Strong, Mrs. S. M.	Cleveland.

WISCONSIN.

Allis, Mrs. E. P.	Milwaukee.
Button, Mrs. H. H.	"
Metcalf, Mrs. W. H.	"
Norris, Mrs. G. D.	"

WESTERN DIRECTORS OF THE WOMEN'S NATIONAL AUXILIARY.

(See page 214, below.)

Mrs. Fayette Smith,	Ohio Conference,	Mrs. J. R. Effinger,	Ills. Conference.
Miss M. H. Gale,	"	Mrs. C. T. Cole,	Iowa "
Mrs. T. B. Forbush,	Wis. "	Mrs. A. G. Jennings,	Ind. "
Mrs. J. T. Sunderland,	Mich. "		

Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

HEADQUARTERS: 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ORGANIZED 1873: Incorporated under laws of Illinois, 1882.

OBJECT: "To improve the quality of Sunday-school publications, and to aid in making Sunday-schools effective nurseries of progressive, reverent and helpful churches."

MOTTO ON SEAL: "The world is saved by the breath of the School-Children."

INCOME: The Society depends in part on the sale of its publications, in part on the contributions of friends of its work in our western Sunday-schools. About \$500 is needed for this year's work.

ANNUAL MEETING, in May, in connection with the W. U. C.

MEMBERS: Life membership, \$10.00. Annual membership, \$1.00.

OFFICERS: President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, elected at each annual meeting from the Board of Directors. Twelve Directors, four retiring each year. Vacancies in Board may be filled by remaining members. Five members a quorum for business.

Directors' meetings held on the first Monday of each month.

OFFICERS FOR 1887-8.

President	REV. J. V. BLAKE, Chicago, Ills.
Vice-President	MRS. S. W. CONGER, Chicago, Ills.
Secretary and Treasurer	ELLEN T. LEONARD, Chicago, Ills.

Board of Directors.

To May, 1888.

Mrs. H. H. Badger, Chicago, Ills.	Rev. D. Utter, Chicago, Ills.
Mrs. J. Slade, " "	Rev. J. L. Jones, " "

To May, 1889.

Rev. J. V. Blake, Chicago, Ills.	C. H. Kerr, Chicago, Ills.
Mrs. S. W. Conger, " "	Mrs. W. C. Dow, " "

To May, 1890.

Wm. Bouton, St. Louis, Mo.	Rev. W. C. Gannett, Chicago, Ills.
Miss M. L. Southworth, Cleveland, O.	Ellen T. Leonard, " "

For list of the Western Sunday-school Society's publications see second page of cover.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE W. U. S. S. S.

Including all names on the list from the beginning.

ILLINOIS.		ILLINOIS—continued.	
Adams, Mrs. G. E.	Chicago.	Miller, M. J.	Geneseo.
Blackman, Mrs. E.	"	Root, Mrs. A. K.	Alton.
Furness, W. E.	"	Shippen, Joseph.	Chicago.
Gannett, W. C.	"	Utter, Mrs. D.	"
Harvey, J. D.	"	Wilkinson, Hilda.	"
Jones, J. L.	"	Wilkinson, J.	"
Jones, Mrs. S. C. L.	"	Wilkinson, Mrs. J.	"
Leonard, Myron	"	Wilson, F. C.	"
Loveday, Mrs. F. M.	"		
McFadon, Mrs. A. C.	Quincy		

IOWA.		NEW YORK.	
Booge, Miss L.	Sioux City.	Angle, J. L.	Rochester.
Taft, Mrs. M. A.	Humboldt.	Mann, N. M.	"
MISSOURI.		OHIO.	
Case, J. B.	St. Louis.	Caldwell, J. D.	Cincinnati.
Goddard, Mrs. J. W.	"	Hosmer, F. L.	Cleveland.
Learned, J. C.	"	Kilpatrick, T.	"
Learned, Mrs. J. C.	"	Noyes, C.	Cincinnati.
Richardson, Mrs. L. S.	"	Payne, Mrs. M. P.	Cleveland.
Rowse, E. S.	"	Southworth, Miss M. L.	"
Smith, Mrs. J.	"	Wade, J. H.	"
Snyder, J.	"	Wade, Mrs. J. H.	"
Tilden, G.	"	White, J. H.	"
MICHIGAN.		RHODE ISLAND.	
Brigham, Mrs. G. N.	Grand Rapids.	Richmond, Miss O.	Providence.
Davis, C.	Muskegon.		
Udell, Mrs. C. S.	Grand Rapids.		
MINNESOTA.		WISCONSIN.	
Clark, Mrs. M. C.	St. Paul.	Allis, Mrs. E. P.	Milwaukee.
Ludden, J. D.	"	Cook, Mrs. F. B.	Janesville.
Ludden, Mrs. J. D.	"	Harris, J.	"
NEW JERSEY.		Robinson, Miss J.	Milwaukee.
Dix, Miss D. L.	Trenton.	Wells, Miss M.	"
		Wells, Miss S.	"
		Whitehead, Miss J.	"

Western State Conferences.

1866.—Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and Independent Societies.

Rev. T. B. Forbush, Milwaukee, President; Rev. Joseph Waite, Janesville, Vice-President; Rev. J. H. Crooker, Madison, General Secretary; Miss M. E. French, Kenosha, Recording Secretary; Mrs. M. S. Savage, Cookville, Secretary Post Office Mission work; Miss E. A. Giles, Madison, Treasurer.

1875.—Michigan Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

_____, President; Rev. E. P. Gibbs, Grand Haven, Secretary; George Stickney, Grand Haven, Treasurer.

1875.—Illinois Conference of Unitarian and Other Independent Societies.

John A. Roche, Chicago, President; Rev. J. R. Effinger, Chicago, Secretary; Mrs. M. A. Dow, Chicago, Treasurer.

1877.—Iowa Association of Unitarian and Other Independent Churches.

Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, President; T. C. Puckett, Rock Rapids, Vice-President; Rev. A. M. Judy, Davenport, General Secretary; G. S. Garfield, Humboldt, Sec'y Unity club work; Miss C. J. Bartlett, Sioux Falls, D. T., Sec'y Sunday-school work; Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, Sioux Falls, D. T., Sec'y Post-Office Mission work; Miss E. E. Gordon, Sioux City, Sec'y Lay Leaders' society; W. H. Fleming, Des Moines, Treasurer; Rev. Oscar Clute, Minister-at-large for Iowa, Dakota and Minnesota.

1878.—Indiana Conference of Unitarian and Other Independent Societies.

William H. Rifenburg, Hobart, President; Augustus Wood, Valparaiso, Treasurer; Rev. A. G. Jennings, Secretary, and Minister-at-large for Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky.

1879.—Ohio Conference of Unitarian and Other Liberal Churches.

_____, President; Rev. J. T. Lusk, Marietta, Secretary and Treasurer.

1880.—Missouri River Conference.

James Scammon, Kansas City, President; Miss Sarah A. Brown, Lawrence, Secretary; Mrs. Kersey Coats, Kansas City, Treasurer; Rev. Enoch Powell, Topeka, Missionary.

1882.—Nebraska Unitarian Association.

Thomas L. Kimball, Omaha, President; Rev. Enoch Powell, Topeka, Kan., Secretary; Mrs. E. M. Abbott, Grand Island, Treasurer; Rev. W. E. Copeland, Omaha, Missionary.

Post-Office Mission.

WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE WESTERN CONFERENCE.

The object of the Post Office Mission is the distribution of liberal religious literature—tracts, papers and books. The American Unitarian Association furnishes the workers with its tracts, free; the Unity Publishing Committee furnishes its tracts at a cheap price. By advertisement and otherwise, each worker aims to develop a little parish of correspondents, who in turn will pass on the material regularly sent to them. The Women's W. U. C. takes the Post-office Mission of the west in its special charge, and for suggestions about methods and material its P. O. M. Central Committee, named above (page 211) may be applied to.

"The P. O. Mission had increased the circulation of our tracts last year five-fold, and this year it has nearly, if not quite, doubled last year's circulation," says the Secretary of the A. U. A.

Our list of "Workers" is doubtless incomplete. UNITY will be glad to learn of mistakes and omissions, in order to print a more complete list in the fall.

WORKERS.

Colorado.

Mrs. H. C. Dillon }
Mrs. A. G. Rhodes } Denver.

Dakota.

Rev. A. A. Roberts Aberdeen
Mrs. H. E. Moody Deadwood
Mrs. E. T. Wilkes Sioux Falls
Mrs. J. H. Morrison Yankton

Illinois.

John Burnham Batavia
Rev. C. Covell Buda
Miss F. C. Hilton, Sec'y W. W. U. C. Chicago, 175 Dearborn street.
Mrs. John Adams Chicago, (Church of the Messiah)
Mrs. W. C. Dow " (Unity Church)
Mrs. L. J. Tilton " (All Souls Church)
Mrs. E. E. Marean " (All Souls Church)
Miss F. Le Baron Elgin
Mrs. M. J. Miller Geneseo
Miss S. S. Carr Geneva
Mrs. P. R. Stowell Metamora
Mrs. J. R. Effinger Normal Park
Mrs. C. J. Richardson Princeton
Miss C. Battey Sheffield

Indiana.

Mrs. Mary R. Wood Hobart
Rev. A. G. Jennings La Porte

Iowa.

Rev. A. M. Judy }
Miss E. M. Gould } Davenport.
Miss C. M. Holmes }
F. W. Bicknell Humboldt
Rev. S. S. Hunting }
Mrs. M. L. Brown } Des Moines
Miss Gue }
Miss E. F. Stowe }
Rev. O. Clute Iowa City
Mrs. C. T. Cole Mount Pleasant

Kansas.

Rev. J. S. Brown }
Miss S. A. Brown } Lawrence.
Mrs. G. M. Wood }
Rev. E. Powell } Topeka

Michigan.

Mrs. C. S. Udell Grand Rapids
Rev. L. R. Daniels Midland
C. Davis Muskegon

Minnesota.

Miss J. E. McCaine Saint Paul

Missouri.

Mrs. E. R. Stevens St. Louis

Nebraska.

Mrs. B. W. Davis Beatrice
Miss T. M. Grant Omaha

Ohio.

Mrs. Fayette Smith Cincinnati (Ridgeway Ave)
Miss Mary H. Gale Cleveland

Wisconsin.

Rev. T. G. Owens Arcadia
Miss Julia Avery Baraboo
Mrs. M. S. Savage Cookville
Miss M. E. French Kenosha
Miss Jessie Spencer Madison

Western Committee on Fellowship of Ministers.

Appointed by the National Unitarian Conference to approve candidates for the Unitarian ministry coming from outside the denomination, and accredit them to the churches; this certificate of approval not being a *requisite* for admission, but an introduction helpful both to candidates and to the churches. Such candidates, in the west, are requested to apply to one of the following committee:

Rev. John R. Effinger, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.

Rev. John C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Ann Arbor, Mich.

(See page 214 below.)

Western Unitarian Association.

OFFICE: 115 Monroe St., Chicago, Ills.

ORGANIZED: June, 1886.

OBJECT: "A more definite co-operation with the American Unitarian Association in its western work."

ANNUAL MEETING at such time and place as the Directors may arrange.

MEMBERSHIP acquired by payment of \$1.00, and approval of Board of Directors; and each such member shall pay yearly \$1.00 as dues. Life membership, \$25.00.

OFFICERS: President, Vice-President, General Secretary, Recording Secretary who shall also be Treasurer,—these chosen annually,—and twenty-seven others who, with them, shall constitute a Board of Directors; these others to be chosen for three years, one-third annually. Directors' meetings, at least twice a year; seven a quorum

Board of Directors.

President.....HON. GEORGE W. McCRARY, Kansas City, Mo

Vice-President.....JOSEPH SHIPPEN, Chicago, Ills

General Secretary

Recording Secretary and Treasurer.....MRS. JONATHAN SLADE, Chicago, Ills

Rev. H. H. Barber.....Meadville, Pa.

Rev. J. T. Bixby.....Yonkers, N. Y.

Rev. Oscar Clute.....Iowa City, Ia.

J. L. Danforth.....Louisville, Ky.

H. C. Dillon.....Denver, Col.

Rev. J. L. Douthit.....Shelbyville, Ill.

G. A. Follansbee.....Chicago, Ills.

Rev. E. I. Galvin.....Chicago, Ills.

Rev. G. E. Gordon.....Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Ellen M. Gould.....Davenport, Ia.

P. P. Heywood.....Chicago, Ills.

M. B. Hull.....Chicago, Ills.

Rev. Kristofer Janson.....Minneapolis, Minn.

Rev. A. G. Jennings.....LaPorte, Ind

O. E. Learnard.....Lawrence, Kan

George E. Leighton.....St. Louis, Mo

J. E. McKelhan....." "

Rev. T. G. Kilsted.....Chicago, Ills.

C. H. S. Mixer....." "

Rev. John Snyder.....St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland.....Ann Arbor, Mich.

H. T. Thompson.....Chicago, Ills.

A. M. Thomson....." "

Mrs. Lucian Tilton....." "

Rev. John Tunis.....South Scituate, Mass.

Rev. Albert Walkley.....Manistee, Mich.

Executive Committee.

Rev. E. I. Galvin, P. P. Heywood, Joseph Shippen, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, H. T. Thompson.

Unity Publishing Committee.

Organized in 1878, to publish UNITY and other aids to the liberal religious work of the west. Its members are

J. L. Jones.

J. V. Blake,
W. C. Gannett,
F. L. Hosmer,J. C. Learned,
H. M. Simmons,
David Utter.**PUBLICATIONS.**

(1) UNITY, a weekly paper (see below.)

(2) TWO SERIES OF TRACTS, the "Unity Mission Tracts," and "Unity Short Tracts." Learned, Gannett and Jones, the sub-committee in charge. For subjects and prices of these tracts, see third page of cover.

(3) UNITY HYMNS AND CHORALS. For the Congregation and the Home. 253 Hymns, 66 Hymn Tunes, 23 Chorals and Choral Responses. Edited by W. C. Gannett, J. V. Blake and F. L. Hosmer. In cloth, 35 cents; per dozen, \$3.00; per hundred, \$25.00.

UNITY HYMNS, CHORALS AND RESPONSIVE READINGS, bound together; cloth, 50 cents; per dozen, \$5.00; per hundred, \$40.00.

SCRIPTURES OLD AND NEW. Arranged by subjects for Pulpit Readings, etc. Selected by F. L. Hosmer and H. M. Simmons. Interleaved for additions. In paper, 35 cents; boards, 50 cents.

Charles H. Kerr & Co.,

175 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLS.

A book-publishing and selling firm, established in connection with the Western Unitarian Head-quarters, and dealing specially in the literature of the liberal religious faith. It is also the publisher of UNITY (see just below). On the last page is a list of its publications. In addition to its own publications it has arrangements with Roberts Brothers, George H. Ellis, and the American Unitarian Association of Boston, and with G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, by which many of their publications will be kept in stock.

General orders are solicited by call or by mail.

Unitarian Periodicals, Published in the West.

1. UNITY, a weekly of 12 to 16 pages. Its motto is "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion." It aims to represent the spirit and hope, the word and work, of western Unitarianism—this being to it but another name for those common elements of Religious Faith and Life which underlie and overlie all churches,—another name for an enthusiasm for truth and righteousness and love and aspiration.

J. LL. JONES, *Editor.*
Associate Editors.J. Vila Blake,
W. C. Gannett,
F. L. Hosmer,J. C. Learned,
H. M. Simmons,
David Utter.Charles H. Kerr & Co., *Publishers*, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ills.
\$1.50 a year.

2. OUR BEST WORDS, a semi-monthly of 8 to 10 pages.

"It stands for Unitarian Christianity, with Jesus Christ as Leader in Morals and Religion."

J. L. DOUTHIT, *Editor and Publisher*, Shelbyville, Ills., \$1.00 a year.

3. THE UNITARIAN, a monthly of 32 pages.

"It stands for earnest, rational, distinctly avowed Christianity, while yet desiring to keep our fellowship as wide as aims of common work and worship will allow."

BROOKE HERFORD and J. T. SUNDERLAND, *Editors.*
*Editorial Contributors.*Oscar Clute,
Robert Collyer,
John Snyder,George L. Chaney,
H. Price Collier,
Mrs. J. T. Sunderland.

Published at 115 Monroe St., Chicago, Ills. 50 cents a year, in advance.

The Channing Club of Chicago.

ORGANIZED 1881.

Membership open to the members and ministers of the Unitarian congregations of Chicago and vicinity. At the meetings, the members, after dining together, discuss some subject of interest to the churches.

Committee of Managers, E. H. Griggs, M. B. Hull, H. T. Thompson, J. A. Roche, G. W. Dexter; by whom a *President* for each meeting is chosen. *Secretary and Treasurer*, J. H. Van Vliessen, 94 Washington street, Room 32, Chicago, Ills.

Chicago Women's Unitarian Association and Loan Library.

This Association, composed of the women of Unitarian sympathies in Chicago and the vicinity, is auxiliary to the Women's Western Unitarian Conference. It was formed in order to strengthen social relations with each other, to study together the meaning, use and growth of Unitarianism, and to become more familiar with Unitarian literature. Its only condition of membership is the annual payment of \$1.00 into the treasury. The membership last year was about 200. The meetings, which come once a month except in summer, itinerate from church to church. A social with mid-day lunch begins each meeting; after which a paper and discussion follow.

The Association has established a Loan Library at the Unitarian Headquarters, for the use of members and others, and especially to aid the Post-Office Mission workers. The shelves now contain about 300 books, mainly selected to illustrate the thought, faith, poetry, worship and life of Liberal Religion; and gifts of such books are requested from friends, that the library may grow in value. The catalogue is sent, and books are loaned for 15 days by mail, on application enclosing ten cents for postage. Apply to Miss F. Hilton, Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ills.

[A somewhat similar Women's Association exists in St. Louis and several other places.]

President, Mrs. S. W. Conger; *Vice-Presidents*, Mrs. G. A. Follansbee, Mrs. W. C. Dow, Mrs. W. G. Cutler, Mrs. G. F. Shears, *Secretary*, Mrs. J. R. Effinger; *Treasurer*, Mrs. J. C. Hilton, 561 Webster Ave., Chicago.

Programme for 1887-8.

"Current Religious Events of the Month,"—a short report at the beginning of each meeting.....Mrs. S. C. L. Jones
"Temperance Work in the Liberal Church".....Mrs. E. A. West
"The Wages of Sin".....Mrs. G. F. Shears
"The Value of Beauty".....Mrs. E. E. Marean
"Contact with Children as a Means of Education".....

Mrs. C. H. S. Mixer

"Recent Controversies in the Roman Catholic Church,".....Mrs. L. Tilton

"Relation of Health to Religion".....Dr. L. G. Bedell
"Dean Stanley and the Broad Church Movement".....

Miss Florence Hilton

Rev. Florence Kollock

Unity Clubs.

Many of the Unitarian churches of the west have long had their social and study side organized under the name of "Unity Club"—the name, or some name similar, covering a larger variety of aims and methods. To stimulate to better work and render that work easier by sharing experience and helpful suggestions, a Central Unity Club Bureau has just come into being in the east, (see page 216 below,) with which it may be well for our western workers to connect themselves. When our western clubs re-organize themselves in the fall, UNITY asks each one to report to this office the name and address of its President and Secretary and a brief outline of its winter's programme. And then we shall hope to publish the list, which, if published now, would be very incomplete.

Hillside Home School.

A SCHOOL FOR CHILDREN OF THE LIBERAL FAITH.

The undersigned propose to open next September (1887) a Home School, in Helena Valley, Iowa Co., Wis., situated on the beautiful Wisconsin River Valley, forty miles west of Madison.

The aim will be to provide home comfort and guardianship with thorough training; to produce, in healthy bodies, healthy minds and self-reliant, reverent character.

A farm of a hundred acres, with its garden, farm-yard and workshop, will give opportunity for manual and domestic training for boys and girls, indoors and outdoors.

The number of family pupils will be limited to twenty.

Terms, \$350.00 per year.

Address either of the undersigned at Hillside Home School, Spring Green, Wis.

ELLEN C. LLOYD JONES.
JANE LLOYD JONES.

References:

President W. D. Parker, Normal School.....	River Falls, Wis.
Prof. William F. Allen, State University.....	Madison, Wis.
Prof. J. B. Thayer, Sup't of Public Instruction.....	" "
Rev. Jenkin L. Jones.....	Chicago, Ill.
Rev. H. M. Simmons.....	Minneapolis, Minn.
Rev. John C. Learned.....	St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. John Snyder.....	" "
Rev. Oscar Clute.....	Iowa City, Ia.
Rev. J. H. Crooker.....	Madison, Wis.
C. E. Estabrook, Attorney General.....	" "
Mrs. E. Tupper Wilkes.....	Sioux Falls, Dak.
Rev. Oscar McCullough.....	Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.....	Boston, Mass.
W. C. Gannett.....	Chicago, Ills.

Forms of Bequest.

No special formula of giving is essential, if the intention is clear; but the *name of the corporation is essential*, to avoid question as to what body is meant.

The following formulas are recommended:

For money or personal property:

To the Western Unitarian Conference (or the Women's Western Unitarian Conference, or the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society), a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, and having its office at Chicago, I give and bequeath, etc.

For real estate, the same formula, ending with the words, *I give and devise, etc.*

II.

National Organizations.

National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

ORGANIZED in New York, 1865.

MEETING: Every second year in the fall for a four or five days' session, usually at Saratoga, N. Y. Its twelfth session held there Sept. 20-24, 1886.

OBJECT: "To energize and stimulate the denomination to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work." "A purely advisory body."

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: "The National Conference shall be composed of such delegates, elected once in two years, not to exceed three from any church, including its minister, who shall officially be one, as any of our churches may accredit to it by a certificate of their appointment." "The American Unitarian Association, the Western Conference, and such other theological, academic or humane organizations in our body as the Conference may see fit to invite, shall be entitled to representation by not more than three delegates each."

OFFICERS: President, six Vice-Presidents, General Secretary, and Treasurer, elected at each meeting; and a Council of Ten, half laymen and half ministers—five members retiring at each meeting.

THE COUNCIL, three months before each meeting, issues a letter of call to the churches and organizations in the fellowship, with a form of certificate for delegates. It invites parish reports, etc., to be sent to the Secretary one month before the meeting; and after the meeting it sends to the churches and organizations a report of the proceedings, and an address containing the Conference recommendations as to work and the money required for the work and such other advice and encouragement as it may deem appropriate.

FELLOWSHIP AND FAITH: The doctrinal position of the Conference is indicated by the following extracts from its Constitution:

PREAMBLE (1865)—*Whereas* the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove

their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son—Therefore, etc.

ARTICLE IX. (added 1870)—Reaffirming our allegiance to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and desiring to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical co-operation, we invite to our fellowship all who wish to be followers of Christ.

ARTICLE X. (added 1882)—While we believe that the Preamble and Articles of our Constitution fairly represent the opinions of the majority of our churches, yet we wish distinctly to put on record our declaration that they are no authoritative test of Unitarianism, and are not intended to exclude from our fellowship any who, while differing from us in belief, are in general sympathy with our purposes and practical aims.

OFFICERS.

Hon. Samuel F. Miller, Washington, D. C.....	President.
Hon. John D. Long, Hingham, Mass.....	
Hon. George W. McCrary, Kansas City, Mo.	
Dorman B. Eaton, New York, N. Y.....	
Hon. Daniel L. Shorey, Chicago, Ill.....	Vice-Presidents.
Hon. Horace Davis, San Francisco, Cal.....	
Hon. George E. Adams, Chicago, Ill.....	
Rev. R. N. Bellows, 109 E. 15th St., New York.....	General Secretary.
William H. Reed, Boston, Mass.....	Treasurer.

COUNCIL.

Rev. James De Normandie, Chairman.....	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. James Freeman Clarke.....	Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Mrs. Mary Hemenway.....	Boston, Mass.
Rev. Jenkin L. Jones.....	Chicago, Ills.
Rev. Minot J. Savage.....	Boston, Mass.
Hon. Leverett Saltonstall.....	Newton, Mass.
Rev. John Snyder.....	St. Louis, Mo.
John Harson Rhoades.....	New York, N. Y.
Thomas J. Morris.....	Baltimore, Md.
Rev. Brooke Herford.....	Boston, Mass.

And the General Secretary, *ex officio*.

COMMITTEE ON FELLOWSHIP OF MINISTERS.

Regulations prepared in accordance with instructions given by the National Conference, in 1878:—

1. Whenever any person, who has not received instruction in the Divinity School at Cambridge, the Theological School at Meadville, or in any school of theology of the Unitarian faith elsewhere, shall desire to enter the Unitarian ministry, he shall be requested to make application, expressing such desire, to the Chairman of the Committee on Fellowship, or to the Chairman of the sub committee nearest his residence.

2. Upon making such application, the candidate shall present to the Committee satisfactory testimonials of his fitness for the ministry, and, if he shall have been previously connected with any ministerial body or church not of the Unitarian faith, a certificate of dismission from such organization.

3. If the Committee are assured of the fitness of the candidate, they shall give to him a certificate of their approval, and they shall at once inform the Secretary of each Local Conference of their action in the premises.

Rev. Charles C. Everett, D. D., Chairman..... Cambridge, Mass
Rev. Augustus Woodbury, Secretary..... Providence, R. I.

And four sub-committees for Eastern, Middle, Western and Pacific States, respectively.

(For Western Sub-committee, see page 212 above.)

Women's Auxiliary Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches.

ORGANIZED in Saratoga, 1880.

BIENNIAL MEETING: In connection with the National Unitarian Conference.

OBJECT: To interest women in the work of the National Conference and assist it in raising money, and to promote local organizations of women for Christian work.

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: "This Conference shall be composed of delegates from each organization of women within our fellowship; and all the women attending the National Conference shall be cordially invited to participate in the proceedings of this Auxiliary Conference. From each an annual subscription of \$1.00, or a life-membership fee of \$25.00, shall be sought, as an earnest of the 'faith that is in us.'" The Conference distributes its funds through the American Unitarian Association, and may name the special object of its contribution.

OFFICERS: President, three Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of Directors, each of whom shall represent a local Conference. These officers to be chosen at the biennial meeting, and together to constitute an Executive Committee. Five a quorum.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, three months before each National Conference meeting, issues a letter of call to the women of each

church and organization in its fellowship; it invites parish reports, etc., from them; it presents a report at the biennial meeting, and also submits a statement of its work and recommendations to the general session of the National Conference.

OFFICERS.

Mrs. Judith W. Andrews, Boston, Mass. President.
 Mrs. Samuel J. Hooper, Boston, Mass. }
 Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows, Boston (Dorchester), Mass. } Vice-Presidents.
 Miss Frances LeBaron, Elgin, Ill. }
 Mrs. George W. Thacher, Boston, Mass. Secretary.
 Miss Flora L. Close, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Treasurer.

And twenty-five Directors, representing the several State and local Conferences.

(For the Western Directors, see page, 211 above.)

American Unitarian Association.

The mother-association of Unitarians in the United States. A missionary body, composed of life-members and delegates from churches and associations.

ORGANIZED, 1825. INCORPORATED, 1847.

OBJECT, WORK AND INCOME: "To diffuse the knowledge and promote the interests of pure Christianity." "To this end it collects and diffuses religious information. It publishes and distributes books and tracts. It supports missionaries, aids clergymen and young men preparing for the ministry, and helps in building churches. It seeks to produce union, sympathy, and co-operation among the Unitarian churches and people; and for its missionary activities solicits their benefactions, whether by yearly contribution, or by gift of endowment funds to be held in trust."

HEAD-QUARTERS, 25 Beacon St., Boston, in a new Building, dedicated May, 1886. The Building contains the Book-room of the Association and the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, the Reading-room, the Rooms occupied by various Secretaries and Committees, and Channing Hall. The Hall and Committee-rooms are at the service of Unitarians for denominational meetings of all kinds.

LIFE-MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: Life-membership, \$50.00. "Any church or missionary association, of at least two years' standing, shall, upon sending a contribution for missionary uses to the Treasurer of the Association for two successive years, be entitled to representation at all business meetings of the Association, by the persons of its minister or president, and two additional lay delegates; provided that such contributions shall be placed in the hands of the officers of the Association on or before May 1, to entitle a church to be represented in the following annual meeting. Delegate members shall have the right to vote at all meetings of the Association."

ANNUAL MEETING, in May, at such time and place as the Board of Directors may appoint.

OFFICERS: "The officers shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, and one or more Assistant Secretaries, a Treasurer, and eighteen other persons, who, with them, shall constitute a Board of Directors. These officers, fourteen of whom, at least, shall be laymen, shall be chosen by ballot at the Annual Meeting. The President, Vice-Presidents, Secretaries, and Treasurer shall be chosen annually, to serve for one year each, or until their successors are chosen. The other Directors shall be chosen for three years, or until their successors are chosen; and one-third shall be chosen annually."

This Board to meet at least once in three months, eight constituting a quorum; and to have charge of all the business and interests of the Association, the direction of its funds and operations; with power to fill any vacancies that may occur in their number and to choose from their own number an Executive Committee.

PUBLICATIONS: The A. U. A. keeps on sale in its book room, besides many publications of its own, all other Unitarian books, and many new books of liberal religious thought issued by other publishers. A list with prices will be furnished on application.

It publishes between one and two hundred tracts, which are furnished free to any who apply by letter or otherwise.

It offers, as a gift, a selection from its publications, of about thirty volumes, to colleges or public libraries, upon their application and assurance of welcome. It also gives, without cost, a selection of volumes illustrating the Unitarian faith, to Trinitarian ministers settled in New England, who apply for them with the desire candidly to know what Unitarians believe; and Channing's Works, to any minister not owning them, settled over a religious society in the United States or Canada, or any student of a theological school intending to enter the ministry, who makes application.

OFFICERS.

George S. Hale, Boston, Mass. President.
 George W. Curtis, Staten Island, N. Y. }
 George O. Shattuck, Boston, Mass. } Vice-Presidents.
 Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Concord, Mass. Secretary.
 George W. Fox, Boston, Mass. Ass't Secretary.
 Charles H. Burrage, Boston, Mass. Treasurer.

Other Directors.

To May, 1888.

Rev. S. C. Beach, Dedham, Mass.
 A. L. Calder, Providence, R. I.
 J. C. Otis, Worcester, Mass.

Rev. G. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, O.
 Rev. C. W. Wendt, Oakland, Cal.
 Mrs. H. L. Wentworth, Danvers, Mass.

To May, 1889.

T. Gaffield, Boston, Mass.
 Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, Newton, Mass.
 Rev. E. A. Horton, Boston, Mass.

D. S. Richardson, Lowell, Mass.
 Rev. S. B. Stewart, Lynn, Mass.
 W. L. Whitney, Cambridge, Mass.

To May, 1890.

Rev. J. H. Allen, Cambridge, Mass.
 Rev. G. Batchelor, Wellesley Hills.
 Rev. H. N. Brown, Brookline, Mass.

D. B. Eaton, New York, N. Y.
 W. E. James, Boston, Mass.
 Mrs. K. G. Wells, Boston, Mass.

The Board of Directors is divided into Standing Committees on Finance, Publication, New England States, Middle and Southern States, Western States and Pacific Coast, Foreign Missions, Theological Education, and Executive.

Unitarian Sunday-School Society.

ORGANIZED 1827. INCORPORATED 1835.

OBJECT: "To promote moral and religious education in Sunday-schools."

HEADQUARTERS, Book Room and Publication Office in the A. U. A. Building, 25 Beacon street, Boston.

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: Life membership \$10. Any Unitarian parish or Sunday-school contributing to the funds of the society may appoint three delegate members for one year from the October 1 following the gift.

ANNUAL MEETING, in October. Special Meeting in Boston in Anniversary Week.

INCOME, partly from the sale of its publications, partly from the annual contributions of the churches, whose regular aid it asks as one of their missionary societies.

PUBLICATIONS: Many Sunday-school manuals, a Service Book and Hymnal, and various other helps for the school work, an illustrated Sunday-school paper called *Every Other Sunday*, and a current series of Lessons, this year on Bible Biographies. A list of the works sent on application.

OFFICERS.

Rev. W. H. Lyon, Boston President.
 Rev. C. F. Dole, Boston (Jamaica Plain) }
 John W. Porter, Boston (Neponset) } Vice-Presidents.
 Rev. H. G. Spaulding, Newton, Mass. Secretary.
 R. C. Humphreys, Boston (Dorchester) Treasurer.

Other Directors.

Rev. H. N. Brown Brookline, Mass.
 Miss E. P. Channing Milton, Mass.
 R. C. Metcalf Winchester, Mass.
 Rev. J. F. Moors Greenfield, Mass.
 J. O. Norris Melrose, Mass.

Rev. M. J. Savage Boston.
 Rev. T. R. Slicer Providence, R. I.
 Mrs. K. G. Wells Boston.
 Rev. G. H. Young Boston.

The Board of Directors is divided into Standing Committees on Publication, Finance, Meetings, Outlook and Work, Missions, Merchandise and Apparatus.

Ladies' Commission on Sunday-School Books.

"Its chief object is the preparation of lists of books suitable for Unitarian Sunday-school libraries. Books received from publishers are carefully examined, and those approved by five readers are placed on the Catalogue of the Commission."

Annual lists have been issued every May since 1866; and a consolidated and revised catalogue made from these lists was printed in 1886. Catalogues can be obtained at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 25 Beacon street, Boston.

Miss M. H. Brooks, President; Mrs. F. H. Lee, Secretary; Miss C. G. Soule, Librarian.

Church Building Loan Fund.

ORGANIZED, 1885: By the A. U. A. and National Conference.

OBJECT: To aid Unitarian Societies in the erection of churches.

OFFICERS: The Trustees of the Fund are elected by the Directors of the A. U. A.; but in the transaction of business, the Trustees are an entirely independent board.

All business communications should be addressed to the Secretary, at Brookline, Mass.

RULES.

1. The Officers of this Board shall be a President, a Secretary, a Treasurer and a Standing Committee of three, to receive and report applications for aid, these officers to be chosen annually.

2. The Board shall meet annually in the month of May, during anniversary week, and at other times, according to its own votes or the call of its officers.

3. No money from the fund held by this Board shall be bestowed as a gift, and all loans from the same shall be made on adequate security.

4. No money shall be loaned except by consent of seven of the nine Trustees.

5. No change shall be made in the conditions of any loan or in the terms of its repayment except by unanimous consent of the full Board of Trustees.

6. No money shall be loaned until the act of incorporation of the Society applying for aid, and the plan of the building it proposes to erect, have been submitted to the Trustees and approved by them.

7. Not more than half the whole value of a building and the land on which it stands shall be loaned from this fund; nor shall any loan be made, unless it suffices to clear the property of all other indebtedness.

8. Sums not exceeding \$5,000 may be loaned from this fund, with or without interest as shall be determined in each case; but, in every case, provision shall be made for the annual repayment of a certain fixed portion of the sum loaned, as may be agreed upon.

9. In return for every loan, the Trustees shall take the note of the Society, with such personal indorsement or guarantee thereof as they shall deem satisfactory, said note to be secured also by a mortgage on the church property; and in no case shall the Trustees suffer default to be made without proceeding to legal measures for the collection of the debt.

TRUSTEES, (Jan. 1, 1887.)

Hon. G. D. Robinson, Chicopee, Mass.	<i>President.</i>	Henry W. Putnam, Boston, Mass.
Rev. Howard N. Brown, Brookline, Mass.	<i>Secretary.</i>	J. Harsen Rhoades, New York, N. Y.
Charles H. Burrage, Boston, Mass.	<i>Treasurer.</i>	Rev. Jabez T. Sunderland, Chicago, Ill.
Rev. Brooke Herford, Boston, Mass.		Rev. George A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Concord, Mass.		

Standing Committee.

Rev. Brooke Herford, Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. Howard N. Brown.

Unitarian Church Temperance Society.

ORGANIZED, 1886.

OBJECT: "To enlist our churches in Temperance work, and to assist in forming Temperance societies."

METHODS: "It works upon the broadest principles, encouraging Temperance workers everywhere to unite, whatever special opinions they may hold. It does not regard the Pledge method as essential, but recommends as useful Declarations of membership limited to a definite time, with opportunity for renewal, or such as may be surrendered upon deliberate change of purpose. It regards Total Abstinence as the wisest rule for personal habits and for teaching. It emphasizes personal responsibility, the value of Temperance education, the need of removing the temptations to which men are exposed, and of substituting innocent amusements and useful occupations for the attractions of the saloon. The spirit which it seeks to illustrate is that of the words, 'Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ', and 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'"

BRANCH SOCIETIES: "It is composed of branch societies formed in sympathy with its general purpose either in churches or Sunday-schools. Each branch follows its own plan of organization and work, the office of the Central Society being simply advisory." Each branch may be represented at its biennial meeting by two delegates.

BIENNIAL MEETING, in connection with the National Conference. Special meetings as called.

PUBLICATIONS AND HELPS: The Society has published pamphlets suggesting methods of work, membership cards, etc., and "Temperance Services and Hymns" (price 10 cents). For publications address the Secretary, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

OFFICERS.

Rev. C. R. Eliot, Boston, (Dorchester)	President.
W. H. Baldwin, Boston	Vice-President.
Rev. J. L. Marsh, Winchester, Mass.	Secretary and Treasurer.

Directors.

Rev. C. F. Dole.	G. M. Rose.
Mrs. W. S. Crosby.	Mrs. P. R. Wright.
Miss M. J. May.	Mrs. C. G. Ames.
Rev. A. G. Jennings.	Rev. J. L. Jones.

Rev. L. Clark.

National Bureau of Unity Clubs.

ORGANIZED, 1887.

OBJECT: "To form a Union of Unity and other clubs for mutual sympathy and assistance in plans and work."

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES: "Any club paying a sum of not less than five dollars a year into the treasury of this Bureau shall become thereby a member upon the acceptance of the Board of Directors; and shall be entitled to a representation of one general delegate and one additional delegate for every twenty-five members."—Two copies of all publications of the Bureau will be sent to all clubs that are members or that desire them.

ANNUAL MEETING, in Boston in Anniversary Week.

OFFICERS.

Rev. Edward E. Hale, Boston, Mass.	President.
Rev. J. L. Jones, Chicago, Ill.	
Rev. C. W. Wendt, Oakland, Cal.	
Rev. J. W. Day, Newport, R. I.	Vice-Presidents.
Rev. G. M. Bodge, East Boston, Mass.	Recording Secretary.
Rev. A. J. Rich, Fall River, Mass.	Cor. Sec'y for east.
Miss E. E. Gordon, Sioux City, Iowa.	Cor. Sec'y for west.

Other Directors.

Rev. G. M. Cooke,	Rev. E. C. Abbott,
Rev. E. A. Horton,	Rev. S. C. Beane,

Rev. W. C. Gannett,
W. H. Preston,
C. M. Woodward,
Rev. A. M. Judy,

Miss F. M. Howe,
Mrs. E. T. Wilkes,
A. W. Stearns,
Mrs. E. E. Marcan.

III.

Other Organizations.

The Southern Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

Organized 1884.

Arthur B. Rose, M. D., Charleston, S. C.	President.
J. R. Hodge, Atlanta, Ga.	Secretary and Treasurer.

The Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches.

Organized 1885.

Horace Davis, San Francisco, Cal.	President.
Rev. C. W. Wendt, Oakland, Cal.	Secretary.
C. H. Murdock, San Francisco, Cal.	Treasurer.

Fourteen Local Conferences

in New York and the New England States.

Divinity School of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

ADMISSION.—Graduates of some college, or persons who shall give evidence of an education equal to that of college graduates, will be admitted as candidates for the degree of D. B. Persons not having such education may be admitted as special students on giving evidence of a good English training, and passing examination in some of the Greek and Latin classic authors and in the Greek of the New Testament.

Students may attend without extra charge any exercises for which they are fitted in other departments of the University.

EXPENSES.—Instruction, \$50.00 per year. Room, \$35.00 to \$75.00 a year. Board in Cambridge about \$4.50 a week. Pecuniary aid is furnished to students who need such help and whose character and scholarship justify it.

For information apply to the Dean of the Faculty, Prof. C. C. Everett, Cambridge, Mass.

Charles W. Eliot, LL.D., President.

Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Penn.

ADMISSION: The School is open to young men and women desiring education for the Christian ministry.

EXPENSES: Tuition and use of books free to all. The necessary expenses for the academic year are from \$200 to \$250. Students who need aid receive it from beneficiary funds.

For information apply to the President.

Rev. A. A. Livermore, President.

Unitarian Periodicals Published in the East.

THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

A weekly of sixteen pages, published at 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. Price, \$3.00 a year. Rev. S. J. BARROWS, Editor.

The *Christian Register* aims to be a religious journal, a family journal, a literary journal. Many prominent writers write for it. "Its motto is 'Liberty, Holiness and Love.' It stands for love to God and love to man, for freedom in inquiry, for reason and faith in religion, for the broadest principles of fellowship, for devout worship, for ethical and spiritual truth. Although independent of all ecclesiastical organization, it has always been, and still is, an exponent of American Unitarianism, which it regards as that free and progressive development of historic Christianity which seeks to realize universal ethics and universal religion."

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

An illustrated fortnightly, published by the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Price, 40 cents a year. Rev. H. G. SPAULDING, Editor.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

A monthly, published at 141 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. Price, \$3.00 a year. Single numbers, 30 cents. Rev. J. H. ALLEN, Editor. (Editor's address, 25 Beacon St., Boston.)

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JUNE 18, 1887.

[NUMBER 16.

EDITORIAL.

"SHUT up men's mouths and minds, and all will agree," said Channing. Yes; because one zero is as big as any other.

ONE of the pleasant features of the Minneapolis dedication was the flowers sent for the decoration, by the minister's old parish at Kenosha, Wis. Sometimes, at least, a man's good work do follow him.

RABBI ILIOWIZI, in his address at the Unitarian church at Minneapolis, noticed elsewhere, dwelt on the community of purpose between himself and Brother Simmons; "Loth," he said, "were laboring for the unity of men." The essentials for true Christianity, he claimed, are found in the Hebrew doctrine and belief.

It would be well for citizens of the United States to ponder on the following sayings of Channing:—"A bad sovereign makes an unhappy country. Does this rule change when the people are sovereign?" "No man has a claim to office but on grounds of spiritual distinction;" and, "It is as well that the few, as the many, should rule, if both have the spirit of ruling."

For the benefit of those who will not take time to count, we will say the last issue of UNITY gave in its Year Book department the titles of eighty societies within the limits of the Western Unitarian Conference and the names of 90 ministers, 57 of whom are actually engaged in the ministry, while many of the other 33 frequently lend a hand in public and private ways.

THE English Unitarians are also exercised concerning the opportunities, and consequently their obligations, of a mission to Japan. Why not a combined mission? An English and an American movement towards the rationalizing of the religion of this rising nation would be an international missionary movement that of itself would be a prophecy of greater things. It is time the English and American Unitarians were doing something together, now that they are becoming so well acquainted.

AN English exchange thus speaks of the transplanting of our American post-office mission to London. It calls it "an American notion recently imported, the object of which is to advertise our publications in local papers, and to supply them free to all inquirers. Miss Florence Hill has become the secretary of this mission, and reports that already the advertisements have led to much interesting correspondence." A friend at our elbow says that here in Chicago there is only a "ton" more of it. Let Florence Hill and Florence Hilton work together, and their tract-lines will encircle the globe.

THE annual list of books for Sunday-school libraries, recommended by The Ladies' Commission, is ready for 1887. It contains a few words of advice and information about seventy-seven books issued since their last year's annual list. With this comes also a list of some three hundred and eighty-eight books selected from the annual catalogues, with descriptive notes showing the character of each book and designating the ages of children for whom it is suited. These catalogues are valuable not only to Sunday-schools selecting their libraries, but to parents and others who are choosing reading for young folks. Published by the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon st., Boston, Mass.

OUR neighbor, the *Universalist*, devotes a column-and-a-half editorial to the Western Unitarian Conference, from which we quote the following opening sentences:

"The recent session of the Western Unitarian Conference had, if possible, an interest even greater than usually attaches to the gatherings of that somewhat unique body. None of its meetings can be uninteresting, partly on account of the character and ability of the men and women who compose them; partly on account of the task they always set for themselves of keeping up a religious platform, broad enough for all good people to stand upon."

The editorial closes with these words in approval of the resolution touching fellowship and faith:

"It is especially gratifying to be relieved from the spectacle of a body of intelligent men and women, with very definite beliefs, denying themselves the right to say in any form, however general and non-committal, what those beliefs are. The Western Conference certainly ought to stand the better with all reasoning people for having found its tongue."

AT the annual meeting of the Sunday-school Society, held May 20th, Mrs. Conger in her paper entitled "What Shall Our Unitarian Sunday-schools Study?" pleaded for more direct use of the Bible. She thought that in the present plans for study, which included so many manuals requiring reference books and supplementary reading, we should find that after all it was only *about* the Bible we had been studying, not in reality the Bible itself. She would have its beautiful passages memorized freely; the importance of its ethical lessons emphasized. "Give the Bible the benefit of rational treatment. Let us be so candid and fair that the children never will consider anything mysterious in one book that is not so in another; that they will realize the fact that legend, or poetry, or history shows its real worth best when judged simply for what it is."

WE quote the following helpful thoughts from Professor Kerr's paper upon Bible class work. "The teacher should keep constantly in view such a quickening of conscience as shall lead its possessor to magnify the golden rule above all the creeds of Christendom. He should hold himself and his class as far as possible to the ethics of the Bible, and by his words and his example guide to right thinking and right living." "The scriptures have been darkened by reading into them endless theories which the original writers probably never dreamed of. The great object to be attained is spiritual insight, which shall enable us to penetrate these disguises and discern the truth. It is as we free ourselves from these preconceived opinions and come to the Bible itself that we derive the highest satisfaction." "We should come to the Bible, not to seek arguments for special pleading in support of a theory or subject matter for destructive criticism, but to find the law of righteousness which pervades its pages; the lessons of wisdom contained in proverb and paradox; the beauty and inspiration which live in parable and psalm, to the end that all these things may be reflected in character and in the conduct of life." He emphasized in closing "the necessity of a genuine religious spirit pervading and animating the instruction, and clearly distinguishing it from the work of merely secular education."

"THE Unitarian Church Temperance Society" has shown itself very much in earnest since it began to be, at the Saratoga meeting of the National Conference last September. It numbers already some thirty "branches," most of them on the Atlantic side of the tree, but one or two dipping into the Pacific. The young Society bravely stepped to the front in

the recent Anniversary Week in Boston, and held mass meeting in one of the largest halls in the city, with ex-Governor Long presiding. In another column are caught some echoes from the meeting. It has published two or three little pamphlets about the *why* and *how* to work for temperance; and now it issues "Temperance Services and Hymns." Thanks to friends who paid the first cost of plates, this little book is sold for ten cents, holding four services and fifty-one hymns, fifty-one besides the two or three songs with printed music embodied in each service. The services are called, (1) "Self-Control: 'On Honor';" (2) "Self-Sacrifice: 'For their Sake';" (3) "Temperance;" (4) "The City of God," a Festival service. And now, any friend in any church who will pay the \$5.00 for the fifty copies or the \$10.00 for the hundred copies needed in the Sunday-school, renders it easy once in each three months to impress one phase of the great question strongly on the children's minds. The services can easily be filled out and varied by other exercises, and they are of such nature that nearly every one, whatever his present habit with wine or beer, would heartily approve the lesson taught. Were a few sentences here and there omitted, and the present day trusted as much as the bible day for impressive wordings of the impulse that inspires the movement, the book would be more to our own liking; but as it is, it will be a real helper, and we have long needed such a helper in the schools.

Why should not every one of our Sunday-schools, east and west, join this Temperance Society, its welcome is so broad? "It is composed of such branch societies as may be found in sympathy with its general purpose," it says. "Its office is simply advisory to the branches. Each branch follows its own plans of organization and work." It does not regard the Pledge method as essential, but as a wise way, if limited in time with opportunities for renewal. It does not exact total abstinence, though it recommends it as the wisest rule both for one's own sake and "for their sake." This would seem to mean, for instance, that any Sunday-school, even without special temperance organization and officers,—any Sunday-school that *earnestly adopts the temperance purpose and keeps it to the front*, if only by the regular use of such services as these,—may become a "branch," and join the all-hands-round of comradeship in the sacred endeavor.

THE latest contribution to Indian studies comes in the shape of a book recently published by the Indian Right Association, and is the result of a tour made by Mr. J. B. Harrison among the different tribes, with the desire of finding out the exact truth concerning them. It is written somewhat in the style of a newspaper correspondent, and, indeed, the sketches were first published as letters in the *Boston Herald*. The first part of the book consists of descriptive notes on the various reservations, and the second part is made up of reflections and opinions thus suggested to the writer. He repeats what people are slow to understand, that it will never do to judge one reservation or tribe by another. On the whole, the report is anything but encouraging. One sees by such a report as that of the Rosebud Agency in Dakota, how much can be done by wise management toward civilization, even under adverse conditions, and by such a report as that from Omaha, Nebraska, how soon a gain can be lost by sudden ceasing of any control or direction whatever. The character of the land which a tribe occupies has, says Mr. Harrison, far more to do with its industrial and social progress and development than people understand. One of the most serious evils seems to us to lie in the fact that most of the Indians educated in our eastern schools go back to the reservations to find, in consequence of the present system, nothing to do. There is a general prejudice against the young men who have been in eastern schools, both among the Indians and the white employees. "I saw some pathetic cases of returned students who were eager to work, and who felt keenly the degradation of their enforced idleness, but who could obtain no employment. They were tinsmiths, carpenters, harness makers, etc., among a population where there would

not be a stroke of work for them from the beginning of the year to the end. An idle man does not 'lift up a tribe.'" It is true always that "life develops from within," and it is a terrible mistake not to utilize to the utmost all these young people. No quotations can give much of an idea of the various points Mr. Harrison touches. The book should be studied. We wish at least that it might induce every one of its readers to send immediately the membership fee of \$2 to the Indian Rights Association, No. 1316 Filbert street, Philadelphia.

E. E. M.

WE are glad to make room for the following communications from one whose sympathies are purely cosmopolitan, and would be very glad to know that his words had touched a sympathetic chord in some heart in a way to make kindly feelings portable. Let the feelings towards these brethren who sit upon the ashes of their homes be cashed. There is at the present time no quarter of the globe more competent to understand or more able to succor those who suffer by fire than Chicago.

DEAR UNITY:—I have just heard from London of the destruction of the Unitarian village of Toroczko, in Transylvania, so well described some years ago by a letter from C. H. A. Dall, in the journal of the American Unitarian Association, and by Mr. Robert Morison in the *Unitarian Review* in 1874, as well as by the Hungarian novelist Maurus Jokai, in his romance, "The people who love but once."

A fire broke out there on the first of May, when there was a great drought and a high wind, and in two hours all the buildings and trees which were in the direction of the wind were in flames. It was impossible to put out the fire or to save the people's property. Four people were killed and eighteen wounded.

The loss is estimated at about \$75,000.00, not more than \$4500.00 of which are covered by insurance.

The people are very poor, and the heavy strain upon the resources of Hungary made by the destructive floods which are even now devastating the plains along the banks of the Maros and the Theiss, and still more the heavy sacrifices which both Austrians and Hungarians are obliged to bear to protect their national existence among the political dangers by which southeastern Europe is threatened, make it impossible for them to render any effectual aid to their brethren in Toroczko.

Mr. Ierson, the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, has also issued an appeal to the English Unitarians through the columns of the *Christian Life*, and knowing what my countrymen have done for Transylvania, in the past, I doubt not that this appeal will meet with a generous response.

But still it will hardly suffice, and since the heaviest blow inflicted upon Hungarian prosperity in the last few years has come from the competition of your western prairies with the plains of Hungary, formerly the granary of western Europe, I venture to ask you to draw the attention of American Unitarians also to this terrible misfortune that has befallen our poor brethren in Hungary.

Yours truly,

JOHN FRETWELL, 13 Laight St.

New York City, June 9, 1887.

Unitarianism; The Gospel of Unity.

WE can not do our readers better service this week than to slip into our editorial space the following extract from the dedicatory address of H. M. Simmons on the opening of his new church. We are sorry to be compelled to filch it from the columns of a local paper—thus to lose the writer's own touches. He said:

"The new church was called a 'Unitarian' church, and its central idea was sounded in the root of that word, 'Unity.' The best ground for our being is that we preach brotherhood and peace. When a sect in Tiverton was about to build a new church the mayor is said to have forbidden it, saying there were already four churches there; if any men were not satisfied with four ways of going to heaven they would not go at all while he was mayor. There were already far more ways of going to heaven in Minneapolis, and if we were only going to open another way, perhaps the mayor would have been warranted in opposing us. But we are not starting a new way, but only trying to stop the quarrels about the old ways, and to proclaim principles that will unite men.

"Rev. Edward Everett Hale once endeavored to prove from an old historian that the name Unitarian really came from an effort of several sects of the early reformers to unite. But if, as more commonly supposed, it came from the doctrine of the

unity of God, still the idea of 'one God through all and in all' includes that of the unity of men as its most practical principle. Human unity has also been made the leading doctrine of our preachers. Channing emphasized it; and Dr. Putnam, so long our prominent preacher in Boston, said what he worked for was 'a sense of the universal unity and brotherhood.' Our denomination has been so willing that men should differ in their religious doctrines, that it has never adopted anything like a creed; and one said if it ever should the creed should be stamped like a railway ticket: 'Good for this day only.' Carlyle said he and Sterling agreed in everything except opinions, and thought that the best companionship; and we think men may differ in religious opinions to any degree, and still 'keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.' 'This church gives as its object 'to form a society whose people, without regard to theological differences, may unite for mutual helpfulness' in intellectual, humane and religious work. When our denominational paper in Chicago, which is named *UNITY*, announced as its aim to stand for 'the unity of all religions in righteousness and the unity of men with each other,' Professor Swing, in the *Alliance*, said that if we would 'raise the flag of unity in that sense of brotherhood,' it would be the best flag that could wave over any region. That is the flag we are trying to wave in Minneapolis. Of course other churches are doing the same to greater or less extent. But we carrying this principle in our name ought to make a specialty of it and always intend to." Mr. Simmons then traced the progress of this idea of human unity, and the blessings that had come of it, and the evils that came from forgetting it. Jesus made it the first principle of religion when he gave his highest blessing to peace workers, and pronounced them "sons of God."

The better heathen saw it. Says the Buddhist scripture: "He who is beloved of God honors every form of religious faith;" and a Persian apothegm says: "To him who has risen to the throne of the Highest all religions are alike—Christians, Jews, Gentiles and Moslems, all adore Him in their several ways."

"Everywhere the spirit walks
The garden of the heart and talks
With man as under Eden's trees
In all his varied languages."

"So there is growing in the world an idea of the unity of religion and races, which rebukes the old wars and contentions, and will bring new peace and prosperity to mankind."

"By showing that religion is universal it gives new faith in it too. Religion is rooted in the human soul and will not pass away. It is wide as mankind and counts Christianity but as a chapter in its history. Centuries before the cathedral it built the Parthenon; and thousands of years before Pericles it built the pyramids; and long before them it had erected its altars wherever man dwelt. As Heber Newton says, 'It came when the first man lifted his eyes in wonder, and it came to stay.' It has stayed and strengthened through human progress,—from the savagery which built its rude mounds in Minnesota, to the cities which lift their church spires as symbols of the spirit of man, ever reaching heavenward. Religion has been a leading force in civilization, too. Its temples taught the race architecture, and its work in them founded most of the arts. Its statues started sculpture, and its frescoes perfected painting. Its songs and psalms gave birth to poetry, and its efforts to make them more sublime gave music its highest harmonies. It gave subjects to Æschylus and Euripides, and introduced the modern drama. Nor is religion likely to decline. Progress has not changed the human heart, nor silenced one of the instincts that have inspired the worship of the past. The love which lent to religion its hopes cannot be suppressed. The upward look of man toward the Infinite cannot be stopped. As one says: 'Churches come and go; creeds are formulated and forgotten, but the heart still ponders the mystery of life, and hands are always being lifted to the Eternal.'

"To this eternal religion we dedicate our new church. Not indeed to any special religious name, but to those principles which are common to all religion, and are the best things

in Christianity. We dedicate it to justice and love, which are the best earthly names of God and the best way of worshiping Him. We dedicate it to the trust and hope which God has given to all races. May it be the home of virtues as solid and enduring as its own quartzite walls, and of graces as beautiful as its own architecture and decorations. And may all who inhabit it inherit the love and devotion shown by you who have built it with such sacrifice."

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Wind Song.

Upon the lyric limbs
Of yonder spreading tree
The spirit of the wind
Makes tuneful moan to me.

The music arms outheld
To meet the rhythmic skies
Are swaying in a wealth
Of tender melodies—

In melodies whose soul
No mortal tongue can sound—
From heaven flung to earth,
And voiced in their rebound.

EUGENE ASHTON.

Echoes from the Unitarian Festival in Boston, May 26.

PERFECT GOD, PERFECT WORLD.

It is our sacred mission to proclaim that there is in the universe nothing whatever but God; that therefore the surroundings of the human spirit are so perfect that eye hath not seen nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what touches every man to conceive of, infinite love and truth and wisdom and beauty and power being so close to each person that the instant one smallest vibration of love or hope is felt in the lonely spirit, that moment the Eternal passes the vibration on through all his infinity. This divine ideal we worship, and it is our business to pass the benediction on. Perfect God, perfect spirit surrounding the soul, and, since there is nothing whatever but God to make worlds out of, perfect universe. No chemist, no physicist, has yet been able to detect one single atom that has lost the trillionth part of its potency—not one single imperfect atom—in all the universe that God has made out of his own bosom. In that lamp yonder, if that lamp were in the sun, we should see shining the hydrogen atom, vibrating eight hundred thousand million times a second. That is to say, that the God we worship is able to divide one second very easily into eight hundred thousand million parts; and, in every throb of those parts, his infinite care is present with us. We breathe fifteen times a minute, but that is a great deal too seldom for God's care to touch us. God's care in that light touches us eight hundred thousand million times a second, but that is not fast enough. His presence is continuous, forever with us.

Perfect God, perfect world, and therefore perfect body! That is to say, the body that he lends you and me for temporary manifestation of ourselves in time is perfect. No imperfect atom in any one body! And, therefore, what is the right attitude toward this perfect God and perfect universe? Now, I will tell you the general attitude, you know [assuming a doleful and complaining tone], "Oh, dear, dear, I do not know what life is made for!" Why, it is comic, it is stupid, to the last degree. Do you suppose you ever saw God in that way? Why, of course, the attitude is joy and hope and aggressive courage. Let us build heaven right off. Why not? What hinders? I say I shall meet over yonder, by and by, persons who will come to me and say: "Why, positively, we cannot find heaven anywhere. We are beginning to think it is nowhere." Then I shall say: "Now, my friends, let half a dozen of us get together, do the best deeds

we can, think the best thoughts we can, and think them together, send thrills of hope and love into each others' breasts, then God, if he be the God we worship, cannot help making heaven in the only place it is found,—that is, inside us." Perfect God, perfect world, perfect body, and therefore in the end, perfect heaven. That is our inspiration.—*S. R. Calthrop.*

SACRED HISTORY CONTINUED.

I count it a privilege to live in the same world with those who are striving to enact a continuation of the world's best history, to make their own life a little bit of that sacred history, to make their collective life, as religious communities or churches, a continuation of sacred history, and to make this world's life a continuation and extension of that living stream which, rising from the beginning in the heart of God and flowing through all the ages of humanity, was never, perhaps, in fuller tide than now.

Brothers, the twentieth century is at hand. Here, in our own country, we are living in a time which commits us to a greater service, a broader sacrifice. Only day before yesterday Columbus sailed into these waters. Only yesterday Washington was here. To-morrow the land will echo to the tread of 200,000,000 of people. Now, every year more people are landed on these shores than came to this country during the first 300 years after Columbus discovered America. This is the true colonial period. Not only this, we are at the beginning comparatively of Christian history. What are eighteen centuries in the long calendar of God? As one day! "Christianity," says James Freeman Clarke, "has just begun." So far from leaving Jesus behind, we have hardly got in sight of him. He moves in advance: we move after him.—*Charles G. Ames. Extracts from the "Christian Register" report.*

Echoes from the Unitarian Church Temperance Meeting.

IN BOSTON MAY 23.

Intemperance to-day is lifting its hydra-head everywhere. It is seen in the household. It sometimes grins at us at the communion table. The Unitarian church, or any other church, is a piece of sentimentalism,—a matter of cologne water and æsthetic tea-parties and sewing-circles,—unless it recognizes this as one of the evils which it has to fight, a foe-man worthy of its steel, as something worthy of its attack, as one of the devils it should overthrow,—one of the menaces to the salvation of the human soul which it should meet. The giant antagonist of the church to-day is the grog-shop. Root out your grog-shop, and your church will pretty easily shut up its charity bureau.—*Ex-Governor Long.*

A message from far-away Oregon reaches me: "A good motto for a church temperance society would be words used by Mr. Foxley before Cambridge University, England: 'Begin as Jesus began. Expect great movements, and work for them. But do not wait for them. Make little movements. It is from little movements that great movements come.'"—*C. R. Eliot.*

The sin of drinking rests on the individual. Either a man can help getting drunk or he can not. If he can not, then he is diseased or insane; and he should be treated as such. If he can help it, then he should be held personally responsible, just as a man should be for lying or stealing or committing perjury. To hear some temperance speakers, one would think heaven would be full of reformed drunkards, who would lean over the battlements, and look down into hell, just as full of moderate drinkers who were never drunk in their lives. I do not believe in moderate drinking, but I do believe in holding the man who gets drunk responsible for his own actions.—*Minot J. Savage.*

Why do you want to let a boy or a girl wait till he shall be twenty-one, twenty-five, or thirty years old, before he is prejudiced against this great evil? Was there not great good

sense in that remark of Coleridge, that he had tried to prejudice his children in favor of strawberries and cream when they were four? Why wait till your boys and girls are old enough to form reliable opinions of their own? Why not influence them at the age when they are most susceptible? We go along in a smooth and even way, and take it for granted that God Almighty is going to educate our children. But you will find in thousands of cases that the boy or girl not having been called to consider this subject is absolutely unprepared to reply to arguments when he is thrown into temptation. Why not let the Sunday-school take the training of the children in this business?—*Edward Everett Hale.*

If you follow this question to its ultimate reach, you will find that the brand of intemperance settles down upon a great many of us who complacently fold our arms and look down upon what we consider the intemperate world beneath us. If we have no patience and little charity with the Irishman who can not go to his shoveling in the morning without his glass of grog, I do not know where we are to go to find our larger patience for the man of business, or the preacher, who can not go to his daily task without his stimulating cigar. If we have no patience and no philosophy to justify the habitual tippler, I do not know where we are going to find anything to justify the woman who says that she is "not good for anything until she gets her cup of tea or coffee." I am not a scientist or physiologist; but I believe that it will be found that these favorites of your dining-room and your smoking-room, the tobacco and the tea-cup and coffee-cup, are all related in this matter, and the roots of intemperance find their way into these indulgences.

We have a new mayor in Chicago, and we are proud of him; and he is going to try to do his duty in this matter. And the friends of morality and temperance are saying, Now John Roche is going to stand by our side, we shall accomplish something. Not much, O Chicagoans, will you accomplish for temperance, though you have a temperance mayor, while all the churches of Chicago are gloomily locked and closed six days of the week, and over 3000 places are lighted, handsomely furnished, hospitably opened all hours of the day and night in the interests of intemperance! If every church would do nothing more than furnish cold water during these hot days, they would do a stroke of temperance business grander than all the temperance talking in ten years.—*J. L. Jones.*

As to the effects of stimulants, I do not care a fig for what a chemist in his laboratory says; nor do I care an iota what a physician says, if a physician drinks himself, as many of them do. I judge from results. When I see the drinking of tea make a woman throw her baby out of a three-story window or commit similar cruelties, then I will go into such a crusade against tea as you never yet have heard. But when I go up to the Woman's Reformatory, at Sherborn, and ask Mrs. Johnson, who is the marvelous executive head, how many of these women are here for crimes committed when they were drunk, and learn that ninety-seven out of one hundred are there because of strong drink; when I go to the Concord Reformatory, with its eight hundred men, and ask Col. Tufts the same question, and he tells me eight out of ten; when I go to the insane asylums, not only in Massachusetts and in New York, but in Great Britain, and am told that six out of ten patients are there as the result of strong drink; when I go to South Boston, and visit the philanthropic institution built up by that grand servant of God, Dr. Howe, and ask how many of these imbecile children had drunken parents, and am told one hundred and forty-five out of three hundred; when in New York and Chicago, and wherever I go, I hear the same thing,—then I don't care what the laboratory may say of the effects of alcohol. I know by its fruits.—*Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Extracts from the "Christian Register" Report.*

THIS saying of Channing—"Nothing but sympathy with society will lead to its cure," reminds us of Doctor Bellows' remark that "the only way to be able to make the world better is to love it as it is."

Music in Sunday-School.

READ BEFORE THE IOWA STATE CONFERENCE, AT HUMBOLDT, AND PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE CONFERENCE.

There is a pretty Greek legend which the poet Collins has related in verse:

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions, oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness ruled the hour)
Would prove his own expressive power."

The poet then tells us in varied verse how Fear, Anger, Despair, Hope, Revenge, Pity, Jealousy, Melancholy, Cheerfulness, Joy, Mirth and Love, each made trial of his skill, finding instrument and tones suited to express himself.

Among the many myths of the ancients, this is one of the prettiest. They knew full well the power of music to express the emotions, and indeed long before "Delos rose and Phœbus sprung," this divine art was known to mankind. Music is as old as speech. As has been said, "it is probably, in its rudest form, the earliest art practised by savage nations." It is interesting to note, in the early history of harmony, that music was the direct outgrowth or, I might better say, direct medium for the expression of man's religious nature. True, the sister fine-arts contributed their share to his development in this direction, but music has ever taken precedence.

There is something in harmonious sounds which rouses and raises us as nothing appealing to the other senses can do—we seem to be lifted into an atmosphere of reverence through its influence. As Martin Luther has so beautifully expressed it, "Music is the art of the prophets—the only art that can calm the agitation of the soul: it is one of the most delightful gifts God has given us."

Beethoven, through whom the god of music has spoken to us, said, "Music is a direct mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life; although the spirit may not be master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blest in this creation, which, like every other creation of art, is mightier than the artist."

'Tis said from the days of Solomon came the luxury of the orchestra, but before Hebrew, and even Egyptian instruments was that most wonderful instrument—the human voice. And it is of the cultivation of this we would more particularly speak.

Music fosters refined sentiments, and we claim there is a strong relation between *voice* culture and *heart* culture!

Carlyle said, "The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that can, in logical words, express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze out into that."

Every child should be taught to sing, even if, as is commonly asserted, some can never learn to execute music, either vocal or instrumental. Leaving the latter out of consideration, I would modify the first part of the statement somewhat. *Every child can learn to sing the scale at least*, and thus gain better control over his voice. In conversation we are constantly using the notes of the scale,—why not sweeten and modulate our tones by musical practice?

"'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear."

This is true both in song and speech.

And it is wonderful how much of our *inner selves* we reveal through the voice! "The voice all modes of passion can express."

We are told that Plato had a habit of making any man, whom it was his interest to know well, read or talk with him. The quality of the voice, the intonations, the inflections of the reader or speaker, were to the philosopher so many indications, if not certain, at least probable, of his moral character.

A writer of our own time tells us that "Grétry, in his 'Essays on Music,' asserts that he has never been mistaken in the opinion he has formed of individuals who had said nothing more to him than 'Good-day, sir,' or 'Good-morning, my friend.'" The same writer adds, "It is not only of the *intention* of people that judgment has been formed from listening to the tones of the voice, but it is assumed that their tastes, instincts and inclinations may thus in part be discovered."

If, then, we each possess so wonderful a revealer of our inner selves, how careful we should be to cultivate not only best thoughts but best tones!

And again I repeat, every child should learn to sing. This practice once adopted, the problem is largely solved. Let children be taught in the school, in the home; let them even be taught in the Sunday-school. And here the question naturally arises, what shall we sing? I would reply in the words of another: "In the selection of songs great care should be taken as to the *character of the sentiments* contained in them." The memory is peculiarly tyrannical in this. The sentiments we sing seem to remain most strongly with us. Then the *music* should be good. "Children can appreciate, and, if properly instructed, execute good music. Of course they should be gradually led along—not many dirges or chorals on the one hand, and no frivolous trash on the other. Let the sentiment be cheering and refining; hymns and songs of which we never weary, but whose wealth of meaning grows greater with the passing years." The *good tunes* we have learned should be oft repeated. As Goethe has said, "The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty. On the contrary, it strikes us all the more forcibly the more familiar we are with it." The happy idea suggested and adopted recently of setting new words to old, familiar tunes, is to my mind a good one. Until such time as the new thought shall sing itself more fully, we can all be helped by these and by the beautiful collection made by J. Vila Blake and others, now in use in our Sunday-schools. There are many beautiful tunes in the little book called "The Sunny Side," but the words set to a great number of them are not what we want. Every hymn we use should possess the merit of being true poetry, and the tunes should be adapted to the words—*our growing thought must be set to music.*

And I would say just here, that every Sunday-school has need of an efficient chorister. This chorister should, if possible, be relieved of class work, and should devote a certain portion of time each Sunday to the singing, and should give a talk on the *sentiment* and *melody* of all new pieces. In this way only can the children fully appreciate the singing and be taught to *feel* what they sing. As a rule, I think we are not careful enough to sing with understanding and clear enunciation. If we feel the meaning of the words we shall try to speak them distinctly, that our listeners may enjoy them with us.

This applies not alone to singing in Sunday-schools. Many church choirs fail in this respect, and are not so frankly advised of their shortcomings as were the singers in the following incident: "One Sunday after the choir at Oberlin college had sung without distinctly pronouncing the words, President Finney in his prayer alluded to the singers as follows: 'O, Lord, we have sung an anthem to thy praise. Thou knowest the words, but *we* do not. We do pray thee that those who lead us may open their mouths, that we may know what they say, that we may join in thy praise.'"

What we need is more enthusiasm over music. I think we do not sing enough. There seems to be a lack of time for singing in Unitarian Sunday-schools. Sentiments, however well taught, are not sufficient. Song must accompany our

growing worship—it must be and must remain an integral part of it, and what better medium for its expression and its promulgation than the sweet voices of children? Infant classes, where room permits, should do more singing than the rest of the school; and it should be careful singing even with these little ones.

“Correct taste in music,” says some one, “flings wide the gate to the highway of all that is beautiful, noble and good.” If this be true, how fitting an aid is music in the liberal work of to-day, whose mission is to accomplish “all that is beautiful, noble and good.” Let us teach children to admire and understand good music. Let us show them the deep relation existing between art and ethics, between “the holiness of beauty and the beauty of holiness.”

The Unitarian Sunday-school songs are still largely a thing of the future. The new faith will continue to seek expression in glowing words and great music. As the best music of the past has been the outgrowth of the religious sentiment, so the broader and deeper faith of to-day will yet develop a higher and more heavenly harmony. The very essence of the new faith is harmony. Its first note was sounded when the morning stars sang together, and its last will not be heard until all the children of God shout for joy over the unity of all souls.

M. VAUPEL CLARK.

For All.

Thou grieveest for the fallen foes
Who follow not thy ways—
Up from thy heart the human goes
To mix in God-like rays.

Oh, happy wonder!—for above
The passion of your deeds,
The sun of heaven shines in love,
And earth's dim hunger feeds.

The spring that utters sweetly thine
A note for all who seek,
Brings from the under-thought divine
Compassion for the weak.

Not in its hate the light doth kiss
The barest need of man—
Nor yet the waters give him bliss
From stream within that ran.

The gentler circle draws him near,
Forgets his sin, and fills
His shadows with a purpose clear
That leads him to the hills.

H. L. T.

Congregationalists and the Bible.

The General Association of the Congregationalist Church of New York state convened in Syracuse May 17, 18, 19. Among the notable clergymen could be seen the Rev. Lyman Abbott, D.D., Rev. Wm. S. Smart, D.D., Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., Rev. E. P. Ingersoll, D.D., Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., and Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D. Rev. Lyman Abbott, in a most thorough and critical review, gave a synopsis of the life and work of Henry Ward Beecher. His friendship for the great but departed preacher colored in some respects his estimate of the man. He was found making statements which taxed the credulity of many listeners, as, “Henry Ward Beecher could will himself asleep and then awake in five minutes.” Yet his tribute was eloquent, breezy, thoughtful, and with some exceptions very truthful.

The annual sermon was delivered by Rev. James S. Ainslie, of Ogdensburg. The preacher took for his text “The love of Christ constraineth us.” The sermon was well written, entertaining and inspiring. One could notice how difficult it was for the average Congregationalist to reconcile the Bible

to nature. The speaker apologized constantly to the audience for being unable to get at “the interior disposition of God” in nature, or know whether he is good by the universe which he created. Yet he said, notwithstanding, that “God is a God of *grace*, as *nature* intimates.” (The writer questioned the consistency of this remark with the other statement about the “interior disposition of God.”) He went so far as to actually, and many outsiders thought unguardedly, say, that “God has put benevolence in the world.” It was painful to watch the natural and artificial working of his mind, and see how theology forced him to bolster up the Bible at the risk of nature, to defend it at the expense of reason. He compared the universe to a machine made by man, and, as we can not get at the nature or interior disposition of the man who made the machine, as we can not tell whether he is good or bad, so we can not say whether God is good or bad by the universe. The sophistry of such logic is so transparent that one need not bring up evidence to the contrary. The thought of a celebrated New England divine rang in our ears: “If this world is a bad world, then God is a bad God.” Elizabeth Stuart Phelps wrote in *The Gates Ajar*: “The more I love Roy the more I love him—God.” She would build the ladder to God upon human affection. This idea that there is nothing good in the world except the Bible, no religion except alleged orthodoxy, no God in nature except one of fixed anger and willful imperialism, is gross imposition and absolute ignorance. The Bible is a worthless book if it finds not its anchor in human affection. And all human affection is natural affection—the affection of nature. Such affection gives us an intimation most decidedly of the love of God—a love not without its testimony in the human race. Man sometimes gets the idea that nature is something apart from himself. It is outside of him—away from him. Man is as surely a part of nature as the apple is a part of the tree or hydrogen is a part of water.

When will our dear friends cease battling with phantasies; when will they bring their thought in loving sympathy with life; when will they see that love in man and love in God are one; that truth is inseparable from the will of God; that nature is a surer record of God's disposition to us than all the manifold bibles of the world, and that our bible is only great and good as it is one with the love and wisdom of God, as shown in the world without and within.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Woman's Activities in Dakota.

READ AT THE W. W. U. CONFERENCE MEETING, IN CHICAGO, MAY 16, 1887, BY MRS. E. T. WILKES, SIOUX FALLS, DAK.

When the official bulletin of the Commissioner of Immigration for the territory of Dakota announces that we have 3905 public schools with 5055 teachers, it means that 4000 women are helping to educate the 103,382 children in these schools.

When it says that \$1,000,000 is invested in church property, representing at least 1000 churches, it means that at least 20,000 women are carrying on the activities of those churches.

The 1012 post-offices represent 400 women at work either as post-mistresses or clerks; and the 325 newspapers have over 100 women actively engaged.

If the day is at hand in Dakota when Iowa's ideal shall be realized—a “school-house be found on every hill-top and a church in every valley”—it will be because of her women's activities.

But it is not in these improvements alone that we see the woman's hand. The great number of improved farms in our area, every year increasing at an almost incredible rate, stands for the toil and sacrifice of many women. You cannot drive an hour over Dakota prairies without seeing women behind the plough, driving oxen, at the barrow, stacking hay, or driving reapers, as the season may be. That this wilderness may blossom as a garden, women's lives are willingly sacrificed. As brave have been the offerings on this altar as those made by the boys in blue.

"Do you like this pioneer life?" I asked a sad-eyed woman living on a new farm ten miles from any town, in a house barren of all comforts or beauty.

"Yes, it'll give the boys a better chance, and I don't mind the doing without things, but I do wish I had my old yard back in the east, but it's awful lonesome." And a far-off look in her eyes told a pathetic story.

And when, a year later, I visited the farm and found the mother gone, I knew it was not the privation and hard work that had killed her, so much as that "awful lonesomeness." The "unsatisfying monotony" of their pioneer life kills more women than its hardships.

In comparison with these widespread activities of women, you wish me to report what we are doing with our higher ethics to uplift these best activities—what we, with our inspiring faith, are doing to broaden and cheer these starved souls.

Alas! as yet we have but tiny sparks kindled, the very least heaven set at work.

In the Black Hills Mrs. Judge Moody is making her influence strongly felt in the cause of freedom, fellowship and character in religion. She would be surprised to hear her name mentioned in a report, as she is not working in an official way. But it is no uncommon thing to hear some one from that region speak of a tract coming from her, or to hear people say:

"I never heard of Unitarianism till I met Mrs. Moody."

She is making her liberal faith felt in her own community, and her influence has done much to liberalize one orthodox church.

At Yankton, Mrs. Morrison, a New England Unitarian, ministers to a large circle, lending reading matter, talking of her great hopes, and strongly protesting against the old dogmas.

Many under her influence have been converted to Unitarianism, and now, where so long she stood alone for our faith, there is quite a circle calling earnestly for the Dakota itinerant to cross and help them to organize for work.

At Aberdeen Mrs. A. A. Roberts is living; and you who know her know that means that all the best things in that community have a new impulse. As yet little can be done there for distinctive church work, but any new community is to be congratulated that has a Mr. and Mrs. Roberts to help mould its society.

At Sioux Falls we have the only church in Dakota, "All Souls." It is only a young thing, but a very vigorous child. We have had regular services there since Nov. 5, when Mr. Effinger preached in a law office to a congregation of twenty-five. We are now worshipping in the Advent church, which its owners conveniently use Saturdays and leave for our use Sundays. There are forty families connected with the church, a ladies' circle, a Unity Club and a Sunday-school of forty-four members. Like all young westerners it measures itself by the world. All Dakota comes into its plans for conquest. It hopes for a church-home ere long, from which missionaries are to be sent to all the region beyond, and where innumerable conferences are to be held. And if the example of its young minister's earnestness and hard work is to be followed, it will subdue kingdoms.

Its itinerant, Mrs. Wilkes, is doing missionary work in school-houses and at Canton, where eager congregations come to hear of this new religion. Many who come to fight the old, we hope will stay to pray. Many who come to question will stay to affirm. Many who come to mourn will stay to praise.

We can not separate woman's activities from man's in what has been accomplished in our part of the field. We have not tried there to put asunder in our work what God hath joined together. What has been done has been largely through the inspiration given by Mr. Effinger, Mr. Hunting and Mr. Clute.

What has been done in Sioux Falls, Rock Rapids, and Luverne can be done in nearly every town in Dakota. Four thousand school-houses in Dakota are waiting the liberal preacher's word and the leader's Unity Club and Sunday-school. O sisters, time would fail me to tell of the hearts

that need our hopes, the souls that need our inspiration, the lives that need our uplifting word. Let us not fail to carry our message to every hamlet in the land. I hope to see the day when every community will have not only its Methodist class-leader but its Unity circle leader. Our civilization waits for a religion without a "creed," to spiritualize and save it.

"On the errands of angels we plod,
If with hearts of the angels we plan."

Civil and Intercivil and International Sunday-school Conventions.

Everybody is talking about organization. People seem to feel, and wisely, that without government and organization not only our schools and churches but also our great business houses, commercial interests, would be inefficient. Indeed even undertakers have got the notion into their heads that burying the dead is an art, and in order to perfect the art they must preach and uphold organization. We have been entertained in Syracuse by the state Sunday-school Convention. Of course its character is not inclusive but exclusive, and the evangelical church Sunday-schools are the ones mostly interested in the work. It occurred to me while I was watching the progress of the convention, what a grand thing it would be if we, as liberal people, could establish or work up state or intercivil, or broader still, international Sunday-school conventions. Orthodoxy begins well by insinuating its effete doctrines into the pliant minds of the young, and we are too often careless about matters which involve the civilization and education of the children. The foundation of their character rests too often on wrong conceptions of duty, man and God, and the work of reconstruction is tedious because we fail to do what we can among the young. At such conventions there ought to be represented the Universalist and Unitarian Sunday-school workers, and a standard of education should be adopted which would be broad enough to make us non-sectarian and non-partisan. We could there discuss matters of overriding importance. We could propose methods which many schools would find useful in their work. We could approach the question of civilization unhesitatingly and do much for the uplifting and welfare of mankind. I should be glad to hear what the editors of *UNITY* think of such an enterprise, and I am sure that with work and motive power and material we could do a great thing for the church of the future—which church will be one broad enough to be altogether love for man and God.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Work of a True Church. A paper given before the Illinois Conference of Unitarian churches, Chicago, Oct. 13, 1886, by James H. West. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, 14 pages, 6 cents.

Nothing stands in greater need of revision to-day, we are apt to say, than the methods of the churches. Any expectation that the old methods will successfully continue with old doctrines defunct is a vain one.

But the answer may be made that the methods have changed; that even faster than the decay of the old belief has come in an entirely new way of carrying on the church life. Before the gray old doctrines are decently buried, in comes tripping all the pretty flock of worldly interests and worldly amusements to take possession of the religious administration. The penitential psalms may be still said or sung, the fall and depravity of man and his terrible fate hereafter may be preached or assented to in creeds; but the most solemn forms no longer conflict with the healthy pleasures of using the church for all the social needs of the community. The church gives a concert or play, gives a party, a festival or a fair, gives a sleighride, a steamboat excursion, or a picnic, gives a base-ball game, or a ball—as a benefit, of course.

Now, without criticising these apparent incongruities too severely, we see how even in Unitarian, as well as in Catholic

and Evangelical churches, the social and recreative currents of life may sap if not supersede the moral and spiritual growth. The tendency in orthodoxy for a long time has been growing to cover up the sharp theories of incredible belief with the fragrant roses of social attraction. "We have the best sociables in town," said a leading Presbyterian lady the other day. "There were over 400 persons in the church on the last evening." Then every June they expect to make \$500 out of their steamboat excursion with games and lemonade. Certainly this is humane and innocent compared with teaching and subscribing to that "infernal confession," as Beecher calls it, to which he once subscribed in his ignorance, and asked God to forgive him for it!

And yet the true church life and the true church work are apart alike from the teaching of dead dogmas or the invention of new amusements. It is not the keeping up and constant expounding of an old dialect; nor is it the multiplication for young or old of even harmless pleasures. So when such an earnest utterance is made on this business, as is contained in the pamphlet before us, it is well worth while, we think, to call attention to it, and increase its circulation.

Mr. West leaves behind him at the start all the conventional objects for which a church is supposed to exist. It is not for the salvation of men, heathen or civilized, from the pains and penalties of a life hereafter. It is not for the worship of an Infinite Unknown. It is not for the church's own spiritual delectation. "The ashes and gall in life, the sorrow and sin in life, we now know as a fact, do not come about because men do not believe in a God, nor because they are careless of a possible future," but because of ignorance of the true upbuilding forces of life; for want of power to see the beauty here and now, and obedience to its blessed laws. "Not God-praise nor man-praise," nor craving for future bliss, is what is wanted, but *enthusiasm for humanity*. "Here God and man are coupled. It is the old faiths which separate God and man."

"Every church should be 'the Church of Human Help.' If it is not this it is nothing."

To-day mankind "is living in a new universe, so to speak. And its religion should be arranged to conform to this." The "church should stand for truth; the word of the new universe," as revealed by modern thought. The truth being the voice of God, must help men. "The higher ethics bears down on us with the weight of multitudinous worlds, and says: 'We must be true; we only MAY be prosperous.'"

Then the church must teach men *how to live*—how to live out the word of truth. After countless centuries of fruitless God-praise, still the world's present awful woe exists—a summons to us to come out from fear and credulity into the realm of real light and usefulness.

And yet no "dressing up morality and the brotherhood of man only in Jewish gabardine and frock" will do. Passion and ignorance can only be cured by a sense of the universal. The church must be the rallying point of the moral forces of society. It must be a school of the higher ethics, where worship comes as a consequence of this knowledge and insight.

"Would that there might be one of these societies for ethical culture, and for the stinging of public conscience, in every village; a hundred in every city." "First that which is natural and afterwards that which is spiritual. Religion always until now has begun at the wrong end. But our friends, the ethical workers, pure and simple, are to-day the John the Baptists of a new and better era."

Whatever methods a writer of Mr. West's spirit may assist in formulating, they will be charged with earnestness. At the present moment nothing seems to us so essential to our church life. If we can have genuine earnestness, however variant the points of speculative belief, or the outward administration; if we can have indeed the "Church of Human Help," changing those who belong to it into true men and women, the interests of religion will be safe.

L.

Social Studies. By R. Heber Newton, rector of All Souls Church, New York. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., \$1.00.

We have here a collection of ten papers, by the brilliant

and vivacious rector of All Souls (Episcopal) church, New York. But the Rev. Heber Newton is something more than brilliant, he has strong common sense, is what is called level headed, as well as a man whose ability to put things in an interesting and forcible way is unsurpassed anywhere. The subjects of these ten papers are as follows: A Bird's-Eye View of the Labor Question, The Story of Co-operative Production and Co-operative Credit in the United States, The Story of Co-operative Distribution in the United States, Is the State Just to the Workingman? Old-Time Guilds and Modern Commercial Associations, The Prevention of Intemperance, Moral Education in the Public Schools, The Free Kindergarten in Church Work, The Religious Aspect of Socialism, and Communism. Several of these papers have been printed elsewhere, that on Kindergartens, in substance at least, in Barnard's American Journal of Education and in pamphlet form; the essay on Communism in the *Unitarian Review*, Socialism in the *Princeton Review*, and others in the *North American Review*, and other publications. But they are entirely worthy of being gathered into a sheaf, as we have them here, and we wish that they might be widely read.

Elementary Principles of Electro-Therapeutics. For the use of Physicians and Students. Prepared by C. M. Haynes, M. D. Third Edition. The Clark & Longley Company, Chicago.

This book seems to be the property of the McIntosh Galvanic and Faradic Battery Company. Our respect for this firm, who make the best and most ingenious batteries and electrical apparatus of all sorts, produced in Chicago, and as good, it is safe to say, as can be found anywhere, and our conviction that electricity has its place in surgery, and to some extent in therapeutics, move us to treat this book with more respect than it really deserves. For it seems carefully calculated to strengthen, or even exaggerate, the popular impression that electricity is an extremely valuable curative agent.

The Kernel and the Husk. Letters on Spiritual Christianity. By the author of "Philochristus" and "Onesimus." Roberts Brothers, Boston.

The author of this peculiar book, and its somewhat celebrated predecessors, is said to be Prof. E. A. Abbott, of England. His peculiar belief is, that without faith in miracles, or without accepting supernaturalism in any form, one may yet be a minister in the Church of England, and not only hold the form of the creed with mental reservations, but hold it really, and may and should really worship Christ. To make this seem possible, he appears to us to confuse the sense of ordinary language, or to use language to express thoughts that are not quite clear. We all understand that in one sense there is a divinity in humanity, and in a figurative sense this may be worshipful, but to make such considerations the justification of the worship of Jesus of Nazareth, seems, as we have said, confusing.

Bridge Disasters in America. The Causes and the Remedy. By George L. Vose. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This title is descriptive of a book that surely has a very real mission. "No less than forty bridges fall in the United States every year. No system of public inspection or control at present existing has been able to detect in advance the defects in these structures or prevent the disasters. Hundreds of bridges are to-day standing in this country simply because they never have happened to receive the load which is at any time liable to come upon them. . . . Many now in use upon our railroads are in no way better than those at Ashtabula and Tariffville, and which await only the ripe combination of circumstances to tumble down. There is at present in this country absolutely no law, no control, no inspection which can prevent the building and use of unsafe bridges, and there never will be until the people who make the laws see the need of such control." The author holds that whether the bridge is safe or not is not a matter of opinion, but of inspection and arithmetic, and surely this little book

will do much wherever read towards creating a demand for thorough inspection of all bridges on all public highways and railroads.

Theophilus Trent. Old Times in the Oak Openings. By Benjamin F. Taylor. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1887.

The last book by that well-known Western writer, Benjamin F. Taylor, was called by him a novel, but its chief interest lies in its delineations of life in Michigan during the early days. The hero, if he can be called by that name, is a country schoolmaster, who comes west in a canal boat. The village in which he teaches is "a bit of a peninsula fenced off from the world with the bars up," four miles from a stage route. No one in the place had dyspepsia, nor knew the meaning of the word "ennui." Various experiences, more or less startling, are related in a rambling, familiar way without much attempt at sequence or connection. E. E. M.

THE HOME.

Tommy's Dream.

Tommy has told a lie. His mamma said he might take one apple, but he took two large ones, and soon came for another, saying he had been playing and had not yet had any. So he was given another apple, and ate it. The first thing that happened was that he fell very sick and had to be put to bed and take medicine. After a while, when he felt a little better, he fell asleep, and it was then he had his dream. His mamma had learned what a naughty lie he had told, and had talked with him sadly about it; and he had had much sharp pain in his stomach. When he fell asleep, his mamma's talk and the pain mixed in his dream in a very odd way. Tommy dreamed that he had the pain all over again and he felt much worse than before. He tossed about and kicked and cried. His mamma sent for the doctor. "Ah!" said the physician, "what is the matter with the little lad?" Now if Tommy's mother had only told the truth, how well it would have been for Tommy! But she did not. O no. You will see that nothing happened in the dream as it happens when people tell the truth. No; his mamma said, "O, there's nothing the matter with Tom; his bed time has come, that is all." Tommy could hardly believe his ears when he heard his mamma say this. He roared from the bed, "That's not true. I don't go to bed in the middle of the day; and I'm all doubled up with pain." Now the doctor knew well that Tommy was sick, but he had no wish to speak the truth; so he said, "My little man, I see you are feeling very well,"—and went away. "O," said Tommy, "I shall never get well unless some one tells the truth." So he tossed and kicked and cried more than ever. But at last, late in the afternoon—so he dreamed—the pain grew less and he fell asleep and slept all night. He woke early in the morning, feeling quite well, and went out to play in the garden. While he was hunting a splendid yellow and brown butterfly, his mother and father sat down to breakfast. Tommy soon tired of chasing the butterfly, and the odor of coffee and cakes through the open window made him think how hungry he was. He saw Jane, the cook, pulling some radishes in the garden; so he called out to her, "Jane, is breakfast ready?" "No, indeed," said Jane. "Haven't papa and mamma come down yet?" said Tommy. "Not yet," said Jane. Jane knew that they were eating breakfast at that moment, but she did not care to tell the truth. So Tommy went to the barn to see the red bossy with the white star in his forehead. After seeing the bossy and scratching the head and stroking the ears of the pretty creature a long time, Tommy thought it *must* be breakfast time, and went into the house. But there he found Jane just clearing the table. Breakfast was done. With much grumbling and pouting Tommy had to eat some bread in the pantry, and go late to school. "Teacher," said Tommy at school, "has the geography class recited?" "Yes," said the teacher. "Then I must study the history lesson," said Tommy. "Certainly," said the teacher. But after a little while she

called up the class in geography, and Tommy had no lesson because he had been learning the history. "You said the geography had recited," cried Tommy. "It was the history," said the teacher. "But you said geography," said Tommy. "O, it is no matter what I said," the teacher answered. Tommy opened his eyes very wide indeed. "What does every one mean this morning by telling such whoppers?" said Tommy; "I can't get along if no one tells me the truth." I suppose my readers know what "whopper" means; I must tell you the story just as Tommy dreamed it, you know, even if the words are strange. I suppose "whopper" means some kind of a falsehood, probably a very big one. Soon came the recess, and the teacher went out into the play ground with the children to enjoy the fresh air; but while they were playing, Tommy saw smoke coming from a window in the roof of the school-house, and ran to tell the teacher. Sure enough, the school building had caught fire, and soon the flames crept out under the eaves and the roof began to burn briskly. A man who was passing cried to the teacher, "I will send you the fire engine," and ran swiftly down the street. When he reached the engine house, he found people getting out the engine, because they had heard a cry of fire. "Where is the fire?" said one, "Some one said it was the school-house." "No," said the man, "It is farmer Murray's barn; I have just come from there." He knew very well the school-house was burning, but he did not care to tell the truth. So the engine went off to the farmer's place, and the school was burned down. Ah! How hot and bright the flames were! With this thought Tommy woke up, to find the sun of the summer morning shining warm and bright on his eyes. "What a strange dream!" said he, when he was wide awake. But very soon he grew quite sober, thinking of his dream. Tommy began to look at a lie as never he had before in his life. He began to see that nothing in the world can go on unless people tell the truth; that if all people should tell only lies, everything would be in confusion, no one would know what to do, where to go, what to say, one thing after another would be ruined and nothing would be mended, because no one would tell truly how to mend it or what tools to use or where they were to be found, or any other true thing. What a world that would be! What a dreadful place! Soon it would be no place at all; all the people would be starved. No food could be raised, nothing at all could be done, because no one could trust another's word, and whoever *did* follow what he was told, would go wrong and do harm instead of good. What a mean thing, then, a falsehood is!—because the power to tell a lie comes from the fact that other people tell the truth, and no one could live long enough to tell many falsehoods if every one deceived every one all the time. Therefore a lie is not only very bad in itself, but a very mean badness, because it skulks under other people's truthfulness. It is like a base fellow living in another's house, eating his food, and yet plotting against him and doing him harm with the very strength which the food gives. J. V. B.

My Flowers.

All in the early morning hours
I walked through blooming garden bowers,
Where purple pinks and pansies grew,
And roses sparkled in the dew.
They were so lovely in my sight,
I plucked the red ones and the white,
And with full hands I wandered down
Until I reached the busy town.
Then round me, like a swarm of bees,
Came ragged children, crying "Please!
Oh, please give me a flower!"—And so
I had to let my treasures go.
I gave them every one away;
But somehow all the long, warm day,
Those flowers seemed just as sweet and bright
As if they still were in my sight.

—MARY E. BRADLEY, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association held its May meeting on Thursday, the 26th, at Unity church.

Mrs. S. W. Conger, the leader, had for her topic "Alice and Phoebe Cary" as poets of the liberal faith, which was well treated, and the selections from their poems included many favorites.

Mrs. Plummer spoke of the beauty and worth of their poems for children, and read selections from them. "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" was sung by Miss Howe, and was an interesting feature of the programme.

Election of officers for the coming year was engaged in, with the following result:

President, Mrs. S. W. Conger; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Geo. A. Follansbee, Mrs. W. C. Dow, Mrs. W. G. Cutler, Mrs. G. F. Shears. Treasurer, Mrs. John C. Hilton; Secretary, Mrs. John R. Effinger.

Minneapolis.—At last the Unitarian church is completed, dedicated and occupied. This happy consummation took place June 5th. A thousand witnessed the impressive dedication, and it is estimated that 200 or 300 were turned away. Rev. Mr. Dobbryn and Doctor Tuttle of the neighboring Universalist churches, the Unitarian neighbors, Rev. S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, and Kristofer Janson, of Minneapolis, and Rabbi Iliowiz, of the Reformed Hebrew church, took part in the exercises. Letters and telegrams of congratulations were received from the secretaries of the A. U. A. and W. U. C., from Robert Collyer, Gannett, Jones and others. The leading address was made by the pastor. The people joined with him in an impressive responsive service, from both of which we will make extracts for our columns. At present we must content ourselves by giving the following description of the building, which we condense from a local paper.

The First Unitarian church, regarded as one of the handsomest and most complete temples of worship in the northwest, is situated at the corner of Eighth street and Mary place.

The church has been built under the direction of Messrs. O. C. Merriman, S. C. Gale, R. E. Grimshaw and Mary E. Hale, as a building committee, with Mr. Oliver Erickson, superintendent of construction. The ground measurement is 50x115 feet. The material used is what is known as "Broken Ashler," or Indian red Luverne jasper. The design of the church is a combination of Queen Anne and Italian. In the interior arrangement the

high basement or first story contains, besides kitchen, toilet rooms, boiler rooms and other apartments, a music hall, 31x84 feet, with a stage at one end. On the second floor is the main auditorium, 47x65 feet, with two galleries; elegant parlors, pastor's study, library and class rooms. The galleries are but little above the main floor, and do not extend over it. The ceiling is flat and paneled with hard wood. The interior finish is of birch. The doors and windows are hung with curtains. The parlors have easy chairs, fire-places and other attractive features. The pulpit is located on one side instead of at the end, and the 600 seats are arranged in amphitheatrical form, parlors and reception rooms looking into the auditorium. The heating is by steam. The gas fixtures are of antique brass. In one corner is a fire-place and in the niche above this will stand a bust of Emerson. The decorations are of a modest character, but highly ornamental. Rich olive tints prevail. The halls and side rooms are decorated in harmony. Of the features of the church, one of the most prominent is the main entrance. This is from the old Italian, having a double arch with massive pillars of polished St. Cloud granite. The pastor's study in the southwest corner on the gallery floor, is the most charming room in the church. It has a fireplace, an oriel window, and one end is completely taken up with a bookcase. The furnishing is cosy and attractive. In the opposite corner on this floor is the Unity or Young People's Club room, with a tiled fire-place. The auditorium has five chandeliers, with smaller lights wherever needed. The organ is a very fine instrument, and was presented to the church by Mr. S. C. Gale. In the reception room is a small but especially handsome window, much of it being of settings of gems. The cost of the church was estimated at \$35,000 to \$40,000, but with all finishing touches will probably reach nearly \$50,000. The site has much increased in value since purchased, so that the whole property is worth \$70,000.

Denver. Here in Denver, during your Conference week, some of us longed every day to be in Chicago and hear the words we must now content ourselves to read. The reports already received but heighten the regret over forced absence, and make us inwardly resolve to go next year if alive.

Last week we had something of a conference ourselves, which may prove to have more than local interest. Dean Hart had criticised and denounced Canon Freemantle's "Theology under its changed conditions" (an article with which all your readers should be familiar), and our minister, Mr. Van Ness, having been requested to preach upon the same theme, did so to the satisfaction of all progressive minds. This sermon was published, and it evoked from the Dean a letter, which for its tone has been largely apologized for among his own people. He dared Mr. Van Ness to reply to Dean Burgon's criticism, and seemed to fully believe it an impossible thing to do and not give up all that science, free thought, and the study of comparative religion have taught. Mr. Van Ness replied last Sunday, and the church could not hold all who came to hear the easy, scholarly, and gentlemanly way in which the subject was handled. Undoubtedly some ideas have been awakened which will result in a better understanding of where the world of thought stands to-day.

Each day of the week intervening between the two sermons, brought out letters upon the subject, some wise and some otherwise; but the Dean's last letter is quite lacking in the bravado with which his "preliminary canter" (as he termed it) was full, and is largely occupied in telling what a lively life his orthodox father lived. He asserts his belief with Dean Burgon that there can be no progress in theology. Think of that, ye advanced Unitarians, and be grateful that he closes by beseech-

ing the Lord to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred and are deceived. He evidently does not

"Prize the doubt,
Low kinds exist without."

But we must

"Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Learn, nor account the pang."

Who of you are coming out to assist in dedicating our now nearly finished church? A warm welcome awaits all.

E. H. H.

Philadelphia.—The managers of the Free Library Association, which was instituted in January, 1886, in connection with the First Unitarian church, have just issued a report which indicates the satisfactory work so far accomplished and gives as their conclusion from past experience the impression that similar work is widely needed, whether done in connection with their own or other religious or secular institutions. As hundreds of men, women and children have shared consciously and gratefully in the opportunities furnished, it can easily be understood that the books and social pleasures have touched good soil.

The plan is kept finely within the bounds of unsectarianism marked out for it. Though most or many of those assisted seem to be Catholics, and though one of our priests has uttered some protest to such of them as resort within Unitarian precincts for what they can, as asserted, get from the kindness of their own church, it appears that the archbishop, in response to the wise explanation of Dr. Furness, has encouraged rather than repulsed the formation of the questioned and similar associations. Under the wise tutelage of Miss Hinckley and Mr. Bond and their few co-workers, there would seem to be little danger that this effort could develop in any direction but that of good.

—I understand that some one officially connected with a Baptist church in Camden has circulated a printed protest in criticism of Unitarianism in general, and of the Camden movement in particular, as tempting young people from their allegiance to the instituted orthodoxies. If I can get hold of this precious document I may be forced to quote from it briefly for UNITY's edification.

—The window to be put in the First church in memory of Mrs. Doctor Furness is a loyal tribute from her children. It will unite simplicity with beauty, and take its place among the tenderer symbolisms with which we can all share our years.

H. L. T.

Gilmanton, Wis.—The Unitarian society at the close of service on Sunday, May 29, voted to give their minister leave of absence for the Sunday included in the programme of the Wisconsin Conference, and, forthwith, he set out to improve the privilege. He had an afternoon appointment six miles on the road, after filling which he proceeded to Independence, a town twelve miles farther on the road, where he had an engagement to deliver two lectures. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings he tried to tell the people of that town how the earth and its inhabitants were made. Thursday he proceeded to Baraboo, where his heart was gladdened by meeting his fellow laborers whom he had not seen for many months. It is not necessary to say anything about the Conference, except that it was a very rich feast, as it will probably be reported by some one "having authority."

—The Gilmanton society is prospering, and the Gilmanton minister has commenced work at Independence with some prospect of good being done. He also contemplates carrying our gospel into some of the neighboring towns.

—Rev. T. G. Owen holds the fort at Arcadia, and Rev. Mr. Heddæus is looking over the field at Fountain City and Waumander,

with the view of being established at the former place, and dividing his time between the two places.

NATHANIEL THE HERMIT.

Yellow Springs, O.—Thirtieth Annual Commencement of Antioch College, 1887.

June 16, 8 p.m.—Elocutionary Entertainment.

June 17, 8 p.m.—Musical Entertainment.

June 18, 8 p.m.—Anniversary of the Union Society.

June 19, 3 p.m.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Pres. D. A. Long, D. D., LL.D.

June 20, 10 a.m.—Diploma Meeting of the Union Society.

June 20, 3 p.m.—Anniversary of the Athenæum.

June 20, 8 p.m.—Anniversary of the Star Society.

June 21, 10 a.m.—Lecture before the Literary Societies by Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., of Chicago. Subject, "Social Forces."

June 21, 3 p.m.—Lecture before the students by Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago. Subject, "Browning."

June 21, 6 p.m.—Alumni Banquet.

June 21, 8 p.m.—Lecture by Rev. M. J. Miller, '59, of Geneseo, Ill., before the Alumni.

June 22, 8 a.m.—Meeting of the Trustees.

June 22, 10 a.m.—Commencement Exercises.

June 22, 12 m.—Commencement Dinner.

June 22, 4 p.m.—Meeting of the Alumni.

June 22, 8 p.m.—President's Reception.

Baraboo.—The 37th session of the Wisconsin Unitarian Conference was held at this place on the 2nd and 3rd insts. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. C. F. Dole, of Boston, his subject being "Our Propaganda." Friday forenoon was spent in picnicking on the shores of the ever delightful "Devil's Lake." In the afternoon there were essays by Revs. Owen, of Arcadia, and Forbush, of Milwaukee. Rev. David Utter, of Chicago, preached in the evening. Saturday morning Mrs. Savage reported on the Post-office Mission, Professor Mason read a paper on the Religious Possibilities of Agnosticism. In the afternoon, Professor Keyes, of Janesville, discussed the importance of Physical Education. In the evening, M. M. Bostwick, of Janesville, and D. E. Spencer, of Madison, both of them young men, read papers on Unitarianism, and H. M. Lewis and H. H. Giles, of Madison, made addresses. Sunday there was preaching by Earl of Gilmanston, and Crocker of Madison. During the session resolutions were passed thanking the Woman's Auxillary for their aid in building Arcadia parsonage, encouraging the Post-office Mission workers, promising aid to the Winona movement, and inviting the co-operation of the Minnesota churches, until they organize a State Conference of their own.

Englewood.—June 12 was children's day. Miss Kollock's church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and filled to its utmost capacity. After songs and recitations, a dozen children were dedicated by parents and minister. Six young people were tenderly received into the church by the rite of baptism. The spontaneity and sincerity of the whole service was deeply affecting. The well-filled ranks of the Sunday-school and the interested faces of the congregation were even more beautiful than the flowers as a testimonial of the enthusiasm which is felt by her people for Miss Kollock's work.

Hinsdale.—It was June 12, and children's day here. Unity church was a bower of beauty. William C. Gannett was the preacher. At the close of the impressive service, they brought their little children to him and he dedicated them in a simple baptismal service which touched the hearts of all present. Long will live the day in the memory of the interested congregation which filled the house.

Camden, New Jersey.—Sidney H. Morse, whose *Radical* was one of those inestimable blessings which the liberal world is never likely to forget, has been staying here

under duty to an ideal of Walt Whitman which he projects putting into a statue. Mr. Morse came here from Washington, where he had received some sittings from the President. One Sunday evening he spoke for Mr. Haskell, in Unity church, on Self-Government as understood spiritually, politically, industrially.

Boston Notes.—Last Sunday James Freeman Clarke attended the special service at his church for communion and baptism. Rev. Charles G. Ames officiated at communion. Mr. Clarke baptised four children and welcomed one more member into his church by his simple rite of confirmation. The pastor's voice is feeble, and indicates the severity of his late relapse of three months' duration.

—Anniversary week! Who says that its value or its enthusiasm has abated? Let him lie down and sleep as bed-fellow to the man who writes that the world is going sadly worse. Good news and fresh zeal have been contributed to our churches by evangelists from the north, the south, the east, and the west. Other denominations have opened their book of welcome, and now glow afresh with

gathered heat from distant missionaries and other laborers. The venerable peace society is renewing its youth. Only we miss the lightning of the old Antislavery society, which formerly obtruded its red-hot truths in season and out of season. In its place the tardy temperance movements of the Episcopal and Unitarian denominations are purifying our atmosphere, and ushering in a brighter morrow.

—Your Brother Jones helped us appreciate the needs and opportunities of the west. Brother Chaney's and Allen's southern hopes were represented by proxy. England's struggles and successes were told by Brother Peris and other.

—This is first our series of anniversary meetings in the new Unitarian building. So fast do present facts become history that we already drop the adjective *new* in speaking of our denominational home. The effort has been made to give it religious as well as business uses, and so envelop it in a warm color of affection rather than a glaring hue of pride.

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(See NATIONAL BOARD OF HEALTH BULLETIN—Supplement No. 6, page 33, Washington D. C.)

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(See report to the COMMISSIONER OF INLAND REVENUE DEPARTMENT, Ottawa (seat of government, Canada, April 3rd, 1883.)

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EDITORIAL.

IN the death of Hannah E. Stevenson, the venerable friend and fellow-worker of Theodore Parker, the world has lost a soul endowed with a great capacity for friendship and helpfulness. We hope in due time to speak in these columns a more deliberate word of appreciation and gratitude. Meanwhile we mourn with many a spirit released from body; a noble life nobly rounded out.

THE latest Unitarian papers from London are full of their Anniversaries, which seem to have been characterized by as much heartiness, helpfulness and forward-looking cheer as the recently held on this side of the water at Chicago and Boston. Our American fellow-worker, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, was there to enter into the English joys. At the "Soiree" he made a speech on Unitarian affairs in America, so eloquent that the *Inquirer* refrained from printing extracts, because "next week it is to be printed in full."

THE Secretary will tell next week the story of the Illinois Conference held at Buda. But there is no hope that any of us can get into type the serenity, heartiness and beauty of that occasion. The west, let it be known, has at least one patriarch, who for years has labored in one place and for one people, and now as a matter of course his word is a blessing, his smile a benediction. He preaches when silent and works when his hands are idle. His slow, modest but sure success ought to shame his younger brethren out of their hasty honors and easy triumphs, the celebrity that is a sensation to-day and a depression to-morrow.

FROM one of the dailies we learn that in a city where women have been placed on the school board the janitors complain that they abuse their power by "nosing" about the basements, ferreting out unwholesome odors and demanding a general purification of premises. As might have been expected! Woman has so long wielded the broom and scrub-brush that she will inevitably carry them into office with her. As has been so often prognosticated she will be the death of our present political system if allowed equal political rights and privileges. Only think of going into a justice office denuded of its halo of smoke and its spatterwork floor! Or into a police court all washed and shorn of impious expletives! How can the car of progress be stayed in its onward march?

THE season for vacation draws on apace. The months in which Nature is most busy, if indeed there are any degrees in her ceaseless activities, are being set aside more and more for rest and recreation, by those who can take them. School-houses will soon be locked, children will have long play days, teachers will unwind the tension keys and sink into inactivity, the lawyer will try to neglect his brief, the business man his trade, and sleep rather than sermons will be the end and aim of the minister. This is well, it is true economy. In all this the rush will be for water. A lake, a bay, a river, the ocean beach, or at least a bubbling spring, is a vacation necessity. Let it be remembered, however, that water has other uses than boating, bathing and fishing, and that the most successful fishing is that done without rod or line, leaving the fish in his beauty and his joy. Emerson saw the universe orb'd in a dew-drop; life is reflected ever in water, there is in it that which ought to awake the poet in every soul. Water in a crystal vase, water in which the laughing babe splashes, water in the

old oaken bucket or in the quiet river, water in the yeasty foam of old ocean, or in the humble blessedness of the rain, is always beautiful, always spiritual; its symbolism is always of heaven. Cleared of its superstition and its formalism, baptism, water baptism, is one of the most beautiful, persistent and universal symbols of religion. May then the rain ever lead us to think more lovingly and naturally of that well of water that springeth into everlasting life; drinking from this well of truth and love allays forever the thirst of the passion that is selfish and the power that is cruel.

THE *New Theology Herald* brings us the programme of the Lakeside School of New Theology from August 5th to August 21st. The opening sermon, Friday, August 5th, is by the editor of the *New Theology Herald*, Rev. J. G. Townsend. On Saturday there is to be a paper by our Doctor Thomas; Prof. Carey, of Meadville, will address the school on Monday, August 8th, and Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., and Rev. A. A. Miner, lecture and preach later in the course. A very attractive programme, and with the attractions of Chautauqua Lake added, surely the summer school should be successful as well as profitable.

WEDNESDAY evening of last week was given by the Congregationalists, at their Home Missionary Convention at Saratoga, to the discussion of city evangelization, and a very full report of the discussion is given in this week's *Christian Union*. It seems that a committee was appointed at the meeting of a year ago to take this matter into consideration and present a report and provide for the thorough discussion of the subject at this meeting. From the report of the committee it appears that in no one of the great cities of our country has the increase of churches and of church membership at all kept pace with the increase of population. The committee recommend no new methods, but simply greater zeal in providing churches for churchless wards, gospel services, Sunday-schools, tenement house visitations, etc. Following the report came addresses from the Rev. Josiah Strong, D. D., upon The Great City a Great Peril; by Rev. Lyman Abbot, D. D., upon The Great City a Great Opportunity; Rev. J. G. Johnson, D. D., considered the problem of Smaller Towns; Rev. J. H. Seeley, D. D., gave some final suggestions as to method. All of which is well worth reading, since the increase of city life is one of the marked features of the age in which we live, and the decline of interest in churches one of the marked features of city life. But is it not time that some new thought be put into this matter, some new methods proposed? It is a common belief, among the multitude of the unchurched, that the whole difficulty is in the way the churches are conducted, that they might be attractive to all if the people who managed them only wished to make them so. Is this a popular error, or is the church an outworn piece of machinery so far as cities are concerned?

No question in regard to Shakespeare is more complicated, or more fascinating in its many uncertainties, than, "Have we any true portrait of William Shakespeare of Stratford?" The face commonly represented as a picture of Shakespeare is the so-called Chandos portrait, which has no authority reaching farther back than Malone, 1793, who announced that this picture was painted in Shakespeare's life-time. How he knew, or why he thought this to be true, has not transpired. The picture with most authority is the Droeshout engraving, which appeared with the first folio edition of the plays in 1662, accompanied by the famous lines of Ben Jonson testifying as

to its correctness as a likeness. But this probably was made seven years after Shakespeare's death, and if the engraver had anything to copy from except his memory, we feel the greater regret, because the picture is so little worthy of Shakespeare. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine anything more expressionless and wooden than this cut. And yet perhaps we have something even worse in the bust in the Stratford church which, although it represents a noble cranium, gives us a face in which we can take no possible interest. This is said to have been cut by Gerard Johnson, an Amsterdam tomb maker, but who first said this nobody knows. In 1849 came the discovery of the "Becker Death Mask," a plaster cast found in a junk shop in Mayence, and said to have been marked with the date of Shakespeare's death. There is no other link, except this date, connecting it with Shakespeare. We cannot follow the intricacies of the copyings and multiplications of these, and a few other "originals," nor the various theories concerning the portraits. But it seems almost wicked for the author of the little book, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" to make confusion so much more confounded by inventing connecting links and wonderful discoveries in garrets and pawn shops, to connect a good many of these portraits with one William Shapleigh, wholly fictitious so far as known to this writer.

Sunday Circles.

A CHURCH WITHOUT A MINISTER.

It is time for another step forward in our mission work. The Post-Office Mission is well established now. It is not too much to hope that within ten years the post-office secretary will become as common a church-officer among us as the minister or janitor; that every live church will have a corner of the field assigned it, its chosen paper in which to advertise the offer of the tracts, its winter advertisements promptly in, its tracts and letters circulating, and the \$25 or \$50 to keep the mission going heartily given by the church to whom this mail-bag mission is its Africa and China. And now to start the next thing. It is the Sunday Circle, the Lay Meeting, the Church in a Parlor, the gathering of the six, the twenty, the forty neighbors, who feel unfed at the usual church-tables, and who therefore seldom go to them,—the gathering of these and their children to greet one another of a Sunday morning, to hear a sermon read, to sing some hymns and read together words of prayer and uplift.

"This, every week?" Yes, every week, or, if wiser, every second week,—but *regularly*; a meeting to look forward to, and invite a friend to, and to come to with best clothes on and children at the side, and to take some personal part in besides the listening.

"And this without a minister?" Yes, without a minister. Can six or even twenty neighbors keep a minister in bread and brains? *Without a minister.* The liberal faith must get rid of the idea that a church involves a minister in the sense in which a baby involves a father and a mother. It is the relic of the priest idea. It is intellectual and spiritual laziness to dream that the idea is true. We make much of our congregationalism, and are afraid of anything that may infringe on our right to think as we please,—but we take our rights out in the *thinking*; the Episcopalians are more congregational than we in worship, the Methodists more congregational than we in teaching activities. In *few* churches the laity practically do so little as in our own, and really leave so much to the minister both to regulate and do. Few are really so autocratic or patriarchal in government. *Without a minister*: the new church in which the unchurched liberals of the country will some day begin again to cluster will be the church without a minister, the church which will cost much less effort of their pockets and more effort of their minds. Their pockets want rest, and their minds want more work on Sundays. It is good to have a good pastor: when the circle is large, he is needed. But in many places the circle is not large, and in most places the circle does not exist except potentially in some earnest heart as center, some earnest heart

that begins to wonder how it can draw around itself, and visibly, that possible circumference. Given a simple service and songs in which all join, given a girl at the melodeon or piano, given a noble sermon printed, given a good reader, now one and now another, and given that in the reader which makes the listeners feel it natural he should read noble things aloud,—given this, and all this regularly, and the habit of coming together for this clad in one's best mood and coat and with the children,—given this, and we have a large part of a good pastor. There is many a town and many a country cross-roads where that reader lives,—often three or four of him and five or six of her lives,—never thinking of himself or herself as the quarter or the sixth part of a pastor; never thinking of it because it is so taken for granted that a "church" involves a "minister"—and both a church-begging and a church-debt for the building. Only let those four-fourths and those sixth-sixths find each other out and put themselves together, and in three months, if they choose to, they can have a church. It will be a little one, which is all they need; one, gathering in a parlor or a school-house, and therefore a cheap one costing in money but a trifle, which is all they can afford; but one which it will take *themselves* to make, and which therefore will be a *real* church, and may be a very *live* church in its outgo of influence.

There are two tools which such a liberal church will probably need at the start. One is a service-book containing a hundred hymns set to a few familiar tunes, with some responsive services and prayers. The other is a weekly sermon—a sermon sure to be on hand each week, and sure each time to interest the ten or fifty hearers, and make *them* sure to come next Sunday morning for another; and this means careful selection such as the readers at the cross-roads very likely cannot give. A song and service-book, which perhaps may answer the need, is partly ready in our "Unity Mission Tracts." No. 11, called "Songs of Faith, Hope, Charity," contains fifty of our best loved hymns with eleven printed tunes, and No. 28, called "Love to God and Love to Man," contains about fifty more songs of our faith adapted mostly to the popular revival tunes. A third tract yet to be made is to hold responsive services for reading and singing, and when this is ready, the three can probably be furnished in one cover for fifteen or twenty cents. As to the supply of sermons, cannot some Committee of our Western Conference or Women's Conference select a series of thirty or forty—each one a sure success in interest and inspiration—and have them ready in pamphlet or book form for next winter's use, and advertise in early fall the terms and system of supply?

"What would such a Sunday Circle cost?" The circle has thirty members, we will say, and in each pair of hands is the service book at twenty cents—\$6.00; and for forty Sundays, \$4.00 more should cover all expenses of the sermon-pamphlets and the postage on borrowed books. The best parlor for the purpose is the one where the welcome is the heartiest and everybody is most apt to feel at home; or if no parlor is convenient, the school-house comes free. There is some one in the thirty able, and only too glad that she is able, to be at the parlor-organ every Sunday, rain or shine. There are eight more who agree together that they will open their mouths and sing, and they prepare themselves accordingly—and the result is that pretty nearly all the rest join in. There are three willing to take turns at the reading, and they prepare themselves for that part so as to do it at their best; but practically one does it so much better than the others that it is gradually left to her, while the other two are apt to lead in the fifteen minutes' talk which follows the sermon, and which sometimes proves more helpful than the sermon; three more presently start a little Sunday-school for the children. Nobody charges for any of these things, so the church, including the plant in service-books, would cost but \$10 that first year, except for one reason,—it knows that no church is a church which lives for and by itself, so \$10 more are sent to the Western Conference, and as a church they help in good works in the town with \$30 more. Total cost of this people's church for the year, then, \$50.

The contribution sent to the Western Conference entitles them to delegates, who come back from the meeting in such a glow that when the State Conference holds its summer meeting, one-fifth part of the congregation set off together to attend it, hoping for the same good time there; and they bring back a promise from the State missionary that he will visit them that fall. As the second winter goes by, their circle enlarges a little, and once they hire a hall and pay the traveling expenses of a minister who preaches to a congregation of two hundred; and then they begin to wonder if *next* winter they ought not to give the town *three* such Sundays, and whether, possibly, in time ahead, they could pay their part and have a circuit pastor regularly once a month. All the while the Sunday circle in the parlor meets, more and more the members feel that the meetings count for real good in their lives, and the town is beginning to feel in little ways the influence of a liberal church in its midst.

The above is only in its minor details a dream. Not long ago we were in a small town, near Chicago, where much more than all this has been realized by "a church without a minister."

If we have the figures right, the liberal church in Hobart, Ind., is seventeen or eighteen years old; only three months of this time has it ever had a minister living in the town. Once a month, for some years past, it has had a visit from a helpful minister near by. Another Sunday of the month, the people themselves take charge of the service. But every Sunday, summer or winter, *something* meets. The congregation is the largest, we believe, in town. So is the Sunday-school. And this work has gone steadily on till the town is leavened through and through by the influence spreading from that liberal church—a church without a minister; and more than leavened—shaped and characterized by it. The people of the church talk of their "religious privileges,"—they "would not live in a town without a Unitarian church." The secret mainly lies in those unfailing meetings and in the heart and character of two or three citizens who made them to be unfailing.

It is the next thing to be done in missionary ways,—to develop the Sunday Circle, the Lay Church. The Post-Office Mission leads naturally to it. Let the workers in that Mission aim at this result, and reckon their year's success not merely by the number of tracts sent out and correspondents written to, but rather by the two or the three little churches they have started without ministers. Those would be "mission parishes" worth counting. The Iowa Conference, last year, took the lead in this direction by organizing a "Society of Lay Leaders;" and this last week the Illinois Conference passed the following resolution, which we trust will pass from word into deed, next fall:

Resolved, That the Illinois Conference believes that the next missionary step forward should be the development of the Unity Sunday Circle, the little church cradled in a home parlor before even the hall is reached; believes that this, the next missionary agency to be organized, may become a worthy second to the P. O. Mission.

Resolved, Therefore, that the Conference requests the W. U. C. and the W. W. U. C. to take the matter into their special consideration as a thing to push *this year*; and that a committee to consist of Mr. Covell and two others whom he may select be appointed by the Illinois Conference to carry out the above suggestion as far as possible.

Worship.

The word worship is compounded of two Saxon words, *weorþan*, to be worth or worthy; and *scipe*, state or condition, whence our English termination "*ship*", as in hardship, statesmanship, etc. Worship is, then, *weorþ-scipe*, a state or condition of worthiness.

A state of worthiness! What could be a better expression? It asserts a state of worthiness to be the essence of worship. In the desires we must seek for worthiness; in the hidden tendency, taste, longing, and trust of the heart. It is right, as it is necessary, that all the multiform desires of our nature should have their place and due regard; and because there are some higher and some lower, there is a chance for *un-worthiness*, as well as *worthiness*, of character. A man is judged by

what he wants *most*, what he deems *most* valuable, what he *most* puts trust in and *lives for*. He is worthy who pants less for breath in the efforts of his coarse daily labor than for deeper life and spiritual being; who would not weigh the golden gain of his work against the value of truth and an unspotted honesty; who places his trust in no compromises and equivocations but in simple right; who believes that right is the best policy, and not that the best policy is right; and who, having asked himself the momentous question, "What ought I to live for?" answers that he ought to live for spiritual growth, and really lives for it, and rears his head as much as he can out of earth into heaven, though he may be plunged twelve weary hours of every hard-worked day in cares and labors to procure a scanty subsistence.

This then is that worthiness which is worship, an interior condition, a state of earnestness for the good, of trust in the immutable and true, of longing for grace and strength and inward well-being. So far have our Saxon fathers led us on the way to the understanding of worship. But observation supplies another element, this, namely, that worship is always exercised towards personality. Combine now these elements that we may define worship clearly to the mind. Worship is a state of worthiness in ourselves, and it is an exercise or affection of the soul towards personal Being; uniting these I define as follows: Worship is the soul's homage, veneration, adoration, towards One who is perfectly those things which the soul pronounces most valuable, and for which it lives; to which being, therefore, the soul's desire and living for those things, is a state of worthiness.

And now observe how this view of worship tests the worshiper; with what solemn consequences it affects him. Suppose a selfish, ungenerous, greedy, and untruthful soul, and that soul bowing in prayer to God. What is its true attitude? What is its act? It is an attitude, an act of entreaty; a petition, perhaps, that its greed may be satisfied, and its untruths covered up; this entreaty is commonly called prayer. But how is it with regard to worship? Ah! there is no worship in the act—I mean worship of God. If there were in the universe such a being as the old theologians called Satan, a malicious, selfish, cruel, revengeful, gold-loving, crafty spirit, then selfish or revengeful or gold-loving prayer would be a state of worthiness as towards him; and would not the words utter really a worship of him, though addressed to God. To pray is to ask for what we worship; if we ask for spiritual good, we worship the spiritual Good, that is, God, and our worship is the sure pledge of his answering inspiration; if we ask for outward advantages, we worship some other who does not even exist to answer us. Remember Fichte's words, "We cannot win blessedness, but we may cast away our wretchedness [that is, we may turn from trust in these outward things and from worship of strange gods, and love with our whole soul spirit and good and worship God] and thereupon blessedness will forthwith of itself supply the vacant place. Blessedness is unwavering repose in the One and Eternal; wretchedness is vagrancy amid the manifold and transitory; and therefore the condition of becoming blessed is the return of our love from the many to the One."

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Who Knows?

Do you recall our talk that day?
We sat in the dusky gloom
Of the summer-scented room;
The air was pierced by the thrush's call,
And the light wind's play
Threw the woodbine's shadow along the wall.—
The talk we had,
Half jesting, half sad,
On many a deep and impossible theme,
Of soul and substance, Plato's dream,
The things that are and the things that seem?

Knowledge ungained by sense that fancy lures.
 Sudden—was it miracle or chance?—
 Some careless word of yours,
 And that backward toss of the head,
 That forbids denial in advance,
 Proved that I knew it all before.
 A moment and the vision fled;
 But the words you spoke, the look you wore,
 The woodbine's shadow on the wall,
 And the thrush's mellow call,
 I had somewhere heard and seen it all;
 Though when or how I could not say,
 Since, as you said, we met but yesterday.
 Well, now, suppose
 We were to meet on the other shore,
 Just strangers, perhaps, and nothing more,
 Who knows?
 And our talk should turn on the same old theme
 Of soul and substance, Plato's dream,
 The things that are and the things that seem;
 That there in the spirit-land—
 For once in a way
 Give fancy full sway—
 In the house not made with hand,
 Shadows light
 Of the woodbine's sprite
 Faintly flickered along the wall;
 And you were to say the self-same thing,
 With the same impatient, backward fling
 Of the head—should I not say
 As I did that day,
 All this I have surely heard before;
 Somewhere met, and known you, sir, of yore;
 Have seen, and heard, and known it all
 In some far-off time beyond recall,
 To prove which—listen that thrush's call—
 Then would you smiling answer me Nay,
 And repeat that we met but yesterday?

CELIA P. WOOLEY.

Prohibition: Its Domain.

Here is a man who drinks to excess—who robs his family of the necessities of life that he may yield to his insatiable appetite—who disturbs the peace—who makes himself an annoyance in the community. Is he morally responsible for his action? and what can prohibition do for him?

Let me suggest an answer to this question by asking another. Does his conduct bring upon him any inevitable consequences, any just judgment, so beyond escape that it is manifestly from God? Then has he taken a wrong road, back which he can never *be carried*, but must *climb*, with bitter pain and unflinching courage. Prohibition might bar his path and say: "Thou shall go no farther in the direction of strong drink!" But a thousand temptations would still lie open to him which he could escape only by his own choice. God *meant* him to choose for *himself* between good and evil, and the puny hand of man can never build the will of another into his character. No law save the Divine has any province here, and the least attempt to punish a drunkard as long as his evil deeds affect his own soul only, is an intrusion between the Creator and His creature. But the moment this creature oversteps the line, and infringes upon the rights of society, of humanity at large, he is answerable to that sense of justice which is constantly being developed in mankind. Human law can properly reach him, and is not the right of his family to eat bread before he drinks whiskey, the right of an orderly citizen to work and worship undisturbed, the right of a lady to walk the street safely, clearly enough defined to justify prohibition in his case?

In the face of the multiplicity of such cases, and the enormity of the evils growing out of them, has society no right to insist that the generations of the future shall come into the world with this awful animal appetite diminished and not increased? Has it no right to say to the liquor dealer, "All

honorable avenues of support are open to you; but no dollar acquired by pandering to the baser nature of man, which tends toward the destruction of the human race, shall ever reach your pocket?" The inordinate love of money itself, the desire for wealth at no matter what cost to the world, is a sin against the community scarcely second to the drink habit. And whenever the sin of an individual against his own soul has developed into a sin against the community, it has entered the domain of prohibition, and may be justly dealt with according to its importance. The largest freedom of each individual, as well as the surest process of the human race lies in this very fact. For prohibition to the *one* means liberty to *many*, and the diverse prohibitions of many make the common liberty of all.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Satisfied.

When hope grows dim and shadows fall,
 And light seems all denied,
 I turn unto the One in All,
 Rest and am satisfied.

On rugged ways and storm-swept heights,
 My spirit must abide,
 But sees, through all, love's beacon lights—
 Trusts and is satisfied.

And through the clearing mists I hear,
 Far up the mountain side,
 The call, in accents sweet and clear,
 Come and be satisfied.

Above the cloud-rapped mountain top,
 God's love light still abide;
 Before that shrine my spirit stops,
 Glad, happy, satisfied.

The shadows far beneath me lie,
 The storm-clouds roll aside,
 And in the deep sunlighted sky,
 My soul is satisfied.

When angel hands shall lift the veil,
 Disclosing life's full tide,
 Its glory then the stars shall hail,
 Wait and be satisfied.

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

Dedication of the Minneapolis Unitarian Church June 5, 1887.*

Minister: Let us dedicate this House which we have built, to the divine and undying sentiment of the soul, that has raised temples in every age and land, and is the source of all the religions of mankind.

People: We dedicate this as another Temple to the universal and ever-enduring Religion, whose manifold ways make but one worship.

Choir: All nations of men whom Thou hast made,
 Shall raise their worship to Thee, O Lord.

Minister: Let it be consecrated to the worship of the Infinite One, whose "greatness is unsearchable" and beyond highest name or thought, but who dwells in all men and counts all as his children.

People: To the "One God and Father of all, over all and through all and in all," we dedicate this House.

Choir: He is not far from every one of us,
 For in him we live and have our being.

* We print these extracts from the "Order of Exercises," as one more sign that the liberal faith is blooming into beauty. The thought-basis of the society is indicated by the following lines from its constitution, printed on the first page of the programme: "Our object,—To form a society where people without regard to theological differences may unite for mutual helpfulness, intellectual, moral and religious culture and humane work."

Minister: Let religion here be unfettered by forms, since "God is a Spirit, and they who worship him must worship him in Spirit and in Truth."

People: Not to the letter that killeth, but to the Spirit that giveth life we dedicate this House,—to the freest and fullest thought, and to the sincere service of Truth.

Choir: The Lord will be with thee, fear not;
Serve him in sincerity and truth.

Minister: Let all who gather here learn that God's great earthly name is Justice, and that his truest worship is to remove wrongs and relieve the oppressed.

People: To the holy religion of human Justice, which seeks first to "let the oppressed go free and break every yoke," we dedicate these walls.

Choir: Defend the afflicted and fatherless;
Deliver the poor and the needy.

Minister: Let all learn that His deeper name is Love,—that "every one who loveth is begotten of God," and every one "who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him."

People: To human Love, which "is the fulfilling of the law," and which makes every one who shares it another "Son of God" and truer "temple of God," we dedicate this House.

Choir: If we love one another, God dwelleth in us,
And his love is perfected within us.

Minister: Let this Love bring its peace and unity to all within these walls, and its charity toward all without. Let it inspire prayer and praise and sermon, and be the chief sacrament. By its baptism let children be consecrated and kept pure; by its communion let all hearts be enlarged and sanctified; by its tenderness let marriage be made holier and homes more heavenly; and from its divine promise let death learn that Love is everlasting.

People: To peace and unity among all; to warmer hearts and happier homes; to truer life on earth and trust in life eternal, we dedicate this Temple.

Choir: Trust ye in the Lord, the Eternal;
He will preserve thy soul forevermore.

All: Father, sanctify this place, that it may be to us and to our children's children the House of God and Gate of Heaven.

All join in singing:

(TUNE: *Balerna*.)

O! Thou whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea;
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

Lord, from thine inmost being send,
Within these courts to bide,
That peace whose blessing without end
Shall shine on every side.

May all the souls that worship here,
In weakness, age and youth,
Both they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened by thy truth.

May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.—*Adapted.*

Minister: Peace be within these walls! The Eternal Love enfold and fill and keep us and all who meet here after us, henceforth forevermore! Amen.

Question.

If love seeks thee and finds thee not—
If light in thy way loses thee—
Where on earth's fields hath God a spot,
Or on the bosom of the sea?

H. L. T.

Unitarians and Poetry.

Why do Unitarians, and especially Unitarian ministers, run so much to poetry? I am afraid the answer may smack of denominational conceit. But we will even take the risk for the sake of truth. It is because Unitarians are so much in sympathy with nature. Nature is one great book of poems. There are the epics of her seas, the odes of her rivers, the pastorals of her fields and flocks, the love-sonnets of her thousand creatures of instinct, or of reason, and the deep metaphysical plaints or ecstasies which rise out of the depths of man's heart toward God. Yes, the earth and the sky are full of beauty. And Baumgarten defined the beautiful by the significant word, *aisthanomai*, "I feel." And true poetry is the language of feeling, or of imagination, or of both. Usually both. What a mistake is the common idea that Unitarians have an *unfeeling* religion. Some Unitarians, like some others, are without feeling, without the sentimental, without imagination. But it is not of the nature of their religion to be so. The exact contrary is true. If I may so speak, God is a great poet—is the Homer of all the little singers of earth. May I say that Unitarians get very near to God; and that they, accordingly, sing. What a sweet and rich piece of sentiment is Parker's prayer to God as a Mother! Emerson's wide sweeping idea of the Deity is an epic in itself. How tender and touching is Channing's Fatherhood of God. What a natural, quiet, bubbling spring of poesy—coming from away down in the heart—is Gannett's "How Pray?" The final religion will be natural. And nature, as I've said, is poetic at every turn. As one becomes truly religious, he becomes poetical—as much as his nature will permit. Of course there are many human turnips, and some Unitarian turnips—that haven't blood enough to nourish poetic idea. But when the world shall be full of God's simple, pure, sweet, natural religion, it shall flourish poets in every household—genuine poets, though not great, perhaps. A few years ago nearly every lady of any leisure was trying to paint. I look upon this as a grand, common impulse toward nature. And it was strictly a poetic impulse. And it was full of refining and liberalizing influence. It blent little societies into a larger and finer harmony. It inspired much spiritual thought and joy. Nor has the impulse yet consumed its strength; nor will it. Such things are of nature and God. They do not die, but silently grow. So should Unitarian societies and ministers encourage the tendency to poesy, whether expressed in word or color; the tendency toward nature, the bright impulse toward God.

W. W. FELLOWS.

The Iron Bed of Procrustes.

The age of fable has bequeathed us a very suggestive bit of mythology in the story of Procrustes. Upon an iron bedstead which this notorious highwayman possessed, all the victims which fell into his hands were stretched. If they were too long for the bed their legs were cut off. If too short they were stretched. Bed and victim must be made to fit at any cost.

This myth suggests an analogy in the mental history of man. Established opinion has ever been tramping up and down the highway of thought and has stretched upon the Procrustean bed of torture the advanced thinkers of every age.

In the past men of independent thought were burned, poisoned, hung, drowned, buried alive, smothered, crucified—for attempting to enlarge or purify the world's knowledge and life. None of these things are done now. The man of ideas is merely figuratively stretched on the Procrustean bed of dogmatism. Instead of chopping off his legs his character is impugned, his heart declared hardened, his sanity impeached. Instead of stretching the thinker's limbs his ideas are tortured and twisted and bent until their original form and power is destroyed.

Time was in Christian history when the church willingly sacrificed life in the holy effort to make earth's noblest men fit the iron bed of dogma! Mother church found the good

monk Luther, an eccentric child. She tried to put him to bed and to sleep, but he refused to be silenced by such numbing lullaby. The success of Luther's protest encouraged the human spirit. Since his time the rise and progress of rationalism and the disintegration of dogmatic theology has been a movement of steadily increasing breadth and momentum.

Organized Christianity is now ashamed of its iron bed. But no amount of sanctimonious whitewash or pious paint can efface the stains and spots upon it. Liberal and humane men in all denominations wish to put the hateful thing in the theological attic. But mark the irony of fate. Science and the purified religious consciousness of humanity insist in bringing that iron bed (the plan of which was revealed from heaven) into the clearlight of day.

It is not proposed to stretch *persons* upon this bedstead. The intelligence of the age proposes to put it to a new and more noble use. Henceforth it shall be called the Bed of Truth, and all *ideas* which will not fit it must be modified until they do. If any man chooses to tie to theories that cannot rest peacefully upon this humanized Procrustean bed he may be permitted to do so. There is no law to prevent one from believing in any amount of superstition—except the law of right thinking,—and if one will ignore that law there is little to be said. (There are asylums for such.) People may lie down on their bed of dogmatism in fancied security, but the coverings that prevent contact with the iron framework of truth are being rapidly worn out, and at no distant day contact with reality will startle the human mind into a self-conscious appreciation of the fact that it has been bound for centuries upon the Procrustean bed of delusion.

FRANK L. PHALEN.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. The whole edited by Mr. Justin Winsor, librarian of Harvard College. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The first half of this little book appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May; the second entanglement, which is as much worse than the first as the first is worse than nothing, appears here for the first, and we wish we could say for the last, time. To say that all creation has been ransacked for improbable events and discoveries to make the entanglement in regard to Shakespearean portraits worse, is speaking mildly. And yet, from a literary point of view, the work is excellently done. There is an air of reality about it (and some other characteristics also), that remind one strongly of Hale's "Man Without a Country." Let all who are not well up in Shakespearean matters, and who have not steady memories in the way of discriminating fact and fable, carefully avoid this book, and when any one springs the question, "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" let the listener shake his head with a wise, cautious smile and say, "I think the boy lied."

Faith on the Earth and other Sermons. By John W. Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.

All Mr. Chadwick's sermons are of a high order. They bear evidence of wide reading and real thinking. There is nothing somnolent about them; though it is plain that they are not suited to the average congregation. The average congregation, unless we are mistaken, would find itself too severely taxed to follow them—except possibly on occasion. The average congregation would probably prefer something nearer the plane of Talmage or Moody. It is complimentary, then, to the intellectual power of the Second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn, that for over twenty years it has heard and fed upon the strong meat of such discourses.

But they are not wanting in moral power, and they are rich in fine touches of poetic beauty, as we should expect. Whoever reads them may glean, besides the fruits of careful study and quick observation, sallies of "daring faith," felicitous sentences, a subtle humor, tender tributes, and a sure hope for the future.

Perhaps we can render no better service here than to call attention to their titles: I. *Faith on Earth*; II. *The Great Discoverer*; III. *Ethical Culture* (this was replied to by Dr. Adler); IV. *Gnostics and Agnostics*; V. *The Rational Time-view*; VI. *Progressive Orthodoxy*; (this is one of the most timely where none are out of date); VII. *Revivals of Religion*; VIII. *Positive and Negative Theology*. (These constitute the eleventh series. The twelfth series follows). I. *The Divine Sufficiency*. (This is the very striking and able sermon preached at the opening session of the National Conference of Unitarians at Saratoga, Sept. 20, 1886.) II. *The Earthquake God*; III. *Things that Remain*; IV. *The Child in the Midst*; V. *The Holy Spirit*; VI. *The Spirit of Truth*; VII. *The Good New Times*; VIII. *Henry Ward Beecher*.

Faith and Righteousness. A Memorial of Sumner Ellis, D. D., with an outline of his Life and Ministry, by Rev. C. R. Moor. Boston: Universalist Publishing House. 825 pp., 12mo., gilt.

This volume will be welcomed by the many friends of Doctor Ellis, late pastor of St. Paul's Universalist church, of Chicago. There have been few nobler men than Doctor Ellis. He was sweet-spirited, generous, scholarly, and in every way manly. The volume before us contains a well written sketch of his life, and some of his best sermons. The latter show the man: They are thoughtful, fair and elegant. Doctor Ellis's style is uniformly easy and finished, and each sermon presents its subject with a completeness not often found in discourses of the same length. The topics are well chosen, and all together present in an interesting way many of the living questions of the day. Among the subjects discussed are, "The Christ consciousness," "The Fallacy of Disbelief," "Faith Confirmed by Prayer," and "Current Tendencies in Thought and Life."

The Golden City. True Catholicism. The Bible or the Creed. By B. F. Barrett. Swedenborg Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

The average New Churchman seems to find it more difficult to understand, than others, why all men do not see the truth as he sees it. In the writings of Swedenborg and those of many of his disciples, there is much that is beautiful, true and good, many interpretations of the ancient Scriptures that as far excel the literal truth they were intended to convey as sunlight exceeds starlight. But the trouble with most of us is, that all these beautiful interpretations seem to us to proceed upon a method that is absolutely false. To us it seems the only right and honest way to find in a writing just what the writer meant to put there, and nothing more. If other beautiful and true things are suggested, say them for ourselves, but do not deceive ourselves by supposing that these imaginings of our own were providentially meant as infallible truth for us.

Talks about Law. A Popular Statement of What our Law is and how it is Administered. By Edmund P. Dole. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Just the book some of us have been looking for for years, explaining all about courts, pleadings, lawyers, evidence, where our law comes from, the beginning of a lawsuit, law terms, and so forth, in a perfectly clear and popular manner. Whether the book is accurate in all respects, some better judge may say, but it answers hundreds of questions that remain unanswered in the common mind many years. Why would it not be an excellent plan to have such a book made part of a high school course? Surely it would be as valuable as arithmetic or physiology.

Philosophical Realism, by William J. Gill, Author of "Evolution and Progress," and "Analytical Processes." Boston: W. H. Bradley. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 85 cents.

This is an intelligent presentation of idealism. All that is known is the ego, and the ego is larger than the "internal." It extends to all that it thinks about. The external world is real, but is a manifestation of thought. The work is the-oretic, and makes a strained and needless application of its

principles to "Christian Science." Some of the discussions are very strong and clear. The book discusses many problems of interest to the general reader, since the relations and applications of idealism are endless. It treats of pantheism, transcendentalism, design, atomism and many scientific questions, and aims to weave its explanation of all into a comprehensive system.

THE HOME.

Disciplining Another's Baby.

Dick is a "dyed in the wool" patriot, having been knit out of the reddest, the whitest and the bluest of yarn. Of course time and use have subdued the red, given tone to the white and modified the blue, still Dick is always ready to "show his colors"—a most reliable sort of fellow.

Santa Claus, his brother, looks very like many pictures you have seen of the famous individual after whom he is named—the same jolly face, the same roly-poly body and fat hands; he is always dressed in the same gay clothes, blue pants, green coat, black boots with red tops and yellow necktie. He, too, is remarkable for his reliability, devotion and soft, easy manner, makes a comfortable pillow, a good cushion, will cover a hole in a basket or act as a screen for a venturesome mouse caught out in daylight.

They both belong to the sweetest, busiest little daffy-down-dilly of a three years old boy you ever saw, who goes dancing about the house, the garden, the lawn, like the little sunbeam he is, with his heart full of love and tenderness and his head full of immature, uncultivated wisdom, which is sometimes almost as dangerous to peace and comfort as unripe fruit from the orchard. He does a deal of thinking in his way, some of it very wise and some of it very *other-wise*. No man "on 'Change'" is busier than he, few brains work more steadily, few feet take more steps during the waking hours, few persons go to bed more reluctantly, or rise in the morning with more alacrity, than our little hero. There are no idle moments with him. What his hands find to do he does with all his might, and as soon as one task is fairly finished he is at the next. No "waiting for a job." He finds constant employment. His one misfortune is that his well meant endeavors are not always appreciated, but he rarely wastes time in brooding over his trials and the ingratitude which often awaits genius and generosity. He really hasn't time to worry over his worries, and so they just vanish into thin air like so many soap-bubbles. But when grief does overtake him he makes a business of it, for he never *half* does anything; still he doesn't hold on to it, hug, nor court it, and gets away from it with all possible speed; indeed, so successful is he in this respect that often joy follows grief so closely that laughter chases away tears like an April shower before the spring sun. There is no end of lessons of wisdom to be learned from this little teacher. He is a regular professor in the family. Of course his two children, Dick and Santa Claus are model dollies, and he is very devoted to them, takes them out airing daily if his multifarious duties permit, though sometimes the pressure of work so absorbs him that he forgets to bring them in; however, this discipline has inured them to all sorts of weather, and they don't mind a night in the dew, frost or rain, in fact will endure a snow storm with perfect equanimity and come out of it—Santa Claus as smilingly and Dick as patriotically as they went into it. If they fall from a chamber window they are picked up quite unhurt, a tumble down stairs and no damage done. You can pick them out of the slop jar, wring them out, and to the eyes of the "Prof." they are, if possible, more attractive than ever when taken down dry from their hospital over the kitchen stove. In fact there never were two more perfect children's children than Santa Claus and Dick; they are indeed "a joy forever," giving no anxiety, no heart aches, nor trouble of any kind. With such an admirably disciplined family it is quite incomprehensible to the professor the anxiety and care his sisters bestow on their Parisian children, who are tenderly washed, hands, face and

feet, but no royal bath tub business about, and when taken out airing are carefully returned to their nicely cushioned chairs or snugly tucked in their little cribs. All this is detrimental to their growth and maturity, for as soon as they lie down their eyes close, while Santa Claus and Dick are always open-eyed and live amid the bustle of active life, and learn to conform to circumstances.

One morning as the professor, with Santa Claus, Dick, his little knife and a number of other treasures stowed away in his doll carriage, was going out with his friend Alice and her family, he spied his sister Pansy's beautiful bisque doll reposing on its little bed. At once his heart was touched by its loneliness and want of proper exposure, companionship and discipline, and he determined to give her an airing too; so he stowed the fair Elaine, who had hitherto known only the gentlest of handling, the smoothest of silk and softest of fur, in among his treasures between Santa Claus and Dick. All went well for a time as they trundled the carriages up and down the walk, but after a time the professor wanted his knife from the bottom of the carriage, tossing Santa Claus and then Dick out on the walk, as was his wont, where they lay quietly—Santa Claus all smiles, Dick all patriotism as usual—then Elaine, who no sooner struck the pavement than she flew into an infinite number of little pieces. The professor was never more amazed in his life. For a few minutes he could only stand and stare, then gathering up the pieces he started to the house with a growing indignation at Elaine's conduct. What could possess her to behave so was beyond his comprehension. Carrying the pieces to his mother he exclaimed with no small vexation in his voice,

"Des see what s'e did! Bokted hersef all to pieces!!"

"But it was you who broke her, my dear."

"No, I din not, s'e bokted hersef. I din not do it," said the professor, decidedly.

"Mamma, I shouldn't wonder if Alice did it. You know he never denies anything he has really done," interposed his usual apologist.

"No, Alice din not do it. Alice din not touch her. S'e des din it hersef," stoutly maintained the professor, and rushing off he brought in Santa Claus, Dick and the carriage; throwing out the dolls he exclaimed,

"Nats 'e way. I froed out Santa C'aus and he 'haved hesef. I froed out Dick an' he 'haved hesef, nen I froed out Elaine an' se' des bokted hersef all up. I nezer, nezer saw sut' a naughty dolly, nezer!!"

"But," said mamma, "when you threw Elaine down you broke her, my dear."

"No, I din not bokit her, s'e bokit hersef. I froed her down so," throwing down the smiling Santa Claus, "and he don't bokit;" then throwing down the patriotic Dick to still further demonstrate the fact, "'an he don't bokit, but s'e dest bokted *all up*, taus s'e was naughty," solemnly reiterated the "Prof." Now, mamma found that there was no more use of wasting words on this little man than Wordsworth did on his little maid, one of seven. He demonstrated over and over that good dolls could be thrown down with impunity. He had always thrown Santa Claus and Dick down anywhere, and they were good dolls and came up all right. He only threw Elaine down once and she "bokted hersef all up 'cause s'e was so naughty." That was all there was about it.

Oh, mothers! how many of us are much wiser than the little professor? We try the same treatment on a whole brood of children irrespective of native differences, and are as surprised as he at the result. We give advice freely where we had better have held our peace. We criticise where we should have reverently inquired. We use our moral and spiritual pruning knives where we should have used props. We endeavor to inure the child to hardship where we should have protected, and if by some fortunate combination of circumstances we are apparently successful, how we hug our theories and point with pride to the result of *our* method, and lose patience with the lack of wisdom that dares not follow our course. Let us learn with Rousseau that "the training of children is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it."

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—A meeting of the Directors of the W. W. U. C. was held Thursday, June 2d, at the Unitarian headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Mrs. West in the chair, and all the local directors present, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Marean, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Brown, Miss Roberts, Miss Hilton. The reports of secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. It was heartily agreed that the leading and special work of the Conference should be as heretofore the Post-office Mission work, for which over five hundred dollars (\$500) was spent last year. But this is not enough. In order adequately to meet the demands for tracts and denominational literature, more money is needed.

In what new channels should the energies of the Conference be directed?

After various suggestions and discussions it was decided that a beginning at least might be made to help in the following three causes: That of temperance; home missionary work as represented by Mr. Bond's industrial and mission school in the Crow Creek Indian Reservation, Montana, and foreign missionary work, the need for which has been brought to our knowledge by the Hindu Pundita Ramabai, now pleading so earnestly in this country for help to establish schools for intellectual and industrial training among the women of India. To reach those ends it was moved by Mrs. Marean that Mrs. West appoint chairmen of three committees to represent the three interests indicated, each chairman to fill out her committee from such members of the Conference as she may choose, or who may avow an interest in any of the three lines of work. This motion was seconded and passed.

Mrs. West appointed: Mrs. Jones, chairman of committee on temperance.

Mrs. Marean: chairman of foreign missionary work.

Mrs. Dow, chairman of home missionary work.

Mrs. Dow offered to correspond at once with Mr. Bond and see what help was needed most.

Cheering and suggestive letters were read from Mrs. Richardson, Princeton, and Miss Le Baron, of Elgin. From Mrs. Learned, St. Louis; Mrs. Savage, Cooksville, Wis.; Miss Gould, Davenport, Iowa; Miss Gale, Cleveland, Ohio, greetings were also received, but by accident did not reach the secretary in time for the meeting. It was proposed that subscriptions to our periodicals be increased, and a motion made that any person who should be willing to forward the *Register* or *UNITY* send his or her name to the secretary. It was voted that the secretary order one hundred tracts of Mr. Sunderland's, "What do Unitarians Believe," as needed in the P. O. mission work, and

that she be permitted to use her judgment in the future in purchasing such tracts as seem necessary. It was voted that the secretary be sent to the State Conference at Buda, June 16th. The meeting then adjourned.

FLORENCE HILTON, Sec'y.

Philadelphia.—Sidney H. Morse recently spoke informally about Emerson before a section meeting of the Ethical Culture Society. He has completed a fine bust of Emerson, which was exhibited on the occasion.

—The Spring Garden Society will have no evening meetings during the summer. The Germantown and First societies will, no doubt, stop their meetings altogether.

—The final assembling this season of the Unity Ethical Association in Camden will be devoted to Emerson. With an essay and readings, it is believed the occasion will be happy in its effects.

—Morse's figure of Whitman is about completed in the sketch. It is a very satisfactory thing, and there seems to be a general feeling that it should be thrown up large into a public memorial.

—Dr. Furness will spend his summer in some New Jersey retreat, probably with his son, Horace Howard.

—Clifford will be in New England during July and August.

—Weston is to summer in the Adirondacks.

—The report of the Seybert Commission, which has been investigating Spiritualism, and is made up of a number of scientific and literary experts, is decidedly dampening to those who may have hoped for favorable results. The studies will still go on in accordance with Mr. Seybert's bequest. It proceeds under the supervision of the university.

—The Ethical Culture Society has had an ending of its school season till fall. There will be none but section meetings of the society through the summer.

—Mr. Clifford's spoken tribute to Hannah Stevenson was one of those nobly poetic and humanizing memorials which shame the best things we can put into stone and bronze. H. L. T.

Boston Notes.—The closing exercises of our public and private industrial schools give great satisfaction to all who are watching our changing city charities. "Not alms, but opportunity for self-help," is to-day the approved motto in philanthropy. Annually our Normal Kindergarten graduates twelve well-equipped teachers, and all of them are directly needed in the growing demand in New England and elsewhere for kindergartens.

—So much summer correspondence and maturing of plans are projected by our church organizations that much good work for next autumn and winter seems to "cast its shadow before." Not the least advantage gained by the numerous conferences and class meetings of the past winter is the courage to stand up more confidently to new church work.

—Summer visitors to our city from the west and the south will be cordially welcomed at our A. U. A. building, and to the use of all its conveniences and appliances. Some courteous officers or ministers, or other ladies and gentlemen, are always in attendance to receive or to give interesting information.

—The ministers' circulating library attached to the book room is a decided success.

Last Sunday's Happenings.—Mr. Milsted preached his last sermon before vacation and started immediately for Europe. Miss Murdock preached for Mr. Hosmer at Cleveland, Mr. Hosmer preaching at Meadville. Mr. Jones spoke in the evening at Kenosha. This is the last of a series of four sermons recently given in this church by Messrs Simmons, Gannett and Jones. This parish is not too dead to contain a good many warm hearts, active brains and ready hands. Mr. Blake and Mr. West exchanged. Mr. Effinger preached in Buda; Mr. Gannett at Hobart, Indiana. Pastor and people of All Souls church rejoiced in welcoming back from the east Mrs. E. T. Wilkes. She occupied the platform with the

pastor, took part in the services and made a telling address at the close of the sermon.

Kansas City.—The fact that a number of our older societies did not send delegates to Chicago does not suggest to some of us out here as ominous a failure of the Western Conference as seems to disturb the vision of some. Kansas City will serve as an example. Within a week after the Cincinnati meeting a few of our good but frightened ones called a meeting to take action regretting the harm they supposed had been done at Cincinnati. Twelve persons were present. Two were not members, and two others spoke and voted against allowing our peace to be disturbed by any action in the matter; this left eight to vote for the agitators. We are about 100 strong, and shall be found with the Conference if permitted.

Yours in Unity,

S. D. BOWKER.

Meadville.—We go to press before receiving any particulars of the Anniversary of the Meadville Theological School. But the programme shows hymns by Emma Endicott Marean, Mr. Mott, one of the graduating class, and Mrs. E. L. Douthit. Prayer was offered by Rev. William L. Chaffin, and the following essays were given by the graduating class: "Enthusiasm in the Ministry," by Henry Harrison Brown, Saratoga, N. Y.; "The Church and the Children," by Albert Wilgus, Dayton, Ind.; "English Unitarian Leaders," by Frederick Blount Mott, Leicester, Eng. Miss Murdock also read a paper and received the degree of B. D.

Tuskegee, Alabama.—The Southern letter published by the Normal School for colored teachers at this place for June contains an account of the anniversary exercises. Among the industrial exhibits were a cart, a wagon, the products of a saw-mill, home-grown honey, and a boys' hall in process of erection, the bricks for which have been made and are being laid by the students. Over 3,000 people were present at the anniversary exercises. Seventeen students graduated. This is work in which our readers ought to be interested.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TREASURER'S REPORT OF THE WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

MAY 17, 1887, TO DATE.

By cash in hand, May 17.....	\$ 3.32
" Society at Buda, Ills.....	5.00
" Unity Church, St. Louis, Mo.....	8.00
" Mrs. Wm. C. Dow, Chicago, Ills.....	5.00
" Miss Helen Gale, Oak Park, Ills.....	1.00
" Miss M. A. French, Kenosha, Wis.....	
Post-office Mission.....	5.00

\$25.32

Annual memberships.....

\$74.00

\$99.32

PAYMENTS.

To Unity Mission and Short Tracts. \$	3.60
Rent and Expenses.....	18.00
Secretary's salary.....	16.66
Postage for Secretary.....	3.00
Stationery and Postage for Treasurer.....	2.00

\$43.26

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS RECEIVED FROM MARCH 3 TO MAY 17.

Mrs. J. W. C. Morrison, Yankton, Dakota; Mrs. W. H. Metcalf, Mrs. D. Fisher, Mrs. W. H. Bradley, Mrs. L. Vance, Mrs. G. D. Norris, Mrs. C. M. Wells, Mrs. Edward Illaley, Mrs. Proeschel, Mrs. C. J. Dyer, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Grace T. Howe, Miss M. E. French, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. Geo. N. Holden, Manly Junction, Iowa; Mrs. C. C. Jones, Miss Mary E. Hale, Miss M. C. LeDuc, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. E. M. Latimer, Mrs. Clement

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JULY 2, 1887.

[NUMBER 18.]

EDITORIAL.

"NATURE is loved by what is best in us."

"ACCUSE not nature; she hath done her part.
Do thou but thine."

"HE who knows a flower well knows God and his Universe."

"SOME plants the sunshine ask, and some the shade."

"THERE'S never a leaf nor a flower too mean
To be some happy creature's palace."

"GO THOU to thy learned task,
I stay with the flowers of spring;
Do thou of the *ages* ask
What me the *hours* will bring."

"THERE was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers."

"SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth on the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine."

"BRING flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offerings, their place is *there!*
They speak of hopes to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory,—bring flowers, *bright flowers.*"

"FLOWER in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

A PREACHER once said, "What a pity flowers can utter no sound! A singing rose, a whispering violet, a murmuring honeysuckle,—oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!" But no, we would not have it so, but as God has made the flowers. And though they have no speech nor language, and their voice is not heard, yet their sound is gone forth through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

MY NASTURTIIUMS.

QUAINT blossoms with the old fantastic name,
By jester christened at some ancient feast:
How royally to-day among the least
Considered herbs, it flings its spice and flame!
How careless wears a velvet of the same
Unfathomed red, which ceased when TITAN ceased
To paint it in the robes of doge and priest!
Oh long lost, loyal red which never came
Again to painter's palette—on my sight
It flashes at this moment, trained and poured
Through my nasturtiums in the morning light,
Like great-souled kings to kingdoms full restored,

They stand alone and draw them to their hight,
And shower me from their stintless golden hoard.

—H. H.

THE WHITE CLOVER.

THERE is a little perfumed flower,
It well might grace the loveliest bower,
Yet poet never deigned to sing
Of such an humble, rustic thing;
Nor is it strange, for it can show
Scarce one tint of Iris' Bow.
Nature perchance, in careless hour,
With pencil dry might paint the flower;
Yet instant blushed her fault to see,
So gave a double fragrantcy,
Rich recompense for aught denied.
Who would not its homely garb abide
If gentlest soul were breathing there
Blessings through all its little sphere.
Sweet flower, the lesson thou hast taught
Shall check each proud, ambitious thought,
Teach me internal worth to prize,
Though found in lowliest, rudest guise.

WE head our editorial column this week with the above quotations, the overflow of one Sunday's Service of Beauty. They are some of the mottoes that accompanied the floral class offerings of a Sunday-school on Flower Sunday. They carry to the reader, as they did to the congregation, their own suggestions, and the editor must suppress the impulse to preach upon the fertile texts, as did the preacher. Suffice it at this time to call attention to the rapid growth of the religious sensibilities in our churches, as indicated by the large increase in the use of flowers and the attendant recognition of beauty as a help to and element in the divine life. One need not be very old to recall the time when flowers at church would shock the proprieties. One of the heretical innovations of Theodore Parker was the vase of flowers that was always on his pulpit. There are many, doubtless, who will claim the honor of having originated "Flower Sunday" and "Children's Day" in the church. While we are so near the roots of this new "Holiday," in the calendar of the church, that is based on the universal experience of humanity and the ever present sanctities of nature, can we not fix its beginning? Who will contribute any facts to our columns, concerning the rise of "Flower Sunday" in the American churches? Correspondence solicited.

THE "National Library," published by Cassell & Co., brings some of the best old English classics into the dime list of cheap reading. There seems to be no excuse left for the reading of trashy pages because the classic ones are not at hand.

BIRRELL, in his essay on Emerson, in the new "Obiter Dicta," says, "Emerson bathes the universe in his thought. Nothing less than the whole ever contented Emerson; his was no parochial spirit." Perhaps this quality, more than any other, makes Emerson the voice of the highest religious spirit of the age. The present hunger of the heart is for the whole, not a part. We have had enough of religious analysis to do a little in the synthesis line now. Not the *sectarian* but the *Unitarian* is the one that has the most to offer to the world to-day

THE second volume of "Obiter Dicta" sustains the delight of the former one. This book may well be taken as the exception that proves the good rule quoted by the author, "When a new book is published, read an old one."

THE *Young Crusader* tells a story of a small boy in a Boston office who, when challenged, declared that there was one thing that he could do which the four grown up men in the office could not, viz.: "Keep from swearing."

THE genial face of Charles G. Ames, of Philadelphia, beamed upon us on Tuesday morning. Mr. Ames is *en route* for St. Paul, where the Ames clan gathers for the summer. We wish it might happen oftener—his coming this way. We like to feel the magnetic presence of our beloved Philadelphian.

ROBERT COLLYER occupied his old pulpit last Sunday, and spoke on "The New Theology." He closed up with the following bit of breezy courage and forward-looking prophesy: "Keep your glasses clean and mind your light, you young men and women. Keep your light burning strong and clear, as the fathers tried to do in their day, and many of the mothers, too, often more diligently than the fathers. Mind the light, you fathers and mothers, of the open day. Make it stronger and clearer, if you can, and when the orders come to put in new burners, put them in. Don't imagine that what is good and bright enough for us will be good and bright enough in the time to come. And do not fear, dear friends, that this advancing and ever widening faith in God's eternal love, and that his blending of faith with reason, can fail of its holy purpose."

OUR sympathies are always with pacific methods. We believe in patient magnanimity towards the brethren who, in the war of the Rebellion, did such great evil. It was a trying ordeal through which they passed. Their soldiers fought with a valor worthy of a better cause. Many of them were unwitting victims of their inheritance and environment. We believe that the new south is going to be a loyal south, and we would like to reduce the friction and pain to the minimum. But President Cleveland's suggestion to return the rebel flags was a concession to the feelings of individuals that insulted principle. Alas! for the nation that forgets its annals, or reads small its heroic records. Alas! for the new south, if the nation is not to conserve for the benefit of its children the full records of that cause in which their fathers fought so valiantly on the wrong side. We have a right to be lessoned by the latter facts as well as by the former. The following lines, clipped from the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, from the pen of one of our contributors, express sentiments which must be considered if a fair conclusion is to be reached in the matter:

SEND BACK THE FLAGS.

Send back the battle flags—merely
A handful of tattered old rags,
Dusty and draggled and brown-stained.
Surely, we'll send back the flags!
That was a farce that you played us.
Men of the Blue and the Gray:
Rise from your graves, buried heroes—
This is the end of the play.

The brown stains were heart's blood; the tatters
Were torn by the shells booming by;
But honor's a sentiment only,
The patriot died for a lie.
So send back the flags that we captured
At a cost of a million of lives;
Send back the slave to his bondage,
To the lash, and the hounds, and the gyves.

Send back the battle flags. Only—
A trifle you'll send us instead?
Just the lives of our fathers and brothers,
The tears that we wept for the dead.
Let us make a clean sweep of all rubbish!
See, here are the chains and the staves,
The pistol that murdered our Lincoln,
The thought of the far "nameless graves."

Send back the scars of the veterans,
The maimed and the halt and the blind;
Send back the widows and orphans—
All—leave no traces behind.
Send all the memories that haunt us,
Of slaughter and prison and pen;
Wipe out the past of a nation—
We'll send back the battle-flags then.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

Antioch College.

To the lovers of free thought, practical education and human equality, Antioch College is, or ought to be, a shrine. Here, thirty-one years ago, in the heart of what was then literally a wilderness, Horace Mann laid the foundations of a college, based upon the unprecedented heresies, at that time, of co-education of the sexes and of the races. He was a pioneer in the new education that sought to teach things rather than words, to make men and women rather than scholars, to put morality at the basis of the intellectual as well as the religious life. American annals are full of thrilling tales of pioneer hardships and heroic martyrdoms; none of them are more thrilling and suggestive than the story of Horace Mann's heroism and martyrdom.

The subsequent years of Antioch College are closely connected with much that is the best in Unitarian history. . . . Here Doctors Hill and Hosmer presided. Here Badger, George L. Cary, William F. Allen, Fay, Lucretia Crocker and many others whose names are familiar, have taught.

Very many of our Unitarian ministers are children of Antioch. In the palmy days of the Lyceum Emerson, Wendell Phillips, George William Curtis, Beecher, as well as the leading lights of the Unitarian ministry, have been heard in its chapel.

Since then Antioch has seen dark days, and at one time it seemed as though its doors must be permanently closed, but the planting had been too genuine, and the seed too vital for such a fate. Antioch is again looking up. The catalogue shows an attendance of 239 pupils with a slight preponderance of boys. This is an increase of fifty pupils over last year. The trustees were able to pay three thousand dollars (\$3000.00) towards salaries, and five hundred (\$500.00) towards the repair of buildings. This sum, together with the tuitions and aid received from the Christian Educational Society, under the thrifty administration of President Long, enabled the institution to pay all bills with a slight balance to its credit. The funds of the college are in good shape, and the trustees were enabled to make a like appropriation for next year. Of the non-resident trustees the following members were present,—Messrs. Hosea, Champion, and Thayer, of Cincinnati; Professor Bell, of Indianapolis; Hon. J. Warren Keifer, of Springfield; Hon. John Little, of Xenia; Professor Derby, of Columbus; Hosmer of Cleveland, and Jones, of Chicago. Tuesday, the 21st was lecture day. In the forenoon Doctor Thomas, of Chicago, lectured on "Social Forces," before the literary societies. In the afternoon Jones, of Chicago, spoke on "Browning," before the students. In the evening Rev. M. J. Miller, of Geneseo, Ill., gave the address before the alumni association. It was an address full of fresh thought; in it the courage of the new science blended with the earnestness and the reverence of the religion that is always old and always new. After the lecture there was an alumni supper and some more speeches. Each time the chapel was filled. Next morning the spacious campus swarmed with happy, healthy people. All the roads leading into the beautiful village of Yellow Springs guided long processions of farmers' wagons, carriages and buggies to the commencement exercises that took place at ten o'clock. Four graduates received the degree of B. A., two of them ladies. Ella M. Coan, the daughter of one of the leading ministers of the "Christian Fellowship," whose death last year deprived Antioch of a faithful friend and trustee, took for her theme the "Liberal Element." She showed a grasp of

thought and maturity of judgment seldom found in graduating papers. We can not forbear making room for her closing paragraph.

The liberal movement is ethical and social, and not speculative. It so reaches up into all heights and down into all depths of being that it belongs to all men who are brought face to face with the hard questions of life. Its science must be the strong, willing handmaid of the ethical nature of man, the guide to a higher civilization of cultured souls to whom the conflict is none the less real, but waged in the pure white light of the upper skies. The men who are to be its prophets must be more than mere polite scholars and literary gentlemen. They must be men whose training has enlarged their whole nature; men of faith, who are tall enough to look over the boundaries of the present and see the armies of the future marching and counter-marching in the newly descending heavens. They may be born in cabins, may preach in the wilderness or be burned at the stake, but if by them some new truth is said into the ears of the eager people, then by them comes a larger liberty into the world. They will live upon the earth as long as truth remains among men. The liberal element is ever in the minority, but it contains its own justification. It is inherent in its very nature. It cannot but win with its faith in human possibilities and "sweet reasonableness." This is its ground of advance, and thus it prepares the way of the Lord.

The other lady, Eulalie D. Guthrie, of Mitchell, Dakota, is both a child and grandchild of the college. Both her father and mother were graduates of the school before her. Her theme was "The Obedient Spirit," and like the other paper was characterized by a deep courageous religiousness. Leslie A. Cranston, of Gibson, Ill., discoursed on "Personal Rights," and Frank Southard, of Raymond, Ohio, on "Political Cobwebs," in a manner that made them worthy classmates of the young ladies, which is saying much for them. After the exercises there was a big dinner in the dining-room in the Woman's building, with speeches, reminiscences, etc.

The trustees elected Rev. M. J. Miller, of Geneseo, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of E. W. Clark, of Germantown, Penn., and Rev. E. A. Devore, of West Milton, Ohio, *vice* Rev. A. W. Coan, deceased.

Let none of the old friends of Antioch despair for this child of their affection. The spirit of Horace Mann is marching on. Antioch College is no longer a missionary exotic, a New England slip, transplanted to western soil but poorly adapted to it; but it is a native growth, rooted in its own locality to which it ministers. For the present the details of the management rest with the "Christian" denomination, so called, but it is not on that account doing any the less for liberal thought and for progressive ideas. During the year lectures upon such men as Bryant, Matthew Arnold, Gladstone and Savonarola have been heard. The latest books on timely subjects find their way into the library, so far as means permit. The college is now under the fostering care of a denomination about three times as large as the Unitarians, and working out their religious problems on lines very similar to those that mark the Unitarian movement. They are trying to live up to the ideal of a creedless church, where character, not dogma, is to be the test of religion. Their ministers frequently and readily pass from one pulpit to the other. The resident minister at Yellow Springs, Rev. E. A. Coil, is soon to assume charge of the Unitarian church at Westboro, Mass.

Let our readers remember Antioch. Send books to its library, papers to its reading room, funds to the treasury, and students to its halls. Let those who are looking for an economic school, in a small town, delightfully located, think of Antioch. The estimate annual expenses, including tuition, board, lights, fuel, room rent, books and washing, is estimated from \$127.00 to \$145.00.

"WHATEVER lifts man above immediate existence, the wants and impulse of the present moment, and gives him self-control, is called ethical. . . . The ethical points toward immortality as its presupposition. Death comes through the inadequacy of the individual organism to adjust itself to the environment; the conditions are too general, and the individual gets lost in the changes that come to it. Were the individual capable of adapting himself to all changes, there could be no death; the individual would be perfectly universal."—William T. Harris.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Flower Souls.

All laden is the vale
With sounds of fragrant notes,
The flowers sing a hymn
From all their tinted throats.

With guileless voice they sing—
Their souls are in their eyes;
They praise all beauty's King
With fragrant melodies.

The flowers I can but think
Are deathless in their beauty;
Their lives seem so complete—
So void of undone duty.

EUGENE ASHTON.

The Illinois Conference and a Birthday Party.

We left Chicago, a party of seven. At Hinsdale we were reinforced by one, at Princeton by twelve, and at the Rock Island crossing by two, arriving in Buda twenty-two strong. Friendly hands were waiting to greet us, and we were soon resting in our respective homes. The evening hour brought us together in the little church, a full house, and W. C. Gannett in the pulpit. We listened to a sermon upon the theme—"We see as we are." We see with our souls and not with our physical eyes. The divinity without us is only revealed to divinity within. It was a sermon to make us all thoughtful lest having eyes we see not, and ears we hear not.

On Friday morning the conference was called to order, Kersey H. Fell, of Bloomington, in the chair. The reports of secretary and treasurer were read and referred to business committee. The Woman's conference was well represented by its secretary, Miss Florence Hilton. Mrs. M. J. Miller, of Geneseo, spoke for the post-office mission. Her correspondence, of which she gave us copious extracts, proved most interesting and instructive. From one advertisement in a single issue of the *Western Plowman* she received 130 responses, and from these a permanent list of thirty correspondents. A general talk on the subject followed, in which Mrs. Marean, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Hosmer, of St. Louis, Mrs. Fisher and others participated. Prof. T. Metcalf and Prof. Geo. P. Brown, delegates from Bloomington, put in an appearance and took part in the discussion.

The noon hour found us in the midst of an interesting discussion on "The advantages of long Pastorates," opened by J. V. Blake.

In the afternoon Judson Fisher gave a vigorous sermon on "What Unitarianism stands for."

The business committee reported as follows:

Your business committee, to whom was referred the report of the secretary and treasurer and other matters pertaining to the business of the conference, would respectfully report that they find the conference indebted to our retiring secretary to the extent of about \$550, the exact sum not being determinable, owing to the absence of the treasurer. This indebtedness arises chiefly from the withdrawal of the co-operation of the American Unitarian Association, and until such co-operation is again tendered us by this association, we would report that it is inexpedient to undertake and employ the full services of a secretary, but we earnestly recommend that strenuous efforts be made to hold the ground already secured, and that we hopefully push forward our work on the lines already established. We would further recommend the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of the conference are due, and are hereby tendered to our retiring secretary, Rev. John R. Effinger, for his four years' laborious work in our cause. With high zeal and noble prudence he has laid the foundations of a working conference, which we hope will continue to appeal for support with growing success to our churches.

Resolved, That we extend hearty congratulations to the pastor and parish at Buda, on this the happy celebration of the 70th birthday of the former, and the 32nd anniversary of their church life under his

pastorate. We thank them for this object lesson in patient work and persistent co-operation.

Resolved, That we recommend the election and employment of Rev. Chester Covell, as secretary to the conference, at the minimum salary of \$400.00 (four hundred dollars), to be augmented by as much more as the work and subscriptions may warrant.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the work of the National Unitarian Temperance Society and the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, and that we earnestly urge the co-operation of our parishes with the same.

All of which were adopted and the committee discharged.

"The Aim of Sunday-school Work" was presented by Mrs. E. T. Leonard, in her usual clear and interesting manner. J. R. Effinger opened discussion on "The Support of the Local Church," which called out from others some practical suggestions of value to us Unitarians. Let there be *method*—wise, manly, womanly, and let every youngest member of the parish feel some responsibility for carrying it out. The evening sermon by J. L. Jones on "Religion from the Near End," was followed by a collection, which showed an immediate generous application of the fine thought of the earnest discourse. Delegates and friends were present from Chicago, Bloomington, Quincy, Princeton, Geneseo, Galesburg, Hinsdale, Kewanee, Sheffield, Mineral, and also from Iowa and Nebraska. The Conference was eminently earnest, practical and inspiring. The side-talks, the hearty greetings, the strolls, the longest way around to the meeting-house, the music of the birds, the lovely stretches of green fields and woods which invited the eye in every direction, and the night under the wonderful stars made the occasion precious.

Saturday, brought the seventieth birthday of our beloved friend and host, Chester Covell. A telegram had called Jones home in the night, and the morning train bore away Gallett and others, after the tender and beautiful service of song and prayer led by Blake, and a paper on the "Significance of the Pulpit," by M. J. Miller, of Geneseo, with touching allusion to his long time neighbor and brother of the Buda pulpit.

Those of us who were left behind found ourselves on holy ground. The memories and associations of more than half a century gathered like an aureole around the gray head of brother Covell. Loving words were spoken in just recognition of the sincere, steady, manly life of the good Buda pastor. Not a man of us in Illinois who had not been the stronger for knowing that he stood there year in and year out, immovable in his loyalty to truth and righteousness. We knew that whatever troubled the waters of our denominational life, we should always find him standing firm for peace and freedom and the broadest thing.

Our company was swollen by the spiritual presence of many who were absent in the body. Letters came from various points in Illinois, from California, Arizona, Kansas, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, New York, New Jersey and Utah. These letters came out of loving, grateful hearts, throbbing warm with interest in the man and his work; one from Mary T. H. Willard—mother of Frances Willard—now eighty-two, in her home at Evanston. Across sixty-five years she recalls Chester's father and mother who lived neighbors to her father and mother. She was Chester's school teacher for three terms. She says, "you never gave me any trouble that I can recall. I think there was no insubordination in your nature against rightly constituted authority." Not having seen him for many years she quotes the word of a friend who had met him, "you seemed like a man who had met the world and mastered it."

Samuel Fowler, an old boyhood mate, from the home ground in New York state, forty years parted from him, writes an ardent love-letter. He puts Chester next his wife in his affections, "the one I could always hitch to." The children of the Buda parish, now widely scattered, write back in grateful remembrance of the church and what it means to-day in their individual lives.

Friends of thirty years ago in Illinois, when the Buda pastor was locating land in Bureau county, when he was farmer, school-teacher, school director, county superintendent, inspirer and promoter of public improvement and of every

good thing in his neighborhood,—these friends were present—some in person, some by letter, in prose or in verse celebrating the birthday. Mr. C. P. Mason, one of the church family, gave an interesting account of the coming of the minister into that locality thirty-five years ago on a land-looking expedition, and of his first preaching in the log school-house, near the site of the present village. Mr. Peter Longenecker, who heard the first sermon, was present and spoke with deep feeling.

There was a poem by Mr. J. D. Rowley, and address by Dr. John Richards of the parish. There were addresses by J. V. Blake and J. R. Effinger, of Chicago; C. E. Switzer, of Galesburg; C. K. Ladd, of Kewanee, and S. L. Pervier, of Sheffield. Thirty-one letters and one poem written for the occasion were read by Mrs. Laura C. Ford.

Following these was a letter from Mrs. H. H. Covell, the pastor's wife. It was the word of a true and deeply religious woman and worthy the occasion. I give it entire.

DEAR FRIENDS:—This anniversary should not be one-sided in its words of recognition and appreciation. In our circular of invitation two land-marks are made of the years—70 and 32. Seventy years have come to your pastor as they come to other men; thirty-two are embraced in the relation of pastor and people. It is an occasion in which two parties equally share. There could be no words of cheer for the pulpit *to-day* had there been no responsive pew. This thought with others presses upon me, till I cannot forbear giving them utterance.

More than half of my life I have lived with you,—and you have been to me my family. Your children have been my children. The sentiment of tender, true friendship between us has reached a maturity that can be trusted. I am sure of it. I am settled upon it. It is so much a part of my life—I go on in its abiding presence as I do in the blessing of the sunshine, apparently unconscious. The tenderness that comes with reminiscence broods over us to-day, and for once in my life I could easily confess my love for the living and my grief for the dead. But the hopes and needs of the future are too vivid to allow a monopoly of sentiment.

This should be a season of renewal in all spiritual things—a quickening of our love for the faith we profess, and our sense of the sacredness of its stewardship; a re-baptizing into the spirit of high resolve, else its real aim is lost.

I know your pastor did not invite you here to listen *only* to words of personal appreciation and congratulation, however dear. He needed no reassurance of your tender regard. All along this has come to him in full measure, and he responded. And here may be the mutual weakness to overcome.

In our long family relation we have come near crystallizing around the idea of friendship.

A pastorate of years is a beautiful picture, but its termination involves serious problems. The relation is not easily dissolved. An adjustment to the new circumstances is unnatural.

There has been something like a wrench.

We have gone on in one way till we scarcely know how to make a turn. Only as we place the value of an *idea* higher than an individual or a personality can we pass the crisis safely. The friend is *the bible*. He represents our cause till, at last, he and our cause are synonymous—we have no cause separate from him.

Loyalty in friendship is precious beyond expression, but the fruit of *this* relation between pastor and people should be a loyalty other than that of friendship.

This church was organized and has grown in answer to another want. Your fathers planted their homes on these prairies. Next to them, as natural as growth in body or mind, came the desire for church home. Had there been no individuality in the character of this desire, aside from the idea of worship in its general sense, there might have been no demand for this special church. Ideas shape our choice in matters of worship and religion, as in all other departments of life. It was the *persistence* of ideas that laid this foundation—that would not allow your fathers to accept *other* foundations. *This is your inheritance—the imperativeness of ideas in religion.* It is a plea for this inheritance that I make to-day,—that you lose not the sight of it in the more readily-grown love of friend for friend.

Your children are to be considered even as your fathers cared for you.

In your hands their simple prairie beginnings have grown to the beautiful country homes round about our little village—its pride and strength. This *spiritual* home of their planting—is it less important? And whose is it? And to whom shall it descend—and *how*? You who have so vigilantly guarded from degeneracy all material things, need but quickening, that resolve and effort keep their accustomed hold, and more—grow with the growth of years. To go back, or to stand still, is a crime against two parties—yourself and your children. With you there is no question as to the church home most necessary for you. With them it is not so clear. They readily see the difference between ourselves and our neighbors—the reason is not so apparent.

Dear fellow-workers, we should be able to give a reason for the faith that is within us—aye, more—teach by our *example* that we *have* a faith.

I have in my mind one instance in our spiritual commonwealth which always presses itself upon me as a command: "Go thou and do likewise."

The pastor gathers the children and young people of his flock for regular instruction in the meetings of their religion. The name he takes for his work is an old one, but in the Divine light of discovery, which is like the coming of the Lord in these later days, this pastor's prophetic instinct finds the perennial fitness in the name; and so his class is called a Confirmation Class. As I said, this is some of the work we ought to do for the young who belong to us. It should not be dogmatizing, but in the spirit of freedom, righteousness, and love we should seek to establish them in a faith beyond the reach of cavilling;—a religion so natural it could not be resisted;—so moral and saving its Divine beneficence could not be questioned.

Friends, this is not a chimera. The faith and the religion are ours theoretically. They only wait illustration and unfolding in our lives—our lives and words.

Irreverence and indifference are most difficult to eradicate when once rooted. A religion so consistent as ours, so full of all blessed benignity, can never be responsible for these dreaded evils.

If they come we sow the seed with our own hands, from a crop grown in our own hearts, for which *we alone* are responsible. Irreverence and indifference! To guard from these is *our* problem. *We* have attained our religious freedom; we have grown almost callous in its enjoyment, and what legacy are we thinking about for this next generation? The question haunts me. We have spoiled all relish for a more conservative way. Without consistent zeal and earnestness we *practically deny* all that we claim. The quick instinct of youth readily discerns if we be alive or flagging in our interest.

The work of the past will not answer for the present. The house the fathers built will not stand intact, and sufficient for two or three generations. Growth means a constant replenishing.

We must pass along the word of life committed to our keeping.

This is the watchman's cry, forever sounding in my ear; and this day I said I will lay bare my burden to my friends.

Yours in all sincerity,

H. H. COVELL.

Mr. Covell rose and, with tears in his voice, disclaimed much that had been said of him. "Still," said he, "the substance of what you say of us ought to be true—no more of me than of any man. Men ought to be noble. The capacities of their nature point to high excellence as their aim and destiny. . . . A poor, lean, unproductive, uneventful life seems out of place on this planet. . . . Opportunities are such and of such infinite variety that every kind and quality of capacity is sure to find ample ministry. Boundless love and infinite wisdom could not devise better conditions for human growth. Men ought to be true, and good, and loving and forgiving. They ought to be helpers of each other. They ought to be sincere, upright, honest, tender. They ought to be noble. *Ought*, do I say? This grand word, born in the beginning, traveling down through the centuries, moving the heart and touching the lip of every child of man, is yet inadequate to give full expression in the case. Nobility is not only the duty, but the right and natural inheritance of men.

"Were men as open-eyed religiously, as jealous of their rights ethically and religiously as in finance, society, government, then would there be such vigorous declaration and maintenance of their rights to manhood as this world has not yet witnessed. And we are coming to this. The world waits for it. The signs are here already. Behold them in the ever-increasing study of the long-neglected book of God—Nature. Behold them in the growing reverence paid to the laws of God as they apply to our whole complex being. Behold them in those humane institutions all over the land that give bread to the hungry, raiment to the naked, eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, feet to the lame, health to the sick, reason to the demented. Behold them in those movements whose object is enlightenment, sobriety, social purity, religious freedom, culture for the masses of the people. Behold them in this gathering, in the transactions of this hour.

"You came not here from your homes and labors and comforts at the expense of time and money simply to see me turn the corner of three score years and ten. Not for me and mine are these glad looking faces here to-day; but for a cause, and that cause is no more, no less than fullness of life in man, the securing of the rights that fall to our humanity

by the gift of God, the right to nobleness, to godliness, to virtue, to high excellence, the right to be and become all that the forces of our nature promise. . . . In this third of a century nearly which I have spent with you I have witnessed great changes in society, in the theories and methods of doing in all branches of life and in the religious thought of the world. And while I, living in the midst of this illuminating time, have found occasion to change my attitude toward many things and theories, yet in reference to the great purpose of life, the opening of the mind and heart to the divinity within and without us, I am the same as when first I opened my mouth among you in 1853, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Near a half century ago I chose the church as the sphere of my action, and with all its faults and crimes and superstitions I would do it again if I had it to do over. The true church has its basis in the indestructible needs of the human soul, and its true mission is to reveal truth and duty and beauty and light and love to the world.

"And now as I look back on these years, I cannot be blind to some victories that have been won, some good that has been done, some souls that have been helped. I confess to a satisfaction in the recollection of every good accomplishment. I will not disguise the joy I have felt in signs of growing intelligence, of fuller appreciation of the best thought, of aspirations for the better life; and in all evidence of self-denial for the good of others. Nor will I disguise the pain I have felt in witnessing any downward step that may have been taken, any departures from principle, any indifference to the sublime questions of life and religion. Like a father, I have taken the honor of the family in my keeping. When joy came to it, it came to me. When sorrow came to it, it came to me. And while my wife and I have taken the weight and measure of every member of our household over and over again, while we have been keenly alive to faults and shortcomings, it gives me pleasure to say that little of disgrace has ever come, scarcely a note of discord during this third of a century. A private family with no more jars, no more friction, with as much brotherly feeling and kind regard as has been manifest in our church relation might justly challenge our admiration. That we have stood for what we ought and been truly loyal to our light; that we have finished the work given us to do, cannot be said—we have rather just begun it. The path may seem long behind us and the end near before us; but as we travel on new and more inviting fields come to view. We have but touched the uses, the beauties, the duties of the near end of some things; but that touch is the prophecy and promise of greater things. Oh, ye children of light, ye lovers of truth, be loyal to the light already given and more shall come to you. Obey the truth revealed and her treasures shall open upon you.

"Dear parishioners, we have traveled together a long way, and if there shall be a little less of personal nearness in coming years we know it is for the best. Spirit nearness remains. Let us behave ourselves in the future as in the past, in such manner as to retain the confidence, the friendship and affection of each other."

Thus spoke the pastor in resigning his official relation to the church of Buda. His personal relation will never cease, and, in a sense, he will always be pastor of the Buda church.

Mr. Covell was elected secretary of the state conference in place of J. R. Effinger resigned.

Mr. Jones said, in nominating Mr. Covell, that the business committee had selected him as the *youngest* man in the conference. His freshness of thought and ripe experience will make his services invaluable to our missionary interests.

According to programme the closing words had been spoken and the birthday jubilee was at end. But wait a bit. A certain important side of the church life had not been heard from. Its time was coming. At noon on Sunday the unsuspecting pastor took his place at the head of his Sunday-school. After brief preliminary exercises he was invited to face such music as he had never faced before. First a teacher on behalf of the teachers, and then class after class approached him with baskets of flowers and loving words until they had

him banked in with blossoms and fairly choked with emotion.

At last he found his voice and in trembling tones expressed his surprise and delight at these manifestations of affection. The venerable pastor, surrounded by the fresh young faces of his children, the smiles, the tears, the flowers, the broken words of kindness and love—it was a picture long to be remembered by those who witnessed it and a delightful illustration of “the advantages of a long pastorate.” J. R. E.

Report of the Secretary of the Illinois Unitarian Conference.

BUDA, ILLINOIS, June 18, 1887.

Since October 1, 1886, with two-fifths of his time at your service, your secretary has traveled 6462 miles, and visited nine places—five established churches, three mission stations, one wholly new field—and has planted one new self-supporting church. The churches visited were found to be in a flourishing condition.

All Souls church, Chicago, is a bee-hive, making honey in all weather, and storing it up in lives of young and old.

Geneseo settled down to a steady business of character-building some seventeen years ago, and the same two master-builders who took charge there are still on deck, doing loving and faithful service; and the current year began with unusual signs of prosperity.

Geneva, where Conant began to preach forty-six years ago, is renewing its youth under its young minister, whose ordination took place in this church three years ago. It is raising more money and doing more work than for many a day.

Quincy, another of our elder parishes, was, when visited, without a minister, but with marked indications of a vigorous laity intent upon putting themselves into good working order when the new minister should put in an appearance. Charles F. Bradley, of Sandwich, Mass., has been called to the pulpit.

Moline, next to the youngest church in this conference, gave a hearty greeting to your secretary, and besides gave him new hope for the interest committed to hands so willing and hearts so warm as theirs. The socials, the kitchen-garden, the Sunday-school were being carefully cared for.

Hinsdale was visited on the 27th day of March. At the close of the service it was resolved to continue weekly meetings. In fourteen days' time the organization of Unity church was effected, and there has been no break in the succession of services from the beginning. A Sunday-school has been organized, the teachers have organized themselves into a study-class which meets once a week, and there is every indication of a live, vigorous church. The question of a permanent minister is being seriously considered.

The mission stations at Mattoon, Tremont and Warren have been visited regularly each month excepting Tremont, where services—suspended through the winter months—have been resumed with much interest. They have just made an arrangement with Rev. H. A. Westall, of Bloomington, by which they are to have preaching every Sunday afternoon. Mattoon is showing increased interest and confidence. Mr. H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, who is just finding his way into our ministry, has supplied them acceptably several times, and the hope has been expressed that some arrangement may be made, by which to secure him as their minister.

Warren has sustained monthly services uninterruptedly through the year. At each visit I am impressed by the great interest the people have in our message. The movement is vigorous and enthusiastic, and promises to endure. Nora, near by, gives an audience two hundred strong, when we drive down after preaching twice in Warren and hold a third service. The adjacent country, I am told, has many liberal-minded farmers.

Galena, twenty miles away, is the most important point of all. I made a rather hurried visit to the place in mid-winter, found a few zealous friends and left them with a conditional understanding that a public meeting should be held the next month, but the arrangements were not completed. If we had the means to plant a man at Warren, I should expect him

soon to be preaching regularly at Galena on the west, and at Nora on the south—and if he were just the man for the place, he would gather considerable support from the country around.

I have been assisted from time to time by Messrs. Gannett, Galvin, Gillette, Stevens, Miss Graves and Mrs. Effinger. With their help I have been able to keep up the supply at our three missionary out-posts, spend five Sundays with our established churches, and a number of Sundays in inaugurating a new society at Hinsdale.

The question of ways and means has hampered us as usual, or rather more than usual. At the annual session of this conference in October last, it was unanimously resolved that we extend cordial thanks to the American Unitarian Association for its past support, and that we solicit its co-operation in the future as in the past. This request was promptly forwarded to Boston. In January we learned that our request was denied. The failure of the A. U. A. to respond as heretofore to our call for help struck off at once half of the resources of the conference. The field work has paid expenses and something over, but the remuneration for service rendered has been small.

A committee was appointed at the October Conference to co-operate with your Secretary in making arrangements for a series of ten Saturday evening lectures and ten Sunday morning sermons, to be given during the winter at the university town of Champaign. In this matter the help of the American Unitarian Association was solicited, but not secured.

Your secretary had correspondence on the subject with Prof. S. A. Forbes, of the State University, who is a member of our committee, and the chairman, Mr. Jones, corresponded with Secretary Reynolds, but without satisfactory results. And yet another resolution I desire to recall to your minds. I allude to the appointment of a committee of three—Mrs. J. Ll. Jones, Rev. T. H. Eddowes, and Rev. Chester Covell—to prepare a brief history of the first fifty years of Unitarianism in Illinois, and to publish it in pamphlet form in connection with the semi-centennial address of Mr. Learned, delivered before the October Conference. I do not know what progress this committee has made in its work, but I do know that its report is looked forward to with much interest as a permanent contribution to the history of the Unitarian movement in the west. To the chairman of that committee—Mrs. Jones—we are already indebted for valuable historical papers on the Western Conference, and our debt will be still larger when the Unitarian History of Illinois is laid before us.

The engagement of my whole time by the Western Conference puts upon me the necessity of surrendering into your hands the responsible trust which you imposed upon me as your secretary.

From the central office I shall still stand ready to further your plans of work as far as in me lies consistently with other duties; and I shall ever feel grateful for the kindness, the generous confidence and interest which I have received both from the ministry and laity of this conference.

JOHN R. EFFINGER, Secretary.

Treasurer's Report of the Illinois Unitarian Conference from October 1, 1886, to June 15, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

Chicago—Third Church.....	\$60 00
“ All Souls Church.....	30 00
Geneseo.....	20 00
Princeton.....	15 00
Tremont.....	10 00
Quincy.....	20 21
Individuals.....	39 00
From the field above expenses.....	85 69

\$279 90

EXPENDITURES.

Printing reports and programmes.....	\$ 28 00
Paid to Mr. Effinger.....	251 90

\$279 90

MARIETTA A. DOW, Treasurer.

Satisfied.

[Owing to some important errors in the proof-reading of this poem in our last issue we are glad to reprint it, knowing that it will bear re-reading.—EDITOR.]

When hope grows dim and shadows fall,
And light seems all denied,
I turn unto the One in All,
Rest, and am satisfied.

On rugged ways and storm-swept heights,
My spirit may abide,
But sees, through all, love's beacon lights—
Trusts, and is satisfied.

And through the clearing mists I hear,
Far up the mountain side,
The call in accents sweet and clear,
Come, and be satisfied.

Above the cloud-capped mountain top,
God's love-lights still abide;
Before that shrine my spirit stops,
Glad, happy, satisfied.

The shadows far beneath me lie,
The storm-clouds roll aside,
And in the deep, sunlighted sky,
My soul is satisfied.

When angel hands shall lift the veil,
Disclosing life's full tide,
Its glory then the stars shall pale;
Wait, and be satisfied.

LOUISE M. DUNNING.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The New Birth; with a chapter on Mind Cure. By L. P. Mercer.
Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

This little volume, with its clear print of 127 pages, is a very pretty specimen of book-making. The title, moreover, is suggestive. And when we say it is written from the Swedenborgian standpoint, and well written too, we have already recommended it to the attention of a class of earnest and cultivated readers.

Perhaps not a very large class. For "The New Church" of Swedenborg, like the church of the Unitarians, has a limited constituency. The two churches are small, however, for different reasons. Let us by a convenient contrast compare them. Let us compare this book, which may be said to condense within it the "Four Leading Doctrines" of Swedenborg, with Gannett's "Year of Miracle," or West's "Uplifts of Heart and Will," which happen to be before me, and are very significant expressions of the Unitarian faith. For the life and position of any church may be discerned in the literature of that church.

The Unitarian church is small because in its treatment of religious themes and in its utterances of worship, it *takes too little for granted*, and always did, of all the great assemblage of beliefs once held or handed down from the past. It has dropped by the way and lost forever out of its liturgy and its homily, page after page of biblical and theological expressions, which in a former age seemed the only medium of the truth of God. To many therefore the language of Unitarianism seems bare and negative. That fidelity to truth which leads the Unitarian to employ those words and those only, which express his meaning rationally and clearly, forces from the traditionalist and sentimentalist the cry, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

But the Swedenborgian (and the remark pertains to the author before us) *takes too much for granted*. The style of this book seems every way smooth and dignified and excellent. But whoever without preparatory and habitual training essays to read it, will find himself dealing with a dialect strange and elusive. No novice can use or understand it. It is a language apart from the ordinary life of man. It is no longer heard on

the streets, in court of justice, in congress, or in the schools. It is little heard in homes, except at morning devotions. It rises into mysticism—quietism. Some have adopted it and found great truth and comfort in it. And many of its positions seem so rational and just that one is disposed to give great credit and acceptance to the system. But on the whole, one needs to have been brought up in it or to have been forced to study it as a refuge from a bad theology in order to do it justice. It is religion standing on its head.

"*The New Birth*," as treated by "The New Church," is freely described by the old phraseology, but with new meanings. Science and philosophy come to illustrate and expand the words of ancient scripture. Genesis is true. "This story of man's fall is the only thing that can enable us to see our true position, and prepare us for regeneration by the grace of God." (p. 19). "Without the written word and the disposition to accept it, learn it, and obey it as God's word, this work could never be accomplished." (p. 22).

"The Holy Spirit is the proceeding spirit and life of Jesus as the human nature, and consequent form, which the divine essence assumed and glorified on the earth. . . . The humanity of Christ could not become the medium of the power of the Highest, except as it was wholly conformed to the divine essence as its soul. . . . The Holy Spirit is not an impersonal influence which pervades humanity, nor a blind unconscious force that is one with nature. It is the proceeding life, and thus the personal sphere of Jesus Christ." (pp. 38-9).

Of worship, Mr. Mercer says: "It is the very essence of all religion." "In all such acts [acknowledgement, prayer, confession, adoration, &c.,] it is necessary that we should realize the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal, visible, approachable God, with whom we may be united in love and faith." (p. 58). "And he is to be addressed in the second person singular." "This fiction of a prayerful and devout spirit, without prayerful and devout acts . . . tends really to divorce religion from life." (p. 61). "Practical righteousness without acts of prayer, without acts of self-examination and repentance, without interior study and thought, is a thing impossible." "Love cannot exist without its indicating signs, the externals of worship." (p. 65).

Precisely wherein we agree with such statements, or disagree, it is not easy for us to say, until we define alike the data of religious thought, or stand upon the same plane of vision. Sometimes the verbal differences which seem most radical and irreconcilable grow rather out of the accidents of our life, out of circumstances, association, education, rather than from any real divergence upon the great verities of sentiment and life.

The Appeal to Life. By Theodore T. Munger, author of "The Freedom of Faith." Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo., pp. 339. \$1.50.

As one familiar with Mr. Munger's earlier writings would infer, upon reading its title, the object of this book is to set forth the truths it treats in the light of common human experience. The inductive method, which is a favorite method with this preacher, is here used in the presentation of ten discourses, to which are added four bearing upon the consistency of the adoption of the principle of evolution by Christians. The matter is candid, thoughtful (much of it) and suggestive.

E. R. C.

A Day in Ancient Rome, Being a revision of Lohr's "Aus Dem Alten Rom." By Edgar S. Shumway, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, Rutgers College. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

The title page informs us that this is the fortieth thousand of this little book of 96 pages; and no wonder, for it is a very engaging little work. It leads us from place to place in a pleasing walk about Rome as it was in the ancient Latin days. It is full of fine illustrations comprising plans of various portions of the city, well executed portraits of the old writers and emperors, fine prints of the arches and other ruins as they now are in modern Rome, and large and good pictures of portions of the ancient city restored. Some legends and stories are incorporated in the text. It is a beautiful little book.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Channing Club.—This organization last week atoned for a somewhat torpid year by the brilliant reception it gave to Robert Collyer, who is first, last and always in the hearts of the Unitarians of Chicago. Something over two hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper at the Tremont House. In due time Mayor Roche called the company to their higher enjoyment. After a feeling speech, in which he alluded to the impulse he received, when a young man, listening to Robert Collyer's preaching twenty years ago, he withdrew to attend to other duties and called D. L. Shorey to the chair, after which Robert Collyer, with the old time combination of pith and pathos, wit and wisdom, told the story of his Chicago ministry, in a way that warmed the company to heartiest fellowship and loving enthusiasm. So much as our space permits we will print in another issue. Speeches followed from various persons present, and the meeting closed by the transaction of necessary business and the election of officers for the next year as follows: Executive Committee, Hon. John A. Roche, D. L. Shorey, P. P. Heywood, Geo. W. Dexter and E. H. Griggs; Secretary and Treasurer, L. K. Waldron.

Chicago.—At its recent picnic, the members of the Church of the Messiah surprised Pastor Utter with a vacation draft of two hundred and fifty dollars. Mr. Utter has been burglarized two or three times since his arrival in Chicago, so the draft was inclosed in a neat bank called "Security." The Third church picnicked in Jackson park last week and closed their church for the season last Sunday. The Church of the Messiah will be closed after next Sunday. All Souls church celebrated its annual floral service last Sunday, at which four children were christened. A pleasant episode was the reception of a floral offering from the Sunday-school of the Third Unitarian church. Next Sunday they will hold a patriotic service, Mr. Blake and Rabbi Hirsch joining with the pastor. The church will be kept open throughout the vacation, Mr. Jones occupying the pulpit July 10th and 17th, after which the pulpit will be supplied by lay members.

—A pleasant reception was tendered to Robert Collyer by the ladies of Unity Church, last Monday evening. Many representatives of the four Unitarian churches, and from the great liberal church outside of the Unitarian churches, were present to greet the man whom Chicago ever delights to honor.

Boston Notes.—Rev. James F. Clarke has gone with his family to his seaside home, and already feels a benefit from his change of residence. —The National Bureau of Unity Clubs has ar-

anged for a meeting of delegates July 27th, during the "Grove Meeting," at Weirs, N. H. Also for a similar meeting at Lakeview, Framington, Mass., for Aug. 17. A circular with full information, together with a copy of the constitution and a list of department committees, will soon be sent to every Unitarian minister, and to the head of every Unity Club.

—The officers of the Meadville School begin to appear at our A. U. A. building. They seem satisfied with the work of last year, and hopeful of the future work to be expected from them.

—An interesting new departure has been taken in the Orthodox church in Berkeley street. Depending upon the income from a charitable fund, they have determined to open their doors for a "People's Church," with a Sunday work of good sermon, music of a high class, courteous ushers and comfortable sittings, and on week-days popular amusements, children's festivals, semi-literary and semi-scientific conferences, and various industrial departments.

Warren, Ill.—The new State Secretary, Rev. Chester Covell, preaches at this place on Sunday, July 3.

Meadville Theological School.—The anniversary exercises of the Meadville Theological school took place on Thursday, June 16. On Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday there were examinations in the different studies pursued through the year. The annual sermon before the school was given by Rev. J. G. Townsend, of Jamestown, N. Y., in the Unitarian church, on Wednesday evening. Mr. Hosmer, of Cleveland, took part in the service. The pulpit and front of the church were tastefully decorated with masses of wild flowers and ferns. The sermon, from the text "Man shall not live by bread alone," emphasized the spiritual side of life, and presented religion as inherent in man and as natural as smiles and tears. It was charming in its "sweet reasonableness" and its simplicity. Doctor Townsend speaks without notes, has a poetic rather than argumentative style, appeals to the deeper sentiments of the soul as one who believes in them, and thus awakens responses. Following the service in the church a pleasant reception was held in the adjacent parlors, the special feature of which was the surprise which has been prepared for Professor Cary. And happily it was a complete surprise. This commencement rounded the full quarter-century of this loved and honored teacher's connection with the school as professor of New Testament literature. The modest scholar suddenly found himself the object of all eyes, while Mr. Mott, of the graduating class, in the name of the students who have come under Professor Cary's instructions through these twenty-five years, voiced the grateful remembrance of them all in presenting to him an elegant mantel clock. Brief addresses followed from several graduates present and from students now in the school. Among the former were Mr. Chaffin, of North Easton, Mass., Mr. Hamlet, of Brookfield, Mass., Miss Murdock, of Humboldt, Ia., and Professor Barber, now connected with the school. Secretary Reynolds spoke and Doctor Livermore added his pleasant and appreciative word. Letters were read from various graduates and other friends. An event worthy to be celebrated, all felt—this quarter-century of devoted and noble service; and the only regret was that all the students who have gone out from his instruction could not have gathered around their teacher on this festival occasion.

On Thursday morning the graduating exercises took place in the church. Mr. Chaffin offered prayer. There were three original hymns upon the programme, by Mrs. Emma E. Marean, Mr. Mott, of the graduating class, and Mrs. E. L. Douthit. We give them for the interest of those who will not see the programme:

Eternal Life, whose love divine

Enfolds us each and all,

We know no other truth than thine,

We heed no other call.

Oh, may we serve in thought and deed

Thy kingdom yet to be,

Till Truth and Righteousness and Love
Shall lead all souls to thee.

Hold our hands! thou mighty Father,
Keep our faces turned to thee;
In the work we take upon us
Friend and guide and helper be.

Hold our hands! all-holy Spirit,
Let us in thy strength be strong,
Healing all the human blindness
That has done thy goodness wrong.

Hold our hands! O, God Eternal,
May we as thy prophets be,
In thy perfect wisdom trusting,
Stand for all we know of thee.

Go ye forth, the Lord is calling
Laborers unto his fields,
Where the harvest white is falling
'Neath the blade the spirit wields.

Is your heart within you sinking
At the weary work undone?
Does your soul despair of drinking
Of the glory Christ has won?

What though high the sun is burning?
What though hard the cross ye bear!
Press ye onward! never turning
Till the pearly gates appear.

The essays, all marked by a practical aim and earnest spirit, were as follows: Enthusiasm in the Ministry, by Mr. Henry H. Brown, of Saratoga, N. Y.; The Church and the Children, by Mr. Albert Wilgus, of Dayton, Ind.; English Unitarian Leaders, by Mr. Frederick B. Mott, of Leicester, England. Besides the above, Miss Helen G. Putnam, of Dedham, Mass., who has been a special student in the school the past year, goes out into the field. All four enter at once upon active work. Miss Putnam will join our little band of women preachers in the northwest; Mr. Mott is to preach the next few Sundays in some vacant pulpits in Massachusetts; Mr. Brown will spend the summer in missionary work in Maine, where he had experience last summer and is wanted again; and Mr. Wilgus will begin a movement in Lafayette, Ind. The good wishes of professors and fellow-students go with them, and the good wishes of those already at work will greet them. At the giving of the diplomas to the graduating class the degree of B. D. was conferred upon Miss Marion Murdock, of the class of '85, upon having passed the requisite examinations. There have been thirty-one students, regular and special, in the school the past year. H.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—A national service will be held in this church next Sunday morning beginning at 11 a. m. Rev. J. Vila-Blake and Rabbi Hirsch, and their respective congregations, are expected to join with the church and pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m. A new course of lessons on the life and times of Channing is just beginning, and all interested in the subject are invited to enter the school. Teachers' meeting, Friday evening at 7:30.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

WE do not wish men to act as if nothing were known and nothing valuable had been done; but that would be less an evil than to suppose all is known and nothing to be done.

THE fear of death is really for many people nothing more than the fear of losing their bodies; as for their souls they have lost those long since. They cannot bear to think of a cessation of their physical senses and pleasures, though their minds and affections have scarcely ever been objects of regard and cultivation.

WHOEVER pronounces the word "Evolution" as the rational symbol of his religious philosophy or faith, thereby links himself with all the past. The believer in "development" has in his hand no instrument wherewith to sever himself from any historic good. He stands on the shoulders of all time. All effects are thus bound to all causes.

WE often hear of the number of Unitarians to be found in orthodox churches;—not those who have been made such by orthodox preaching, but more particularly those who have been fitted for those fellowships by Unitarian preaching. Neither "ethical" nor "Christian" Unitarians appear to be covetous of the chief honor in this business. Each seems to be quite willing to give the credit to the other party. And yet it would look reasonable that the transition would be easiest between those who stood nearest together, would it not? Take Phillips Brooks's church in Boston, for example, which is said to have many Unitarians in it. Are they more likely to have gone there from Theodore Parker's old society, or Mr. Savage's, or from the First church and King's chapel? It would be easy to make a similar comparison in other cities.

ST. LOUIS has been trying the Sunday closing law. The strain is likely to be a severe one. It is hoped by the license and beer-garden advocates that the "test-cases" now before the courts will result in a decision of the unconstitutionality of the law, which was originally passed in 1857. The press gives little encouragement of enforcement. The German papers treat it as a part of the puritanism of the churches, and speak bitterly of the selfishness of the clergy of the "Evangelical Alliance," who manage to shut up all places of resort for the poor and over-worked, then close their churches for the heated term and go off on fine salaries to enjoy vacation pleasures, by sea and land. Mr. Snyder preached on the folly of making Sabbatarianism the ground for this form of legislation, with an appeal to the public to broaden and multiply all rational means of Sunday amusement and recreation. If a great city leaves its crowded masses to be furnished with entertainment on Sundays by private enterprise, it is very likely to take that form out of which the most money can be made.

ST. JEROME, that great scholar and gossip among the Latin fathers, was much given to dreams and visions. He liked the smooth style of Cicero. He disliked the uncouth idiom of the Scriptures. Once, however, in the spirit, he was summoned before the Judge of the Universe. "Who art thou?" asked a voice. "I am a Christian," replied Jerome. "Thou liest," thundered back the great Judge, "thou art naught but a Ciceronian." Thereupon he betook himself to the Sacred Writings "Thou knowest, O Lord," he prayed, "that whenever I have and study secular writings I deny Thee."

But the change did not temper his spirit. He became the most reckless partisan of the western church.

The Thoughtful Unchurched.

Nearly thirty years ago, at a religious anniversary in the city of New York, Rev. Doctor Osgood, still loyal to the Unitarian name, prophesied the church to be. In his vision he saw a building of God. Into it a great company entered: the High Church of Pope Hildebrand, the Low Church of John Calvin, and the No-Church of Ralph Waldo Emerson—all united in the Broad Church of a Divine Humanity.

Emerson was his typical man of the unchurched. "But this No-Church (he said) is to be respected." There are elements outside of all forms of Christianity indispensable to a rounded faith; and the church of the future must "take the 'No-Church' into its keeping."

Emerson then was the favorite type of a man unchurched—denying himself the luxury of a religion. But now we see there are many types. Besides transcendentalists there are scientists, statesmen, reformers, authors, ethical culturists—how many names under these heads rise to our thought! What university does not number such among its ablest professors? What community can not name such among its influential citizens?

Doubtless the first question of the Unitarian, or of any church, concerns the life lived within itself. Religion above all things begins at home, and with the individual. The first law of an effective altruism is self-fidelity. Has the personal character been disciplined and renewed?

"This above all,—to thy own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Even the second duty of the church, in importance, is perhaps that which it owes to the thoughtless unchurched: to the weak and ignorant and bad. But because we have felt that, as a church, we had some special fitness for appealing to the intelligent and strong, the question is inevitably asked which involves our relations to the thoughtful unchurched.

"All, as many as we are (said Renan to an English audience), we are sons of martyrs." Yes; and these men standing outside of religious fellowships are the sons of martyrs! Get at their history and you shall find that somewhere back a heart was pierced for an honest doubt; a life was hurt or blasted for opinion's sake. Not a few stand there as martyrs in their own right, wearing names of pitiless odium placed there by the sects. The church of God ordained to teach religion and virtue has cumbered itself with cabalism and tradition; it has made thinking with honesty a peril, and existence a burden; until good men and true welcomed excommunication as a relief and joy.

But why trouble ourselves about these? Because we can not help it. Because we are a Unitarian church. Because so recently we ourselves were cast out standing for freedom and for reason, and still remember the epithets that were lavished upon us. Nor has the Christian world even yet forgotten or forgiven us for our religious crimes. So we feel ourselves near these exiles of faith, better fitted than others to enter into their thought, to do them justice. Our mission is to unbelievers. Moreover we think we see how religion stabs itself, dooms itself to eternal incompleteness, while it seeks to organize without their presence or their aid. We ought to be able to make them feel that they need us, but we need them.

"There are many of our best men (said Max Müller in

Westminster Abbey), men of the greatest power and influence in literature, science, art, politics, aye, even in the church itself, who are no longer Christian in the old sense of the word. Some imagine that they have ceased to be Christians altogether, because they feel that they can not believe as much as others profess to believe. We can not afford to lose these men; nor shall we lose them if we learn to be satisfied with what satisfied Christ and the apostles, with what satisfied many a hard-working missionary."

Christianity has been identified with civilization, yet what do we see? A church calling itself Christian, freely offering salvation and fraternal sympathy to a negro of the plantation, or to an Indian of the reserve, yet hesitating to make a fellowship here or a hope hereafter broad enough to include men like Emerson and Darwin, or women like Harriet Martineau and George Eliot!

Can we do anything to correct this false perspective of the creeds? Or have we only some milder martyrdom kept in store for those who will not speak our phrases or think our thoughts? If any duty rests upon us in this matter more than upon others, it is to be just to men who, by the free use of reason, have been forced out of religious associations. We have much yet to learn from the representatives of non-conformity and infidelity. Mostly they have been driven into their antagonism by inadequate ideas of God, by a Christianity repulsive to intelligence, by a worship destitute of dignity and sincerity.

We have heard it said in our time that "no man is an atheist who believes in a single attribute of God." So, no man is an infidel who believes in a single virtue. Church member or not, and before that was possible, he was a child of God; and any virtue practiced is a form of enthusiasm; is a letter in the language of worship; is the germ which holds in it the potency of an elaborate ritual. We have not to create a sentiment, but to organize and develop a sentiment which already exists. It is on this ground that the Unitarian church historically stands. The first and simplest form of spiritual consciousness, the soul's native and inalienable conviction, leads up and on until life opens upon all human and cosmic and divine relations. If some cry out to you to put a roof over men's heads, reply, "But we cannot build a house from roof down; we must build from foundation up," or have but a castle in the air.

When Luther made his simple catechism for the least instructed in the Christian faith, he wished also to frame a form of worship so broad that even the heathen and Turks might join in it. And Frederick Denison Maurice, saturated with Christian feeling, would not have the co-operative societies of England carry the word "Christian" in their organization, well knowing, as he said, that "there were many reasons besides disbelieving" which made men unwilling to use it. "I have felt (he wrote) that a Working College, if it is to do anything, must be in direct hostility to the Secularists; that is to say, must assert that as its foundation principle which they are denying. But to do this effectually it must also be in direct hostility to the Religionists; that is to say, it must assert the principle that God is to be sought and honored in every pursuit, not merely in something technically called religious."

What, then, is our thought of a Broad Church? It is the most "complete expression," "the most effective organization of the moral order." It is a co-operative society of righteous endeavor. It is a school of the motives, a college of the sentiments, and a field of action. There we are to learn the relations of man to man, of man to the universe, in order to feel and live them. All are welcome. And we do not foreclose thought in that institution by pledging any learner to conclusions not reached by his own powers. We lead him on and up as far as we can, to the best and highest we know. We would approach all men, whether within or without, with self-evidencing testimony, with charity, with truthfulness, with impartiality. We would teach them to discern the deep significance of every responsible act; to invest their daily words and deeds with faithfulness; with conscience, which is

"the creative principle of religion;" with a spirit which permits no isolation of human lives or callings; but with divine sympathy links least with largest, finite with infinite.

J. C. L.

Morality of Newspapers.

D. R. Goudie, of this city, has written a strong editorial in his good paper, *The Best of Everything*, for June 25th. After quoting from a daily newspaper an article in praise of a recent act of the Illinois legislature against selling tobacco to minors, Mr. Goudie remarks:

"The above article meets our entire approval, and we sincerely trust that the act referred to will be 'vigorously enforced.' We also want to draw the attention of our readers to the somewhat singular circumstance that while the editor was inserting his editorial 'Against Selling Tobacco to Minors,' the advertising department of his paper was putting in a two-column advertisement in favor of a new brand of five-cent cigars. In other words, while the editor was showing up the evils arising from the use of tobacco by the children, and laying the lash on the backs of 'the petty hucksters,' 'the miserable people who carry on this traffic utterly indifferent to the injury they are doing, and the vicious and criminal habits they are inculcating, so long as they gather in the nickles,' his 'wicked partner,' the business manager, is raking in—not nickles—but hundreds of dollars for doing precisely the same work as the 'petty hucksters,' only he is doing it in a wholesale manner.

We have reprinted from the same paper admirable articles denouncing the drinking habits of the people, and showing up in the most telling language the wretchedness, misery and crime that comes from indulgence in strong drink, and a few days thereafter we have seen an entire page of the paper given up to an audacious and lying advertisement of a new brand of bad whisky with a nice name. Who can measure the injury that may have been inflicted on individuals and society by that and subsequent advertisements of the same kind? The advertiser certainly did not pay hundreds of dollars for his "ad." without the belief that he was going to make many new customers. If he did make customers what follows? Drunkards, misery, wretchedness, poverty and death.

The editor sits in his sanctum and preaches temperance, or even prohibition. He thunders out his anathemas on the liquor dealer, and deploras the evils of the drink habit, while the business manager rakes in the dollars by spreading before the people the lying advertisements by which the suffering and the unwary are lured to a drunkard's doom. The editor does the work of the moralist and teacher for the subscription price of the paper, and the advertisement department does the work of the devil for the sake of the shekels. Verily it is a strange combination.

One of the most necessary reforms of this age and country is a reform in the method of conducting our newspapers. As it is now the editor uses his columns for the denunciation of all kinds of rascality, boodlesism, etc., and the business manager charges so much per line for advertisements, the only and obvious purpose of which is to swindle the unsuspecting greenhorns out of their money.

"Who will help us to teach the newspapers consistency? Who will give us a hand for a raid on our great dailies? Echo answers, who? This paper wants advertising and wants it bad, yet we have no hesitation in saying that there is no liquor dealer, no gambler, no 'business chance' shark, etc., rich enough to buy one inch of space in its columns. Not because our paper is a temperance organ—for it is not. Not because we are under any obligation to any sect or party—for we are not—but simply because we consider it the duty of a paper to be consistent with itself. If it preaches temperance, honesty and fair-dealing in its editorial columns, it should be careful that its advertising space does not counteract and destroy the value of its teaching."

These are good ringing words. They have a tone of a bell calling the people to soberness and truth. If we know Mr. Goudie aright, his paper will set a good example. The advertising pages of our huge dailies and weeklies are traps, snares, and black pits of fraud and shame which perplex the innocent, entice the weak, lead on the erring, and defile the whole country. And all for the dollar! If only some papers offended in this odious matter they could be cut off from the household and family table, and left where they belong with other unwholesome and unrespectable things. But as all err in this detestable way, sound-hearted and sound-minded people either must forego the news altogether, or take it into their families mingled with this shameless traffic. But shame on the editors who do it, say we! And the greater shame the more their position makes them inaccessible to reproach or penalty, and hence lays on them, if they had the conscience to feel it, the more serious responsibility.

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Whirlpools.

One strange, weird night,
When heaved the ocean's boundless breast
All silvered with the full moon's light,
I could not rest.

Our ship sailed fast ;
The gleaming waters of the sea,
Toward our right, whirled, circling past
In majesty.

Drawn round and round
In still, smooth, swift, resistless flow,
The current like a thread was wound,
And sucked below.

White hands upraised,
And pale, beseeching faces set
Toward the zenith—these, amazed,
My vision met.

I could not reach ;
In vain the faces turned to me ;
But when my last gaze yielded each
Unto the sea

There lay, beneath,
The safe, strong arms of God's great love ;
And so I saw the billows wreathed,
And smiled above.

Thanks for your care !
What fine proportions match these walls
To yonder frescoed ceiling there !
This scene appals !

Here ebbs and flows
A strong high tide of human life,
And to my ear the uproar grows
Tumultuous strife.

The garment's hem,
The borders of the room are calm ;
The power of mind lifts out of them
Half like a psalm.

One finger feels
The centering pulses of the world,
When swift the bulletin reveals
How, hurled and whirled,

The hot blood leaps
From point to higher point "On Change,"
And fresh life round the maelstrom creeps
In closer range.

This is the pit !
The circling whirlpool, drawing down
All venturing mortals into it
To burn, not drown.

For vice is fire
With awful anguish at its core ;
Are its red depths a funeral pyre,
And nothing more ?

Can I be mad ?
Or do these fiends forefingers hold
Toward each victim, making glad,
And shouting "Sold !"

No lost soul cries
"Save, save me !" Each is wrapt intent
Upon a hidden golden prize
Till life is spent.

Perhaps I dream,
But if the scene *is* such as this,
These human souls, down-circling, seem
In some abyss

Beyond compare
With cool, deep billows of the sea ;
—And yet the love of God is there,
Which comforts me.

Now let us go !
I have the picture in my heart,
And, seeing it, shall ever know
Thy kindly part.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

Matthew Arnold as a Pleader for the Things of the Spirit.

Like Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Arnold has written a great deal on government, and like Mr. Ruskin he pleads always for an ideal state, an ideal truth, ideal justice, ideal manners, and an ideal religion. He is the farthest removed from your utilitarian.

But one is tempted to compare Mr. Arnold's views on democracy with those of some other famous defenders of it, to see how he stands by the side of those who are actually in the drift of the democratic spirit. Arnold is for equality, but he is still an aristocratic Englishman desiring equality on the terms, and only on the terms, of a fine culture. He does not propose to bend for a moment to the Philistine, to say nothing about the Populace.

Walt Whitman's democrat is one who can read Homer and Goethe, and then don a flannel shirt and go out among the crowd of workmen and take a real interest in their pursuits, not meeting them in a lofty condescension, but on equal terms. I must confess that Whitman's democrat has a deep attraction to me, the more so because he seems in harmony with that divine law that is vivifying, spiritualizing, up-lifting the human race. Does not the Christian philosophy say: "It behooved him to be made in all points like unto his brethren?" The spirit of the New Testament is, "I am among you as a servant." Caring for inferior things, for the weak, the ignorant, the outcast, for those who can not care for themselves, that is the nature of the All-Good. Going down to the very bottom of life to help up the lowest, that is the lesson of Christianity. When culture, and riches, and power estrange us from our kind, they have unmanned us, they have wrenched us from our vocation.

One must, however, hold to this view concerning Mr. Arnold's teaching on Democracy: the sum of it is correct, its dominating spirit is fused with a salutary wisdom.

There is this danger in America: Every one tends more and more to become no larger than his occupation—a mechanic is just a mechanic, a farmer is just a farmer, each one's mental vision comprehends no more than just the little firmament of his own daily cares. He becomes indifferent to ideas. His life is eked out in a dull routine, and from indifference to ideas he drifts into hardness, into insusceptibility to ideas. This secularizing tendency does exist among us in a frightful degree. And it comes from our insistent failure to see and emphasize the true end of life. Our democracy is not an un-mixed blessing. Attend one of our "ruffianly nominations," where rankness, tobacco, whisky and profanity are as obtrusive as volubility and cheap philosophy, and you can not go away with much pride in our boasted franchise. We are constantly in danger, too, of putting mere *quantity* above *quality*. A government is a spiritual compact, and railroads, and machine shops and fine business houses—large material results—are not positive proof that we are advancing beyond all others in humaneness. Our thanksgiving sermon is generally a large throated boast about the number of bushels of wheat and pounds of pork we have produced. I went, not long since into a large town—a brag town of 30,000 inhabitants, whose material thrift is something phenomenal—to get a book ; but how out of all proportion was the little bookstore I visited to

the surrounding vast store-houses and machine shops, and railroads! Just a few inferior books on the shelves and nobody buying those.

Now, Mr. Arnold comes to us and says, it is not so important that we have farmers and engineers and architects, as that we have *men*, and that it is not so important what one *has* as what one *is*. He justly condemns the wide-jawed greed for material gain which leads to indifference to the only absolute good, and he insists that governments must produce men and women. This places him among first-rate teachers. No first-rate mind will ever teach that one is first a mechanic—a handle of the state or social machine—but that he is first a man. He does not exist for his body, but his body for him. By the perversity of some ill-starred god we are fast making the soul the servant of the body in this railroading, all-for-trade country of ours. The natural man calls loudly for his due, and the modest, shrinking, spiritual man must sit meekly by while the lordly worldlings have their carouse. Matthew Arnold is the prophet of a better day. He possesses in a large degree what most men lack, a clear discernment of the chief good of life. He returns to it again and again with the insistence of Socrates, or one of the old Hebrew prophets. "And the philosophers and the prophets, whom I at any rate am disposed to believe, and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are amiable, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that if the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take a firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably suffer and be impaired more and more, until it perish." (Discourse on Numbers.)

That for which Mr. Arnold stands, his highest and constant strain, is the sentiment of the ideal life. His pleading is for a renewed human society which shall find enjoyment in the things of the mind, in truth, righteousness and beauty. It is the old plea of Isaiah, Plato and Paul, which has been urged with so much charm of persuasion by Emerson and Ruskin.

Mr. Arnold's method is the one he attributes to the New Testament, it is the method of inwardness. It is not new but it is fine and rare. We may say of Arnold what Mr. Scherer says of Amiel: "His malady is sublime and the expression of it wonderful." We do not, it is true, find in Arnold the passionate longing to possess God which Arnold found in Obermann, and we find in Amiel. Arnold's spiritual yearnings are fine, they have been sublimated in the school of life and fused into one undefinable ecstasy of passion—the passion for perfection. There are points of resemblance between Amiel and Arnold. They have the same critical keenness, the same hungering for the things of the spirit, the same deftness of literary touch, the same distrust of conservative theological systems, the same method of referring all things to the spirit; but the Frenchman is the profounder, perhaps; his philosophy is deeper; and he is master of a pathos which Arnold lacks. But Arnold is more connected, more complete, and more consistent throughout in his philosophy.

Here, then, is Arnold's chief service to us: he brings brightness with him; he puts light into our eyes (as Joubert said of Plato), so that we can see the true and good when they are presented to us; and shall we not say that this *illumination* is more needed and more to be cherished and sought after than any grouping of mere bloodless, spiritless facts? He begets in us the habit of referring all things not to conventional standards—that is the habit of every commonplace thinker—but to eternal verity. He is an earnest apostle of things as they ought to be, as contradistinguished from things as they are. He insists that what we need is not more railroads and larger market reports, but more light. He is the greatest pleader of this century for culture, he has put a new life into the word; but the culture for which he pleads is vastly more than what your Philistine comprehends in that word. It is

the expansion of life on all sides toward perfection; it is to grow stronger, sweeter, purer, in the hidden man; to put far from oneself all seeming and to be bent on being. It would be easy to give a large number of extracts from Mr. Arnold's works which would clearly set forth this ruling spirit in them, but a small number must suffice now.

Of Heine he says: "To this intellectual deliverance there was the addition of something else wanting, and that something else was something immense; the old-fashioned, laborious, eternally needful moral deliverance."

Of Joubert he says:

"For certainly it is natural that the love of light, which is already, in some measure, the possession of light, should irradiate and beautify the whole life of him who has it."

Again:

"The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light. He who works for sweetness and light, works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred, culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even greater!—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light."

Mr. Arnold has the Greek serenity and self-poise, his usual mood is quiet and subdued. His feelings are those of the thoroughly cultivated man in whom that wise temperance which is bred of thoughtfulness is in the mastery. At his best, his thought, whether in prose or poetry, is beautiful with a beauty which is everlasting; and it is radiant betimes with a light which is surely divine.

G. D. BLACK.

About Ourselves.

FROM A PAPER READ BY ROBERT COLLYER BEFORE THE CHANNING CLUB OF CHICAGO, JUNE 24, 1887.

There are some here this evening who may remember that time I can never forget. The hard, horny hand, only two weeks away from the hammer and the anvil when you clasped it in yours, and the face you saw not quite clean yet from the grime of the forge. And my tongue, when you asked me to preach in the old church on Washington street, had still the strong Yorkshire burr in it, and that almost unpardonable sim to a well-trained ear. I noticed it last summer in full force when an old friend on the other side of the water came to see me, and talking of another man who had come to grief observed: "Mr. Callyer, there was a 'hi' on him, the 'hi' of providence." In the old times, when they told a lot of poor creatures to say "shibboleth," and they could only say "sibboleth," they slew them at the fords of the Jordan, so I was bewildered over that fatal letter, and could not get it right either way, to save my life. Nor did I know what to say to you beyond what I had said in my old mother church only a month before as a Methodist in very bad standing, who had been turned adrift because he would not believe in the eternal torments on which the old church set such a store, or in the total depravity of his own children—for that was where the trouble began on that question; or that men and women he deemed among the noblest he had ever known would be lost, because they did not believe in the trinity. A man, in a word, with plenty of reasons just then for what he could not believe, but very few for what he could.

It all comes back to me now when my hair has grown white in the service—the good and happy service of all these years; that sweet and noble welcome you gave me in despite of the heavy discount I must have drawn on your expectations, and your patience and loving kindness with the rude, rough anvil block in the old mother church first, and then in my ever dear Unity. You may have forgotten it. I never can; and can only say, when it all comes back to me, if I forget you and yours may my right hand forget its cunning. We hear now and then of self-made men, and, stumbling into the pulpit as I did, from nowhere in particular, and with no training, those

who do not know my secret might call me a self-made minister. It is not true. I am, under God, what you made me, the old Unitarians in this city first, and then the great, masterful, warm-hearted city. I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you clothed me with loving kindness; and I sit in my home far away from you now, and it all comes back to me fresh as the blossoms came back this spring. When the white man struck these prairies, and finding the natives, said: "Who are you, anyhow?" they answered: "We are Illinois"—that is, we are men. It was about all I could say when I came among you, and I was not so sure of that even, with that brand of heresy on my brow that was still smarting from the burns. But you said: "It is all right; there is your work among the poor and in the pulpit, and we are right here to help you in the one and hear you in the other." And you were my tutors, if I ever learned how to preach, and were what Paul would call my helpers in the Lord. So, in speaking about ourselves, I have had no option but to dwell on this memory, first of all for my own sake, and then for another reason and a better.

It may fall out that the new generation which is taking charge of our good cause in this city will stumble on some rude, rough block that has been cast out as worthless or as a stumbling block indeed and rock of offense, and you will perhaps wonder whether it is worth your while to take it in and see what can be made of it after all. Now, God forbid that I should boast, but if ever you should hear these old veterans say that there was some worth in the twenty years and more of my ministry in this town, mind what I tell you to-night: It was their courage and patience and loyalty—the fathers and mothers—that made me what I was. The reason lies with those gray heads and ever warm hearts, and others to match them, that are now lying still in Rosehill and in Grace-land; and—if I may use a term I rather like to use,—“don't you forget it.” Give such an one, if you find him, the good welcome they gave me, and be sure that the better half of what he may be and do, if he is worth his salt, lies with you. I wonder still how they did stand it and bear with me and hold up my hands and heart. But so it was, and so it will be again, no doubt, if the new generation is true to its trust as the old was. Another memory stirs in me as I think of those good old times. It came to pass thirty years ago this summer, in this month, and it may be in this very week, that the old hive swarmed. It was not a strong hive, but the time had come for swarming, and so it had to be done. And the new swarm clustered on the north side and waited for a hive of its own, and got one, and got into it in the winter of 1859—Christmas day, of all days in the year—and it was the coldest hive any swarm ever tried to endure.

And then you know the story. We had two churches, if I may drop my metaphor, and I was called to the ministry of the second church. This is all about ourselves and among ourselves, and so I may venture to say again that it grew clear in no long time that the daughter was not quite of the same temper and disposition as the mother; and I might even go so far as to say the dynamic words radical and conservative, and use these as the terms of a certain difference and distinction. Now, when you strike these lines in religion there is still apt to be trouble, but in those times we were a little more sensitive about them even than we are now. The minister of the new church was called to take the pulpit, or platform rather, of Theodore Parker, in Boston; called twice, indeed, but had the good sense to say no twice. But you will see how such a call would help settle the question as to which side he must belong, and the church that held on to him, as I think, by its heart-strings. But the truth was this: that to save his soul the minister could not have told you what he was, and he is still very much of that mind. I fear or hope—I do not know which—that he said what came first and let it go for what it was worth; but there was no system about it and no training; only this one purpose and plan: to be true to his own soul. So the purpose and plan must have leaned to radicalism if it was so, while that of the mother church leaned toward conservatism, especially in the good and loyal hearts of men like Jonathan Burr and of many good women, who wanted it all down in black and white, just as Channing

said it. And I mention it only for this reason. You may be sure, as it crowds my heart with proud and tender memories again, that the old mother church, true as the daylight to her own spirit and purpose, was true as the daylight to her daughter, and said what a great minister said of his son when he found out what a radical he was: "I don't believe in his beliefs, but I do believe in him." So the old brave mother Messiah said of her daughter Unity, she was not going back on her well-born child. They were going to stand shoulder to shoulder, even if eyes front was not to be learnt, and one did look to the right and the other to the left.

And so the day never came in all those twenty years when the two churches were not one in the spirit and purpose to stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ had made them free, and to keep free of entanglement in the yoke of bondage. Radicalism and conservatism, if the distinction must be drawn, were only as the double beat of the one heart, or as the forces that hold the stars on their steadfast way. It comes back to me now in tender memories touched with tears, how we never saw the day, so far as the two churches were concerned, when their ministers were not just as welcome in the one pulpit as the other; when in our little festivals on both sides of the river we were not only all welcome, but all expected. And what good times we did have at those festivals, to be sure; and how "poor as a church mouse" did lose its meaning! So the second thing I love to remember "about ourselves," the two churches first, and then the three and then the four, is that we never grew weak and poor, or sour and bitter, or even distant, as we say, because we could not quite agree. It was a good, honest give and take; we were of one heart when we were not quite of one opinion, of the same household of faith, while we loved each our own rooms with their windows to the rising or the setting sun, or the north or the south, and none of us were so sure we were right as we were sure we were all right so long as we stood true to the words of the Master—"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another."

Then another memory stirs me and takes a wider sweep and grows very sweet and good as I plod on toward sunset and my rest. It is told of old Mr. Lenox, that when Doctor Dewey had newly come to New York, and Lenox, who was a good Presbyterian, met him in a company, and, inquiring who he was, was told he was the new minister of the Unitarian church of the Messiah, the old gentleman sighed and said, then may God have mercy on his soul! Now I have good reason for believing that, all those years ago, there was such an element of sincere and painful bigotry in this city; but I do not think it outlived the years I remember, and I am sure there was left in it no man to whom two and two would make four who would say, touching any good and sincere Unitarian, "Well, may God have mercy on his soul!" And for this there was a good and sound reason. Channing had said many years before our time, "I value Unitarianism only as a charter of freedom wherewith to seek the truth from God and his Christ, and to meet the wants of the soul as it seeks that truth." And then he said: "I want to stand under the broad sky to look for the truth, and welcome it from whatever quarter it may come," and, once more, that he wanted to be one with all those who were seekers of the truth wherever he might find them, and would not now that he had broken away from the bondage of one sect go into bondage with another—no, not even with the Unitarians if this should be their purpose.

Moral Heroism.

Life is single, with an eye
One with the humor of every sky;
Only the timorous stand with dread
Where the near gods have bid them tread.
Out of the rainbow pluck the stern,
And from the tempest all its harm.
We may be saved by many ways,
But never where the coward stays.

H. L. T.

Conversation.

There is a very wonderful and beautiful promise in the fiftieth Psalm that needs frequent repetition in these days: "To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I shew the salvation of God."

It is very much to be *true* in our conversation. Upon the reading of this remark, your first exclamation will be, "Why, I am true!" But think it over, see if you always say exactly what you mean, if you say anything; or if you sometimes let a wrong expression of your opinion go forth in your silence. Politeness demands much from us, and we sometimes are so anxious to give all she demands that we are not absolutely truthful. It is very hard to be disagreeable, and so easy to be gracefully pleasing, and seemingly kind, or to think it is not just *our* business to say an unpleasantly true or wholesome thing. Sometimes it is not our business—we need not go up and down the world soliciting unpleasant conversation; but if we are conversing, let us do it in an honest way. I heard some one say the other day, when speaking of a man who was singularly intelligent, well read, and clear in his opinions, which were always his own, and grew out of much thought and sifting, "Well, he is smart enough to dare to be honest." There is a good deal more in this remark than we are quite willing to believe, and it will bear thinking about.

Further, it is much to be *kind* in our conversation. We can say what we do say in a polite way, a gentle or a strong way, a sympathetic or a reproving way, as the need may be. Nothing which is untrue or cowardly can be kind. Very often a person goes on thinking in a wrong way upon a subject about which he holds decided, and decidedly expressed, opinions, because no one of the many persons he has conversed with has had the courage or the kindness to show him he was all wrong. We are very apt to color the expression of our opinions by the general tone of the company of conversationalists in which we may be. Perhaps we do this unconsciously; and yet, it is not a true thing nor a kind thing to do even while it seems polite.

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

It is much to have our conversation *clean*. Do not start and think I am making an unnecessary remark to intelligent, cultivated people. Alas, nothing that can be said about conversation is more sadly needed than this. Everywhere we meet "smuttiness." Not alone in the bar-room, the smoking car, the corner lounging place and the low assembling places of our land, but in the homes, among our boys and girls, among their mothers and fathers, their grown brothers and sisters. There is so much funniness, sometimes, in a slightly smutty story that it travels on and on along a line of people whom you would suppose would never repeat it. This thought of perfect *cleanness* in our conversation bears, too, its need of careful thinking over in order that we may guard our lips.

Be ready to say the strong word. The ability to do this in all needy places seems a gift with some persons; but, if you will watch and ask, you will find that it is not an easy, natural thing to do, but is the outcome of goodness, thought, earnestness, unselfishness and a desire to help in the progress of the world.

"Turning the conversation" is, perhaps, one form of this. If you see that a conversation grows unkindly personal, or dwells upon a subject that is unpleasant or painful to some one present, or is not good for the boy or girl who is listening, or is not profitable in any way, put in your strong turning word. You may do more good than you know. Words are powerful things. If you keep your own, and those of as many others as you can influence, kind, true, clean and strong, your mission cannot be called a small one.

Carleton says:

"Careful with fire," is good advice we know,
"Careful with words" is ten times doubly so.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead;
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

Last of all, we touch upon the promised reward to him who ordereth his conversation aright. "To him will I shew

the salvation of God." Very ample is it—full of peace and satisfaction. One beautiful phase of it is that we do not have to wait to the end of our lives to see it. If we keep our conversation always ordered aright, we shall see the salvation of God all along our way. Life will be rich and beautiful; returns that seem all out of proportion to our efforts will flow in upon us; we shall feel that we are a help, a comfort, a power in the world, and the right thought that must lie back of the right word will make us grow in grace and strength.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Temperance in the Church.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your lively columns induce me to give you a passing notice of progressive work at Luverne, Minnesota. The Unitarian banner is afloat, and the standard bearer and body-guards are at their posts, while the regiment is ready for marching or for fatigue service. (I was forgetting army phrases till President Cleveland gave the order to return the rebel flags!)

Last Sunday was "Flower Sunday," the first such in the life of the society. The result was very satisfactory and we hope very useful. In the first place there was the *Banner*, exhibited at the Western Conference meetings recently held in Chicago, which appeared in public here for the first time. The Sunday-school answered the following questions:

1. What are the great words on the banner about God?

Ans. The Fatherhood of God.

2. What are the great words about man?

Ans. The Brotherhood of man.

3. What are the words by which we fellowship all who work with us?

Ans. Truth, righteousness and love.

4. What do W. U. C. mean?

Ans. Western Unitarian Conference. (Then we looked on the other side of the banner.)

5. What is the name of this society?

Ans. Unity Congregational society of Luverne, Minnesota.

6. What is the object of this society?

Ans. To promote True Christianity as the Religion of Righteousness, Freedom and Fellowship.

We used the "Service of Beauty," to which we had added the singing and responses on the 123rd page of "Sunny Side." The twelve recitations of the masters and misses made an instructive entertainment to the parents and friends of the Sunday-school. With the "Service of Beauty" it seemed a fit time to introduce some moral instruction lest the "Beauty God hath given might win us from the work ordained of Heaven." So I took the opportunity to explain to the people, who crowded the hall in which we worship, the object of the "Unitarian Church Temperance Society," also reading the Constitution. The congregation seemed to be deeply interested in the plan and the general method. I had resolved to see if the Sunday-school would freely take a pledge while "among the lilies" and surrounded with flowers. So they were all asked if they would willingly take a pledge not to use intoxicating liquor or tobacco for the next twelve months. They all voted *yes*. Then came the subject of profane swearing. The thing was explained and attention called to the aptness of children, in anger, to say what they hear their elders say, and we should be very careful not to ask a pledge which any are liable to break. When we were ready the pledge was presented as follows:

THE TRUE HELPERS' PLEDGE.

"I do faithfully promise that I will not drink any alcoholic liquors nor use any tobacco during the next twelve months, nor will I intentionally use any profane language." The exhortation to be faithful and add to their number during the year, with the blessing on them as thus entering the church by the temperance gate, seemed to impress the parents quite as much as it did the children. The children all took the

pledge standing; when they were seated I turned to the congregation. I did have to admit to them that I could not ask them to follow the example of the children! I felt that we stood on delicate ground, but, as a teacher, I declared the whole truth about the effect of tobacco on the body and on the mind. I think some wives there were sad that things are as they are, and daily the fathers of those boys smoke in their presence. I think the children gave the most eloquent sermon ever given in that hall—as action is more eloquent than words. But it was the time to see if all that congregation would voluntarily subscribe to the following declaration and obligation. I was desirous of doing this, because directly opposite on the other side of the street are three saloons licensed at \$500.00, and to be licensed after the first of July, probably, for \$1000.00 annually.

DECLARATION AND OBLIGATION.

“The purpose of this society shall be to work for the cause of Temperance in whatever ways may seem to it wise and right; to study the social problems of poverty, crime and disease in their relations to intoxicating drinks, and to diffuse whatever knowledge may be gained; to discuss methods of temperance reform; to devise, and, so far as possible, to execute plans for reform when it is practicable to do so.

“We recognize our duty to be watchful of our influence over others, and discourage, in all ways that commend themselves to our judgment and conscience, the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.”

After a sufficient explanation I asked all in the congregation who heartily approved of this declaration and obligation, if they would be pleased to signify it by rising. Greatly to my delight nearly every adult person in the house arose. Was it not grand to pledge *duty* in the midst of *beauty*? It was a delightful hour for children and parents.

We are only five hundred miles west of Chicago, and the sun to-day does not shine on a more beautiful country than this valley of the Rock river in southwestern Minnesota and northern Iowa. Remember that the first Unitarian sermon ever preached here *was in the month of November last*. We are looking forward for a church edifice, and hope the abundant crop of this year will give the necessary means to build it.

A man from Mankato, Minn., came up, and said he was a Methodist, but we had the most pleasing service he ever witnessed. He wanted something to carry away, and he took the resolutions and statement of doctrines which were passed at the last session of the Western Conference.

May I not ask some of my brother ministers if it is not well to bring together into the closest union the useful and the good?

The services closed by the “communion of the Flowers,” everybody in the house taking of the emblems of “Divinity” in the beauty of a small bouquet, which is a “broken sight” of the All-Beauty.

S. S. H.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Nameless Nobleman. By Jane G. Austin. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Ticknor & Co. publish a series of novels for summer reading which is deservedly successful. The series for this year consists of thirteen volumes, one appearing each week through the months of May, June and July, and includes some of the most successful novels of the past few years. “A Nameless Nobleman” is one of the best of these; it is the story of a French nobleman who left the roses of Provence and the gayeties of the French court under Louis Quatorze for New England life among the Puritans in Plymouth. The reputation of the book is already assured—this is the seventeenth edition—but it will gain new friends in this form. Other books in this series are “Guenn, The Story of Margaret Kent,” and Howe’s “Story of a Country Town.” With good paper, good print and heavy paper covers, they yet sell for fifty cents a volume.

E. E. M.

THE HOME.

Two Pets.

Is there any especial thing in your church, UNITY children, which you love more than anything else, and which you like to look at every time you go there? Perhaps you have never thought of it in this way, but every child could find some spot or some thing to especially care for and enjoy,—a window, a bit of carving, a pew belonging to himself or some one else, or a picture. I am not going to tell you what I love best in my church, but I am going to tell you of two things I saw last summer in England, which are the pride and joy of a little country church many centuries old. The church stands on a little hill rising from Sedge moor, where many battles have been fought. One of these things is a stone figure of a Crusader, representing some knight who had been to the “Holy Land,” to do what he thought a brave and good deed,—to fight and kill those who had possession of the tomb where Jesus is supposed to have been buried. This old stone figure, with its legs crossed,—showing that the person in whose memory it had been made had really been in the “Holy Land,”—had for centuries stood in the little churchyard, among the old tombs and graves, but of late it has been taken into the church to preserve it, as it is the only Crusader they have! It is much worn by many suns and many rains and winds, and by heat and cold, and dampness. One or both feet are broken, and the armor which nowadays it is clothed in is lichen and moss, of many colored greens and grays! One of the hands laid across the chest is worn away, so that only the shadow of it, as it were, remains. But the most pitiful thing is the poor face, worn nearly smooth by the rain and wind, which for centuries have swept across it! The head is of a queer shape, long and narrow, with deep holes where the eyes once were; there is scarcely a trace of nose or mouth, but on cheek and chin two or three round holes, where water has, by constant dropping perhaps, worn away the stone,—and the helmet is of moss.

This is *one* of the pets of the little church;—this unknown hero, tenderly cared for by loving hands.

The other is a font! You all know who King Alfred was,—if you do not, ask your father or mother to tell you! And now I have only time to say that after one of his many battles with the Danes, on this very spot, he made peace with Guthrum, the leader, or petty king it may be, on condition that the latter would be baptized! So he sent to London for the Archbishop of Canterbury, and for the sake of peace, perhaps, this Dane was baptized. This very font they say, and I believe it, was used on that occasion. The christening took place in the open air at the foot of the little hill where the church stands; and I dare say the hill-side was covered with warriors all anxious to witness the solemn ceremony. For hundreds of years it stood, and perhaps was often used, at the foot of the hill where the great christening occurred, for it was found not so very long ago buried deep down in the earth. And because of the rough, rude shape, and the legends of the spot, it was taken up from the earth, christened “King Alfred’s Font,” and received into the church. Now it stands just by the entrance, where all the little babies are baptized, and through this ceremony, it is believed, they enter into the church family.

We people out west have a little personal interest in this font, aside from the story I have just told you. A few years ago a young man, a son of the pastor of the little old church, came to America for his health, and went to Colorado. He grew worse and died among strangers; but every one very kind to him, and his pretty sister told me, with tears in her eyes, that she loved all Americans for that reason.

In a town in Colorado, in the little Episcopal church, there is a small stone model of this very font, sent by the parents of the young Englishman, in loving memory of him, to the American strangers who were so kind to their son. S. B. B.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston Notes.—At the closing meeting for the summer of Rev. James Freeman Clarke's society, a letter from him was read. He hopes to return to his pulpit with renewed strength in October.

—In our city the union services of our churches will be held during the summer in our First church in the center of the city and in the New South church at the south end. Our city ministers will preach almost every Sunday in some chapel in the mountains or by the seashore. A few will do missionary work in the west.

—The salvation army of our city continues to preach in a small hall. No persecution and not much notice is excited by their public or private parades.

—Rev. Mr. Hale's church building will be occupied as a Hebrew synagogue in September next. Doctor Hale will probably occupy a hall until he finds a new church home.

—July fourth has passed with usual pomp and circumstance and fire-crackers. More noisy than usual. "Country Week" excursions for poor children begin now. Ministers of all denominations who will remain in town during July and August are registering their names at the Young Men's Christian Union as ready to serve distressed and bereaved families. The great hegira of families with their school children has begun. This season our seashore facilities are more limited than for some years past, because heretofore all kinds of such facilities have not paid a dividend. A good deal of missionary work is to be done in small parishes in New England this summer.

Humboldt, Iowa.—Our parish, though located in a most quiet and unassuming little town, loyally points with pride to her minister, as we think justly on many grounds, but we now have one new reason upon which we base our claim for a distinction not enjoyed by any other society, either liberal or orthodox, in the world. Our honored and beloved Rev. Marion Murdock has returned to us this week from the Meadville commencement with a diploma showing that she has received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, and she is the only woman in the world upon whom this degree has been conferred. However, we do not harbor any feeling of selfishness in the matter, and trust others of our most worthy reverend women will follow her example, and that numerous sister parishes may soon lay like claim to honors for their pastors.

Philadelphia.—The Anti-Poverty Society in this city enjoys a flourishing existence, and has Sunday evening meetings that are regarded with great interest.

—An extensive plan for the evangelization of the city is afoot for the fall. A house-to-house visitation is proposed.

—Unity church, Camden, is the only liberal meeting-place in this vicinity that is now open, and it is probable there will be a continuation of its work right through the hot weather.

—The Woodstown experiment toward Unitarian organization is in the hands of enthusiastic workers. If the Camden people establish their paper in the fall, as is altogether likely, these smaller circles are certain to realize a help from its leverage, as accomplished by the more general circulation of worthy liberal literature.

—Mr. Haskell gives a fine account of the work that Mr. Gilbert is likely to accomplish at Vineland.

H. L. T.

Cincinnati.—Mr. Thayer has begun the publication of a new series of sermons on Reasonable Religion. No. 1 is entitled "Work and Salvation," No. 2, "The New Bible."

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, residence 3939 Langley avenue. Sunday, July 10, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 9:30. Teachers' meetings suspended until September. The church and Sunday-school will be kept open throughout the summer, Mr. Jones occupying the pulpit July 10 and 17, after which the services will be conducted by members of the society.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, JULY 16, 1887.

[NUMBER 20.]

EDITORIAL.

"Pray tell me where is Christianity?"
Transpose the letters: *It's in Charity.*"

CHIMING with the article on Race Consciousness, to be found in another column, comes many a word to-day in public print and private letter. Thus, for instance, in a letter to a friend from a New England woman: "I feel that our interest and love for each other individually draws its deepest inspiration from this great Human bond. In fact, I can conceive of no real friendship outside of it. The intensity of this feeling is really the measure of our friendship." On the preceding page she wrote: "How this question of Human Rights is forcing its way to our very lintels and doorposts; and moreover it has come to stay, and, like Garrison, 'will be heard.' All the world is in mortal throes, and we ignore it longer at our peril."

DARE to fail, but don't dare not to try! If the cause is a good one, our failure is not failure for the cause, but inevitable aid to it; for the good in many others responds to our endeavor succeeding or failing, and our failure may point the way for the next trier to succeed. Be willing to contribute our failure then, if that is what awaits us, to the cause, taking comfort in the thought that we have made our bravest, largest and an indispensable contribution to the final good, and that in only a selfish sense is it failure,—looking to the end in view it is real part of the success. But this grand sort of failure is only for those who strive hard. To come short in the trying—where three-fourths of all our so-called failures lie—is a different matter. A different word belongs to it. "Failure" is a word of honor—akin to "forlorn hope." It is faith in God to dare to "fail."

"WE were once personally invited by that most implacable of logicians, Orestes A. Brownson, to grant him the premise of our own existence, on strength of which he professed he would make a Roman Catholic of us; but, not fancying the prospect, we declined the risk." And hence we have Joseph Henry Allen still with and of us to write the article on "Our Western Opportunity" in the July *Unitarian Review*, from which we quote the words. We are very glad that he was so discreet.

DOCTOR MCGLYNN believes in every doctrine of his Church and in the supremacy of the Pope on every spiritual matter,—but on land-questions, *No!* When it comes to that, he must "oppose and defy the unjust encroachments of the insatiate lust of the Roman machine for power, rather than submit to such encroachments." "If a man goes against his conscience in obedience to the Pope, he sins. And should a high Roman tribunal summon a man before it for teaching the truth which he knows to exist, and should it condemn his doctrines without giving them a trial and command him to retract them, it is his duty before God to refuse to do so. And should they command him to retract under penalty of imprisonment or martyrdom, it is his duty to resist and to be burnt alive at the stake rather than commit the unpardonable sin against the Holy Ghost of declaring what his conscience believes to be false." Noble words! And three hundred years ago the speaker would have had a chance to turn them into noble deed, and wither in the dungeon or to burn,—and to have had his

monument erected in 1887 in Rome for that deed, like a Galileo or a Bruno. But we suspect that Doctor McGlynn will either eat these brave words of his, or else will see, and seeing say, that his "land-question" involves the deepest things of the "Spirit," and that the "anti-poverty" which is to marshal in the kingdom of Heaven on Earth belongs to the inmost concerns of God,—and then what will he do for Pope? Or what *with* him? Will the American citizen excommunicate the Pope?

THE case of Prof. E. C. Smith, of Andover, seems to us to involve, first and last, three strains, if not three breaches, of the laws of ethics. It seems unethical to bind a "creed" upon a theological school, as the school's founders did. But given a "creed" like Andover's, it seems unethical for a professor, accepting office under it, to teach that "the Bible is not the only perfect rule of faith and practice, but is fallible and untrustworthy even in some of its religious teachings,"—thus the Board of Visitors report his word,—to say nothing of the question of probation after death. And given this heresy in Professor Smyth, it seems unethical for the Visitors to make him the solitary scape-goat in the matter and let the associates indicted with him off on a technicality. It seems unethical all round. And yet we doubt not that in all three cases the men concerned believed they were obeying the high right.

THE Women of the W. C. T. U. are going to add one more department to their good work, this time to help the workers themselves,—a department of *replenishing*, to save them from the rut of a reform and the hard mercy of a single noble end. The officers, and chiefly Mrs. E. W. Andrew, their editor of publications, will submit to the next annual meeting a Course of Reading, the hope being that the local Unions will take it up Chautauqua-fashion. It is in part Mrs. Livermore's suggestion: "Four years ago," she says, "I arranged an afternoon lecture course for our Union at Melrose, simply to stimulate them mentally. It has done that. Debates follow every lecture, books treating upon the topic of the lecture are suggested, and the membership has increased to over three hundred, and more temperance work is done than ever before." And as a beginning, to whet the appetite for what is soon to follow, a special edition of Frances Power Cobbe's "Duties of Women" has just been issued by the W. C. T. U., as Number One in their "Library for Local Unions,"—Miss Willard claiming, "This is the proudest and happiest day of my literary life because I am writing an introduction to the 'White Ribboners' Edition," of the priceless book. Thanks to the splendid organization already existing, in three years' time we shall probably hear of three thousand study-circles added, at almost one stroke, to the Chautauqua and Unity Club bands of the country. It makes the spirit leap within to think of the good that will come of them, with Miss Cobbe's book to lead the way.

It is Teachers' Week in Chicago. The daily papers have been telling the country that the National Educational Association is in convention here. But *we—we know* it! Apart from the sayings and the doings, to get even the *seeing* of the ten or fifteen thousand earnest, self-reliant faces, is worth a journey to the city. These are the faces into which 600,000 smaller faces look each day for *character* as well as for geography and grammar. The speakers of the opening evening seemed to give that fact for key-note to the great.

Convention. Mayor Roche put it thus: "The problem which I trust you are here to solve is, How shall we reach and lift up to a higher intellectual and moral plane the *mass* of the people, and thus fit them to become better men and women, better neighbors, and better citizens? How can we make the curriculum of studies best adapted to the wants of the great multitude whose theoretical education begins and ends with the common school?" And the orator of this first session, taking again for subject this very "Problem of To-day," said that, as Palestine and Greece and Rome in their day had made each its special contribution to the forming of the race, so must we to-day make special contribution: "May we not say, therefore, that the great problem of these latter decades of the nineteenth century is the educational problem. This is a critical period of the human race. Mankind are tried to-day by their very prosperity as they have never been tried before, and the great question with us is whether we can endure the unwonted strain. How many nations have succumbed to a degree of prosperity far less than ours! How many nations have been crushed by far lighter loads of the good things of life than that which is laid upon us! I put, then, the work of the schoolmaster in its highest form as pre-eminently the work of those decades in which we are living. By this I mean not the process by which we make the schools subserve our outward interests, but the process by which we make the schools and all else subserve the inner wants of the man. The development of character—that is the problem of to-day; so to mold, and to strengthen, and to ennoble the men and women of this and coming generations, that they shall not be enervated by luxury or enfeebled by indulgence—this is the burden that is laid upon us."

Of the fifteen thousand teachers, if that be the true count, it *looks* as if one thousand men were lost among fourteen thousand women. How comes it, then,—can any one give good reason for it?—that of the thirty-seven appointed writers and debaters named on the programme of the "general" meetings, only two are ladies? And of the thirty-six officers, only five are ladies, and these five all in the honorable, but also honorary, office of Vice-President? In the "departments," the women's proportion is enlarged,—there are six of them among the twenty-eight officers, and fifteen among the sixty-two appointed writers and speakers. Of these fifteen, eleven are assigned to subjects connected with elementary schools and kindergartens, music and art. Can it be that the brains and the skill and the knowledge and the power to treat well the themes of education, are really apportioned thus in Nature? or rather, that the old tradition of man's mastery has much to do with the matter?

In these days it would be a poor Convention that could not somehow include and celebrate an anniversary. One session of the Teachers' Week is devoted to considering "the Educational Influence and Results of the Ordinance of 1787,"—that Ordinance being a hundred years old on July 13. And well the teachers might pause amid their talk of better methods for the future to think back to that great organizing act which secured for the five unborn States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, the condensed results of civilization. The Ordinance not only established the free public school; it excluded slavery, gave liberty of worship, assured the writ of *habeas corpus* and the trial by jury, protected private property, enforced contracts, abolished primogeniture, forbade cruel punishments, made the rivers common highways,—and (alas, the failure here!) required justice towards the Indian. The fruitage of all history, the survival of the fittest in the various lines of man's ideals and endeavors, the beatitudes of right and justice spelt slowly out by centuries of tragedy and struggle, the summarized results of human civilization up to the day when the Fathers in 1787 planned for the nation yet to be—that is what the Ordinance was; that is what the teachers paused to consider. And when, in the fall, the hundredth anniversary of the Constitution comes, every man and woman of us that has power to think and thank and worship, should, in home and church, with children and with town's-people, do what the teachers did—pause and think back to

the great organizing Law which embodied for the nation a hundred years ago the best of all that earth had previously dreamed and wrought.

Prayer Without Pronoun.

"Uplifts of Heart and Will" is the name of a very earnest book,* religious, worshipful. It is a book of prayers without the "Our Father" or the "Thou." The writer calls them "religious meditations or aspirations," "upward-lookings," but they are in reality prayers and were originally used as such in public religious services. In the usual forms of prayer both the address and the petition trouble him. The address, he thinks, suggests an ulterior deity, and the petition "begging." "It is never in 'petitional address' at all that the soul enters into truly exalted calm, or meets its highest incentive to purposeful activity. No true, manly, self-reliant spirit is ever uplifted—is ever anything but abused—by begging! But Prayer, real Prayer, the upward-looking of the soul towards the Moral Ideal, together with a forceful urging of the will to the attainment in the life of all nobility and wholeness,—this, with the growing years, will come to mean more and more for man. It will never pass away. Ever the order and beauty and bounty of the natural world call on man for recognition and acceptance, that he may pattern his own life thereby; and the sphere of exalting sentiment flames within his own inner being, urging him ceaselessly to purity, to truth and to world-helpfulness." Believing that there must be others like himself who are troubled by the usual forms of prayer, but who feel the essential prayer within them craving utterance, this minister has prepared his little book of thirty-seven "aspirations, addressed to reverent, loving, aspiring men and women." He evidently hopes that families will use it for "morning upward-looking," and that congregations will use it in concert or as a responsive service.

And, because there *are* others like himself, we are thankful he has made the book. It may serve the need of some who turn away from names implying "personality" in nature,—turn away with their sense of truth and reverence shocked as by belittling of the infinite; and it may tempt others, whom these forms of his will hardly satisfy, to let their own feeling seek out happier utterance still, instead of lapsing into silence. And the book has much also for those who are *not* troubled by the usual forms of prayer. It is full of a happy sense of Nature's beauty and bounty. It bows in awe before the all-surrounding mystery; and for this mystery it has many names: "In the over-shadowing presence of the world-power we bow!" "Breathed upon and blest by the unseen, unknown, unfathomed Spirit of All:" "The eternal power which is our life and our strength, in which we live and move and have our being:" The power divine and infinite which is our life, the spirit-energy of the worlds, the mystery of eternal being which we call "God." (The book is by no means chary in its use of this last name among the many others.) It trusts; and what it trusts in is the "Heart of good," the "source of love," the "sure mercies of the eternal developing power," the "helpful, uplifting forces of the world about us," "the Heart of Things which *must* be peace and strength and fullness and everything that is satisfying, if we could only search it out and know it as it is." It is one unceasing aspiration towards "the Moral Ideal," the "Blessed Best," and this aspiration always seeks to press from words into resolve and loyal, helpful deed. And not a prayer in it which does not strengthen one's hand-clasp with men and women, and those especially who sorrow ("May they be heroic grievers, and we compassionate comforters!"), or voice the longing to be in some way a "world-helper," and so to do our part while here. If this sense of the "God," this trust in the Good, this aspiration for the Right, this longing to be Helpful, are not the cardinal elements of "prayer," what *are* such elements? Either these elements make "theism," or "theism" is not necessary to worship.

* UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL: a Series of Religious Meditations or Aspirations. By James H. West. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1887. Price 50 cents.

'To our own judgment they make theism; but the other alternative is open,—for will any one deny that this is "worship?" We take it that the man who cares to formulate and print such prayers, devoid of pronouns as they are, must be a deeper worshiper than most of us. The book convicts both those who scoff at "prayer" and those who scoff at this *as* "prayer," of a mistake. To bear witness against both classes and against all who in things of the spirit over-emphasize the name and form, is part of its mission.

Why then does it fail to *satisfy* us as a book of prayer? First, because here is the usual monotone that besets the worship of nearly every one. Few have a nature or experience so large that the prayer-rivers in the soul flow many ways to find the Ocean. With most of us the life-wants carve deep and deeper some two or three channels for such thoughts and words. And again, it disappoints because the poetry fails,—and prayer *must* be poetry; that is, if it be not *all* a free escape and vanishing into the infinite, then escapes and vanishes must come the oftener in single words and phrases that open out in far horizons. But the little book lacks these, and it is not that other.

And that, for us, is its main trouble,—it is not a *free* escape into the infinite. The very quality that will make it serve, we hope, the need of some, must dwarf its good for others,—it lacks the daring "anthropomorphism" by which the heart in every sentence of prayer is wont to realize the presence of the infinite. In many and many a place in these pages we have a sense of a watched phrase, a measured word, a cautious preliminary survey of the thought, with repression of the feeling. That in us which makes us smile before things beautiful and not know we smile,—that which makes us lay the hand upon the friend in earnest talk and fasten eye on eye, thinking not of either hand or eye,—that which makes us lift the child and kiss it, not thinking kiss and scarce remembering it,—that which makes us throw our arms about a mother's neck,—all that is too much absent from this book; and that *we* want in "prayer." The *awe* should come in, too; it can not but come in, and come to stay; it shades the tone, it slows the word, it hushes in the manner,—but need it cast about for words or thoughts? It betakes itself instinctively to simple, familiar, *neering* words, those of the heart,—not to the careful and distancing words of the mind. There is nothing *so* familiar to the finite as the infinite. And prayer in its best mood is a reverent abandon of oneself to this fact of the awing and delighting nearness of the infinite. In that mood the most natural pronoun is the one that is the most *life-full* and most direct. "It" seems less full, less true, far less *exact*, than "He," and "He" and "His" more artificial than the "Thou" and "Thine." In truth, the actual experience, as we realize it, seems to crowd us towards the *first* person: one sometimes begins to understand in prayer, or to remember after prayer, the experience, "I and the Father are one." But the sense and habit of finite personality is too strong upon us, the sense and habit of affection too, and the mind drops down into the separating and the loving "Thou."

All this is the heart's instinctive prompting, but it seems to be the mind's deliberate avowal also; for *at the last* the mind says "Thou," as it does *at first*; though between the first and last there often comes a period of doubt and dumbness. The mind's ascent of the thought of God seems to lead it from a lower to a higher anthropomorphism, across a natural growth of dim denial. First, the upland pastures; then wide, dark belts of forest-tangle; then, again, the open on the upper heights. In the lower stage "God" is to us really as another man, an ulterior anthropoid deity. That thought we outgrow and leave, and travel through much wilderness of "nature" and "impersonality," still upward, till we emerge and find ourselves again in the thought of "personality,"—but now understanding (1) that Nature, being One throughout; must be as "personal" as self, because it is the source of self, and (2) that *Man*, because the highest known in Nature, must be best symbol of the One-in-All. Best *symbol*, now: this truth is very poetry. *Symbol*: that One-in-All is not—another man! So the mind returns to "He" and "Thou." Instead of longer saying "all-developing energy," it says freely

"God." Instead of "children of the universe" or "of the on-working elements," it says simply "child of God." Instead of saying "Heart of Good," it says rejoicingly "our Father." Thus at the last says *mind* once more, as well as heart. But perhaps mind seldom reaches the freedom of this higher understanding save by entering and sturdily pushing through that dark belt of "impersonality."

And for us the book of prayer or book of hymns that does not recognize all this, but is still groping in what seems to us the middle wilderness, lacks so much in vision of the mind and freedom of the heart, that, spite of its most real elements of worship, it fails to satisfy. And yet for many reasons one can be glad and thankful such a book is written. As the advertisements in another column show, these "Uplifts" *earn* their name and make a book of spiritual help. W. C. G.

The Bureau of Unity Clubs.

THE National Bureau of Unity Clubs starts out bravely. The directors have arranged for a Unity Club day at the Unitarian grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., July 26, and for another meeting at Lakeside, N. Y., August 10, during the Chautauquan Assembly at that place. A new circular just received indicates the lines of help in which the Bureau hopes to aid the associate clubs. (1) It hopes to collect and report information as to best methods of club work and study; (2) To be a central office of reference where arrangements can be made with speakers, readers, lecturers, singers and dramatic companies; (3) To investigate through committees and report on special subjects of club interest,—and suggestions to this end are requested; (4) To advise about club libraries, and eventually to furnish them more cheaply than the open market prices; (5) And, in general, to assist, upon request, in any social, literary, philanthropic or other religious work which any club may undertake. It also hopes to publish a regular *Organ* or *Bulletin* of Communication in reference to all these matters. As a beginning of its service it has requested the following persons to act as "correspondents" for the next year on the subjects indicated. "If in the arrangements of your club meetings, you think that the advice of any such correspondent will be of any value to you, have the goodness to address a letter to him and you will receive such information as it is in his power to give."

Poetry, Rev. George W. Cooke, W. Dedham, Mass.

Fine Arts, Miss Ellen D. Hale, 5 Park Street, Boston.

Fiction, Mrs. C. P. Woolley, 876 W. Jackson St., Chicago.

History, W. F. Allen, Wisconsin University, Madison.

Biography, Prof. J. K. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.

Science, Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.

Charity, Mrs. M. C. Whitman, Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Social and Political Science, Rev. C. F. Dole, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Religious History and Thought, J. C. Learned, St. Louis.

Music, Rev. J. Vila Blake, Chicago, Ill.

Dramatics and Lectures, East, Rev. E. C. Abbott, Lawrence, Mass.; West, Mr. F. K. Gillette, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Amusements, Rev. G. M. Bodge, East Boston; Rev. E. R. Butler, Boston; Mr. W. H. Preston, Somerville.

Organization and Method, Mrs. Emma E. Marean, 3619 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

It will take a year or two to get such large plans as these into good working order. If each correspondent could find time this summer to prepare, and the Bureau find money by September to print two or three pages of practical suggestions in regard to his or her own subjects,—plotting easy programmes and naming the three or four most helpful books to fit each one,—it would be a real aid. Such a leaflet, or rather a ten-cent pamphlet, already exists for the last subject on the list. (See advertisement on last page.) It is clear that the Bureau will be pushed to its best effort if a large number of clubs unite in calling for its aid. We hope our western clubs will each and all this fall spare the \$5.00 for annual membership, and thus not only get the good, but help *make* the good, of this young church-and-home helper.

Hannah Elizabeth Stevenson.

BY THREE FRIENDS OF HERS.

WE dedicate this number of *UNITY* largely to the memory of one who, had she lived until to-day (July 16), would call it birthday, and begin her eighty first year on the earth. Not many persons at the west knew of her; therefore the more we wish our little western paper to tell about Hannah Stevenson, its friend and ours. And the reader's friend perhaps, although unknown; for whoever owes any conscious impulse of upward thought or life to Theodore Parker and his writings owes part of that impulse to the woman who was a brightness, steadfast as a shadow, at his side through all the years when he was Boston's greatest pulpit-voice of righteousness. Three "boys" to her join in this birthday tribute of grateful reverence; and if their words hold repetition, it is because in all she used to wake the Parker memory, and on all to make the same impression of strong cheer and happy fellowship with things good and loving. And here is another message which shall serve as text to what they say. It is from Samuel Longfellow: "I never met her without getting added cheerfulness, courage and hope. She was a determined optimist, I think. Not that she did not see the evil that is in the world, but she had an absolute and unshaken confidence in the supremacy and victory of good. In her theology she was a firm believer in the *immediateness* of the Divine Presence. I remember her speaking of this as the characteristic and central doctrine of what she held as the true theology. Her warm heart overflowed in sympathy with men and women and children. She must have brought sunshine to many a darkened house; and the little ones must have delighted in her company."

You ask me for the words that I said on the twelfth of June in my Germantown pulpit about Miss Stevenson. If I give them to you for *UNITY* as they were spoken, it must be remembered that I had no thought of their being printed for a wider audience than that which was before me. I wished to tell something of her noble life to those who have not even known her name; and the very lack of that knowledge in those who listened made the speaking come all the closer to intimate personal relations. But whatever might be allowed for the fervor of private affection, I am sure that any just estimate of her, made up from the witness of loving friends, and of the shining track her life has left, would fully justify the warmest tributes they could pay to her memory.

I was preaching that Sunday on "The Real Miracle." Having tried to show that the real miracle is not the working of anything against law, or without it, but of everything by law, I concluded the sermon as follows:

The liberal world in religion has become accustomed to this view of the history of "miracles," and of the real marvels of existence. But, for the great mass of "Christendom," how needful still is the noble psalm that burst in reverence and joy from the mouth and from the soul of Theodore Parker:—

"Not only to Hebrew Moses, but to all human kind, God speaks in every burning bush; and the rising of nature's song wakes new morning in the soul of man. This perpetual renewal of vegetation; this annual wonder of blossoming—what a religious revelation it offers to us! . . . Every flowering bush burns with God, and is not consumed. With neither trick nor miracle he changes water into wine on all the vine-clad hills of Italy, France and Spain, and fills not five thousand men, but five thousand times two hundred thousand—a thousand million men—every day; and on the broken bread of this meal supports the multitudinous armies of beast, bird, fish, insect, reptile. . . . Compared to this wonder of law, the miracles of the Old Testament or New are no fact, but poor poetry. They are like ghosts among a market-full of busy men and women."

* * * * *

And to-day, friends, I wish to pay one word of tribute to a fellow-worker of Theodore Parker who died on Sunday morning last "at sunrise." How holy to me seemed the hour as I rose to-day with the sun, and thought of the passing of her spirit so, "in the calm dew and freshness of the morn!" For, though she was eighty years of age, yet to the last, even in weakness and pain which might have made the noonday as the night, it was always sunrise in her soul. A new dawn was rayed out in every look and word and act of hers, a blessing upon all about her.

Her very name may be scarcely known to any of you—Hannah Elizabeth Stevenson, of Boston. Though her life was single, yet she gave new strength and joy to the marriage-bond between many a husband and wife, and help to such as could by no means make that bond a bond of peace. And though she had not in her own life the privilege of motherhood, still many are the children of her heart to-day who rise up and call her blessed. Among these it came to me, just as I began the work of my life, to be received. From that day to this she has been indeed to me what I have always called her, *Alma Mater*, for my most liberal education was the blessing of her friendship—as it has been, no doubt, with many more. But she was more than a benign mother. She was Benignity itself. I missed the sad privilege of being at the funeral. But it is comforting to know that Samuel Longfellow was there, and breathed the uplifting word of prayer and of gratitude, while another read the fitting sentences for one whose life was upright and lovely, and whose end was peace.

When Theodore Parker was in his first pulpit, in the little West Roxbury meeting-house, she, with her sister, was wont to walk the whole way—seven miles, I think—from Boston and back, to hear him preach. In Boston, when he went there to his pulpit-throne, she lived in his family, endeared alike to him and to his wife until their dying day. She was help and inspiration to him in all his brave work. If not technically a scholar, she yet had what the best gifted women possess beyond most men, an original power of perception and of sympathy—intuition, it used to be called, and may be still—which is like the scholar's instinct and enthusiasm, often outrunning these. Then came the loving service and admiring devotion of a woman's heart to one who was filled with spirit and power and faculty and courage and self-consecration needful for perhaps the noblest work ever done by preacher on this continent. His senior by two or three years, and already well taught—at one time, she was, I think, a pupil of R. W. Emerson, whose friendship she enjoyed until his death—she divined even earlier than Parker himself the new and higher leadings of religious thought and life, whereof he became a first and every way foremost prophet in this land. In this sense she may be called the teacher of Parker, himself a teacher of teachers in the highest things. She was helper in his work, support in trial, fearless comrade in the warfare against slavery, bigotry and persecution, with him enduring hardship as a good soldier of truth and of loving duty to God and man. Fellow-laborer in health, comforter in sickness and sorrow, watcher at his bedside when in Florence he breathed his last, she shared and sustained alike his inmost and his outward life. To the help of this noble woman we owe perhaps more than the world can ever know of the great work that Parker did, of the large human good he wrought. In the lives of Parker by John Weiss and O. B. Frothingham are to be caught pleasant glimpses of their relations with each other, but little therein is seen of how they really wrought together. How fittingly by its editor is that best portrait-book of Parker's many-volumed mind and heart, the "Lessons from the World of Matter and the World of Man," dedicated with loving admiration to her, with ample acknowledgment of her partnership in his life and work, and revering recognition of her daily illustration of the principles he taught and himself in so much exemplified. Even so was she dedicated in all the fidelity of a great and noble nature to the task given him in such large measure to perform. This in my hand is his sermon-case. *Reverence* is the only word that speaks my feeling as I touch it. His name is printed on it. Her hands made it for him. How well-worn it is! No doubt it carried many a mighty lin

which has had to do with the history of this country in the last generation, and is even yet working, both here and in many other lands, for the political, the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind.

Not only with Mr. and Mrs. Parker and their friends, but with scores and scores besides of the benefactors of her time, was this woman an earnest, wise, devoted, though never a publicly conspicuous worker. As Assistant Secretary for some years of the Free Religious Association, she was the companion still in her old age of those in that body who were among the leaders of the van in religious progress and the advancement of life everywhere. At the same time she served with Unitarians in things of special interest to them, but which had a larger than denominational importance, and she co-operated with men and women of all religious or other faiths in every good work. During the war she went out to nurse the soldiers, sick or wounded, in field and hospital. I now and then hear our poet-neighbor, Walt Whitman, speak warmly of her service there, whereof he had personal knowledge. And it seems as though her whole life had been given just to that. In the irrepressible conflict of human existence it was her joy to strengthen the weak, to encourage the faint, to heal the broken in heart and bind up their wounds, to comfort those that mourn. She hath done what she could, and how much it is! For one who has but a mite to give, a mite is large measure. But not a mite, rather a munificence, was her gift to the world. Freely she received, still more freely she gave, in moral above all material values. None could more modestly and sincerely ask, as did she, for the simple epitaph, "Helper." But little she knew, how in her own case, that one word should tell of all that quiet heroism and constant reaching to the noblest aims can do in a true woman's life!

"Kneeling where a woman lies,
Spent in willing sacrifice,
I strew lilies on the grave
Of the bravest of the brave."

And so I say that *life* is the real miracle. It is the life of Jesus, and it is the life of Parker, his loving disciple, and it is the life of this good woman, companion in the spirit of them both—though she wore no religious badge, and called her faith by no man's, no creed's, no church's name—it is the life of these and of all their like that shows in this world the wondrous power and goodness of God.

And love is miracle of miracles, wonder of wonders, both in what it is and in what evermore it does. We are finite workers of this miracle, if we will, as God is its infinite worker. Love has its sad things as well as its glad things. It has its bitter tragedies, no less than its sweet triumphs. But always it is the wonder-worker of life. Yea, it *giveth* life forevermore.

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So much I told my people of her. And since that Sunday morning it has come to me to add, in response to your request, this word.

Those who best know her would think it scarcely possible to speak with praise too glowing or unqualified of Miss Stevenson's personal traits, or of her capacity for loving, helpful, various friendship. To be so answering to the wants of different persons, under the most diverse circumstances, so efficient, I had almost said sufficient for all needs, so loyal in every relation, was to suggest an infiniteness of nature which made her seem more in her single self than whole multitudes even of excellent people bound by the ordinary limits of humanity.

It is difficult to think of a fault in her, unless it were a fault not the defect but the emphasis of some good quality. I used to be nearest hurt with her when, to my own, and, as I supposed, also to her satisfaction, having got somebody's merit down to zero, I saw her put to left of that a unit to show how much it could count in such company. It was seldom that she could not in that manner preserve a person from the little detractions which steal so much away.

If not, as I said, technically a scholar, she was scholar in a sense far better for the ethical and social, as well as for the intellectual, purposes of life. For the best of philosophy, of

literature, of the spirit and achievement of science and art, and the meaning in all the wide discussion, and likewise in the narrower contentions of thought and of practical endeavor in her own time—all this possessed her as mental and moral result, ready for application to human wants. Her resources of intellectual strength, clear perception, sound judgment and discrimination—the qualities and properties of the head—were not less than those of the heart, her steadfast affection, sympathy, tenderness. She saw at once another's need, and would let nothing go undone that might help to satisfy it. She was persistent to prove in public that Lincoln's great phrase at Gettysburg—"government of the people, by the people, for the people"—was really of Parker's making. But she was equally untiring in any case of securing the right thing to the humblest, poorest person who had once gained the consent of her care.

She was as ready in the helps of wit, humor, the child-like play of mirth, as she was in the sober gifts of mind and heart. Her laughter—though it often hid the face of pain, and veiled the flood of tears—relieved many a scene of dullness or of gloom for which no other cure was found. Quicker reply in fun was seldom heard. One day when I was with her, leaving the Boston Athenæum, she met Charles Sumner going in. After a little talk together, they moved their opposite ways; but quickly Mr. Sumner turned and called after her: "Well, Hannah! What good thing are you doing *now*?" The swift compliment, and rather heavy, fell upon her with some danger of embarrassment. But how cleverly she shifted the confusion back to him, as instantly she answered: "Oh,—*talking about you!*" The big Newfoundland-dog-like Senator was glad to hasten for shelter within the portals of art. It was, I think, just after his relief from the censure passed upon him by the legislature of his state, for his resolution to erase the battle-names from the flags of the restored country. He no doubt appreciated the loyalty of such talkers about him as she.

She had usually the most distinct and just estimates of people, great or small. And her own gifts were ever ready for all persons and occasions. I have heard her hold her own well in high converse by the country wayside, on a quiet summer morning, with Samuel Johnson—"Stupendous Samuel," she used to call him,—and directly seen her as much to the purpose engaged, in sport or in serious mood, with the plain farmer in barn or field, or with his wife among her milk-pans or her garden greens.

Such a lover of nature, as well as of men and women—and she was a delightful playmate with all children! She knew all things in the country, no less than in the town, and seemed known and welcomed of them. The walk was more than a walk; the drive lifted the common roads up to some grander and more joyous sphere, when her spirit guided the companionship. One little town, North Andover, Mass., a place of all rural beauties and delights, of all quaintnesses and curiosities, and "queer people," too, fully typical of the New England country life, spite of the "modern improvements"—this place knew her love, and returned it. One day the sisters went there, and with much entreaty got a kindly couple, but shy,—how endeared were they to become!—to "take them for a fortnight," on approval, as it were, to board. The fortnight stretched all through the summer. The winter connection was not broken. The fortnight reached on through well-nigh twenty summers, until at last *this* June has had to spend its own days without those twin-lovers there! In that dear old town are houses with rooms that never more will be lighted just as they have been by those spirits twain whose love flamed ever in one gentle glow.

It is hard not to show some things from Miss Stevenson's letters. Such letters! not often matched for words or thought, and never, within my knowing, for friendship's measureless outpourings. Yet always the wise head guides the rushing heart. Real literature, too, some passages might be. But as feeling is led by thought, so all her written thinking is transfused with the life-blood of the heart, with such a "moral flow" as seems to make all humanity its bed, and every little waif a pebble nestling or a flower nodding by the love-washed shore.

It brought back one's heart from despair of all good in existence, only to come and look in her eyes and hear her voice. Perfect faith, perfect peace seemed born of her perfect love. She was such a warder-off of real harms, and driver away of fancied ills, the *black dogs* of the fearful or the morbid mind! Blessing every day there was for many through that expulsion of evil which came to be in the very thought of her and in the sense that she was near. Once, when a "devastator of the day," some keen-scented agent or other, upon whom more vigorous applications had been wasted as easily as hints, who already had afflicted me, made threat of repeating his destruction of a Saturday morning, she, overhearing his purpose, called from the upper window to her good host below: "Mr. B., is that a *decided* case of small-pox at the parsonage?" "What!" exclaimed the devastator, "Small-pox at the *parsonage*? Good morning!" and off he went rapidly in the other direction. And so she made many disturbing or destroying agents take another road when she saw them on their way to hearts and homes. Where many a pain was coming, she filled the place with joy. For the sake of others she could bear all things. She could do good to one or to a hundred. She knew how to moderate the different climates of individuals inharmoniously brought together, and get an equable zone wherein good fruit of all might grow. And the solitary she could set in families of newly-roused natures fed and fructified through the mediating ministry of her all-hospitable soul. Herself of the best New England stock, she added to that best. And the grafts of her unselfish life upon less perfect growths have improved the products of the Fruit-bearer, the Earth.

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I have before me a recent photograph of *two* seated in a room, among household gods endeared for *their* sake to many who dwell not under that roof, but know its hospitality. Sitting there, like spirits of love and tranquil faith, they make me think of ancient homage paid to the Mothers as divinities. And could all the heart-children come to this room, as to a shrine of affection, what blessings would be poured out, until the house could not receive them!

A few weeks pass, and the eye that looks on this picture sees the two sisters sitting together still; but the saddened mind becomes aware that shadow is more lasting than substance in mortal form. For the one has been taken, and the other is left—of these twain who are one soul, and seemed almost one flesh.

And yet, as they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, so, to fond hearts that look upon this picture now, or see them still with the inward eye, in death they are *not* divided.

JOHN H. CLIFFORD.

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I first met Hannah E. Stevenson in my college days at Cambridge, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1853 or '54, when I went into Boston one evening to attend one of Theodore Parker's receptions. It was the first time, too, I ever spoke to Theodore Parker, though I had frequently heard him speak in public, and was introduced to him as "a young man from Harvard college who heard him whenever I could." My chief remembrances of the evening are, Mr. Parker's welcoming shake of the hand and smiling eyes, as he said some pleasant words about his gratification at finding a friend among the Harvard students, the college at that time not showing much affection for him—this, and Miss Stevenson's genial efforts, supplementing Mrs. Parker's quiet domestic dignity, to make the guests feel at home. I remember her as interesting herself specially in the young people and strangers like myself, who were present, and breaking the ice for them in a most friendly way in the presence of such notabilities as Wendell Phillips, Doctor Howe, and others of Boston's great group of advanced thinkers and philanthropists at that time. Yes, one other thing concerning that reception sticks closely in my memory. I was presented to some elderly ladies who were seated on a sofa discussing the nature of the Soul. A chair was placed for me in front of them, and it was, I suppose, a compliment to my intelligence that they continued the discussion and asked my opinion on the question. But,

though I had passed the sophomore year, and was still a young man, I was not much more ready to venture an opinion on the nature of the Soul than I am now. I stammered, however, some sentences, which I do not think could have thrown much light upon the subject, for the ladies afterward kept the discussion mainly to themselves, and I became a helpless listener. I think it was Miss Stevenson who extricated me from the dilemma by taking me to a group of more mundane talkers.

A number of years later the Civil War had come. Theodore Parker was buried in Italy; but "his soul was marching on" in America. And then I heard of Miss Stevenson carrying her warm sympathies, her instinctive tact, her womanly help, into work for the soldiers in hospital and at home, and leaving cheer and courage wherever she went. Still later, as Secretary of the Boston Freedmen's Aid Society, she became, to a large extent, the animating spirit of that most judiciously managed and successful philanthropy. Then it was that I began to meet her again, in connection with that work, and also when I was occasionally asked to speak on Sunday to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, which, though it had lost its great leader, was still trying bravely in a smaller hall to continue its existence.

But it was not till 1867, when the Free Religious Association was formed, that I came into near intercourse with Miss Stevenson. She was one of the comparatively few women who attended the preliminary meeting at Dr. Bartol's in February of that year, and she was again present at the first public meeting in the following May at Horticultural Hall, and of the organization there effected was made one of the Directors. She took her place as naturally in this new movement as previously in the work for the soldiers and the freedmen. They were all logical steps in the developing expression of her religious thought,—that thought which, as a young woman, she had begun eagerly to imbibe from Theodore Parker's teachings, and which never grew old: it only ripened with the passing years and continued to bring forth fruit even in old age. In 1869 Miss Stevenson was elected Assistant Secretary of the Free Religious Association, and she held that office, by which she also remained *ex officio* a member of the Executive Board, for fourteen years. As I was Secretary of the Association during this time, I know personally, as none other can, how faithful, encouraging and judicious was all her work in this capacity. In the meantime, too, *The Index* was transferred to the Association, and she was elected one of the seven incorporated Trustees, to whose hands the publication of the paper was committed. This office she held to the time of her death.

Miss Stevenson, therefore, has been a part of the Free Religious Association during the entire twenty years of its existence. The service she gave it was not such as brought her conspicuously before the public eye, but it was none the less valuable service. In the counsels of committees the power of her personality always made itself felt. In a rare degree she combined zeal with judgment; a quick instinct of the right with intellectual acumen and the advantages of a wide experience and culture. She formed her decisions with intuitive rapidity, yet was able to give good reasons for them, and they generally proved to be correct. She had the gift of seeing at once the central point of a question, and was so clear and persuasive in stating it that others were easily led to follow the course which she advised. Though holding her purposes firmly, she was not opinionative nor combative, but always helpful. The Free Religious Association, perhaps, has had no member who individually did better work in propagating its views and principles. She drew young people around her by natural attraction, won their confidence, and knew just when and how to sow the seeds of liberal thought for which her quick eye saw their minds were ready. She circulated more of the publications of the Association, I think, than any other member of the committee in individual capacity. Yet she never thrust them in the face of the unwilling and unprepared, but seemed to know by instinctive sympathy just where and what to send.

By invitation of Miss Stevenson, the meetings of the *Index*

Trustees, as also the meetings of the Executive Committee of the Free Religious Association, during the years when she was Assistant Secretary, were held at the joint residence of herself and a widowed sister. This long-continued hospitality, so cordially given by the two sisters, was itself a benefaction gratefully appreciated; and resolutions to this effect, and also designed to express a sense of the valuable service rendered by Miss Stevenson to the cause of Free Religion, were adopted by the *Index* Trustees at their last meeting, and were subsequently indorsed by the Executive Committee of the Association and sent to the surviving sister. These sisters, though not entirely agreeing in their religious views and relations, yet, united in a close bond of mutual respect and love, fully shared each other's joy in doing good.

In this brief notice I have confined myself so exclusively to my official connection with Miss Stevenson, that what I have written seems wholly inadequate to express my sense of the rare bountifulness and beauty of her large womanly nature. For no one could come to know her in any form of work without seeing that she was a Lady Bountiful, carrying blessing in whatever path she moved. She had unusual mental gifts, but her heart was still larger, and lavished its affections in a ceaseless and luxuriant outflow. Thus she drew within her charmed circle little children, young men and young women, the physically suffering and desitute, and those hungry for thought, the sick soldier, the benighted freedman, all ages and all conditions of human life; while she herself never seemed to grow old, though she lived to the verge of eighty years. Her letters overflowed with expressions of personal interest, often couched in most picturesque form. I rarely received even a brief business note from her which did not contain some tender inquiry or message, in phrase all her own, for those I loved and whom she had taken into her heart. Among the things for which I value the Free Religious Association personally for myself is that it enabled me to know this gifted woman and to count her my friend.

WM. J. POTTER.

Sometimes she was "Miss Stevenson," sometimes "Aunt Hannah," or oftener, in speaking of her to each other, "dear Aunt Hannah;" but simple "Hannah Stevenson" was, after all, the name that fitted best in thought the sweet and noble woman friend who has just missed her eighty-first birthday on the earth. She seemed a bright contemporary of all the young things in one's mind and heart,—not *old* enough to be the "aunt," too *real* for other prefix. And then there are persons whom one always likes to think of by the first name, it honors so one's self. Therefore, "Hannah Stevenson."

Another reverend name stands just behind hers in the thought of many of us, and that is Theodore Parker's. To belong, as she did, to the "first families" of Boston meant, fifty years ago, to be cramped by the standards of a culture high in certain aspects, but narrow and provincial; and to *then* welcome Parker meant to be a fugitive from this circle—a fugitive looked at severely as an estray, except as love on both sides kept the family ties perfect in their strength. In her case, it always kept them so. She must have been influenced by the emancipating Transcendentalism of the day, and yet have craved something more stalwart and practical than it directly offered. She was nearing thirty-four and Parker was nearing thirty-one, when he preached in 1841 the sermon on "The Transient and the Permanent in Christianity" that made him first infamous, then famous. It linked him at the moment in the city talk and city papers with Voltaire and Paine as "infidel" and "scorner" and "blasphemer." The night she read the sermon, it thrilled her with its high fidelity and that deep reverence which it took most Boston Unitarians years to recognize as such. She wrote to him about it—I think, first some verses, sent without her name.

Will she not forgive me if I draw them from their hiding-place at the end of Mr. Parker's own copy of his sermon, lying now before me? They are simple lines but prophetic, and others will like to see this first greeting of the two friends.

With lowly heart and lofty aim
Speed on thy pilgrim way,
Unmoved if breath of vulgar fame
Reville or laud to-day.

Still on—though slander's varied forms
May hiss and howl around:
The heavenly harmony within
Can deaden all that sound.

On—though the sunlight of friends' smile
To chilling aspects turn:
For in the darkened, lonely wild
Stars myriad o'er thee burn.

And cheerful strike thy harp the while,
E'en mid the pains and needs
Of one who seeks the Holy Land
As the Good Spirit leads.

For souls athirst are drinking in
Thy clear tones with delight.
Heaven bless thee for thy uttered word!
Heaven guide thy footsteps right!

July 10, 1841.

H. E. S.

The friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Parker, thus begun, grew very close. By and by, sickness in the Parker family brought her into the home to do what a friend there could; and her mind-help and heart-help proved so large that, when, in January, 1847, the village pastor moved to Boston to become the preacher to the multitude, and the hard names grew still harder, even to "liar," "scoundrel," "the wolf in the sheep's clothing,"—then both his work and his heart needed Hannah Stevenson. Thenceforth she was part of his home.

How much she was already to him is hinted in a letter written just before this moving, in answer to her remonstrance against certain anti-slavery language which he had made so strong it sounded coarse. He answered slowly, but decidedly, "I am glad I said it, glad I said it just so;" and then: "I like your letter much. The wounds of a friend I will bear thankfully, and keep forever the blessed scars thereof. Do so always. I don't want to wait for my foes to tell me my faults. You have an insight, a depth of vision, and a delicacy of soul far greater than I have ever met before, and can help me more than any other one." Those who knew her well in later years can easily believe that Parker never in his estimate uncrowned her of those words. She was a sister to his mind, making, with Mrs. Parker, a home audience for all the best that he could think and say,—one with whom he could talk his way toward clear truth before its public utterance; one sure to appreciate,—sure, too, to frankly criticise. To a close woman-friend the earnest in a man is apt to sparkle into fun, the fun is always deepening into earnest; and so it was between these two. It was she to whom are written those letters printed in the "Life," beginning "Dear old Ladye," "Dear poor old Ladye,"—letters in which book-talk, his latest reading, politics, reforms, and purest nonsense, all bubble out together; and we can see his laughing face bending above the letter as he writes. She could say from knowledge whom Parker meant or did not mean by this or that *pillory* passage in the sermons. And she it is to whom we owe many of the little personal anecdotes and home touches in Frothingham's "Life of Parker," and which she afterward gathered together hers if in the sketch she wrote to preface Putnam's edition of the "Discourse of Religion."

All that friendship lay on the farther side of the war years; for the date on the gray stone in the Florence burying-ground is May 10, 1860. But we,—we always thought of her still as Theodore Parker's friend, a womanly translation of his life that made him more than any "Life" we read a presence. Not by any means that she became his mere memorial, as friends of the noble sometimes do. It was her very independence, the sweet force of her own self, that made it seem so natural she should have been to Parker what she was. Her love of him still held room for criticism; but she watched, with full assurance of their coming, the signs of growing justice toward him, and felt "heartiest satisfaction" when, at last, the American Unitarian Association published the volume of his works two years ago. Speaking then of "the right of Parker

to be considered a representative Unitarian," she wrote: "It has long been clear that, in England and among the younger men here, that was his recognized position, but the old *animus* of the American Unitarian Association seemed to gloom over it still, and chill all kind feeling toward the man and his work. This step, however, commits it to his companionship; and we can forget its tardiness in its apparent spontaneity now. I really think there will be a sort of light-heartedness in the ranks with the feeling that an act of justice has been done. I feel like congratulating the denomination on this Emancipation Act."

She never grew "conservative" with years, perhaps because she could never have been aggressively radical with youth. Her sympathy kept constant to the freshening thought in our religious movement, and still she *judged* the men and movement. To a question where Parker, with his ardent theism, would have found himself in the recent "issue in the west," she answered last July: "Do you hesitate to believe that Parker would still have been in the forefront for freedom, if among the combatants? With the ameliorating influence of age, I think he would have been as gentle and self-restrained as others are now—God bless them!—in the battle they have not sought to wage. The brave, assured tone of UNITY each week stirs my heart, and I cannot resist the feeling that great results are to follow this movement." On the eve of the recent Conference came her greeting, for the very first time not in her own quaint handwriting: "Too weak to read or write, but brimful of hope for the result of the Conference of 17th-19th instant. Lovingly, H. E. S." The answer, telling the result, was sent early to reach her in time; and she "kept it by her till she knew no more."

I knew her best as one sitting in that simple parlor on the Boston hill, more and more sure to be "in" as years went by and foot or hand or throat was bound by pain; the other sister, always sitting with her, completing the quiet picture and the cordial welcome. "Lovingly, H. E. S." Always that. What dear letters of love she wrote! Had she kept this eightieth birthday on the earth, and kept it according to her wont in these latter years, we know one thing she would have done. This is from her birthday letter five years back:

July 16, 1882, NORTH ANDOVER.

Dear —, On this loveliest of midsummer mornings, in the dewy freshness of the day, the sky all blue, the air balm, the earth all green and leafy, the fields fragrant with new mowing; the red-breasts encouraging their little fledglings with promises of "cherry, cherry, cherry!"; the mysterious little summoner calling "Bob White" in notes so distinct that you expect the summoned individual to reply, "Here I am," the family of squirrels that live in the near wood-pile and forage about the fences and doors, their lives a perpetual wink, —in the midst of all this homely rural delight, I sit in the open door, and consecrate the day by reading yet again my Lesson for the Day; and, while my heart throbs with joy for "the love of God to the hillsides and the good news revealed in wild flowers," I remember with deeper joy what friends make my inner life fragrant and musical. And so, on this day, the seventy-fifth anniversary of my plain, common, inconspicuous, but happy life, I write to those I love.

Is that "seventy-five," or is it the happy heart and happy eyes of twenty? How happy-sweet her voice always was! You heard it as pleasant sound behind any words she spoke. Her face was one where goodness had made plainness beautiful. She seemed of no age,—any more than love or goodness has an age. And therefore death makes little difference in our thought of her and in the blessing of the thought. But it gives leave now to say the things we only felt before.

W. C. GANNETT.

(In part from the *Christian Register*.)

"The pilgrim they laid in a chamber
Whose window opened toward the sun-rising.
The name of the chamber was Peace.
There he lay till break of day, and then
He rose and sang."

—Bunyan.

Preachers Who Fire Over Peoples' Heads.

Sometimes a criticism intended in reproach becomes a compliment. What is meant, when we are told that some of our preachers aim too high? What are we to conclude, when it is charged to them that they occupy too lofty a signal-post or attempt too much with the baby-brains of their auditors? We have material for several inferences. Let us be just by assuming the higher truth. What, forsooth, *does* the preacher mean by his vaulting ambition? No doubt a tribute to the best that is in man. He grants the severe direction of his thought, but insists upon the ability of men to equal and follow it. He appeals to their future as against their past. He asks them to choose between their yesterday's weakness and their to-morrow's strength. Over *whose* head does this shot whistle? I ask my friend who complains. Ah! 'tis not his, but another's! All around the circle they tell me their charge, but they do not bring in their victim. What value has an appeal that is not on the upward note? Why should we wish our thought easy? How dare we say truth is *ever* too high for us? Bless us! wise men are not so common that we should wish to escape the dangers of their glory. It is no compliment to your intelligence to suppose that you are hungry for commonplaces, and that you resent wisdom as an offering of injustice. The cheap, the mean, the brass, the echo, the traditional, is plentiful enough in the churches. One can easily be fed that way into rapid theological gluttony. But you who think at all are worthy of thinking well. It is especially true of liberal churches that they deserve something more than a shallow freedom.

I have in mind one spokesman for truth, speaker in an eastern church, whose discourses, Sunday after Sunday, are full of a spiritual beauty, and a lofty, wonderful independence, which are the love of all who can measure the style of the man. Yet divers presumed thinkers have approached me with questions as to the purity of the method pursued by this philosopher. Is he not a wanderer from the plain facts of life? Does he not deal in big abstract *realities* (they allow me *that*!) of which those who hear him can little conceive? Why should he not come down? May it not be a sort of philosophic pride which reserves him thus on his isolated height? And then he dares to question the ordinary manner of discourse, which fixes argument and illustration in logical proportions! Well—let us weigh all that, indeed, and more, as we have often enough done, and remain steadfast, as we will find ourselves, in our admiration. For here is a spokesman for truth who never moves one hair's-breadth from the simple course of his ideal. He believes men are to be measured by high things rather than low. He conceives that his listeners form a spiritual democracy, with many visions essentially so equal that they may become one. He would no more think of questioning their duty to hear than his to say, and as to this he is quite at peace. Shall we catch this music as it comes, or step from its path unworthy of the sympathy it invites? Two things are necessary if he is to be entirely understood—an independence not less than his, and a sweetness that mingles all things in an atmosphere of love. How can you see if not by first being free? And freedom means generosity, sweetness, to be free of paltry aims, to avoid illusive ease, to accept all that is implied in the possession of reason and affection. This man, of whom one and another substitute a question for a tribute, is no more to be turned from his ample dreams than the world is physical from their courses. To admit for an instant that he could suffer such a temptation is ruinous. At once he would be doubting his faith and doubting his friends.

Besides, he may say he has spoken and been heard! What theory so strong as to stand against the first breath of appreciation? And the first soul moved higher by the tenderness of his thought bears with it the assurance of the final recognition of the duldest. I have seen this in my eastern teacher and found in it the refutation of all criticism. One does not shrink, then, from the danger of a too marked ascension, but rather from the tendency to coddle people, to give them simply what they come to hear, to shatter faith in the capacity of the race to see and suffer for the grander truths. Must we ever show men the specific direction for their daily deeds?

Is it not more important to help them to self-help than to make them slaves to the mass or to our untrusting commonplaces? No fact that one mind can see can be entirely incommunicable to another. The direct shot is from truth in one brain to truth in another. The stricter the purity, the surer the destiny. And purity means height. Thus my dear friend, and any other like unto him, stands acquitted—cleared by his two-sided faith, the one in his ideal, the other in man's power of growth.

H. L. T.

Race Consciousness.

Every heartfelt word I read or hear about human brotherhood, or race fellowship, sends me back, in thought at least, to the pages of Henry James, who wrote so earnestly on that subject. It was his great theme, the doctrine of "Society, the Redeemed Form of Man," as he named his last book. This, he taught, is the real Incarnation (typified by the personal Christ), the Divine Natural Humanity, the God-Man; our race-consciousness or social consciousness being our real life; while our personal consciousness, or feeling of self-hood (our *proprium*, according to Swedenborg), is our everlasting bane, except as we make it a mere stepping-stone to a higher life of spontaneous worship of God in the service of our fellow-men.

The great marriage that Mr. James wrote so much about implies the union of each with all, or the harmonizing of public and private interests. He says: "Our natural evolution, or our race destiny, is to put on Divine form and order; and this form and order undeniably consist in each man seeking supremely the good of the whole and in all men seeking supremely the good of each." He says: "I find it unspeakably blessed to believe that there is a *Divine-natural destiny* slowly but surely working out, which no spiritual wickedness in high places, nor any personal stupidity and egotism on our part can seriously compromise."

The purpose of God in creation is, he teaches, "to form a heaven out of the human race, and make history infallibly conduce to that supreme end, in becoming ever more and more a grand school of discipline for humanity, in which men, taught by a profound experience of the evils of self-love and love of the world, may at last become *naturally* or spontaneously roused to react against these evils, and freely incline instead to the promotion and culture of a race-sentiment in humanity, which has no practical admixture of evil and falsity in it to betray and defeat their devotion."

Only one more quotation, and that shall be from a private letter written by Mr. James in 1875:

"But what I feel myself most inclined to desire is that we may all of us, each in his degree, have so pungent an experience of the evil and honor wrapped up in our existing civilization, as to make us revolt from it as a Divine finality in the earth, and open our ears consequently to the truth of human solidarity which is alone able to end the dire enchantment we are under. I don't believe that anyone can *positively* promote human destiny more than another; but we can all of us promote it *negatively*, by standing in our ranks and bearing patiently what outward oppression is incident to our position, *while inwardly loathing it as a Divine obligation*; and he will promote it most who, feeling most this inward rebellion, yet most abounds in the requisite outward patience. This is a sort of living prayer that escapes Mr. Tyndall's criticism, and fills one with peace at times proof against all disturbance. In fact, the *role* of faith in human affairs was never so urgent and active—it seems to me—as now; and I feel sure, for my part, that it is really moving the world onward to its destined rest more than all the intellectual, or rather scientific and religious, activity of the time. The splendor of faith as a factor in human progress is that it is invisible, or unsuspected, and so provokes no friction by which its force is wasted, but goes directly to the heart and hand of God from which it comes."

F. E. R.

The Cosmic Tortoise.

Eureka! Eureka!

Our elders were right,
Their long buried wisdom
Again sees the light.

But just as you'd startle,
Should hoary-haired Eld,
On shelf of museum
At Bulak beheld,

To life re-awaken,
Step loftily down,
And homage to Ram'ses
Demand with a frown,—

So shrinketh, half-frighted,
E'en Progress herself,
When mummied Truth rises
From Fable's dim shelf.

But Science, keen-sighted
And wise to the core,
Sees grandest of truths in
This pearl of myth-lore.

Our planet *is* resting
On pachyderm strength,
And that on the tortoise
Outstretcheth its length;

The reptile on Vishnu
His weight doth repose,
And gods need no foothold,
As everyone knows.

Form changes, Truth never:
Our Vishnu is Force,
Persistent in matter
As tortoise in course;

And losing nought ever,
Though changing in name,
Continues like Proteus
Forever the same.

Our law Evolution
The Cosmos sustains,
With swing elephantine
Its rhythm maintains.

Thus ancient and modern
In harmony meet,
And round the truth, spheroid,
To fullness complete;

While planet and atom,
In star-beam and sod,
Keep step to the music
Orchestral of God!

Mrs. J. W. F.

Sex in Sin.

Remorse is written on her face,—
But watch them draw their skirts aside,
And note that scornful look they cast
On one who fain would stem sin's tide.

And watch them now,—for here he comes
Who lured that fallen one to sin;
They greet him with their sweetest smile,
Ope wide their doors and bid him in.

The sin in her, whom we call weak,
Through life remains a damning blot;
But 'tis in him, whom we call strong,
An "indiscretion" soon forgot.

WINDSOR, Nova Scotia.

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THE STUDY TABLE.

The Aztecs: Their History, Manners and Customs. From the French of Lucien Biart. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.00.

Travelers who visit Mexico to-day tell us wonderful stories of its beauty and fertility in places. Scholarly or thoughtful persons, finding, in the midst of all this, vestiges of an ancient and wonderful civilization which met the astonished eyes of the Spanish conquerors, will naturally desire to learn something of that period. Special students in this subject have brought a vast amount of knowledge within the grasp of the general reader. Seldom is the information given with such clearness, freedom from exaggeration and from tiresome statistics, as we find in the above mentioned work on the ancient Mexicans. The author says he prepared the volume with a view to interest and instruct the reader who is unfamiliar with these primitive people. In this he has assuredly been most successful. He presents us with a very interesting and satisfactory volume, which will meet the demand of the general reader for historical information.

After a brief description of the country, its first inhabitants, its different tribes, we follow the various wanderings of the special tribe of Aztecs who finally overcome others and settle on the Lake Tezcoco, founding there in 1325 the city of Mexico. A comprehensive and orderly account is given of the religious worship and priestly ceremonies of these people, of the government and its attendant divisions, of princely royalty on the one hand and servitude on the other; ceremonies connected with birth, marriage and death; education and parental counsel; justice as administered by supreme and severe laws; military institutions and customs of war; agriculture and markets, including a description of the wonderful floating gardens which were invented by the Aztecs and cultivated with great success. Trades, arts, costumes, food, amusements and sports; all these are written of understandingly and with admirable succinctness.

Although we find much to deplore in the sickening accounts of human sacrifice and barbarity, we also see many laws in force among the Aztecs showing a zeal for morality. Stealing of all kinds was severely condemned, guardians who rendered false accounts were hanged. Drunkenness was a capital crime. A person who became intoxicated, if he belonged to the nobility, was strangled and his body thrown into a lake or river; if a plebeian, he lost his liberty, but it was only on the second offence that he was punished with death. A law-giver, having been asked why he was more severe toward a noble than toward a plebeian, answered: "It is because the crime of the first is more serious, since he ought to show a good example." The same king ordered that historians who recorded facts incorrectly in their paintings should be punished with death. Truth and industry were regarded as virtues of supreme importance. If children were detected in a lie, their tongues were pricked with agave thorns. The young were brought up with a profound respect for their parents; and the documents quoted, "being exhortations of a father to his son, and those of a mother to her daughter," are codes of counsel suitable for all times.

Memorials of the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, B. A. Edited by his son, Philip Henry Wicksteed. London: Williams & Norgate. 1886.

The portrait of an honored Unitarian minister of England, who died two years ago,—drawn by his son, himself an honored Unitarian minister, Martineau's successor in a London parish. A *triplach* portrait, showing the man in a life-sketch, in his letters, and in a dozen sermons. He belonged to the scholar-generation of Martineau and Thom and J. J. Tayler, less gifted than these dear friends of his, but standing with them before the little public of his Church a fourth. A man among his fellows to balance views, avoid extremes, see the common sense of the thing, expound the intermediate ground,—but to outsiders a sturdy, knock-down defender of the faith called Unitarian, for this *was* common sense, and he thought that "the great thing to do with a

truth was to tell it." A man living for unselfish ends, and in all his work "doing nothing badly, if thought and care could secure its being done well." "I think my chief and only power," he says, "is the putting to their full use the faculties I have. If it be so, I have reason to be grateful and contented. My two talents are made four; how can I murmur that of five which I never had I cannot make ten? In his home "a lover to the day of his death," and to his children "a sort of incarnation of the moral and religious life in its awful but not in its forbidding aspects;" and "he never forgot or was forgotten by a friend."—Nothing rare in all this, yet how much it means when seventy-five years of thought and work and love can be summed up so.

But this life had its pathos in a haunting shadow,—apparently the shadow of a father's temperament cast across his own. The hard-working minister of Liverpool and Leeds broke down at only forty four. "The weight and responsibility of such an office have always to me crushed out the joy of it." The work was given up, and the city pastor, hiding himself in a valley of Wales, turned farmer. It was a lovely spot, but as he drained the stiff clay meadows the meadows drained his pockets, and again he had to write it "Failure." But again only a surface-failure; for there the boys and girls grew up and there he regained health. At sixty three, returning to the old work, he became a sort of Minister-at-Large for England! Up and down the land he went preaching Unitarianism,—the lecture invitations pouring in till the old man was well past seventy. So that the sun-set years were among his busiest and happiest and most consciously successful. And sun-set years must be a blessed time to take one's consciousness of service.

W. C. G.

A Half Century in Salem. By M. C. D. Silsbee. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

Salem town in Massachusetts has always been especially fortunate in finding chroniclers of its distinctive sights and customs, who could relate from personal knowledge and interest or from direct tradition. Mrs. Silsbee, who writes of "A Half Century in Salem," does so with every right of one at home in its inner social circles. She gives us more or less "harmless gossip," using names freely, but with kindly intent. She tells us the true story of those Salem gibraltars, which helped to make the town famous, and remembers the election cake, which seems to be becoming almost a lost art in New England,—or is it that cake doesn't taste as once it did? She is one whose great grandchildren boast, as she says, of a grandmother eight or nine times removed, who was hung for a witch on Witch Hill. The book is interesting, even to one not a Salemite.

E. E. M.

Magazine of American History, illustrated. Edited by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, 748 Broadway, N. Y.

This magazine for July, comes with its usual typographical beauty and good table of contents. The short description of the famous Pickett charge at Gettysburg is very stirring. There is an article on manuscript sources of American history, and one on the United States mail service. The leading article is on "Henry Laurens in the London Tower," an interesting and dignified incident of our Revolution.

Shakespeareana. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publication Society. For June and July.

Devoted as usual to many special attractions of its great subject. A publication to be prized by Shakespeare lovers. The leading article for June is "On the Likeness between Bobadil and Falstaff;" for July, "The Taming of a Shrew, and the Taming of the Shrew." In the June number a note is given from a letter by George Eliot, in which the great novelist says: "Shakespeare's great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted as they may." We like that. We would not envy the mind or heart of a person who could find nothing to say of a poor performance of Shakespeare but that the play was murdered. We should think it as much murdered by the stupidity of the spectator as by the poor actor.

THE HOME.

"Ifs" for Mothers and Fathers.

You will do well by your children,
 If you treat them as "children" without much thought of what
 they will "turn out" to be;
 If you take pains to give them a happy childhood;
 If you manage them by a few clear rules and never threaten;
 If you train their wills instead of breaking them;
 If you encourage them to talk at meal times;
 If you see that each of them can do something to entertain
 company;
 If you give each of them a share in any good work that you
 do;
 If you give them freedom to strike out new ways of employing
 and enjoying themselves.

F. E. M.

"And Dod will Say——."

Two little cousins, each a four-year-old, were talking about heaven. One of them asked: "How will we get into Dod's heaven? Will we open a door in the clouds?" "Why, I know," was the response. "We will do up to heaven and knock bam-bam-bam, and Dod will turn the handle and open the door; and we will walk in, and Dod will say, 'Why, how! ou tum to heaven, too?' And I will say: 'Es, Dod. Don't ou know every night in my wayers I say, Take me to heaven?' And Dod will say, 'Tourse I does, my baby—tourse I does.'" And the little voice took a tender tone that showed how truly she felt our Father's fatherhood.—*Babyhood.*

"Amen."

"Is God twins?" asked a three-year-old of his mother, when he found he should close his evening prayer with "Amen" instead of "A man." The baby was more profound than he knew, as babies frequently are. Perhaps that is the way the children would like it best, but we older ones put it differently by saying, "Our Father and Mother in Heaven." We have a very definite thought when we say this; the baby had a definite question. These "Pleasant-ries" in the *Christian Register*, where this was told, have a cruel way of stopping just at the interesting climax! We wish we knew how the mother answered that query.

A German Legend.

When God the Lord had made the whole wide world, and saw that it was all good, he sent all the animals to Adam, that he should give to each its name; but all the flowers he placed before himself, and went from one to another, telling each its name so that they all knew what they were to be called.

But one little flower had looked up so happily with its blue eyes at the blessed God, opening its golden heart to him, it forgot itself, and so did not know its name. It was very much ashamed, and bowed its blossoms and buds, saying, "Ah, dear Lord, be not angry with me; I could not help gazing at thee, till I forgot everything, even my name thou gavest me; wilt thou tell it to me again, and I will not again forget." Then God looked kindly at the little flower at his feet; "I am not angry with you; that you forgot yourself is no sin, only 'Forget-me-not.'" And with that he went away, for the dear Lord could not stay long by a little flower—earth and heaven wait upon him.—*Selected.*

"To think, to feel, to do
 Only the holy Right,
 To yield no step in the awful race,
 No blow in the fearful fight."

A Rock that Makes Children Better.

It is nothing but a rock, that once lay on the beach of one of the coves of Cape Cod Bay. One day in 1620 some Englishmen came rowing along the beach, wanting a good place to land, and they saw the rock, and said, "That will be a good place to step ashore,—steer the boat for that rock." And the Pilgrim Fathers, as we call them,—for they were the men in the boat,—landed at the rock. At least, this is the story that has come down to us from that day. And so the rock has grown almost sacred to the nation,—almost a Holy Rock. It is no longer on the beach, but up in the town under a canopy with a fence around it, so that neither the waves can wash it nor people chip it away. And men and women and children come from far and near to see it.

The other day the children of the Unity Sunday-school in Worcester went down to Plymouth to see it. It was their Sunday-school picnic. Senator Hoar, one of the Massachusetts senators, invited them: he thought it might make them better men and women by and by, if they should see that rock. They went to Burial Hill, and by the other burial place where the dead Pilgrims were laid in that first winter when half of the little company died; and to Pilgrim Hall, where the Mayflower relics are kept; and to the great statue of Faith, which the nation has built in memory of the forefathers. But the old rock was the best of all. The iron gates were opened and the children gathered round it, and there Senator Hoar talked to them. And this is what he said,—we find it in a Worcester paper sent by some friend:

"I do not think there is any need of speaking here. There can be no eloquence like that of the rock itself. There is no child here so small as not to know its story. There is no person here so old as not to be stirred in its presence. The children know why we have brought them here. They know what their fathers did and what has come of it. They came across the ocean, leaving behind home and wealth and luxury, and landed on this coast in midwinter, when the woods all round them were filled with wild beasts and savages; they encountered sickness and cold and suffering; more than half of them died before spring; and yet, when the ship went home to England, not one of them went back. It was because of that that we now have a country.

"There were other colonies at other places. But it was the men who came *here* who brought with them freedom and justice and law. But for them and the principles they brought with them, the nation upon this continent would not have been this nation. There would have been a nation where the rule of many by one would still have been the law. There would have been a nation where slavery prevailed—where women would be whipped, and little children would be sold at auction, and it would be a crime to teach men to read the Bible, and the limbs of the men and women who do the work would be the property of other people and not their own. But it is because these men and women brought over here the principles of justice and freedom and law, because they were ready to give up everything for them, to live for them and to die for them, and because they taught their children to live for them and die for them, that now we have a country where these principles prevail from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf.

"This is why we have brought you children here. We want you to see the spot where your fathers set their feet, and to remember who they were and what they did. We want you to know that freedom and justice can not be kept unless *you* are ready to do the same thing; unless the boys when they grow up are ready to leave everything else for them, and, if need be, to die for them; and unless the girls will give their brothers and sons and husbands for them. You may not fully realize all this now, though I think you understand it pretty well. But as you grow older you will know it better, and you will remember, as long as you live, the day you came here, and what you have seen and heard."

W. C. G.

"On bravely through the sunshine and the shower,
 Time hath his work to do, and we have ours."

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Where are the Ministers?—Most of them are off in search of rest. Crothers, of St. Paul, is summering with his old friends at Brattleboro, Vt. Simmons finds the new church at Minneapolis working so well that he can not stop. Learned, of St. Louis, passed through Chicago the other day, on his way to Dublin, N. H. Snyder and his family are rusticated in western Massachusetts. We are sorry to hear that Bro. Waite, of Janesville, Wis., is compelled to suspend his successful labors on account of illness. Miss Murdock and Miss Safford are to spend a month at Ham-filton, Ill. Missionary Clute is in the east. Utter, of the First church, Chicago, is bicycling in southern Ohio. Milsted, of Unity church, Chicago, is in Europe. Mr. Blake, of the Third church, will spend his summer in and around the city. The associate editors of UNITY are taking their turns in relieving the senior editor, and for five or six weeks he will be off the tripod. UNITY will be glad to note the wanderings of other workers, if the necessary information be conveyed to the office.

Unitarian Grove Meeting at Weirs, N. H., July 26-31.—The approaching tenth annual meeting promises to be the best yet. The committee extend hearty invitation to all people, good Unitarian-wise or otherwise. Tuesday begins it—a "Unity Club Bureau" day—with papers on science, art (by Ellen Hale and Darius Cobb), and poetry (by J. L. Jones and G. W. Cooke). Wednesday offers addresses and a lake excursion. Thursday, a temperance meeting, a woman's meeting (Mrs. J. W. Howe and others), a "Unity of the Spirit" meeting, with addresses from seven denominations, and a lecture on "Hamlet," by J. K. Applebee. Friday, a sermon and Laymen's meetings, with "Honorable" and "Judges" promised. Saturday, more of sermon, more of address (by Professor Booker T. Washington) on "Education in the South," more of the lake, and more conference meeting. Sunday, sermons by Minot J. Savage and Brooke Herford. Monday, August 1, an excursion to Mount Washington,—it's top!

Weirs is in the midst of the mountain and lake region, and it will be impossible not to have a good time with nature, as well as a good time with each other. Prices at hotels and private houses vary from \$1 to \$2 a day, and from \$5 to \$10 a week; or cottages can be had for self-boardings. To secure a room apply to "The Unitarian Grove Meeting Committee, Weirs, N. H." For other details write to the Secretary, James B. Morrison, Lancaster, N. H.

The Free Religious Association.—At the recent annual meeting, the President, Wm. J. Potter, suggested a reconstruction of the Association,—its division into four working sections, each having its own organization, but all to be included in one general body. The Executive Committee now issue a circular, submitting the plan to the consideration of friends, and the President (to be addressed at New Bedford, Mass.) invites correspondence and suggestions on the subject. The four sections proposed are:

(1.) SECTION OF SOCIOLOGY.—For the thoughtful study of all problems pertaining to the social elevation of mankind, and for inciting and organizing practical measures to promote such progress.

(2.) SECTION OF RELIGIOUS AND ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Designed to bring together scattered thinkers and scholars on these subjects, and to encourage original research therein, according to the scientific method.

(3.) SECTION OF NATURAL SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO RELIGION AND ETHICS.—For intellectual workers occupying a distinct and wide domain, but so closely allied to those of the second section that the two at first, perhaps, might best be classed together.

(4.) SECTION OF THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO THE STATE.—For resisting encroachments on liberty of conscience in religion, and for removing barriers to such liberty which may still exist in statute-books, contrary to the fundamental theory of civil government in this country.

The English Unitarian Anniversaries were lively this year. Two important suggestions made there bear on problems of our own. The British Unitarian Association now grants its aid, the \$150 to \$300, year after year, directly to the struggling church, the church electing its own minister: in place of this system, which often fails to lift the church and make it self-supporting, the Rev. H. S. Solly urged the employment by the Association of men specially qualified for up-building work, whom it should send as its missionaries to these needy churches for two or three years,—the congregation, on its part, to accept this agent as its minister and pay to the Association whatever it raised on salary account, the aim being to increase this payment till it became an adequate salary, when the congregation would become independent and again appoint its own pastor. An increased prestige and continuity for the work, larger subscriptions to support it, and, on the missionary's part, the stimulus of a "career,"—were the advantages claimed for the plan. Special visitations for short periods by "half a dozen high-class ministers" employed as missionaries, were also urged.

The other suggestion came up in the Sunday-school Society's meeting, to which, by the way, our English cousins pay far more attention than we do here. What should we say to a 9 o'clock breakfast at a central hall, nearly the entire floor covered with tables and the tables crowded,—and this on a rainy London morning, with the people coming London distances by train and omnibus? That is the way they do the thing in England. After the breakfast came the reports and talks, and then Rev. Joseph Wood read a paper proposing a Sunday-school Training College. "Let us suppose that during the long vacation of Manchester New College, [their theological school,] when the class-rooms are silent and the professors' chairs are vacant, a score of teachers from different parts of the country could be persuaded to come into residence for a fortnight's instruction and training in Sunday-school teaching and management. Let us suppose a fortnight's or a month's association of these teachers in a kind of collegiate life. Let us suppose that during the fortnight there should be given, by the best qualified men to be found, four sets of lectures of twelve each—one set on school management and

organization; one on the principles and methods of kindergarten, as applied to infant classes in Sunday-schools; one on how to teach the Bible to children; and one on child nature, the order of growth in a child's faculties, and the kindred topics of what may be called simple and practical psychology. And suppose that alongside with these lectures on the theory and art of teaching, practical acquaintance is made with the best methods by visits to some of our best schools, Board schools and others. Do you not think those teachers would derive immense benefit from such a course of training, even within the limits of a single fortnight? Do you think it possible for such a gathering to take place once a year and not be productive of large results in our schools?" The discussion showed that these "supposes" seemed to some of the others impracticable, but that, instead of the central training college, normal classes could perhaps be organized in the large cities with a traveling lectureship.

A third most interesting and urgent plea came from a Japanese, the Marquis Tokugawa, —a plea with the Association to establish in Japan, and that without delay, a Unitarian Mission. In the decay of the native faith the land, he said, was ready for a religion of reason and character, which Unitarians better than the other Churches could propagate.

Our John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, was present at these anniversary meetings, adding much, we hear by English letters, to the snap and brightness of them. He gave a noble sermon to the ministers on "The Revelation of God," (printed in the *Unitarian Review* for June), and his *soirée* speech is reported at full length in the papers. It was a glowing, hopeful picture of the Unitarian outlook in America, the very opposite of the wall that another Brooklyn messenger gave forth to the same audience on the same theme three or four years ago. Mr. Chadwick spoke, apparently, before word of our last Conference had reached him, but in frankest sympathy with the general position of the Western Conference. He writes that the interest in the question that has been before us all the year is scarcely less there than here, and that the ministers there as here seem to have been well pamphleted by our critics.

"Elderly People's Sunday."—Many of us now keep "Children's Sunday," at Hudson, Mass., "the pastor recently preached the annual sermon to those who have reached the age of seventy," and, in a word to the *Christian Register*, he advocates "Elderly People's Sunday, as a tender tribute of gratitude to those for whom the most that we can do is much too little." It is not many western parishes that could gather "from fourteen to twenty-seven of these special listeners," nor many western villages where, through the newspaper "forty aged people could regard the sermon as their own." "A graceful part of the service is the singing by a choir of children." It surely is a tender thought, a lovely deed of reverence. And yet, do the aged people usually *like* thus to be classed by themselves,—or rather, just the other way, to feel that not even reverence separates them from the young singers and workers of the day?

The Christian Register.—Our big sister has another gift to enable her to see more of the world, and the world to see more of her, in missionary ways. \$500, \$1,000 and now another \$1,000, in all \$2,500, have been given her within a few weeks, the income of which is to send the *Register* abroad with a free gospel. May the fund double and triple, and then repeat the process! No paper more deserves and more rewards such mission-trust.

Buda, Ill.—The perverse types in UNITY, July 2, in reporting Mrs. Covell's letter, read at the anniversary of her husband's seventieth birthday, made her say "the friend is the Bible," instead of "the friend is *tangible*;" also,

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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EDITORIAL.

THE *New Theology Herald* for July appears in the shape of a neat monthly, a form much better adapted to its missionary work than the previous semi-monthly. It is rich with suggestive material. One of the editors, in an article, tries to discover the common ground under the "freethinker" and the Liberal theologian. The article closes with the following timely wisdom:—

"The tide of thought is changing. Iconoclasm has had its best day. The destroyer is laying down his hammer, and the builder is coming with his square and plumb-line. When the first flush of antagonism toward discovered error has been superseded by a vital enthusiasm for the larger, nobler truth, the freethinker may become a zealous worker on the growing temple of the broader faith. The hammer of his logic will then be used to shape instead of to smite, and walls will rise instead of crumble as he works. Hasten the day when the theologian will be free to think, and the Freethinker free to perceive and teach a rational, scientific theology."

THE *Fewish Messenger*, for July 15th, publishes in full Rabbi Iliowizi's address at the dedication of the Unitarian church, Minneapolis. It is a comparative study of the "Priest, Prophet and Sage." The address throughout is characterized by scholarship, liberality and piety. We make room for a single paragraph from what is worth printing entire:

"The wise Hillel said, 'What is hateful to thyself do unto none,' is the quintessence of religion. Here is the golden rule, the test of man, race and creed. Show me a church wherein no prayer for the human family is offered, and I will show you a sepulchral pyramid of priestcraft, a monument of Baal, the home of the devil. As the clouds of ignorance and barbarism are dispersing, priestcraft finds no atmosphere to live in. There is no room for a priest and a prophet in the same hemisphere. But the sage and the prophet, like the heart and the mind, do supplement one another. The sage takes up the task where the prophet has dropped it. He is building temples of love, charity, and the worship of the only God. May the Lord help us to share in the work, the triumphs and the glories of the sage, this being the end of our life in this period of the world's history."

NOTWITHSTANDING the intense heat of the last week, the teachers' association, spoken of in our last, held steadily to its work. In the many-sided programme the Manual Training numbers represented the enthusiastic meetings. Technical education and practical training had the floor. The winning argument was, that it developed mind, it told for character. This is a prophecy that the time is coming when the moral education section of the National Teachers' Association will lay first claim upon the enthusiasm of its members. . . . The next time this great body meets in Chicago, perhaps in 1897, there will be practical plans discussed for the systematic and direct training of the conscience in all departments of the public schools, as there was this year for the training of the hand. Moral Science, which is now largely left to the labored work of the senior year in college, will begin with the kindergarten. The golden rule is capable of being exemplified and amplified wherever and whenever the multiplication table and its amplification is possible.

CHURCH dedication at its truest is the church-use. The more elaborate and costly the building, the more elaborate and thorough should be the use made of it. A month before the first Unitarian society in Philadelphia dedicated their fine new church, the people organized a "Free Library Association" for workmen and boys in the vestry. In the handsome room papers and magazines, bright readable books and quiet games are open to all comers, and in the coffee-room attachment five cents give the coffee and the biscuits.

"Members" pay fifteen cents a month, which includes the coffee without extra charge. The directors take turn in couples in being at the post each evening. One evening a week music. Open seven evenings a week. Average attendance about 50; largest attendance, 227; cost per year about \$650, mainly met by subscriptions. All summer long an ice-water fountain at the church-door offers its cup to the public. The annual report closes with the words: "Reading-rooms and coffee-rooms are no new method of temperance work; but here is offered, besides, a new and noble use for rich and costly houses of worship. With such buildings already erected, more rooms and buildings for this purpose need not be hired. The churches of a large city do not perhaps outnumber its liquor saloons; but turned into reading-rooms and coffee rooms, made attractive on week days as well as Sundays, they are numerous enough to offer strong barriers against such evil influences."

At the last meeting of the board of directors of the American Unitarian Association, the suggestion of the Western Conference to form a missionary board, consisting of the secretaries of the A. U. A., the W. U. C., and the several State Conferences in the west, was declined, and the Rev. T. L. Eliot, of Portland, Oregon, was appointed as the western agent of the association, his labors to begin the first of September. Just what the functions of this new office are to be, and what his relations to our western organizations and western workers, does not yet appear. The American Unitarian Association is already represented in the western field by Rev. Messrs. O. Clute, A. G. Jennings, Enoch Powell, J. H. Crooker, J. T. Sunderland, C. G. Howland, J. L. Douthit, A. J. Beavis and C. W. Wendte. These men are supported, in whole or in part, from the treasury of the Association. If these men are to be marshalled under the generalship of Mr. Eliot they will form a most effective missionary corps, admirably adapted for work either of advance or of defense. The selection of Mr. Eliot is a most sagacious one, representing as he does in his very name, as well as in his person, a wise conservatism that will re-assure the most timid, east and west, while at the same time he is so zealous, noble and efficient as to command the respect and largely the co-operation of the radical. He is a man whose word can never fail of bearing the fruit of the Spirit and whose work can never come amiss.

Still, we can but regard this appointment, coming as it does, as a mistake, which sooner or later the A. U. A. will see to be such and will regret. It is a mistake because, for the second time, our eastern association has refused the friendly overtures for co-operation of an organization which, by virtue of age, the work it has done, the territory it occupies, as well as its constituency, it cannot afford to ignore; because, again, by making this appointment in this way it undertakes the missionary interests of the Mississippi valley with the minimum relations to the resident workers; because, lastly, while claiming to represent the Unitarianism of the United States, geographically speaking, it has by this vote deliberately indicated an executive distrust of a considerable fraction of American Unitarianism, theologically speaking; for the refusal to accept the co-operation of the Western Conference is unquestionably based chiefly upon theological considerations. In many ways these directors have told us, "We do not distrust your motives, ability, spirit or right to the Unitarian name," but now, by this vote, they say, "We do not propose to co-operate with your kind of Unitarianism."

We think this a mistake, because the non-doctrinal basis of the Western Conference represents a Unitarianism that has come to stay, that has to-day a larger representation in the east than in the west. It represents the kind of Unitarianism which alone can be propagated in most *new* fields east or west, Unitarianism for which the college as well as the theologic dogmatist is preparing a future place.

Right heartily we welcome our Brother Eliot to a difficult and unenviable task. If he enters upon his work in a broad, hospitable spirit, anxious to relate himself to whatever vital forces there may be already at work within the Western Conference,—a spirit and attitude that will enable him to work with our churches, not against them, he will bring about by the kind methods of evolution a better understanding all around, and will secure the desired co-operation between the A. U. A., and the Western organizations. But with all his sweetness and gentleness, if he undertakes to emphasize the feeling which lay back of his election, and to continue the work which his predecessor began,—that of counteracting rather than augmenting the influences and activities of the western churches,—if his missionary work is to be within rather than with our churches, then Brother Eliot will meet with friction and failure. Thus openly we express our disappointment in this refusal of the A. U. A. to accept the open hand of the Western Conference. It is with equal openness and heartiness that we welcome our brother to an important and a promising field. So far as he will accept it, we pledge him our earnest co-operation. We will welcome him to our councils and our pulpits, and if he comes to Chicago for headquarters, to all cordial comradeship,—not forgetting to sympathize with Portland, aye, with the entire Pacific coast, over the great loss to them which such a removal will be.

IDEALISM is the largest expression of human love. It is a circle drawn full about the race. Without it we are isolated beings. Its influence is sped direct to the heart. Over vales and mountains, higher than the impending clouds or the warm sunset, deeper than worlds or oceans of waters and space, it holds the solution of all difficulties, and the union of all to-days for a morrow of transcendent harmony. It is the poetry of the human soul; it outlasts all shocks of systems, and rides unharmed over the fears of departing faith to a destiny significant with the revelations of a nobler spiritual man. The ideal might be written of in another word—spontaneity. It is most real, yet ever untouched, unheralded, undefined. Though men scorn it from their byways, or laugh good-naturedly at its pleading, no weight of misunderstanding can destroy its efficient power. What it did for Jesus, Brown, Emerson, that may it do for any man. Who shall name it? Better for it to blossom unsolicited in the rose, and freely sail upon the seas, than come into the dead atmosphere of our imprisoning creeds. We hold to it as an influence. We desire no mere goal-definiteness in any of its gifts. Whenever we think purely, act heroically, it is there. We reach for it, and it is gone. Can we explain the rose or grasp the secret of the seas? But we are one with the mystery of both, and they neither magnify nor belittle us, but simply reveal to us our best selves.

T.

In another column, under the caption of "Why not Be Noble?" we print one of several protests which have come to us concerning our editorial word upon the proposition of President Cleveland to return the Confederate flags. Mr. Lyche always writes vigorously, and oftentimes, as in this case, vehemently. Such writings frequently, as in this case, fail to do justice or even to understand the position criticised. Waiving the consideration that these flags are not at the disposal of the President any more than any other property of the United States, we reiterate that our protest was made in the interest of peace and a fraternity that is national. Love is not generated by mutilating history or desecrating the landmarks that indicate the progress of the race. Why should the patriotic children of Georgia in coming generations be haunted ever with the emblems of their fathers' humiliation hanging in their state house, while the children of Wisconsin find in their state house only the emblems of a national glory?

Our critic little understands the feelings of the soldiers on either side when he characterizes the struggle as a great "quarrel," and talks of "Northern triumph" and "Southern shame." We think he but poorly apprehends the present condition of humanity or the true import of the great, sad war, when he speaks of a "thing of the past, the question settled, the cause secured." Human freedom is ever in jeopardy. Race distinctions, class prejudices, governmental arrogances still enslave, buy and sell human rights. Time depersonalizes feeling, but will not deface or ignore the price humanity has paid for what freedom it now enjoys. The present writer knows what it is to share his rations and to enjoy spiritual companionship with a soldier from across the line under the flag of truce that enabled contending armies to amicably join in the awful but sacred sacrament of burying their dead. He yields to no one in his desire and readiness to shake hands and forgive, not by forgetting, but by translating, transfiguring the gory paths that led to peace. The "gray" as well as the "blue" has common interests in those things that have shaped for freedom and right. Must the monuments of Gettysburg be demolished in order that the heroes of Pennsylvania and Virginia may shake hands upon the field which humanity will not forget, as they did on the 3d instant? Must the cross become a forbidden symbol and Calvary a tabooed word in order that the Jew and Christian may join fraternal hands and kneel before a common altar? Will we send the relics that are gathered in the Old South Church of Boston to a junk shop in order to advance the international fellowship between England and America? This is not the way the higher life is evolved. Patriotism is the road to cosmopolitanism. Love of country is the surest way to secure love of humanity. It was not malignity against southern soldiers but enthusiasm for human freedom that led us to plead for the preservation of the national consciousness as opposed to state consciousness. South and north, let our children first remember that they are citizens of the United States and then citizens of Georgia or Wisconsin. We yield to no one in our love for the new, our pity for the old, our faith in the future south. In the name of those who died wearing the "gray," as well as those who wore the "blue," we deny that on either side does the epithet "brutal passion" belong. In ways they knew not of together they wrought out the higher destiny of a country whose work for freedom is but just begun. As a warning to tyrants, and as an encouragement to truth seekers and freedom lovers, let all the annals of the past be concurred. In love, south and north will study these annals together. Thus will they best emulate the heroism and avoid the mistakes of their forefathers.

The Summer Holiday.

More and more the summer holiday is establishing itself as a custom in our busy American life. It is no longer the peculiar privilege of the professions, so-called, but happily has made its way in some measure into all occupations and pursuits. Its value is becoming recognized on the ground of economy, aside from considerations of mere pleasure. There is good return in the investment. With every year what pilgrimages are made to the shrines of mountain and sea, to earlier country homes and places of familiar association,—more efficacious to body and mind than the journeys of holy palmers of old, and not less religious if in quest of that renewal, without and within, which shall make life's daily duties shine the more when one returns to take them up again. "Two months in the summer—who wouldn't like to be a minister?" said a man to the writer; but when answered that the field was an open one and qualified laborers never long standing idle in the market-place, he seemed not eager to act upon the suggestion! And yet those persons are to be felicitated, as for the most part ministers, teachers, clerks in various kinds of business, and increasingly such workers as are on fixed salaries and have not sole responsibility and care but only subordinate or associated—such are to be felicitated on this feature of their lot, that at a definite point in the calendar there comes in the respite, the break from the harness for

awhile; that it is not so much a question whether one will take a holiday or can afford the time, as something that is settled for him by sensible custom. Otherwise there might be fewer vacations, not to say lower grade of service throughout the year. For there is perhaps no time in any business or employment when one feels that he can just as well go as stay, when no loss is involved with the gain, or when one voluntarily leaves his accustomed care without some sacrifice in one direction or another. One often hears the man immersed in business cares say: "I wish I could take a week or ten days off, and I know that it would do me good; but I can't get away; I can't leave my business." One might answer, "Yes, you *can* get away; you *can* leave your business; because if you were obliged by reason of sickness or other cause you would do so as matter of course,—a week or a month, or even longer. What you really mean is that you cannot leave your business and at the same time feel that everything will go on just as if you were by. You can not leave without some sacrifice, and this it seems to you wiser not to make." And there are positions, and there are times in all positions of care and responsibility, when one seems riveted to his burden or his burden riveted to him, and when the sacrifice involved is altogether too much to make except under absolute necessity. At the same time we are to bear in mind that the pressure of routine upon us has both its nerving and its deadening side; that what with some effort we can do at any time, or about as easily at one time as at another, we are apt to let go by without doing at all; as one meets people living their lives long within shadow of the mountain who have never looked from its top, or within a few miles of the cataract who have never seen its plunge.

But when these longer breaks are really beyond reach, there are frequent brief respites possible in every lot if one wisely lays out his time,—respites from the routine which every calling comes more or less to be; respites nor for mere idleness but for diversion of thought, for renewal of the spirit, for the keeping of oneself above one's employment, so to speak, and not as a mere appendage to it. Whatever does this touches life with healing and helping power. A single day in the quiet woods and by country way-sides, away from the routine of common cares, is a tonic to body and mind. It takes the thought from wonted channels and freshens the whole life. Nature draws us out of ourselves and takes us up into the peace of her own calm, unhasting and unresting life.

Invaluable to our busy lives are these outings that take us at intervals amid new scenes and contacts, be it for the briefer or longer time. It does us all good to get outside our work now and then, to look upon it from changed standpoint and in larger perspective. Then the solid advantages, the real blessings and compensations of our daily routine,—the deeper satisfactions inwoven with our lot,—stand out in bolder relief while the annoyances that fret and chafe the spirit are seen to be trivial in the comparison, scars here and there on the great mountain-range of our life and lost in the larger view. Those little annoyances, from which no life that is of much account is free,—how they get magnified to our near vision and swell into burdens hard to bear! "Insect miseries" Emerson calls them in one of his poems, and aptly so both for their pettiness and their smart; as an insect's bite, not serious, is for the moment more painful than a heavier hurt. We have all seen people go into a passion over a house-fly and strike out right and left, who would bear themselves bravely in a larger contest. It is for the most part the little annoyances, but oft repeated, that fret and chafe until they seem supreme and reduce one's lot to what has been expressively called the "horrid grind." It is all very well to say to such an one, "Oh, these are trivial things; don't mind them." But the jaded and worn nerves do mind them, and mind them against reason. There is no cure for this soreness, which is half of body and half of mind, like escape into temporary freedom from care, a turning from the wheel of labor, a new leverage under which one lifts and readjusts his daily life, and comes back to it with newness of heart as well as newness of strength. Mountain or shore, solitude or society, contact with new scenes or the old and familiar places,—

whichever one finds most invigoration in is for him best. Temperaments differ, and no medicine is alike good for all constitutions. But that outing is a good investment that gives one back to his labor reinforced in all ways to meet its opportunities and demands.

F. L. H.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Joan of Arc.

BEFORE A PAINTING BY LA PAGE.

I.

O wondrous girl! in humblest peasant guise,
With naked feet and hands embrowned by toil,
Thy soul, unspotted by the great world's soil,
Obedient springs, with solemn, wordless cries,
To meet the summons from the regnant skies.
Thy gentle breast heaves with no base recoil
At thought of danger; vain the tempter's foil
To balk the purpose in those awful eyes.
How the magnificence of ages pales
Before the grandeur of the hour supreme
When soul th' inexorable perceives, nor quails!
How through its reverent submission gleam
The victories whose triumph never fails,—
Whose truth o'ertops th' loftiest poet-dream!

II.

Call that a baseless dream? Great lives deny
Th' interpretation shallow and profane!
The soul hath power inherent to attain
The heights whose solitary glories lie
Forever hidden to the common eye.
That life a failure? 'Then indeed 'twere vain
To set our striving to a nobler strain;
Amid earth's discords would its music die.
Know the world's dreamers never yet have failed!
Like stars that fling a sudden lustre round,
And by impervious clouds are quickly veiled,
Their swift light fades within the narrow bound
Our senses on the spirit have entailed;
But where its radiance falls is hallowed ground.

SARAH E. BURTON.

Boston Art Museum.

Dr. McGlynn and an Alleged New Protestantism.

Puck is busy caricaturing the George-McGlynn movement in politics and political economy and attempting, in its usual forcible way, to show by illustration the crisis into which such philosophy as the nationalization of the land would inevitably precipitate us. Still there are two sides to the question, and there is more than the usual amount of bigotry on the side of opposition. I have been wonderfully refreshed by rereading the favorable notices and booming criticism which "Progress and Poverty" received some years ago from the New York press, and then pondering the editorial odium which the same press unsparingly heaped upon Henry George, because, like all sensible men, he sought to make his theory practical.

I had occasion to meet Doctor McGlynn some weeks ago and we had a pleasant conversation together in a prominent hotel. He talked fearlessly and with a wisdom which brought comfort to all doubters of his sincerity. He looks you in the eye and ravishes you with his eloquence, earnestness, scholarship, genius. Henry George could have no better advocate. He admitted his obstinacy to the mother church,—especially to the Pope as a dictator of American rights or the authority over American citizenship. "I will not," he said, "go to Rome. Rather and first, will I see the Pope Americanized, made cosmopolitan enough to get out of his exclusiveness and imperialism and be one with us all." There is a great deal of dissatisfaction in the Catholic church. The average church-

man is attached to Doctor McGlynn although he dare not express his opinions. It was rumored that when Doctor McGlynn gave his address in this city on "The Cross of the New Crusade," that the Catholics were compelled by loyal priests to remain away from the hall in which he was to lecture. This contemptible and underhand way of creating loyalty to Rome and antagonism to the excommunicated priest is making friends all over America for the Doctor. I am able to make two observations:

1. Doctor McGlynn is the wedge which is splitting the Catholic church. Those who follow him will never remain loyal Catholics in the orthodox use of that word. They may react and center about the liberalism which, in religion, is making God, nature and man one in law, or they may institute a new Protestantism which will weaken the authority of the Pope and drive him either into our great cities or back into the forests where live the savages whose only law is will, passion and appetite. This will further have much to do in undermining the foundation of our Mediæval Protestantism, which asserts itself in the religion of the present orthodox church, and driving men toward the realization of the philosophy of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

2. His efforts may mark a new era in municipal government, in political civilization. The land may never be nationalized, Henry George's theories may never be realized, but a better time will come to the down-trodden masses by insinuating a moral principle into politics and making law express as much for the poor as for the rich. The Republican and Democratic parties have no special issues. They fight over presidential nominees and elections, but their mission is almost an *ignis fatuus*. They may be compared to the two Sunday-school boys who thus catechized each other: "Where are you, Tom, in your catechism?" "I am still at Original Sin," said Tom. "Where are you, pray?" "O," said Will, "I am past Redemption." The cry is uttered for redress. The appeal is made for equality in the deep and well expressed meaning of the word—not in material wealth—but in rights. And the time must come, if there is a God, when His will shall be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Why Not Be Noble?

A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. *He never spoke of what was disagreeable and past.*—THOMAS CARLYLE, on his father.

I am sorry to see UNITY raise its voice (even in rather a screeching manner) *against* a noble, human act, against a spirit that is right and beautiful; sorry to see it flatter prejudices and sentiments we surely should strive to rid the world from. They need not strengthening.

I refer to its article on the battle flags, and the violent poem accompanying it.

This idea, which UNITY combats, seems to be the noblest thing that has come forth from Washington in many a day. Surely it were a noble deed, to be justly proud of, could the American nation (or rather that part of it which *actually fought and won*) return all signs of Northern triumph and Southern shame, to signify that the quarrel was not only forgiven, but *desired to be forgotten*. It were not perhaps "natural," but surely noble.

It is sad enough for those who have learnt to love different nationalities to find one treasuring and glorying before all the world in the signs of another's loss, error, humiliation and shame; but sadder, surely, when such is the case with different sections, portions of one nation. Why act the boy who is ever and forever glorying in the "whipping" he gave another boy? Were it not noble in that boy to try to *forget* his triumph and the other's humiliation, satisfied in the results? But what would we think of a *man*, who to every stranger would show, with exultation, "the proof of how he once humiliated his own brother?"

Do we not always as individuals strive to practice and teach absolute forgetfulness of everything in the past, that brought us triumph through another's loss or humiliation, lest it remain to us both a haunting ghost making good and frank relations in the present and future impossible?

But why teach a nation to do what in the individual we think mean and wrong. Does a wrong grow into a right by being the work of many,—of a nation or part of a nation?

We know this idea is new, almost startling; that to "the natural man" it is hard thus completely to forgive by forgetting, that strong natural sentiments and passions run in the other direction; but why should UNITY strengthen those more brutal passions? why not have spoken for peace, good-will and forgetfulness of the things that are behind, for the sake of what is and may be?

The world has hardly ever seen nations act so *nobly*, so "sentimentally," though I believe the Roman nation did so, or at least believed in doing so. But why could not the American nation have set the world this healthy, beautiful and Christian example? Too low and difficult, demanding too much self-denial—was it? Natural enough, but a great pity!

But UNITY has surely taken the losing side this time. Many things prophesy that even in Europe the day may be near when the *people* in sign of peace, good-will and universal brotherhood will destroy the mutually humiliating and distancing "triumphs" with which their capitals are now decorated. The custom of embellishing our national homes with the scalps of enemies, under any form civilization may have given it, will have to go at last. Brothers will not forever remember and glory in the loss and shame of brothers.

UNITY has placed itself in a majority which rapidly will dwindle into a minority. The better feeling, the better sentiment has been born; pelt and stone it as you will, triumph it must,—*in spite of* UNITY.

Yet one can well understand the black anger that comes over those who once risked their all for the triumph which these battle flags commemorate.

We, the rest of ~~us~~ have little right to speak here. *They* must do whatever is done. "Is then the war a thing to be ashamed of?" they indignantly ask. No, of all wars it is perhaps the noblest. Glory in it; remember the men who died in it or lived through it.

It was a noble, noble thing; but it were nobler still could you, now that the thing you fought for is gained, most nobly gained, now that what the war accomplished can never be undone, could you say to those who fought: "The principle we fought for is won and safe; we fought for it; we had no enmity towards you; let us be friends; forget it all,—come, here are the flags we took from you in those hot days; bravely you defended them; bravely you know we fought for them—here they are; take them; thus we tear from our heart every enmity; if our children must know that we fought one another, let them also know how we forgave and forgot. There are your flags! What memories they have for you and us! There they are; take them away, and give us your hands."

No, we must not blame human nature that it shrinks from this,—at first. Soon it will not shrink from it.

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Amiel and Browning.

AN EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

"Mrs.—brought me Amiel's journal. It gives one a curious sensation to read it immediately after reading John Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy" and Browning's poems, or "Browning's Women," as I have done. It is as if the focus of my eyesight had suddenly changed.

Amiel's aspiration is to find happiness in rest, in the infinite, the absolute—to live now in the eternities, that trials may be seen in their proper proportions—to live according to the great universal laws that make duty, whether in great or small things, inflexible.

In Evolution there is of course no such thing as rest, but growth. It deals with the finite. The infinite already perfect cannot grow, though its manifestations may become clearer through evolution. I have been trying to reconcile myself to accept both.

Browning's people battle with their trials instead of spreading their wings and rising above them spiritually; they go

into combat, and are supposed to gain their strength in that way. In the first philosophy there can be no such thing as a tragedy in a life. There can be no real misery in a life where you have sought happiness only in the spirit, and lived according to law to the best of your ability and light. Robert Browning and George Eliot acknowledge the force of circumstances, while Amiel, this new and very old style of philosopher, ignores them. Amiel suggests a thousand problems, but solves or follows out none, and is sometimes a little exasperating on that account. He lacks oxygen. A. A. G.

The Stars Respond to Joy.

The smile of man is sweet—
 Yea, when the sun above
 May kiss the hungering earth,
 Life takes its coursers fleet,
 And far, in hours of love,
 Wins Truth to larger birth.

This teacher tells of years
 Made gifts of thought and deed :
 Men rise to joy, and see
 New days through this day's tears :
 Laugh ! laugh ! and you may feed
 All wonders ere they flee !

Talk not of sin, but seek
 The air of Beauty, won
 To scenes of day and night :
 A thought you need not speak,
 A deed yet best undone,
 Fills the whole world with light.

What to me are your wrongs ?
 What to you are my crimes ?
 The gayety of Truth
 Fills life with ceaseless throngs
 Of merrydaying rhymes
 Cast in undying youth.

H. L. T.

A Prophet of Fifty Years Ago.

"There is another class of persons who are devoted to the removal of the abuses that prevail in modern society. They witness the oppressions that are done under the sun, and they cannot keep silence. They have faith that God governs man ; they believe in a better future than the past. Their daily prayer is for the coming of the kingdom of righteousness, truth and love ; they look forward to a more pure, more lovely, more divine state of society than was ever realized on earth. With these views, I rejoice to say, I strongly and entirely sympathize."

Thus wrote a noble man, and an earnest, devoted Unitarian minister nearly fifty years ago. Were he now living, I know how deeply he would sympathize with the stand taken by our Western Unitarian Conference. He used the self-same words as we have chosen for our basis of fellowship.

Again the same writer, feeling the restrictions under which he was placed by the narrow usages and formulated beliefs of the majority of the Unitarian body at that day, frankly says :

"For my own part I have long been persuaded that we should offer a more spiritual worship, enjoy a more sincere communion with each other, and find our Sabbath services far more attractive and fruitful, were all such restrictions removed, even if we came together as the disciples did, in a large upper room, in a fisher's boat, or by the shore of the sea. The minister should take his stand where he can freely speak out all that is in his soul. He would be joined by those who find he addresses a powerful and living word to their hearts, who are helped by him in their endeavors after a just and truthful life, and are drawn by a spiritual affinity with the message he declares, and who are too desirous that the truth of God should prevail to think of its external, tem-

porary effects. Such an assembly would constitute the true church of the first-born. It would consist of those who are united by no other tie than faith in divine things ; by the desire to cultivate the holiest principles of our nature—reverence, justice and love ; to ascertain and follow the laws of Providence in the constitution of the inner spirit and of the outward world ; and to convert the jarring elements of earth into materials for a pure, serene and joyful life.

"The basis of worship in such a church would be feeling, not speculation ; the platform would be broad enough to welcome every seeking spirit in whatever stage of progress it might be ; all should be encouraged, none excluded ; especially they who are yet feeling after God, if haply they may find Him, should be taken by the hand, not driven from the fold. This would leave the investigation of truth entirely free. The sincerest convictions could be uttered without dread or misgiving. We should meet, not as having attained, but as learners ; of course every ray of light would be sought, not shunned ; we should let the dead past bury its dead ; we should look on life and truth with young eyes ; and thus seeking to be little children, we should enter the kingdom of God, and we should know where we were by the divine peace and joy with which our hearts would overflow. In such a church there could be no cold or formal preaching. The instruction would be the overflowing of an individual soul. The topics of discourse would be taken from the experience of life ; they would embrace the widest range of thought, and the more exciting and soul-stirring the better. The infinite Bible of the universe would be the text-book, and whatever the soul feels or forebodes, the commentary."

I am deeply impressed with the belief that this same pure, devoted, earnest spirit, which wrought so mightily in George Ripley fifty years ago, is with us to-day in our struggles after a better faith, a purer love and a more consecrated life. Possessing this faith, aspiring to this love, living this life, we shall surely conquer.

J. S. B.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Century of Electricity. By T. C. Medenhall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is a book of 225 pages with a double column index of three pages. The preface says : "The author has endeavored to sketch the growth of the science of electricity, and its principal applications. The book is not a history of the science, nor is it a scientific treatise ; but the author trusts that, as far as it goes, it is not far wrong in either its history or its science. The use of technical language has been avoided as far as possible ; and the effort has been to enable the intelligent reader, unfamiliar with the nomenclature of the science, to understand the more important phases of its development, and to give him such a knowledge of the fundamental principles as will enable him to comprehend the meaning of what he sees in electrical devices, with which he almost daily comes in contact." In the last chapter the author cautions us against expecting another century of such extraordinary progress in electrical discovery as the last ; yet still much remains to be done, and he says, "In every house, in cities and towns, there must be a supply of electricity to be drawn upon, as water at present. Then, in addition to its use as a source of light, much of the labor of the household will be performed by means of small electric motors. The economical storage of this form of energy must soon be accomplished, and this will greatly enlarge the field of its usefulness. The successful transfer of the energy of falling waters through metallic conductors to distant points, is one of the results which can and will be reached. Seeing-by electricity has been much talked of ; some schemes for its accomplishment have been suggested, and the operation is one which cannot be classed with the impossible. These and many other things will doubtless come in time, along with other useful applications of the electric current not now thought of." The book is in eleven chapters. The first treats of the subject from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century. Then follow chapters

on Galvani, Volta, Oersted, Faraday, the telegraph, multiplex telegraphy and submarine cables, the electric motor, the telephone, and other subjects. The book has useful illustrations to help the verbal descriptions. Concerning electricity as a motor the author says: "The motor is now in a stage of development somewhat similar to that of the electric light ten years ago, and there is reason to believe that it will yet overtake its more brilliant forerunner."

The Christian Platonists of Alexandria. Eight lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1886. By Charles Bigg, D.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

That this book is the Bampton Lectures is *prima facie* evidence of a book solid both in aim and worth. There are eight chapters, of course, as the Bampton foundation provides always for eight lectures. The first lecture is devoted to Philo; the second and third to Clement; the fourth, fifth and sixth to Origen; the seventh to the Reformed Paganism, including such topics as "The Pythagoreans," "The Life of Apollonius," "The Trinitarian Platonists," "The Unitarian Platonists," "Celsus." The eighth is a summary, taking up again Clement and Origen, and treating especially "Paulinism" and "Quietism." The author sums up the general merits of the Alexandrines, from which we quote: "As we turn the pages of the Alexandrines, it is, to use a well-worn simile, as if we were walking through the streets of some long-buried city. Only with effort, only imperfectly, can we recall the vanished life. . . . It has been urged that they are too intellectual and cramp the play of the emotions. This is true, and it is a fault, but on the other hand they are not effeminate. Their tone is bracing and salutary. Their use of Scripture is often wild and fantastic, but it has no faults of the Middle Ages; it is free, unprejudiced, reasonable in endeavor, if not always in result. . . . Almost alone they strove to reconcile the revelation of God in Jesus with the older revelation of God in Nature. What could be done at that time they did, and their principles are of permanent value. . . . Last and highest among their merits we must place their preaching of the Fatherhood of God." The book is well made, being printed in good, large type, well leaded. The text is bountifully supplied with learned critical notes at the bottom of the pages.

The Volcano Under the City. By a Volunteer Special. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

This is a volume of 320 pages with an appendix of some fifteen pages more. We have read it through with intense interest. It is an attempt to give a history of the draft riots of New York in 1863. The thread of the narrative is sometimes a little broken and tangled, requiring a tention in reading, but this proceeds perhaps in part from the nature of the material from which the writer had to construct his story, and the difficulty of drawing out a consecutive narrative from the more or less imperfect mass of telegrams and similar records which make up the police history of the memorable and tragical four days of the riot. Nevertheless the narrative is graphic, exciting, as it cannot help being, and the author has done well to weave in the telegrams so constantly, thus making, to a considerable extent, the records tell their own story. This is done in a manner showing perfectly and painfully the rapid succession of events and the tense excitement of the hour. The chapters bear such titles as "Burned Alive;" "Down with Property;" "Sacking an Orphan Asylum;" "Tuesday's Hard Fight;" "Street to Street, House to House;" "Through a Dark Night;" "The Fighting on Wednesday;" "Wednesday Night's Grapple." A map of the city is added. The book withal is a sober book; we mean that no thoughtful person will put it down without sober reflections and serious questions in his mind. He will conclude that the book is well named "The Volcano Under the City," and many subsequent facts will occur to him which strengthen this conclusion—facts that tax the utmost grain of good citizenship, and need in dealing with them the best qualities both of heart and of head.

The Rigveda, the Oldest Literature of the Indians. By Adolph Kaegi. Authorized translation with additions to the notes, by R. Arrowsmith, Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The translator of this work, after speaking of his endeavor to bring down the subject to date, since the second German edition of the work in 1880, says very modestly, "The references have been verified as far as practicable, and it is believed that a reasonable degree of accuracy has been attained." The author, Dr. Kaegi, says in his preface to the second edition that the work is founded throughout on personal investigations of the sources and personal examination of the investigations of others. The work fills 200 pages. Messrs. Ginn & Co. have given it excellent dress by large, handsome type, on heavy paper, as the subject deserves. There is an introduction treating of Vedic literature and interpretation, and of the Vedic people and its civilization, covering twenty pages. Then follows the main treatise in seventy pages, treating of the Rigveda, the language and form of the hymns, its general contents, religious poetry, religious thought, and the Vedic belief, a division especially devoted to the divinities of the Veda, and, finally, the secular poetry, such as a wedding hymn, funeral hymn, historical and humorous compositions, etc. Then follow eighty-seven pages of critical and bibliographical notes. Then sixteen pages of an Index of Matters, Names and Words; and finally two pages of Bible passages referred to either in the treatise or in the notes. The treatise is full of metrical translations of Vedic hymns, and the author calls attention to the fact that in the section on the Vedic belief and divinities he has confined himself so closely to the original that almost the whole of the text is made up of the words of the Vedic poets.

Evolution and Christianity. By J. C. F. Grumbine. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

This is a beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art—a volume of 75 pages, neat and dainty in form, clearly printed on good paper, agreeable to the eye and convenient for the hand. The leading chapters are entitled *Evolution, Christianity, Evolution and Christianity Compared*. The author maintains that the old ideas of creation and the primal perfection of men are no longer tenable in the face of all that science and research have brought to light, and that it is the law of evolution only that will rightly explain all the phenomena of the world. Christianity, instead of being a supernatural irruption of divine forces, is itself included in this law, is the direct outgrowth and flowering out of causes which began antecedent to it.

In this onward movement the fundamental doctrines of religion, the ideas of God and righteousness and immortality, are undisturbed. The book is marred by frequent infelicities of expression, and at times by an apparent lack of clearness in the author's thought, but its main purpose is in line with the growing consensus of opinion among scholarly and thoughtful minds.

J. R. E.

Job and Solomon, or the Wisdom of the Old Testament. By Rev. T. K. Cheyne, M. A., D.D. New York: Thomas Whittaker, 2 and 3 Bible House.

The value of this book needs not be enforced for those who observe the author's name. Cheyne edits also "Hosea and Micah" in the useful "Cambridge Bible for Schools." This volume treats of Job, Proverbs, the wisdom of the Son of Sirach and Ecclesiastes. There are some 800 pages in all. The treatment is both critical and poetical; that is to say, the books are treated both from critical and philological points of view, and also with reference to literary beauty and meaning. The table of contents is full and carefully divided. After the treatment of each book, there is a brief bibliography of the subject entitled "Aids to the Student." The appendix of sixteen pages has a table of contents of its own. A valuable book for students, or indeed for all careful readers and lovers of the great Hebrew literature.

A Branch of May. Poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese. Baltimore, Md.: Cushings & Bailey.

This book of forty-two 12mo pages contains in its thirty-two pieces more poetry than is usually found in larger volumes from famous poets, although it is the author's first book. The pieces are mainly descriptive, even the love songs, which are many, being largely so. In both descriptive and lyrical power Miss Reese shows rank with genius. Doubtless the opening and closing poems are, on the whole, the most striking in a collection notable for striking features. The former is as follows:

BETRAYED.

She is false, O Death, she is fair!
Let me hide my head on thy knee;
Blind mine eyes, dull mine ears, O Death!
She hath broke my heart for me!

Give me a perfect dream;
Find me a rare, dim place;
But let not her voice come nigh,
And keep out her face, her face!

Practical Cheironomy. By Ed. Heron-Allen. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Anything about the hand will attract interest and perhaps wonder; for certainly the human hand is one of the greatest wonders of the earth. This little work of 125 pages is divided into four parts, treating in part I—Hand Superstitions and Customs. Part II—The Physiology of the Hand. Part III—On the Shapes of Hands. Part IV—Cheiromancy, or Palmistry. There are thirteen plates, showing different kinds of hands, with their significance as to character. Readers must judge for themselves of the value of the palmistry in the book; but all will agree that it is curious and interesting.

Suggestive Lessons in Language and Reading. For Primary Schools. By Anna B. Badlam. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., Publishers.

Primary teachers in need of suggestive aids in the work of training the powers of observation and expression in little children will hail this manual with delight. It is *excellent*. It is divided into lessons in language, lessons in reading, and an appendix containing miscellaneous exercises in oral language, which are very suggestive. The author says that in arranging the lessons she has indicated merely the points that are to serve as guides to the teacher for the development of the subject matter of each lesson, in the belief that formal rules should have no place in the work with the little children. The book gives an insight into the child's needs and how they are to be met. J. J.

THE HOME.

About Manliness.

I think I never knew a boy who was not ambitious to be manly. But I have known many boys make strange mistakes as to what manliness is—and men too, for that matter; both boys and men often think that to be manly one must be bold in manner, talk loudly, and sometimes rudely. By and by, when you grow older, you will know that years make not men, real men, in anything but bodies. And a man who is a man in body, but so silly as to think roughness and rudeness show strength, is not half so pleasing an object as a boy, who, being a boy in body, is so far a man as to be gentle, polite and respectful. You all want to be big, no doubt; I can look back to the time when I was small, and I remember there was a certain boy,—a giant of majestic force I thought him then,—who had attained the age of eighteen years. Ah! how I wished to grow like him! Those trowsers of incredible length, that jacket buttoned up plainly and tightly to the neck with fine buttons, that surprising stature, seemed the height of my wildest dreams. But when I became eighteen years old I learned that what in truth I had admired was not

the long legs and arms, the jacket and the buttons, but the freedom, dignity, force, intelligence, courage, and other good virtues with which those legs measured off the ground and those arms kept quiet time to the walk. I found that I had admired the heart that beat under the jacket and buttons; for, as I learned in later years, my childish hero was a down-right good boy, manly, large, and very polite. That is the sort of "old boy" it is worth while to be, an "old boy" who has not copied silly or weak men, but strong men who showed their force in their quiet gentleness. Look quietly and carefully at the men about you. Let not any loud boasting mislead and befool you. It is much better to be a fine specimen of a boy than a bad specimen of a man. Make up your minds well what manly qualities are, and then stand as high as you can without heels, and look down with a boy's scorn on a creature who is a man in body but never out-grew his apron in mind. Think not rudeness is manly. Mistake not coarseness, roughness, unfeelingness, harshness, for strength. Believe not a hard face shows force of mind. Deem not a strut or swagger to be dignity or power. Admire not an imperious manner to servants or clerks or porters, nor mistake it for highmindedness. Take not quarrelsomeness for courage, nor think fierceness brave. Shakespeare says there are many cowards who try to pass for brave men by wearing "on their chins the beards of Hercules or frowning Mars," but "whose hearts are all as false as stairs of sand." Believe that the manly way is courtesy, kindness, gentleness, good manners. Then the older you grow, the more you will make a fine "old boy," which is the best kind of a good man. J. V. B.

Contentment.

The everlasting cry for *more*
From hungry lives to Heaven
Has locked and sealed contentment's door
With surety seven fold seven.

Our having ever grasping breeds,
Contentment lies immured
In just supply for present needs
With future unsecured.

EUGENE ASHTON.

Give.

See the rivers flowing
Downward toward the sea,
Pouring all their treasures
Bountiful and free!
Yet, to help their giving,
Hidden springs arise;
Or, if need be, showers
Feed them from the skies.

Watch the princely flowers
Their rich fragrance spread;
Load the air with perfumes,
From their beauty shed;
Yet their lavish spending
Leaves them not in dearth,
With fresh life replenished
From their mother earth.

Give thy heart's best treasures;
From fair Nature learn;
Give thy love and ask not,
Wait not a return.
And the more thou spendest
From thy little store
With a double bounty,
God will give thee more.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Lakeside School of New Theology.—The revised programme for this gathering, as printed in the last number of the *New Theology Herald*, extends from August 5 to 21. We print it entire, hoping many of our readers may be able to profit by it. President Cone, Doctor Minor and Doctor Rexford, represent the Universalist denomination. Doctor Hill, Professor Cary, Messrs. Rich, Mason, Mayo and Jones are Unitarian. Doctor Thomas, Messrs. Haven, E. P. Adams, Doctor Townsend and Solon Lauer represent what might be called the Independent Movement, the People's church, which (may it be!) is the seed of the great liberal church that is to come. One lawyer, one physician, one school teacher, a lecturer, an elocutionist and a musician are to enrich the programme. We are sorry that but one woman's name appears. The New Theology is to find many of its best public interpreters among the women.

FRIDAY, AUG. 5.

2 p. m.—Opening by Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Rev. F. J. Chase. Subject: "The Coming Man."

SATURDAY, AUG. 6.

10:45 a. m.—
2 p. m.—Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D. of Chicago. Subject: "Social Forces."

SUNDAY, AUG. 7.

10:45 a. m.—Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Sermon.
2 p. m.—Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D. of Chicago. Subject: "The Cross of Christ."

7:45 p. m.—President O. Cone, D. D., of Buchtel College. Sermon.

MONDAY, AUG. 8.

10:45 a. m.—Prof. George L. Cary, of Meadville Theological School. Subject: "How to Study the Scriptures."

2 p. m.—Dr. Henry R. Rogers, of Dunkirk, N. Y. Subject: "The Sun in its New Role."

TUESDAY, AUG. 9.

9 a. m.—Conversation Meeting, led by Rev. J. G. Townsend. Subject: "What is the New Theology?"

10:45 a. m.—Solon Lauer. Subject: "The Crisis."
2 p. m.—Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk. Subject: "Co-Education of the Sexes."

7:45 p. m.—Rev. M. L. Williston, of Davenport, Iowa. Subject: "Scotland and England." Illustrated with Stereopticon Views.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 10.

(Unity Club Day.)

10:45 a. m.—Pres. O. Cone, D. D., of Buchtel College. Subject: "Messianic Prophecies."

2 p. m.—Arthur Stearns, Esq., of Cleveland. Subject: "Co-Education of the Sexes."

7:45 p. m.—Grand Concert, by Mrs. W. J. Bentley Concert Company.

On this day, in addition to the above, addresses will be given by A. J. Rich, Corresponding Secretary of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor of *UNITY*, Chicago; Rev. A. D. Mayo and Rev. J. G. Townsend. This day will be one of unusual interest and importance, representing as it does a large and comprehensive educational movement in the churches.

THURSDAY, AUG. 11.

9 a. m.—Conversation Meeting, led by Pres. O. Cone, D. D. Subject: "Education."

10:45 a. m.—Rev. L. W. Mason, of Union City, Pa. Subject: "Discernment of Spiritual Truth."

2 p. m.—Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D., of Detroit. Subject: "Clement of Alexandria, or the Earliest Type of Christian Theology."

7:45 p. m.—Rev. M. L. Williston, of Davenport, Iowa. Subject: "Switzerland and Egypt." Illustrated with Stereopticon Views.

FRIDAY, AUG. 12.

10:45 a. m. Conversation Meeting, led by Rev. J. G. Townsend. Subject: "The Dynamic of the New Theology."

2 p. m.—Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D., ex-President of Harvard University. Subject: "The Crucifixion Historically Considered."

7:45 p. m.—Grand Concert, by Mrs. W. J. Bentley Concert Company.

SATURDAY, AUG. 13.

10:45 a. m.—Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D. Subject: "Toads."

2 p. m.—Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D. Subject: "The Heathen as a Factor in Modern Theology."

7:45 p. m.—Prof. J. B. Roberts, of Philadelphia. Subject: "Elocution."

SUNDAY, AUG. 14.

10:45 a. m.—Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D. Sermon.

2 p. m.—Rev. E. L. Rexford, D. D. Sermon.

7:45 p. m.—John R. Clark. Subject: "The Chivalry of Reform Movements."

MONDAY, AUG. 15.

10:45 a. m.—Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., LL. D. Subject: "Children to be Taught from Nature."

2 p. m.—Solon Lauer. Subject: "Scientific Theology."

TUESDAY, AUG. 16.

10:45 a. m.—Theodore W. Haven, Ph. D., Battle Creek, Mich. Sermon.

2 p. m.—Prof. S. G. Love, Superintendent of City Schools, Jamestown, New York. Subject: "The Philosophy of Education."

7:45 p. m.—"Merchant of Venice." Given by Prof. J. B. Roberts, of Philadelphia, supported by his English Literature Class of Buffalo, and histrionic talent of Jamestown.

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17.

10:30 a. m.—
2 p. m.—Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Subject: "The New Theology"

3 p. m.—Grand Concert, by Mrs. W. J. Bentley Concert Company.

7:45 p. m.—F. N. Thorpe, Ph. D., of Philadelphia. Subject: "The Wage Winners."

THURSDAY, AUG. 18.

10:30 a. m.—Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Subject: "Utopia;" to be followed by Conversation.

2 p. m.—F. N. Thorpe, Ph. D. Subject: "The Industrial Relations of the State."

7:45 p. m.—John R. Clark, of Detroit. Subject: "Gough, in Humor and Eloquence."

FRIDAY, AUG. 19.

10:30 a. m.—F. N. Thorpe, Ph. D. Subject: "Co-operation in the United States."

2 p. m.—John R. Clark. Subject: "To and and Fro in London."

7:45 p. m.—"Richelieu." Given by Prof. J. B. Roberts, supported by his English Literature Class of Buffalo, and histrionic talent of Jamestown.

SATURDAY, AUG. 20.

10:30 a. m.—Rev. A. N. Somers. Subject: "Does the World Owe me a Living? or A Study of Crime and Pauperism."

2 p. m.—Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D., of Boston. Subject: "The Human Element in the Bible."

7:45 p. m.—

SUNDAY, AUG. 21.

10:30 a. m.—Rev. J. G. Townsend, D. D. Sermon.

2 p. m.—Rev. A. A. Miner, D. D. Subject: "The Commanding Power of the Gospel."

7:45 p. m.—Sacred Concert, by Mrs. W. J. Bentley Concert Company.

The Mrs. W. J. Bentley Concert Company will remain and slug during the entire assembly.

Sioux City, Iowa.—The church is very active and is a growing power in the state. At its recent "Flower Service" fifteen new members were welcomed, and a number of children were dedicated. The devoted earnestness of its minister, Miss Safford, and the ever-thoughtful activity of our lay-leader secretary, Miss Gordon, make Sioux City a very center of liberal interest for us. The society is developing some strong workers, women and men, and the programme of the Unity Club banquet recently held is of special interest in Unity Club work.

—The programme of the banquet has been in

the drawer for some weeks waiting for space. It has so much good reading that we print the "Toast Topics" and the literary starters for the same. Almost any one ought to respond after having the cue given them thus. We omit names:

TOASTS.

Our Club—"Measure not the work until the day's out and the labor done."

Our Leaders—"We are all wise in capacity, though so few in energy. There needs but one wise man in a company, and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion."

Formers and Reformers—"There's perfect goodness somewhere, so I strive."

The Inner Circle—"Love works at the center."

The Outer Circle—"Our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt."

The Present Time—

"Draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn,
And plant the great Hereafter in the Now."

Our Oldest Member—

"Spring still makes spring in the mind
When sixty years are told,
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old."

Poetry and Science—"Without the first, we never could have had the second."

Notes from the Northwest.—Mr. Hunting will spend some weeks upon his farm in Minnesota. Mrs. Wilkes is holding meetings at Luverne during the summer. Miss Bartlett continues her work at Sioux Falls, where the new church is under way. Miss Putnam, of the Meadville Theological School, is preaching for the summer at Rock Rapids. Misses Safford, Gordon and Murdock spend the summer at Hamilton, Ill. Miss Amelia Murdock has charge of the Sunday-school at Humboldt during the vacation. Miss Wakefield continues her efficient Sunday-school service during the summer at Sioux City. Miss Mila Tupper, of Cornell university, is speaking for the new society at Eagle Grove for the season. Miss Hultin spends a part of her vacation in Michigan.

Des Moines.—DEAR UNITY: The year's work here closed Sunday, July 10, with an added membership of nine, six at the beginning and three at the close of the service. The congregation has steadily increased, and after our vacation we shall go on with renewed courage. Rev. Ida C. Hultin, our pastor, has gone to Michigan for her vacation and will be with us again next year. The Western Conference has been invited to hold its next annual meeting at Des Moines, and we sincerely hope it will accept.

Geneva, Ill.—We learn with regret of the resignation of Mr. West. The Geneva people feel that he has filled an important place in their spiritual history, and part with him on financial grounds only. It is to be hoped that we shall not lose his ability, piety, and unflinching mental courage from our western ranks. The Geneva people speak warmly, too, of Mrs. West's services in organizing the young people into a Unity Help Society.

Books Slightly Damaged and Greatly Reduced in Price.

We have on hand two copies of "The Thought of God," by F. L. Hosmer and W. C. Gannett, which can not be sold as perfect on account of the cover being wrinkled and slightly stained. In other respects they are perfect. We will mail them for 65 cents each; regular price \$1.00.

A few copies of James H. West's "Uplifts of Heart and Will" have been bound, in which the presswork is defective, although not enough so as to make the book illegible. In other respects these copies are as good as the regular edition. To close them out we offer them at 25 cents each, post-paid; regular price 50 cents.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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[NUMBER 22

EDITORIAL.

It is no sign of wise freedom or bravery to cast the pearls we have to swine before we go searching for new treasure. The man who does that will find himself without a jewel with which to compare and judge his new acquisitions, and, perhaps, without that in his soul which will enable him to tell pearls from peas.

EMERSON says, "He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness;"—and it is evident that we need a thorough exploring expedition among our laws and moral standards. President Bascom is reported as having said in his baccalaureate the other day, that the offenses for which some are languishing in prisons are mere bagatelles compared to those for which others are held in honor. Society has hardly yet begun to learn that the one true test of good and evil for it to use, is Justice.

WHY is mankind so troubled at the diversity in religious opinions? Everywhere God has written the word *Progress*, and everywhere, but in the matter of religion, we believe it. We feel no call to ride in stage coaches out of respect for our grandfathers. We stand and watch the steam thresher, with all its cogs and belts and bands; and as the separator pours the grain one way in a great golden stream, while the straw and chaff go the other, do we doubt whether this machine is a legitimate product of natural science, because through the open barn doors of our neighbor we can hear him threshing out his little three-acre crop with a flail?

LET the people give gladly when the contribution box comes round; for here is the harder way they had to do it in Boston two hundred years ago, as quoted by Mr. Dole: "The Magistrates and chiefe Gentlemen first, and then the elders and all the congregation of men and most of them that are not of the Church, all single persons, widows and women in absence of their husbands, come up one after another one way, and bring their offerings to the Deacon at his seate and put it into a box of wood for the purpose, if it bee money or papers; if it be any other chattle, they set it or lay it downe before the Deacons, and so passe another way to their seats again."

THE *New Theology Herald*, with an insight that is refreshing, thus describes the real infidel:

If there is any infidel, it is he who in the presence of truth clings to error; who, when his heart beats responsive to the larger influx of spiritual life, sits mourning the demise of superstition; who, when his voice should ring with the accents of the larger truth, is silent or feeble voiced because of tenderness for the false and foolish.

If there is any Atheist it is he who trembles for God's throne when man-made foundations are seen to crumble; who fears for God's omnipotence when opposed by the presumptuous weapons of human folly; who, in the midst of God's glories, fears lest the decay of belief in ancient marvels should cause man to doubt the Divine Creator; who, in the light of an ever-present inspiration, bewails the loss of ancient parchments, or the failing authority of ancient oracles. The greatest skeptic is he who fears to test the strength of Faith by every means.

DR. BERNHARD STADE's "History of Israel," published this year in Berlin, has not yet received the notice in our papers it should. It continues the work so patiently carried on during the last fifty years by Ewald, Graf, Kuenen and Wellhausen. Doctor Stade dates the oldest part of the Pentateuch, known as the writing of the Jehovist, in the latter part of the ninth century B. C.; the book of Deuteron-

omy 621 B. C.; and the larger part, known as the "Priestly Codex," or work of the Elohist, and made the groundwork of the Pentateuch, still later, during the Babylonian exile. His conclusions are still more startling than Kuenen's, and he finds little but legend in the stories of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Joshua. But a scholarly reviewer in the *Nation* defends them and says: "Never has the minute examination and dissection of historical tradition been carried out with more painstaking earnestness, sounder knowledge, and greater freedom from religious or anti-religious prepossessions, than in the histories of Wellhausen and Stade."

THE consciousness of deathlessness, when attained, is something very different from an external dogma taken from a book. The last makes immortality an arbitrary gift; the other finds it in the nature of things. The one is a repetition of creation, the other is continuation, *eternal life*. The one depends on frail external evidence; the other is perfected, incorporated into our lives—an achievement of Living. The one faith is a prop, a crutch, a parachute; the other, strength, faculty, eternal buoyancy. The one is superficial, kept for emergencies; the other is an axiom of the soul, having to do constantly with all human interests. The one is liable to be torn away, because it is attached, and not ingrown; the other, when attained, points, as constant as the needle to the pole, to the endless persistence of mind force and heart force—the sublime, immortal destiny of man.

"WHEN after ages look back upon our own, they will recognize that in science its key-note has been the idea of Unity." So says Grant Allen in his recent article on "The Progress of Science from 1836 to 1886." Instead of the "fragmentary and disjunctive science of fifty years ago," we now see a "unified cosmos, consisting everywhere of the same prime elements, animated everywhere by the same constant and indestructible energies, evolving everywhere along the same lines in accordance with the self-same underlying principles," in "mind and matter," in "body, soul and spirit." J. Addington Symonds in his able article on "The Progress of Thought" in the same period, asserts the same, and adds that this idea brings more *spirituality* to thought. He says, "When we begin to regard this Unity with eyes from which the scales of Christian antagonism have fallen, we discover that we cannot think of it except as spiritual." Science "while establishing law, has prepared the way for the identification of Law with God." He claims that "the main fact in the intellectual development of the last half-century" is "the restoration of spirituality to our thoughts about the universe."

WHAT the leading thinkers of the early church taught about the scriptural "firmament" and the "waters above" it, is shown by Andrew D. White in his new papers on "The Warfare of Science." Saint Ambrose held the firmament to be a solid vault, and the thunder to be caused by the winds breaking through it; and taught that if the vault revolved, this "water is just what is needed to lubricate and cool its axis." Saint Jerome held the same, with the addition that to keep the upper waters in place, the Creator had turned them into ice. Saint Augustine "thought it his duty to guard especially the whole theory of the waters above the heavens." The "venerable Bede" wrote of these waters: "Some declare that they were stored there for the deluge, but others, more correctly, that they were intended to temper the fire of the stars." Among their other interesting theories, was that of Tertullian

and his followers, who held that lightning was identical with hell-fire, and that the sulphurous smell attending it was proof. All these and many similar conclusions were based on scripture texts, and on Augustine's axiom, that "Nothing is to be accepted save on the authority of scripture, since greater is that authority than all the powers of the human mind."

Nor all slavery is abolished yet. Rev. Mr. Pentecost told the other day of a widow in Newark, who had been making children's dresses at eight cents apiece, and was able by close effort to earn twenty-four cents a day,—with which to support herself and four children, and, as he satirically said, "to buy drink and indulge in the other extravagances, to which we are told the poor are especially addicted." He added that it was money in the purse of that employer that he could hire the woman, instead of owning her as a slave. If the story was not true, and if the woman got treble those wages, she was still a slave; and a society in which she lives beside men who spend millions for private luxuries, has something rotten in it. Not that we have any quarrel with rich men, merely as such. Many of them are the hardest workers in the community and deserve luxuries. Nor is the rich man's wealth monopolized by himself, as popularly assumed; but most of it is invested in the public service, and most of his income re-invested in some business which benefits others and which the rich man only manages,—and manages better than a poor man could. So far as rich men use their wealth generously and with public spirit, they deserve the great gratitude of the community, instead of the curses so many are getting to-day. Still the poor have right to complain, while some men have private palaces and only occasionally try to remedy the inequality by a charity-ball where the costumes cost forty-fold more than the charities come to. The coming man will be ashamed to live in a too costly mansion; and the coming woman will see that the beauty God gives her makes diamonds dull and trains ridiculous.

The Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital.

Last spring, when the senior editor took a flying trip into the northwestern part of *UNITY's* diocese, he had the pleasure of looking through the Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital at Hudson, Wisconsin, a sanitarium perfect in its appointments and ideal in its situation. The building was dedicated last month with fitting ceremonies. The following response to the toast "Oliver Wendell Holmes" was made by Hon. E. E. Woodman, of St. Paul. We are glad to let him thus speak without consent or request to his associates the readers of *UNITY*:

"One of the distinguishing characteristics of the nineteenth century is the widespread philanthropy that marks the time. Near the close of the eighteenth century there was a sun-burst of science, and by its illumination men saw the intrinsic equality of human souls. Uplifted by this grand idea, they tore down thrones and tyrannies, and forever swept into the rubbish of the ages the divine right of kings and all the tinsel fripperies of artificial ranks and orders among men.

"In the nineteenth century, with the sun of science riding high in the heavens, and our knowledge ever broadening and deepening under its glorious light, a larger and nobler idea is swaying the human soul, not the equality, but the brotherhood of men. Thus has the century blossomed in charities that, as being the expression of love in the soul, and as going out to others rather than centering in ourselves, we feel to be diviner than faith, diviner than hope. In every civilized land are a thousand monuments to the pervading and moving power of this noble sentiment. Beginning a hundred years ago with prison reform, and showing its least works to-day in Fresh Air Funds and Flower Missions, the best thought of the century has been given to the amelioration of the social state of the poor, the unfortunate and the afflicted.

"The institution that you have dedicated to-day stands in line with these humanities. This suggested the propriety of the name it bears. Certainly nothing but a foundation in Samaritan ethics could make it worthy to be the namesake of Oliver Wendell Holmes. For it is he that has touched the

well-springs of feeling in all our hearts and given them vent in charities. As old Burton was the anatomist of Melancholy, so he is the anatomist of Love. Having risen to the lofty conception of the unity of the spirit, not in man alone, but throughout the universe, he has a heart of tenderness and humility toward even our lowly brother of a shell-fish; and in the far frontier of life, where the nautilus sails its ship, has been inspired with the noblest aspiration of the human soul:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

* * * * *

Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

"To adorn a well of healing his name is best. In thus using it we seek to honor the distinguished instructor in his long professional career; the humanitarian poet, who has interpreted the spirit of his age; and the benign autocrat, under whose enchanting sway that spirit has been moved to all benevolences."

Calamities and Providence.

The ancients thought calamities sent from Providence to punish sin, and generally knew what the sin was. When that destructive storm fell on the wheat harvest in Samuel's time, he told the people it was because they had asked for a king; and when a pestilence visited Israel in David's time, the Biblical writer assures us that its destruction of 20,000 men was because David had committed the great sin of taking a census. Jesus rose above such errors, and taught a Providence that sent sun and rain on evil and good alike, and let the tower of Siloam fall regardless of its victims. But few Christians have followed him here, and the idea that storms were divine punishments was a "truism" in mediæval thought, President White says. So late as the 17th century, the Catholic Bishop Majoli's authoritative work compares thunder and lightning to "bombs against the wicked," and says, "It is not to be doubted that, of all instruments of God's vengeance, the thunderbolt is the chief." A Protestant Swabian pastor, soon after, enumerates five sins especially punished with lightning and hail,—three of which are incredulity, neglect to repair churches, and withholding tithes from the clergy. So in this country Increase Mather taught that the scanty harvests of one year were probably caused by the low salaries the people were paying their preachers; and his son Cotton Mather tells of two ministers who were ill-paid, and "God, who will not be mocked," made the town lose cattle to "the value of 300 pounds sterling." Even so late as 1870, the French Bishop of Verdun ascribed a drought to the sin of Sabbath-breaking.

Such thoughts, however, are fast disappearing. We have learned that Providence makes no distinction between Protestant, papist and pagan, or even between worshipers and wicked. Corn grows as well for a Catholic as for a Calvinist, and as well for an atheist as for either. The earthquake smites saint and scoffer alike, and sometimes slays the theologian and saves the thief. Lightning cares for neither theology nor morals, but would just as soon strike a Christian church as a Mohammedan mosque,—and would sooner strike a tall steeple than a small saloon. Providence always acts through law.

But do not these calamities prove there is no Providence at all? How can they be reconciled with goodness in God or nature? In answering, we must exclude the calamities we bring upon ourselves. When our fire-traps burn, we have no right to infer there is no Providence. When our weak bridges break, we have no right to conclude there is no God. Rather the fact that fire burns wherever it gets a chance, is only a proof that Providence is faithful. The laws that let weak bridges break, but are themselves never broken, are proofs of the best possible God, who can always be trusted. Even the damages of earthquakes are partly our own fault, and are largely due to architects,—as Gibbon long ago said. Nor is the earthquake any worse than our own customs. Its shock is no more cruel to a city than a Christian siege. If earthquakes have destroyed 100,000 lives this century,—our wars since the middle of it have destroyed twenty times as

many. Earthquakes, too, unlike wars, are a necessity of nature, coming from the same forces that have shaped the earth, and that still bless it,—and it will be a sorry day for man when the planet's internal disturbances cease. Nor could a true God interfere with them;—for Deity must be faithful to the divine laws, and as Mr. Chadwick finely said of the Charleston earthquake, "So help him God, He could not do otherwise."

So of our more familiar tornadoes. An observer compared the terrible scene after one to a battlefield. Perhaps it was bad, but by means so broad. In any of our late great wars, an action which killed but fifty men would hardly have had the honor of a mention in the morning paper. In the museum at Madison, one sees a board that has been driven through a tree in a tornado; and not far away a Gatling gun which shoots four hundred times a minute. Beside our torpedoes, —tornadoes seem quite harmless and humane; and cyclones are innocent compared with Christian cannon. At any rate, so long as we honor Napoleon for destroying two million men, let us not blame God or nature too severely for a storm that destroys but forty. Besides, these storms are necessary parts of the wind system which is fanning the cities and refreshing the farms, ventilating the valleys, purifying the prairies, and bearing moisture from the oceans to water our grain and to make the rivers to grind it with. Before we curse the winds for taking the lives of a few men, we want to remember that they are giving life to us all.

Calamities are, besides, great educators. The best Providence is not one which pets us, but pushes us out to struggle and be strengthened. To so-called evils we owe much of our progress. Hunger has developed our fisheries and farms. Cold has taught us to master fire for furnaces and factories. Need underlies all the arts. The storms on land have led to houses and started architecture. The storms at sea have brought stronger ships and the triumphs of navigation. Lightning gave the first lessons in electricity, and out of the tempest has come the telegraph. Nor has the education been merely mental, but moral. Storms have strengthened not only ships, but human bravery; and have not only built houses, but brought humaner sentiments in them, and warmed both hearths and hearts. They have evoked a pity and sympathy in the human soul, that far more than redeems any want of it in the wind. Calamities level our false distinctions, show us all equal before the great powers of nature, open our pockets and hearts, and bind mankind in closer brotherhood. They do more than prosperity to broaden minds, soften feelings, and bring spiritual sentiments. Through them we learn relentless law;—but also learn that this law is evolving love, and is itself love, and argues an eternal love that can be trusted.

H. M. S.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Road to Rue.

"THE END OF THAT MIRTH IS HEAVINESS."

Yes, all is bright and fair,
And merry music's played;—
There's neither grief nor care
Nor weary footprints made;
Life's sweetest roses grow,
And all the skies are blue,
And all the rivers pleasant flow
Along the road to Rue.

The heart is gay and glad;—
The eyes are strangely bright,—
There spring no fountains sad
To dim their crystal sight,
For Laughter rules the day,
And witching faces through
The leafage look nor turn away,
Along the road to Rue.

The soul doth own a hope
That cannot dream of pain,
And lips to beauty ope
Nor count their kisses vain;—
'Tis joy and love and mirth,
With all the words so true:
'Tis all of heaven and naught of earth
Along the road to Rue!

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

The Injustice of Socialism.

Under the above heading, a writer in the April *Century* arraigns the socialistic doctrine, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." He says: "According to this rule, a man of superior talents or creative genius would receive no higher recompense than the most inefficient workman, and, indeed, if the latter had a larger family, he would apparently receive more. The obvious intent of this rule is to prevent men of superior abilities from rising above the mass."

Such a conclusion is unavoidable if wages be the only criterion of success, if we recognize no higher recompense than money, and the things which money will buy. Mercenary as we are, I think we are hardly ready to admit this,—we are not ready to say that the crown of wild olive was an injustice to the victor in the Olympic games, and that Jesus and Socrates never rose above the masses. In what does rising above the masses consist? When we compare men with their fellows, the standard must be found in those things which constitute them men, in their inherent manhood. "A horse does not say to a horse: I am superior to you, for I possess much fodder and much barley, and my bits are of gold, and my harness is embroidered; but he says: I am swifter than you. And every animal is better or worse from his own merit or his own badness. Is there then no virtue in man only? And must we look to the hair, and our clothes, and our ancestors?"

There is nothing in the system of Socialism to prevent a man's doing the best of which he is capable, and freedom to do his best is all that a brave man wants. The socialist says that the man of superior talents and creative genius is already blest above his fellows in the possession of these gifts and in the assurance of honor and gratitude which must surely come to him from their exercise. Society is under no obligations to reward him for his good fortune. A true man feels that the highest recompense of a good deed is in the ability to do it, in the consciousness of having done it.

Is he indeed just who says, "Because my brother is inferior to me,—weaker of limb, dimmer of sight, cloudier of intellect, therefore I should have the softer couch, better food, more perfect schooling, and restful leisure?" Is it justice or selfishness which speaks here? Whence has a man his superior talents, and creative genius, and to what end? Are they not an inheritance from all past ages? Does not their present value depend upon their adaptability to the wants of mankind? Do they then belong to the man alone? Is he elevated or degraded when they are made an article of merchandise?

Under our present system, when a man has spent unremunerative years in the study of a profession, or in scientific research, justice demands that he should be reimbursed for the expense he has so incurred, and large fees are the approved means. According to the socialistic scheme, a man is to be considered as much a worker for the commonwealth during his years of preparation as while actually engaged in work, and to be paid accordingly. This would open up the learned professions to much talent which is now shut out for lack of means, while it would rid them of many worthless members. Once make other occupations as respectable and as remunerative as the professions, and we shall have many good butchers and bakers and candlestick makers from the ranks of our incompetent professional men.

Most critics of socialism seem to assume that it means a return to barbarism or semi-civilization, and that it puts a premium on incompetence and idleness. A careful reading of the leaders of the movement will convince any one that this is a mistake. It looks forward, not back.

A review of the history of the race will show that where man has worked simply to supply his individual wants, he has not risen above savagery, and his achievements have been of the most meagre description. Men early learned this, and saw that for any work of magnitude co-operation and division of labor were absolutely necessary. Then followed compulsory co-operation, or slavery,—the strong compelling the weak to work for them. This system is still prevalent in many parts of the world, and is the earliest of which we have any record among historic nations. As the moral sense developed, and there faintly dawned upon men's minds the thought of the brotherhood of men, the condition of the workers was ameliorated, and slavery was succeeded by serfdom. Under this system, the workman had liberty of person, and the privilege of having a home and family; otherwise he was little better off than the slave.

Serfdom, or feudalism, because of the same developing moral sense, was succeeded by our present wage system, with whose workings we all are familiar. Have we reached the final stage in this evolution of co-operation? The socialist says, no. Under all these systems, the workers have occupied an inferior position, and attained a lower degree of mental and moral development. They cannot reach the full stature of men under their present conditions. The world is now ready for the next step in advance,—the co-operation of equals. Men *are* brothers, and therefore equals,—not equal in ability (no two men, be they two capitalists or two laborers, are equals in that sense), but equals in right.

For idlers, socialism has less encouragement than the present order of society. It lays down as a fundamental principle, "if a man will not work, neither shall he eat," and applies this principle to all who are able to work, so that no man can lead a life of idleness and self-indulgence on the stored-up industry of father or grandfather. Each man must work according to his ability, that is, according to the powers God has given him. If he came into the world handicapped by physical, mental, or moral weakness, he should not, therefore, be given the harder task, the fewer advantages, the greater temptations,—he rather should be helped and taught, that in him or in his descendants this disability may be removed. There is no true progress which does not include all mankind. If for the next five hundred years not one invention or discovery was added to the sum of man's knowledge and power, and all the wisdom and skill and zeal of men were turned to bringing the masses of mankind up to the level of the more favored of our own time, it would be no era of loss. These five centuries would shine forth as the brightest in all human history, and from the vantage ground thus gained the race would go forward with an impetus beside which our present boasted progress would seem but a snail's pace.

Socialism is not absolute justice,—that would be too much to claim for anything of human devising,—but socialism is not a thing to be shuddered at and condemned unheard. It is a strong *plea* for justice,—a plea for the children robbed of their childhood in factory and mine, condemned to ignorance and depravity by the influences among which they are born and reared,—a plea for the homes bereft of the mother's presence and care, because only so can the children be clothed and fed,—a plea for the women who are driven to prostitution for lack of work which will support them,—a plea for the equal rights of all.

Only to the very rich man is the message of socialism a harsh one, and even to him, not so harsh as the words of Christ. To the rich young man Christ said: "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor; and come, take up the cross and follow me." The socialist invites no man to the life of poverty and hardship which Jesus led.

Over a hundred years ago, our own Benjamin Franklin said: "If every man did his share of labor, and wasted effort

were stopped, *four hours* labor a day would give to everybody all the wealth he could use."

LIDA MINNISS BROWN.

Days of Quietness.

The seashore, the mountains, mineral springs and farm-houses throughout the country are being rapidly filled with people in search of health and rest ostensibly, often pleasure and excitement in reality. Having summered in all such places, fate has thrown us this year among scenes entirely new, and our fashion of seeking rest and health will at least have the merit of being unique.

We are right in the midst of the "piney woods" of North Carolina, on an elevated ridge, where the air is dry and bracing and where the cool breezes ever blow. Our grounds are simply a few acres of cleared land surrounded on all sides by the forest primeval. Whichever way we look giant pine trees, with the intervening spaces filled with oaks, meet the view. No other habitation is in sight, and we seldom see a passer-by. I fear I shall fail to describe our life so that the reader can get a true idea of its delightfulness, but will try.

We begin the day very early, awakened from sleep by the notes of the wood birds or the joyous song of a mocking bird, and before the freshness and coolness of the morning are gone the household work is performed and the husband is bidden good-by, as a certain office in the distance claims his attention through the day. Then there is a long, quiet, uninterrupted day before us, with time enough to do all we wish, or to leave undone whatever we are disinclined to do. Our life is one of leisure and rest. Imagine what that means to one who has always been hurried, who has had six things to do in the time needed for one, who has struggled ceaselessly to obtain bread and butter, who has felt guilty if every moment was not filled with work of some kind, and who, with all the need for doing, has been compelled to spend months on a bed of pain and weakness! Leisure and rest and health have we found in our hermit-like seclusion.

The long, bright days are spent in holding intercourse by means of the pen with distant friends; in reading whatever is light and amusing, without feeling conscience-stricken for not studying or improving our minds; in lying absolutely idle in the hammock looking up into the impenetrable blue heights of the sky, flecked with the fleeciery of clouds, or into the equally impenetrable green depths of the woods; listening to the soothing murmur of the wind through the pines, and to the tinkling of the oak leaves, which always reminds me of the tinkling of the golden bough which Æneas found—*Sic leni crepitabat bractea vento*; watching the graceful gyrations of the buzzards circling far above us; thinking thoughts too deep and tender for utterance; and drinking in the sweet, health-giving air with an ever-growing love to the Giver of all good. The good is so much more tangible than heretofore that our gratitude deepens in consequence.

The only real event, and about our only connection with the outside world, comes in the morning when the mail arrives; but when one lives so quietly it is surprising what trifles become momentous events. We watch with keen interest the efforts of a wasp which has killed a monster gray grasshopper that she is trying to take to her nest, probably for the nourishment of the larvæ. The grasshopper proves too burdensome, so she leaves it on the ground and seeks for her mate to assist her. He is nowhere to be found and she flies about in frantic dismay, accomplishing nothing. Before her recreant spouse returns the ever vigilant ants have discovered the prize, and in a few minutes myriads of these tiny creatures are at work to secure for themselves the wasp's unfortunate victim. They sever its legs, wings and head from the body, and detachments of them carry the various members to their underground residence. Our attention is then called off, but the next morning we notice that the ants are carrying away the very last portion of their stolen property. The birds, too, are ever interesting and diverting. We watch them building their nests and laugh as they struggle and pull at the southern moss growing on the trees, in their eagerness

to obtain pieces of it for lining their little abodes. To save our moss, which we have brought here, it not being native to this section, we put out strings for their birdships, which they joyously bear away. The growth of the flowers, vines and fruit trees is observed daily, and the wild flowers, many of them new to a northerner, are analyzed in a manner most unscientific, but sufficiently accurate to determine what they are.

And so, in dreaming and planning and hoping and growing in harmony with our Mother Nature, the warm, quiet hours slip away and almost before we know it the coolness of the evening is upon us. Then, away down the long avenue of trees a figure, dim in the distance, is seen, and we go forth into the dusk, down the green pathway to receive the welcoming kiss of the "gude man" as he returns home.

Arm in arm we walk back, talking of the happenings of the day, and after a light repast sit on the veranda and watch the stars shining with a soft brightness peculiar to the southern atmosphere. Bats flit in and out among the trees in search of insects, while the katydids and crickets sing soprano to the far-off bass notes of a choir of frogs. Anon the rich, melodious voice of a negro is heard singing a weird minor song as he wends his way to his cabin. We listen in speechless enjoyment until the last note dies on the air, and as the restfulness and peace of the evening envelop our bodies we lay them down to rest with hearts happy and trusting. Ere long the sweetest, soundest sleep creeps over our senses, and the almost undreamed-of luxury of a night's sleep, unbroken by wakeful hours or even moments, brings refreshment to mind and body.

On Sunday the programme is little changed, except that we have the company of the husband and father. There is no church to attend, but devotional reading, worshipful thoughts and the singing of the sweet old-fashioned hymns, so fitted to our surroundings, makes the day different from the others and satisfying to our spiritual natures.

The heat might be unpleasant were it not for the never-failing cool breezes. Moreover, being so far removed from the world of fashion and conventionality, the simplest, thinnest garments are worn, and we vex not ourselves to concoct divers dyspeptic dishes for the table. A plain diet in which milk, fruit and vegetables are prominent adds both to our healthfulness and comfort.

Lonely we seldom are; although we enjoy social intercourse, it is sometimes good to be away from people; to be free from the work, responsibilities, petty jealousies, gossip and strife of the world. Some day we shall go back to the conflict of life with tempers sweetened, bodies strengthened, hearts softened and souls enlarged; but never shall we lose from our memories the peace, quiet and helpfulness of these long, beautiful, care-free, summer days.

JULIA W. GOODRIDGE.

SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

Address of Rabbi Iliowizi at Dedication of Unitarian Church of Minneapolis.

If one of our forefathers, who died at the beginning of this century, would on a sudden appear among the living and look bewildered with amazement at the great industrial, social, political and other changes the march of civilization has brought about, what great achievement could we point to and exclaim, "Did you ever dream, O sire, that this would come to pass?" Some years ago a prominent Englishman said that, under similar circumstances, he would pick up a copy of the *London Times* and say: "Here is the wonder of wonders." And wonderful it is to contemplate that daily product of literary genius and mechanical skill mirroring, as it does, the world's history of each day. Yet it appears to me there is a greater wonder which may justly be considered the triumph of triumphs, and that is the dawn of the realization of that sweet prophetic dream, that heavenly vision that tells of a blessed age when "the wolf shall dwell with the sheep, the lion with the fatling" and when the "earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as waters cover the sea." This denomi-

nation with the monotheistic, humanitarian ideal before them, this beautiful plan of worship with no idolatrous image, no heathen rite to defy the letter and the spirit of the Decalogue; this cultured audience whose eyes are beaming "peace on earth and good will to all men," the representatives of the great Universalist church, the fearless expounders of Unitarian thought, and myself, the humble representative of the hoary mother religion, who am here to fraternize with the youngest of her noblest offsprings, are all proofs that the prophetic vision is being realized, and that the dark ages are gone, gone let us hope forever. Let the Old World not smile at the multiplicity of denominations in this free continent. They are the blossoms of liberty, the healthiest symptoms of a nation's life whose mind is unchained, whose beacon is thought, and whose aspiration, whose treasure, is independence. The darkest era of Christianity embraces all those ages during which it has been identified with but one denomination—catholicism. The first split in the ranks of that powerful, ostentatious church was the first rent in the horizon hitherto black with the clouds of barbarism, ignorance, superstition, hatred and oppression. The human mind, so long sterile under the withering breath of a baneful priest craft, in the new rays of freedom's smiling sun began to unbosom its latent, godlike fertility. Thought has wings, and, like the mythical wind, once freed invades and sweeps the whole face of the earth.

Christianity once divided continued to subdivide and ramify, each succeeding branch being an improvement on the one that gave it birth, until the two youngest and noblest twigs, Universalism and Unitarianism, came to light.

Yea, progressive Israel looks at you as the cream of Christianity, as the worthy ideal scions of ideal Judaism, children of whom the eternal mother need not be ashamed. Do not consider it a slight compliment to be thus cordially recognized by that proud, invincible race, who, in the long career of its tragic history, did never, never condescend to bow before heathen pomp or greatness, whether enthroned in Constantinople or worshiped in Rome, but having spun the celestial thread out of which the world's ideals are woven, was, like the silk worm, ever ready to die rather than betray its sacred trust. We recognize you because you do not misinterpret our prophecy, you do not break our Decalogue, save the Sabbath, which the future will restore to its original sanctity. We recognize you because your hands are not reeking with another's blood; there is no dark page in your history. We recognize you because our mission is almost identical. We preach the love and brotherhood of all men, and the unity of God. On our banner is written: "Truth, charity and peace." For these we are living, for these we are striving. Our phalanx is small, compared with the dark powers we are confronting, but the spirit of the Lord is upon us, and Samson-like we battle with the Philistines. It is now our turn to be aggressive, but neither the sword, nor the rack, nor the stake are our weapons. We smite with "the breath of the lips," we conquer with the spirit. I am convinced that from this house of worship more good will spring, more light will emanate than from churches many times larger and richer than yours, because you are marching abreast with the age; you are appealing to the sound common sense of the times, while the others are centuries behind this period of reason. You are talking to the living, they to the dead; you promise salvation to all good men, they have perdition for the majority of the human race.

Ignorance, fanaticism, and hypocrisy are evil powers no Alcides, no Theseus could strangle. Their vitality is appalling. Time and light, that have caused chaos to recede, will destroy these sad relics of barbarism that are still a barrier to the development of healthy thought, to the progress of civilization. Time and light being our co-workers, whom should we fear? That light, pure ethereal light, may not be wanting in this quarter of our glorious country, God has caused His people to build Him a temple, the Universalists to build grand churches, and now this city is enriched by this solid, magnificent edifice, which by Heaven's grace will, like the trunk of the banyan

tree, become the focus of many similar places radiating light and hope to benighted man.

Beyond the Human.

• Lo! evermore the mystery of Life
 Encompasseth the world! Lo! evermore
 The finite, baffled, seeks the infinite.
 The tear-loved sphere whirls ever on through space,
 And answerless the human questions fall
 To earth, or pierce the great beyond unheard.
 Lo! every heart has reared its Babel to
 The skies, while deed and hope with pigmy strokes
 Have thought to build beyond the flooded world—
 Have sought to stand upon some topmost point
 While all the whirl of waters 'neath assailed
 No more the being lifted by a hope
 Of God-like power to ask the *why* of God.

EUGENE ASHTON.

Funerals and Officiating Ministers.

They are both necessary, and the first is inevitable. They usually go together. Some funerals dispense with formal services, or a layman speaks an oration, or the mourners meet and lay away their own dead in silence. Generally the feeling in a Christian land is in the direction of some formality and a clergyman to lead the services; anything else would seem a little off color and to be deplored. As to what minister shall officiate there is but one party to say, namely, the chief mourners, the family of the deceased, unless, as is not infrequently the case, the request of the dead had been made for some particular parson to preside. It is a part of the regular pastor's work and duty to do this service, and where there is a pastor, he is the one thought of at once. And yet, if he should be a new man, and the deceased was well known by a former pastor, that pastor may be called to *assist* in the services, although he may have most to do and say. It is a courtesy due the regular pastor to conduct funerals in his own parish, even though but little acquainted with the deceased, unless a request had been otherwise made, and nothing, in such a case, is to be thought strange of it. But the family can always have their wishes respected by consulting with the pastor. It is a very unnecessary and discourteous thing to send out of town for a minister to attend a funeral of a member of a parish with a settled pastor, and not invite that pastor to be present and perhaps take some part. Sometimes it is a fashion, as in other things, and to have a "big funeral," as the Catholics say, is a passion for some people, and Doctor A. or Professor B., or some noted man, is invited to officiate. It is all right to send for any one who is a friend of the deceased, but that need not be done without consulting the regular pastor first and letting him know the wishes of the family, precisely as may happen in the matter of weddings; but in either case the way is plain to a courteous man or woman, and the pastor cannot be ignored without chagrin to the pastor and his family, and without the breaking of all rules of courtesy on the part of the other parties concerned. Understand me, I do not say that this neglect and discourtesy is always meant, but it really has no excuse to the kind and the naturally courteous. The parties must have the man they want; that is right and well; but when another's official work is assumed, let him have as little cause to complain as possible.

There is another point quite as important in the matter of some funerals as that of the officiating clergyman; I refer to the compensation. This is a delicate matter, and one that needs light to many who do not act, or act unadvisedly from ignorance of what to do. There are few cases where the pastor of a church ever expects pay for services at a funeral. He always expects it at weddings; that is his and his only perquisite; but at funerals of his own people only when he is called out of town, or is put to any cost. His time must be thrown in as belonging to the parish. Not infrequently, in

the case of rich people, a present of fifty or a hundred dollars from the family he serves is given to him in a quiet way, perhaps ostensibly for special acts of kindness, or as a recognition of friendship. This ought to be much oftener than it is to offset some things not so pleasant, as I will presently state. But here is a funeral in a family where there is no pastor. If a minister in town of another church is asked to officiate, he expects nothing and does it as a matter of courtesy to the society or the family, and yet a five dollar bill, or even more, if the family is well to do, should be sent to him through the undertaker, or directly from the family, with a note of thanks for the service, which is the much finer way of procedure. The same should be done in the absence of the regular pastor.

Then again for that large class of persons who have no minister or church, and never pay anything for the support of religion, what shall they do about getting a minister to officiate at a funeral? Yet the man they think they should like, or want, and of course always pay him handsomely for it, not by asking him how much he will settle for, or want, but by sending or giving it to him in an envelope, considering that they can afford to be generous, since they have no pew rents to pay as do others; and also take into account his time and the distance and his expense in getting there. Let me be very plain in this matter, and say that perhaps, from ignorance of what is proper and just in such cases, the officiating clergymen at funerals of non-attendants are often treated very meanly. I could write pages, and almost books, of cases of gross treatment of that class of people supposed always ready and willing to serve the living and the dead, where there is no shadow of obligation, and no thought that compensation is as obligatory as that of the shroud maker or the undertaker. A minister told me the other day of having driven in a snow storm forty miles among the hills and in the cold of New Hampshire to attend the funeral of a man, well-to-do and a stranger, and with hardly a thank'ee, and no more.

Another hired a team, drove five miles and officiated at a funeral in a family of rich farmers, all strangers to him. In about a year, one of the family called on this same clergyman to marry him, and before leaving asked him, "What the legal fee was." The reply he got was that he did not know, but that he read the other evening of an Episcopal clergyman in Salem who, for marrying a couple got a check for a thousand dollars, but that all did not fare as well. He came, however, with his bride and planked down a five dollar bill, but forgot to pay the funeral bill. He did, however, going out of the door, mention it, saying that he had heard that there was some expense by way of a team, in attending the funeral, and had his hand on his pocketbook, when the minister said that he never set any price on such services, when his hand let the pocketbook down into its greedy pocket, never to come out again, although the parson added, but if "I go to any expense I am always willing that should be paid." There ought not to be this ignorance on so important matters as these. Here is a man who, though of the officiating minister's faith, but not an attendant or a supporter of his church, has no claims upon his services, and should pay him, and, if rich, handsomely, for attendance at funerals. If he is the man to be buried; his friends, employing a clergyman, whose salary he does not help pay, should pay for that service as a matter of course. Some of the family may go to his church, but that is not enough; or he may simply be called in to assist another clergyman who is his minister, it matters not, he is entitled to pay, and should get it, and sometimes does, but generally not from rich families. To my own knowledge there are some exceptions, and I will say that a little over a year ago I received twenty-five dollars from the widow of the man I buried, who belonged to a church of another denomination, and the first time I saw her afterwards she said, "I have not paid you enough," and gave me ten dollars more, which gift is repeated from time to time. I shall not tell you how others have treated me in similar cases, but you would not believe me were I to tell you. Now, if any one reads this paper and feels condemned, I advise you, be it late, to

rectify the matter by sending the officiating and unpaid pastor a generous fee, if you are able, or send it to his wife, who is tugging away in the kitchen, to help her to a servant, and to save her from working off her fingers and the bloom of her cheeks. Send it as a matter of *justice*. And especially you rich folks, think of getting out of paying a funeral debt, and to a minister upon whom you have not the least claim. One hundred, two hundred thousand dollars, and the gravedigger paid, the florist paid, perhaps a hundred dollars, fifteen or thirty hacks, possibly a reporter to take down the remarks, but not a dollar for the pastor, or rather for the clergyman, who was not, and never had been his pastor, and who is still wondering how people can be so thoughtless or so mean. I am willing to be the martyr to bear the burden of this utterance, and I can do it better for *UNITY* than you western folks, and I shall not be suspected of being personally concerned in this matter of unmet justice away off here to the east, as no one here, perhaps, takes your paper (I am sorry if it is so), so it cannot be too plain speech for me who have for twenty odd years been attending to ministerial duties, and have fared, I venture to say, as well as the best, in the matter of officiating at funerals outside of my parish, or of persons supporting no church. And I hope this word will do good, and instruct the ignorant of what is proper. For no one should oblige or tempt the minister to send a bill for services rendered at funerals, since it is a delicate thing to do. I am perfectly willing to have this paper quoted far and near.

A. J. R.

THE STUDY TABLE.

In Thoughts from the Visions of the Night. By M. S. Paden. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street; paper, $5\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, pp. 16, 20 cents.

This poem is a rumination suggested by the words of Job which form its title. It is in rhyme, the quatrain form prevailing. Its thought is purely Christian. One very rarely sees a poem of modern production with a text for a title which is worth reading; but Miss Paden's is not only worth reading but worth *memorizing* also, both for its religious or spiritual value and its poetical quality. In our opinion, "H. H." (who has been accounted the first female poet of this country) never produced a religious poem so thoroughly acceptable as this. While quite H. H.'s equal in poetic power, Miss Paden is more artistic in her expression than was she. We are aware that this is saying much; but much requires to be said. There are not half a dozen men in America who are writing poetry as strong, uniformly, as that which Miss Paden is writing; and strength is a quality greatly to be desired in modern verse. May it not be long before we have a volume of this poet's writings!

E. R. C.

German Novelettes. For School and Home. Selected from the best Modern Writers, with Etymological, Grammatical and Explanatory notes. By Dr. William Bernhardt. Volume I. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

This carefully edited, beautifully printed, German reader for the school and home contains five pretty stories, and will no doubt be found very useful. The idea of the series is to furnish persons who have acquired some ability in reading German just the right sort of short stories to afford them the needed practice in the language.

Zury: The Meanest Man in Spring County. A Novel of Western Life. By Joseph Kirkland. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In this book, as in "The Story of a Country Town," and others whose number is growing, we have "realism" applied to a phase of western pioneer life but lately past, and it is safe to say that it is a genuine contribution toward the American Novel, for which we are told we are waiting. The author,

who appears to be a new candidate for literary honors, has written a book that will attract attention as original, and smacking of the soil. Besides its racy delineations of character in a new and crude civilization, the motive or moral of the book seems to be the tracing of how, under the pressure of circumstances, avarice is developed and a miser *made*,—and, happily in this case, un-made at last.

F. K. G.

Profit Sharing. By N. O. Nelson, St. Louis, Mo.

Three good articles reprinted from the *Missouri Republican*, St. Louis, Mo., to which is added an essay entitled, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" The aim of the little pamphlet is to advocate profit-sharing, on which point it gives valuable information. There are some documents at the end headed "No Longer an Experiment," which show that the author himself has adopted in his own business, with happy results, the just and wise principle which he advocates. We commend the little pamphlet for its large, brotherly spirit, for the information gathered in a small space, and for its wisdom.

THE HOME.

The Lad and the Lapis.

AN ALLEGORY.

Many years ago a simple-minded youth possessed of some wealth resolved to increase his revenue by shrewd investments. This determination reaching the ears of interested friends was hailed by them with joyous acclamations and subtle arguments. "Now this youth is silly enough to share whatever he possesses with us, consequently any sudden prosperity awaiting him will be as freely bestowed upon his friends as heretofore, and it is of the utmost importance that he should be rightly counseled how and where to invest his money."

Whereupon, with one accord, they immediately hastened to the lad, and after much persuasion induced the simpleton to invest his property in a mine of apparently inexhaustible wealth. He staked his all and lost. Such a terrible misfortune drove the poor fellow frantic, and for years he wandered aimlessly over the earth, a broken-hearted, dispirited mortal.

One day he found himself far away from the busy world, in a desert place of sand and stone. Not a sound to be heard, save the beating of his own rebellious heart, not a face to be seen save the reflection, in a little pool of water at his feet, of his own unhappy features. He sat down upon a slight elevation of sand and began to toy idly with the soil by his side, recalling the happy hours thus spent in his innocent boyhood as he sifted the grains through his fingers into tiny mounds and miniature gardens. He remembered with a momentary gleam of pleasure his boyish delight at the sight of any pretty colored pebbles brought to light by his little hands and treasured as something very wonderful until discarded for those still more marvellous in his childish eyes. While indulging in these peaceful thoughts he picked up a bit of stone, and mechanically putting it in his pocket, resumed his tiresome journey over the barren moor, till at length worn and jaded he threw himself at the foot of a rocky hill and fell asleep.

But his rest was broken and disturbed by fearful dreams; strange voices laughed and jeered at him, and he seemed to be constantly struggling with unseen foes. In his desperation he jumped up from the hard couch and striking his hands violently upon the rough ledge, awoke. A confused clamor at first sounded in his ears; then a tone clear and distinct above all others shouted to the bewildered dreamer. "Look at your pebble, silly boy!" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and lo! in place of the useless bauble he had put there the night before, he beheld a rare and costly gem. Wonder stricken, he laid it upon his open palm where it appeared to nestle coyly 'neath his earnest gaze, irradiating the gloom surrounding him with its clear, pure rays. A long, long time the youth stood entranced at the sight of this dazzling jewel, until by degrees the soft and tender glow reached up and en-

circled his cold, hungry heart with a sympathetic beam of warmth and brightness.

Overcome with joy and admiration he fell upon his knees, and pressing the priceless treasure to his bosom thanked God for the gift so miraculously sent him. Then arising from the ground refreshed and strengthened, determined now to wrestle with adversity, he retraced his steps and mingled once more in the noisy whirl of life. Holding the pebble tightly clasped within his palm, he roamed from place to place in search of work. Obtaining employment of the humblest kind he often faltered and stumbled on his way, many times strongly tempted to give up the fight; whenever this weakness came upon him, he retired to some quiet spot and gazing upon his jewel drew fresh courage from its cheering light. Every night he placed this talisman upon his pillow, and resting his tired head upon it gained fresh inspiration for the waking hours. And the youth increased in stature far beyond his fellow-men; they marvelled at his strength and spoke of his manly virtue, none knew of the secret power within his grasp, none dreamed of the glory of his vision—"Though all men have the key to this casket few possess the skill to open it."

J. M. F.

How To Keep a Secret.

I.

" 'In violet,' my mamma says
A secret should be kept;
I heard her say to papa
Last night before I slept.
I heard her talking in my room
With papa, soft and low,
'Secrets are kept in violet,'
And I'm so glad to know;
For I have the loveliest secret
I want to talk about,
Of course I can't tell any one,
Lest it should be let out.
But I can tell the violets,'—
She darted down the walk,
"You see, they're just the very ones,
For violets don't talk."
The violets heard a whisper,
A murmur soft and low,
Then warningly she ended with
"You mustn't tell, you know."

II.

I knew her small first finger-tip
Was scarred with needle pricks,
And that something was often brought
For dear mamma to fix.
And on my birthday by my plate
A handkerchief I found,
All snowy white and neatly hemmed
With tiny stitches round.
" 'Tis yours," she cried; "I was so 'fraid
I could not get it done.
See all the stitches round the edge,
I hemmed them every one.
It was a secret; no one knew,
'Cept mamma and the violets,
'Twas being done for you."

" 'Tis beautiful," I said, and kissed
Her shining curls of gold;
And it was kept *inviolat*e,
For not a violet told.—*Young Folks.*

THEODORE PARKER'S

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UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Faith.

A SERMON BY REV. G. W. BUCKLEY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

"Trust in the Lord and do good."—*Psalms*."Believe and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care."—*Emerson*.

The word faith is one of the oldest and most significant in human speech. Its parentage is traced back as far as the very ancient Hindoo word "srad-dha," belief in the unseen. The Romans had "credo," from which comes our own creed. It has been invested with much mystery and undergone varied interpretation. What religious faith signifies to any age marks the intellectual and moral height of that age. It evidently is a variable quantity with the individual and the race. It is not the same in youth as in middle life; not the same, socially, in the morn as in the noontide of civilization. It is not the same in the same age with the priest as with the prophet; with the highest intellects and the multitude; not the same with the Israelites, relapsing into idolatry of the golden calf, so soon as Moses is absent, as with the great law-giver himself. Again, it is not the same with Moses as with Jesus; not the same with the church of St. Paul as that of the middle ages; nor with the Protestant churches of the reformation as with those of to-day.

The early son of earth will point to sacrifice, and offerings, and prayer, and various performances as evidencing faith. This is the ritual faith. Later faith becomes an intellectual condition. It takes the form of assent to human dogmas about the unknowable. This is the theological faith. Still later it takes the shape of a moral condition of the soul to be evidenced by rectitude of life. Faith becomes ethical.

But howsoever external and savage the worship, it was once the projection of the human soul; arose as high as the general condition would permit; was related to its needs as the environment of the lowest organism is to the organs. Time was when the shedding of blood on the altar of sacrifice was perhaps as sincere an offering to God as we may now believe the shedding tears of a "broken and contrite heart."

The history of mankind has familiarized us with the rising of individual genius above the age. As mountain peaks push up into an atmosphere much rarer than that of the plain, so there are souls which ascend to inspiration far purer than that of their contemporaries. They seem to be trustees of the great I Am, appointed to receive the statutes of truth and love; statutes flexible enough to provide for the infinite possibilities of the race. History has also acquainted us with this important fact, that the teachings or faith of these Alpine heights of religious consciousness undergo subsequent perversion and distortion, through ambitious children of organization, until, could they return to earth, each would indignantly "profess unto them," in the words of Jesus, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity." When the seer has gone, then the organizer and theologian comes—after Jesus, St. Paul; after St. Paul, Tertullian, Athanasius, Augustin. The sublimest affirmations of the spirit in flesh descending through smaller souls take their coloring, as the pearly rain-drops the impurity of each stratum of air through which they fall to earth. In time we have the superstition of the Catholic church of the middle ages, or the savagery of Calvinism.

The truth as it appears to Buddha, after his death, is presented as canonical scriptures, and upon these are built church discipline, and huge commentaries. Buddha becomes an idolized personality, worshiped as God, with increase of rites and ceremonies to clog the spirit. The religion of Zoroaster likewise loses its high character. By the third century of our era there were no less than seventy Persian sects, each claiming authority from the teachings of the Master. Artaxerxes, like another Constantine, assembled a general council of the

Magi to fix definite articles of Zoroastrian faith. Conformity to these was then sought by prohibition of every other worship, by persecution of the adherents of foreign religion and the heretics at home.

The simple faith of Jesus in God, and the ideals of right, which had existed from the beginning, early began to sink behind an idolatrous worship of his own personality. St. Paul, with his great theological and organizing genius, inaugurated the movement away from the universal religion of the Master. Notwithstanding the frequent prominence given to the essentiality of practicing truth, righteousness and love, the saving faith ever involved with him the personal mediation of Jesus.

Paul had a profoundly earnest, and, to no small degree, catholic mind. He seems to have had much regard for individual liberty of conscience; but his subtle dialectics, especially about vicarious atonement and election, are the fountain-head of most of the theological controversy of after centuries. However, the early Christians generally made their lives stand for a higher faith than intellectual assent to propositions about the divine plan. They did, indeed, live by faith; for in the midst of a corrupt empire they exhibited a brotherly love, a meekness of spirit, a devotion to principle, a purity of life, seldom, if ever, surpassed for any considerable time by so large a sect of men.

But this faith faded away under the blighting influence of augmented power and wealth. It grew more and more dogmatic, signifying some opinion about Christ. There was Arianism, a near relative of modern Unitarianism. This found an opposite extreme in patripassianism; and ranged between these two were various other issues concerning the nature of Christ.

Thus we have, as in the history of the Persian religion, conflicting divisions in the church; and the opinion grows that uniformity in belief and worship is essential. Thence come different councils or synods with their authoritative promulgations of what *shall be* believed, until in 451 the council of Chalcedon declares as final the christology of the church to be Trinitarian.

Faith now becomes assent to what the church prescribes as the revealed truth of the Bible. One dogma is piled upon another, to obscure heaven's true light. But valiant Luther, wrestling with the devil in his cell at Erfurth, perceived that all the popes and cardinals on earth could not determine a lie to be truth. With him, and yet more with Calvin, faith, though still theological, stood more for an inner condition and less for outward performance. However, Luther, grand soul though he were, while protesting against the authority of Rome, appears the uncompromising stickler for subscription to propositions no enlightened protestant pulpit maintains to-day. The transubstantiation of the Catholic church—how absurd say we. But is it much more absurd than Luther's consubstantiation? The noble Swiss, Zwingli, more modern, proclaimed the bread and wine to be merely symbols; and for this difference of opinion Luther refused fellowship with him.

Notwithstanding the diversity of creed the Reformation brought about, the faith that saves must needs be theological,—assent to the declared opinion of some body of men about the divine discipline. Luther is credited with saying: "Hast thou sinned, then believe. Yea sin boldly, still more boldly believe. Though thou hast committed murder a hundred times, only believe a hundred times more."

Let us present again the three stages of faith in this wise: First, belief that there is a God, expressing itself through the early ritualism of sacrifice, offerings, and various objective forms. Second, belief about God, expressing itself through theology, or the authoritative opinions of a priesthood. Third, belief in God, expressing itself through the ethics of righteous being. This latter is the faith "*formata*," which is love and virtue.

The vast majority in Christendom have not yet outgrown the second stage. A few, rapidly becoming many, have caught the sweeter "incense of the breezy morn" of that final faith of "freedom, fellowship and character in religion."

Into the literature and the public worship of the day it is breathing itself more and more. The work to be done now is to transmute dogmatic faith into moral faith—transmute the faith in salvation through a particular belief about God, about one of his sons, about one of his inspired books, into faith in the saving power of a virtuous activity of the soul. In the spirit of the prophet, when he indignantly cried out in the name of the Lord, "To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?" Who hath required this at your hands to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations. Wash you, make you clean, cease to do evil, learn to do right,—in that spirit, the prophet of these days proclaims: "To what purpose are your confusing and unthinkable dogmas—your middle-aged, sixteenth century, or eighteenth century, theology? Make clean the heart within; wash in the everlasting fount of truth and love. Do any of the beatitudes of Jesus declare: Blessed are the Trinitarians, or the Unitarians; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after theology; blessed are the merciless; blessed are the war-makers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for theology's sake? Nay,—but blessed are the pure in heart; blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness; blessed are the merciful; blessed are the peacemakers; blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

So anxious has the selfish heart of man been to be saved and rewarded, that he must needs invent a scheme whereby may be cast upon one the burdens of all. Thus shall A escape the penalty of his lesser goodness, through greater goodness on the part of B. We have been far more anxious to be saved than to earn the right to be saved. Fenerbach may almost be forgiven for pronouncing the essence of religion to be covetousness.

Our whole civilization has been materialized by poverty of spiritual faith. In the disposition to look for reward and happiness to outward agencies, heaven itself has been a place for distributing among the saints the sinners' comforts and enjoyments on earth. Christian churches can be counted by thousands and thousands in the land; but need we better evidence of the want of true faith than the spectacle of mad gain, of unbridled cupidity, which we must bear witness to for several decades of political and social existence? We have faith in matter, not in spirit; faith in physical, not moral law; faith in the conservation of material, not of spiritual force; faith in steam, electricity and dollars, not in honesty, truth and love; faith in acts of congress, in protective tariffs, more than in the laws of God, and honest days' works. We have faith in temporary shifts and sharp practices, as though we could evade right and somehow escape the penalty. In private and public life; in business and politics, our conduct is dictated by immediate and not ultimate ends, by the evanescent interests of a brief existence on earth rather than by the enduring interests of life eternal in the universe, somehow and somewhere. A low ethics in the competition of private business is applied to the economy of a great state. Smartness in the politician magnetizes the voter more than goodness. National wealth, rather than national virtue, is the end of our policy. The true grandeur of the nation is not what Charles Sumner eloquently proclaimed it to be, the dispensation of justice, but the procurement of a surplus revenue. European war with murder and rapine is preferable to peace, if believed to increase the sale of our grain and wares. The balance of trade is infinitely more important than the balance of right. We have heard from the newspapers how the chaplain in the House of Congress in his opening prayer "thanked God that our silver and gold had multiplied;" but no report has yet come of thanks given for increased faith in the ideals of virtue, which live to perish never, whatsoever become of the surplus; whatsoever the rise and fall of empires in the womb of time.

The faith in monopoly and unjust combination, in craft and overreaching, is the faith that destroys, instead of building up, a nation—destroys the very ones themselves most actuated by it. The love of dollars and power rather than mankind early sowed the dragon's teeth from which have sprung a crop of evil agencies, hostile to our material, intellectual

and spiritual development. In politics this moral skepticism has manifested itself in what log-rolling and bribery, what perjury, deceit and circumvention; what absenteeism; swapping and purchasing of votes; false representations of the conditions and needs of private enterprises; cunning and misleading adjustments of duties for special favor! What tortuosity of conduct and impairment of usefulness has it not caused to some of the most gifted of our statesmen?

The skepticism of moral cowardice and un-self-reliance seems to have enfeebled our whole civilization. Our education fails to instruct the young how to meet the highest responsibilities of life with the courage that overcomes resistances, and the resignation that submits without sulking complaint to the inevitable. The boys and girls have unusual metal who graduate from our schools and colleges fit for anything more than dress parade. The large majority of them have imbibed the idea that to get on in the world with the least possible work and discomfort is the end of life. The road to success commences with them at the top round of the ladder, rather than at the bottom; and if not started from the top they think themselves wronged, lose heart, sit down and rail at the world.

Our religion has been a burden-shifting theology, providing salvation by the easier way of dogma and rite, than that of unremitted striving of the spirit to overcome the flesh. There has been no end of professed belief about God; but practically we have acted as atheists. A New York financier is reported to have exclaimed on being reproached with sharp practice in Wall street: "Up town I endeavor to do my duty to God, the church and my family; but down town I have to take care of myself."

Because new churches are being built; because there may be religious revivals and more members added to the rolls; because some evangelists draw large crowds to their entertainments—does it signify a revival of spiritual faith in society, an outgoing of the human heart toward God, in a deeper love and practice of the moral verities? May it not rather indicate a revival of interest in the curious and antique; a revival of desire for social advantages; a revival of pride in church architecture? In the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, the Athenians held a festival of homage to Apollo. The island of Delos was consecrated by the removal of all coffins containing human remains, and ancient observances of worship were revived. Nevertheless, there existed at Athens widespread impiety and self-seeking materialism.

And now let the central thought of the hour be this: the faith to be preached and practiced in these generations of men is faith in the moral sentiment, the voice of God in the soul, faith in the triumph of right over wrong, which makes our lives a daily song of the ideal world yet to come; which moulds us into justice, truth and love, bringing harmony with nature, man and God.

Faith is virtuous thought translated into action. Faith is that reverence for our higher selves which makes us doers as well as hearers of the word. Herbert Spencer maintains that the growth of an organism depends on the adjustment of internal processes to external processes. Well, let us say the growth of the soul is in proportion to the adjustment of the outward life to the moral sentiment. According to diversities of character, this moral sentiment in different individuals must needs express itself by different works. Only let it consecrate us in the direction of our bent. Have we a genius for trade, commerce, manufacturing, agriculture, building, invention; for law, medicine, divinity, teaching, journalism, literature, music or what not—let us be more intent on the merit of our work than the wages thereof. Whether employer or employe, whether leader or led, let the end be moral—the transmutation of the work and the dollars into better character and the amelioration of mankind; into charities for needy sons and daughters of earth, asylums, reformatories, home missions, educational institutions—into various deeds of love and instrumentalities for preventing and alleviating suffering, and promoting virtue among men.

Through the conscience, God declares himself to us not less in the market place than the church. We can worship

Him as truly, yea, more truly, in every honest transaction, in every errand of mercy, every kind word and act, every dispensation of justice, every allegiance to truth, in every self-renunciation, or virtuous aspiration,—more truly than in hymn singing, or praying, or preaching. The latter worship is only the means; the former is the end. May the one be an inspiration to the other unto salvation!

In place of the departing enthusiasm for a personal mediator to save us, we must have an enthusiasm for the eternal attributes of goodness, in fidelity to which Jesus offered the sacrifice of his young and richly endowed life. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for another." This is the working faith.

But there is also a passive faith, the faith of resignation, which shall greatly bless us, if happily we do find it. I do not mean that submissive fatalism which influences man to readily succumb to circumstance; but that sweet resignation which reconciles to the sorrows and adversities common to the lot of man, that sublime trust in the beneficence of God, which causes the soul to sink self in the vaster self of the universe, to subserve willingly its high end in the great sweep Godward. This is the faith which lives by adversity not less than by prosperity; which translates all sorrow and resistance into angels of God; which finds nourishment unto purification even in the death of the fairest flower of the household. This is the faith to walk under "sorrow's fire-whip," and believe it swung by the hand of God, lash us in whatsoever form it may—in death, in physical infirmity, in the limitations or resistances of heredity and outward circumstance, in the misunderstanding, betrayal or unjust censure of friends, in revilement and persecution for righteousness' sake. "By faith we understand, that the worlds have been framed by the word of God;" therefore would we have this faith most difficult to acquire, the faith that cries out "Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him;" "my strength and my Redeemer."

This working, submissive faith it is which makes saviors of the race; which will make saviors out of any of us in proportion as we have it. It is a transforming power. The soul that waxes strong in it is glorified and doth glorify. As the sun illuminates the physical world, producing such multiform growth, utility and beauty, so does this faith illuminate the soul, generating growth, and usefulness, and holiness among men. It transfigures the world without into poetry, truth and love. It is the harmonizer of self and the world; the subjecter of appetite and passion to the spiritual law. It is, indeed, what St. Paul defines it, "The giving of substance to things hoped for; the proving of things not seen;" for it beholds face to face the ideal future, and strives to make it into the present flesh. By this faith the just do live and attain immortality, for they "see," with the psalmist, "the end of perfection." The storm-cloud cannot be so thick but hope's telescope shall pierce it.

Years since, Fred Douglass was speaking in a large city on the wrongs and sufferings of his race. In despondent mood he portrayed for the colored man a hopeless future. The tall, gaunt, dusky form of old Sojourner Truth arose in the audience, and cried out: "Hold! Frederick, is God dead?" No, God lives, and all the manifold activities of matter and mind, nature's catastrophes, man's revolutions, his joys and sorrows, all the conflicts and contrasts of life are playing parts in the vast movement of fate centering in Himself, "for, certainly, our appetites here, be it of war, or peace, or hate, or love, all this is ruled by the sight above."

In varied forms and degrees has this faith been exemplified on earth—in the resignation and virtue of Epictetus under the lash of slavery; in the patience and purity of Marcus Aurelius, in his daily striving for self-mastery amid the temptations of absolute power in a corrupt age; in the saintly Fenelon, walking unspotted and loving in the immoral, hypocritical and skeptical court of Louis XIV; in Channing's piety and devotion to duty through many years of physical suffering; in the philanthropy of Wilberforce or Florence Nightingale; in the moral statesmanship of Solon, Cato, Gladstone, Sumner; in

the steadfast service of human rights in the face of obloquy of Roger Williams, of Garrison, of Lincoln.

This is the faith which carries the crosses, and leads to the crosses of the world; which Socrates taught to the Greeks, and brought him the hemlock; which Jesus published to the Jews, and brought him the agony of Gethsemane; which made Saint Paul, and many another soul, count his thorn in the flesh for the glory of God. This is the old and the new faith that shall come again to baptize man unto eternal life. This is the Holy Ghost, the Comforter of Jesus, which shall return to sit in tongues of fire on the justified when his personality no longer overshadows our worship.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF UNITY: May I say one word on the subject of *Jfs* for parents. It seems to me that your contributor has omitted one that, to my mind, is very essential for those who "wish to do well by their children." Should she not have included: if you teach them to *think* and *believe* for themselves? Your paper (which I was very glad to receive) is the advocate of "freedom, fellowship and character in religion." Have not children as much right to *absolute* freedom of opinion as to freedom in other respects? but how seldom it is accorded!

Freedom is as essential as fellowship in religion—is, indeed, as it figures in your announcement, precedent of it. Yet, many parents, who above all things desire fellowship in religion with their children, never dream of allowing them that absolute freedom of opinion which is the first essential of true fellowship. A man because he has won his own freedom of opinion has no right to exact from his children the adoption of opinions because they constitute his own idea of freedom. Every child has a right, first to be taught to think, and, being able to think, to *choose consciously* his own opinions.

Free religionists who have themselves gained freedom seem to forget this. They bring their children up in the *atmosphere* of free religion, precisely as orthodox parents do in the atmosphere of orthodoxy, and look for fellowship with them as a *consequence* of similarity of opinion, whereas, to me, fellowship, to have any value, must be able, if necessary, to exist in the face of the possibility of other opinions.

In the same way, every progressive mind has a right to change in opinion; indeed, progress, in its very nature, implies change. And the earlier a child is taught to consider the opinions of others as not infallible, and to *think out* his own, the sooner he will be intelligently free—*i.e.*, capable of choice, in which alone is freedom. No mind is free as long as it unhesitatingly accepts the opinion of any other without thought.

I hope F. E. M. will excuse this expression of opinion; the importance of my *Jf* must justify me. Yours truly,
JANET E. REMTZ-REES.

EDITORS OF UNITY: I was glad to see Mr. H. Tambs Lyche's rebuke in the last UNITY. Surely Mr. Lyche puts it justly when he says, "Why teach a nation to do what in the individual we think wrong." In state affairs it is sometimes considered proper, for the sake of expediency, to do things which in pure ethics would be wrong; but I can see no good reason why a paper, which has for its object the teaching of high ideals in religion and ethics, should advocate such matters.

Besides, even on any grounds, it would seem in this particular case that forgiveness and forgetfulness would be the better policy. Yours truly,
G. M. ALVES.

HENDERSON, KY., July 25th, 1887.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Woman's Unitarian Association is one of the most forehanded of our western study organizations. It is already out with its next year's programme of study and its list of over two hundred members. The following is the order of studies:

SEPTEMBER 29.

Church of the Messiah, Mrs. E. A. West, Leader. Topic: "Temperance Work in the Liberal Churches."

OCTOBER 27.

Third Church, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Leader. Topic: "New Methods in Foreign Missions."

NOVEMBER 17.

All Souls Church. Sermon by Rev. Florence Kollock.

DECEMBER 22.

Unity Church, Dr. Leila G. Bedell, Leader. Topic: "Relation of Health to Religion."

JANUARY 26.

Church of the Messiah, Mrs. G. F. Shears, Leader. Topic: "The Wages of Sin."

FEBRUARY 23.

Third Church, Mrs. S. W. Conger and Mrs. C. H. S. Mixer, Leaders. Topic: "Contact with Children as an Educating Influence."

MARCH 23.

All Souls Church, Mrs. G. A. Follansbee, Leader. Topic: "Recent Controversies in the Roman Catholic Church."

APRIL 28.

Unity Church, Miss Florence Hilton, Leader. Topic: "Dean Stanley and the Broad Church Movement."

At the beginning of each meeting ten minutes will be devoted to a review of the current religious events of the month, in charge of Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones.

The managers of the *New Church Independent*, the Swendenborgian monthly of this city, announce that if the necessary financial backing can be secured they will issue their periodical as a weekly, beginning in December, under the name of *The New Christianity*. Rev. S. H. Spencer, of Henry, Ill., is expected to take the chief editorial responsibility. While we cannot indorse the entire platform laid down in his prospectus, we cheerfully join hands with him over his second article:

Since pure or absolute religious truth is not attainable by finite minds, but only aspects of truth agreeable to individual genius and state, therefore soundness of doctrine is not to be determined by council or creed; and the new paper will strenuously maintain the sacredness of individual freedom and the rights of the individual conscience.

Philadelphia.—Mr. Mangasarian's last sermon before vacation gave "Five Reasons why we Fellowship with Unitarians."

The Unity Ethical Association in Camden has had a series of successful meetings, from which everybody is encouraged to proceed happily into the new season's work.

—Since coming here, Morse has made a bust

of Emerson which is entitled to the consideration of art and literature alike as being a work of unusual expressiveness and beauty. Mr. Pearsall Smith, of this city, who is now abroad, has undertaken to introduce it into England. Mr. Smith is the gentleman who proposed Whitman's visit to England, and was prepared to accord him royal financial treatment while going and coming and while there. —I understand that Morse, who is still here, is to make the Emerson head for the Minneapolis church.

—Two Hebrew shoemakers have been fined under the law of 1794 for plying their trade on Sunday. It is a sad outrage upon human honesty.

—The Camden society propose publishing a monthly record as soon as the necessary plans can be matured. The opposition the church finds in Camden is mostly the result of misunderstanding, and as the local papers, though inclined to be fair, are inefficient in their reports, it is thought the community might be enlightened by the circulation of a periodical compend of liberal literature.

Sioux Falls, Dak.—The walls of our new church are going up rapidly. We purpose having a corner-stone service soon, and the children will take part in it. The church is after the plan of Mr. Powell's church in Topeka, but it is built of Sioux Falls jasper granite instead of wood. There will be a very high and spacious basement. There is also a large parlor, a kitchen, a minister's study and two large and handsome rooms over the parlor which will be fitted up for the minister, who may lodge there if he wishes. We still hope to have it done before cold weather. The little church we are now in is very much crowded.

—Mrs. Wilkes is busy, as usual. She preaches now every Sunday at Luverne. She recently preached a most eloquent and touching sermon in the prison chapel. Her subject was "Forgiveness," and her text, "Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

—Miss Putnam, of Meadville school, who is spending her vacation at Rock Rapids, will exchange with Miss Bartlett July 31.

—Our Sunday-school went on a picnic excursion to Spirit Lake, Friday, July 22.

—Mr. Hunting is now at his home in Des Moines. He delivered a Fourth of July oration at Luverne, which was said to be the finest thing of the kind ever heard there.

Boston Notes.—It is pretty well determined by the A. U. A. to start a mission in Japan as soon as the acceptable minister offers himself.

—The Liberal Christian Mission of Rev. Narcisse Cyr, to Paris, France, and its suburbs, promises to set an entering wedge in the hard theology of the French evangelists. Indeed, that theology is already breaking up. Truly, pure Christianity never seems to have a resting time.

—Large preparations are making at Weirs, N.H., to receive delegates to the grove meeting, and from the appearances and reports the managers will not be disappointed in the number of expected visitors.

—Rev. C. A. Bartol is an expert at rowing and sailing a boat at his seashore home, Manchester-by-the-sea, Mass. Rev. Chas. F. Dole is the expert in the same exercises at Bar Harbor, Me.

—Many more books are now sold than last year at the A. U. A. building for summer vacation reading. Some all the time to persons not Unitarians.

—Union services of our churches have a small attendance. Rev. Charles R. Weld, of Baltimore, filled last Sunday the pulpit of the First church.

—A good deal of enthusiasm is expressed this year in the churches of Boston and suburbs in the Grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., set down

for next week. The success of the National Bureau of Unity clubs seems assured by the prominence to be given its lecturers at Weirs. Your Rev. J. Ll. Jones will be one of its heaviest advocates. E. R. B.

Dorchester, Mass.—The children of the First Parish are setting some good examples. They decide this year to give up their own picnic and give the money for it to city children who would not otherwise get a picnic. Some of the elders must have "caught on" to the idea, for the collection for the purpose came to more than \$180. And not long ago the "True Helpers," the temperance society of this same school, reprinted a temperance story by Miss Phelps, *as their tract*,—"the very best story of the kind there is," said one who knows. Send to them for a copy, and see what you think.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1887.

[NUMBER 23.]

EDITORIAL.

THE new church at Hinsdale, near Chicago, has asked W. C. Gannett to be its minister, and he has accepted the call. Happy church! happy minister! Indeed, how could either be said to be happy unless both were? This church is a bright, earnest movement in a delightful suburb. The leaders are Unitarians from Chicago, who wish thus to have their church make a home where they do. Mr. Gannett takes up the work unhindered by any fixed customs. Pastor and people will work out their aims together.

A PETITION, signed by seventy-four women graduates of the University of London, in favor of the extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women, has been sent to Sir J. Lubbock, M. P., for presentation in the House of Commons. That a woman has as much right to a vote *per se* as a man seems plain. That there are difficulties and dangers in all voting is equally plain. That certain peculiar dangers threaten the extension of suffrage to women is also equally plain. Hence we are glad of all signs that carefully educated minds are studying the subject.

As to the Jury System, it needs careful attention and study. That something should be done either with it or about it, is, if not plain, at least urgently suggested by many facts. On the one hand is the opinion which we have stated in another note. On the other hand, a paper, speaking of the melancholy trial and conviction of Jacob Sharp, in New York, says of the jury: "On an absolutely secret ballot they stood twelve for conviction at once. Not one of them hesitated, although the seeming flaw in the evidence had been urged upon their attention. And the fact inspires the public with a fresh confidence in the jury system. In fact, juries have done fairly well in this country of late." There are inherent difficulties and dangers in any system of criminal judgment, and it is probable that these lie in the same weaknesses of human nature that make the criminals; nevertheless one way may be more just and less dangerous than another. The subject is one that needs attention.

The subject of Federal aid to education is one of the questions of the hour. Our creed is very simple, namely, that, as we once heard a generous merchant say, "the money of the country must educate the children of the country"—and we care not at all whose the money is or where it is, or whose the children are or where they are. On this point *The American* has the following, which we think wise and right:

"The reservation to the states of the local functions which give each state a distinct and firm entity is consented to, on all hands. There is no American who is worth attention who desires to make such a nation as France, with the life of everything centered at Paris. Nor does any wise person wish to take from the states any function whose exercise in one way or the other, well or ill, concerns alone the people who reside in each one of them. The aggregate of the national functions is so great, and the importance of each so enormous, that it would be the height of folly to bring to Washington anything that can be safely and justly left at Harrisburg or Dover. But is education one of this class? What does more concern the nation? What more seriously imperils the people of Pennsylvania than the ignorance of the people in other states? The function of the "common defense" of the people we may take as the most natural and most unquestionable of those assigned to the nation, but it would be

hard to prove that the preservation of the common intelligence of the people was any less important. If a foreign enemy may come in through Maine or California, and must be repelled by the arm of the general government, is it any less a matter of concern when ignorance and consequent menace to republican institutions invade us by way of Florida or Louisiana?"

"THE July *Westminster Review* contains an article on 'American Education.' The system is very thoroughly discussed, and its faults and virtues weighed. In the course of it note is taken of the alleged 'godlessness' of American schools, and in discussing this matter the writer makes the statement 'that the popular religion, though seldom openly attacked, is gradually, by the simple force of enlightenment, sinking into the position of a tolerated form of charlatanny, alongside the once respectable alchemy and astrology.'" This is worthy of note; though we should not call it "godlessness," but rather Immanuel, that is to say, the God-with-us of pure, simple and noble ideas of religion. Of course the common theology must fall into disrepute before growing science and education—OF COURSE! But a nobler religion takes its place. Apropos of this is the following from a correspondent: "Would it not be well, in presence of the astonishing controversy between Andover and the American Board, to make it plain that the basis of all Christian dogma is the belief that the Maker of mankind has, from the making of the first man, doomed the vast majority of His creatures to never ending torment; a thing absolutely incredible to any sane man who has not had it instilled into him from babyhood."

The Best of Everything, published by D. R. Goudie, 163 Washington Street, Chicago, having changed its dress and appearing now in regular newspaper form, issues a manifesto setting forth four special points that the editor means to urge. First, he wishes to sweep away "the present absurd, cumbersome, unjust and unbusiness-like custom of trial by jury," in place of which he proposes "a permanent court of well paid, intelligent, upright judges, appointed by and subject to the supreme authority of the state or nation." Secondly, he says, "We want a new system of taking the vote in all elections, city, state, and national. . . . The methods of business and legal procedure that did well enough for a nation of two millions of homogeneous people do not serve the interests of sixty millions, made up of all nations, creeds and tongues." Thirdly, the editor means to advocate boards or courts of arbitration to decide disputes between employers and employed. Fourthly, and not least, he says, "We want the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic as soon as the people are sensible enough to realize that it is, *par excellence*, the curse of the world, the producer of eight-tenths of all the ignorance, poverty, vice and crime that exist in our country." These are brave aims for a newspaper, either weekly or daily, and Mr. Goudie sets them forth in the most uncompromising way.

TOUCHING the mooted point of legalized arbitration and courts for the same in labor disputes, *The Best of Everything* has the following paragraph, which is worthy of thought: "It has always appeared to us as exceedingly strange that we had the power to force our neighbor into court over a dispute in reference to property that might not involve a value of ten cents, and compel him to abide by the decision of the judge or jury before whom we appeared. That we could force him before the same tribunal for a single remark in disparagement

of our character or standing as a citizen, and that he would be compelled to abide whatever penalty the said court might see fit to impose upon him; while thousands of workmen had no court before which they could bring their employer, although the whole living of themselves and little ones were involved in the contest; nor had the employer a tribunal to which he could appeal, no matter how unjust, tyrannical and arbitrary the walking delegate might be. Such a state of affairs is a scandal and reproach to our common sense; it is unbusiness-like and unjust to both employer and employe. Absolute freedom of contract is all very well in its way, but the trouble is, that it never has, does not now, and never will exist in the business and manufacturing world; brute force, in one shape or another, and on one side or the other, has carried the day in almost every dispute which has been decided outside of the law courts."

THE beautiful charity called "The Fresh Air Fund" is now making its first appearance in Chicago. The *Daily News* has undertaken the collection and application of the funds with the co-operation of the officers of the Charity Organization Society, especially the executive care of Secretary W. Alex. Johnson, and the money is coming in handsomely. The object of the charity, as every one knows, is to give poor children and very young children with their mothers the advantage of a visit to the country for some days or weeks. In some places the charity is called The Country Week. Always it is hailed with enthusiasm everywhere, as it deserves to be, and it has done great and beneficent service in Boston, New York, Cincinnati and other places. No doubt it will now become a permanent summer charity in Chicago. The money, as we have said, is forthcoming plentifully. The pressing need now is some families in the country who will receive one or more children for a couple of weeks. Who of our friends living within two hours by railroad of Chicago, willing to take these little ones, will send in their names to W. Alex. Johnson, Sec. of the C. O. S., 116 La Salle Street, Chicago? Time and need presses. Let charitable hearts speak quickly. Fear not. You will find yourselves as much blest as the children. The experience in the east has been that families who thus have opened their doors once have found the experience so delightful that they have been eager to do it and anxious to get the children the next year.

ALREADY we have expressed ourselves carefully, feelingly, loyally, and, we hope, fraternally towards all, on the question of giving back the battle flags. We are sorry to see that a Union soldier who has been serving as a pension examiner in Cincinnati has been turned out of office because in a private party of friends he confessed the same view that we hold. We said a party of friends, but there was present either one loose-tongue or one false friend at least; for the man's opinion was telegraphed to Washington, and his dismissal instantly ordered. On this fact the *American* very justly says that if the offender "had taken any public occasion to denounce Mr. Cleveland's action, his dismissal would have been condoned because of his impropriety. But the private expression of his opinion in moderate terms is something for which a free citizen of a republic is responsible to nobody. It is a distinct attempt to import monarchical ideas into our system, when such an utterance is made the ground for a removal from the public service. On the monarchical theory the official is the personal servant of the sovereign, and must show all the deference which is employed in personal service. In our system he is the servant of the public, and there can be no adequate reason for his removal which does not connect itself with the public interests. The public have an interest in having the chief magistrate treated with proper courtesy by his subordinates on all public occasions. But it is not their interest to have those subordinates coerced into a suppression of their personal opinions, under such penalty as this. And its interests are not served by having any head of department dismiss a subordinate without a hearing, however grave the charges brought against him."

Was It Honest?

In a recent number of the *Critic* appears the following:—

"A knowledge of books, if only of their outsides, is a valuable thing to possess. A well-known bibliophile, browsing in a second-hand bookstall a few weeks ago, picked up a little volume from the ten-cent counter. To the looker-on he showed no excitement, but his heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he slowly put on his spectacles and turned to the title-page of the book. Then he glanced through it leaf by leaf, fumbled about in his pocket for a ten-cent piece, dropped it into the palm of the keeper of the stall, and walked home with the book in his hand: he couldn't trust it to his pocket. When he got to the little room where he lodges, he sat down and again turned the pages carefully. This time he was alone, so he could let a smile of satisfaction play without restraint upon his face, and his gray eyes twinkled brightly through his spectacles. He kept the book all night to gloat over, and the next day sold it to a wealthy bibliophile for \$500!

Was it honest? We confess we think it dishonest, and dishonesty of just so much the more sad and blameworthy kind as it is connected with the domains of thought, literature, and scholarship, where, if any where, honest dealing should find especial fellowship and be cherished most carefully. Yet we have reason to know that this act is no isolated case. We remember being confounded years ago when a very eminent scholar in this country told us, with a triumphant laugh, of his purchase of a copy of Wetstein's New Testament. That is a rare book, selling, when found at all, for about \$30; yet this scholar happening to light on a copy whose owner was ignorant of its value, carried it off for \$7, gloating over his bargain. Again we ask, Was it honest? Sometimes the true character of an act will appear most plainly by setting it against its exact opposite,—as foul air, to which we have grown used and insensible, becomes apparent to us when once we get our heads outside of it and draw a deep breath of the pure atmosphere. Beside the foregoing acts, we will place the act of a poor man of which we were informed. He purchased a special book from a dry goods merchant after haggling about the price; but the next day he returned and laying down three shillings on the merchant's desk, said: "I sold the book for more than I thought I could when I beat down your price yesterday; here is your share of it." Now how do the two kinds of acts look against each other? Which is the honest one, the act which each of the two scholars did without scruple, or the act of the poor book-dealer? And from whom ought we to have expected the most enlightened and delicate honesty, from the second-hand book-dealer or from the scholar?

But there is another question about these scholars' act. Was it dignified? Supposing for a moment it be called honest as trade goes, still, was it noble, high-minded? We say No! As to the point of honesty, let traders dispute as they will. We know all about the arguments on the business side. We have been all over the poor, shambling reasoning a hundred times. We have not the space, nor indeed the heart, for it just now. But on the point of the nobility and personal dignity of the act in question, we will spend a word, and say plainly that it is ignoble, undignified and supine, for two strong reasons at least. First, the act which these scholars were guilty of was neither more nor less than the getting of something for nothing; and this is a deed which we have characterized over and over again in *UNITY* as a mean, base, fraudulent thing. We shall say it a hundred times yet! we would like to say it till the air rang with it. If there be a disease with which the world is sicker than it is with that base sickness of trying to get something for nothing, we know not what to name it. It passes us to understand how a man can hold anything in his hand for which he has given no equivalent of any kind, and not only feel happy in having the thing but actually gloat over the fact of having gotten it for nothing.

Secondly, the act of the two scholars was a mean one because it took advantage of ignorance. To wring things from other hands as alert, strong and cunning as our own, has at least some show of credit in it, and even possibly the charm of agile dexterity; but merely to prey on ignorance, as when these two scholars took advantage of their unlettered fellow men, is an act bigger in size but no better in quality, as we

can see, than stealing a blind man's pennies or robbing a cripple. Ah! poor human justice! Many a wretched fellow has gone to prison for an act less mean and more tempted,—yes, and less hurtful to society, than the act which the scholars did, with few men, we fear, to say them nay!

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Experience.

I knew that thou wouldst fail—
Oh! I knew it!
Dost thou recall the day—
Alas! that so I rue it,
And all my heart again doth quail!—
When on thy bosom I did lay
My head, and ask, almost in dream,
This question—What the deepest joy doth seem?
Then answered I—not waiting thee,—
With the still quickness of a dream,
Half thought, half speech, as in a dream—
“My incommunicable bliss
That filleth me is this, is this,
That I love thee.”
But answered thou—
I hear thee now—
“Nay, not so, nay,
But this I say,—
The dearest joy to me
Is to be loved by thee.”
How all my heart in me did quail!
Then I knew that thou wouldst fail.

J. V. B.

The Unitarian Review.

If UNITY before this has not given special mention to the *Unitarian Review* since it passed into the strong hands of Rev. Joseph Henry Allen as editor, it is not because we failed to hail Mr. Allen's editorship in our minds or were insensible to the growing value of the *Review*. But perhaps we are a little glad that we have delayed till now a special article, because we have so noble a number as that for July for our text and occasion. Of Mr. Allen himself we need not speak. His broad and varied scholarship stands among the foremost in the Unitarian fold, and, for that matter, in any fold. His wide mental sympathies bring the man to the aid of the scholar. His peculiar historical training and uncommon power of actually himself living in and reproducing the life of any epoch which he studies, and his previous experience in editing the *Christian Examiner* (the cessation of which we have never ceased to lament as a loss to Unitarian scholarly development),—all these qualifications set the editing of the *Review* in a high place in giving it into his hands. As to the *Review*, we want to say strongly that it is taking on a very noble tone indeed; of which fact the July number is a happy example. It opens with an article by Doctor Hedge on the subject of “Feudal Society”—an article worth studious reading. By way of introduction to a graphic page which we wish to quote, we will say that the article begins with the statement that in history there is properly no beginning, since we can find no time when civil society was absolutely new. Then, if no beginning, so history shows no decline. There has been no halt in the march of humanity, nor even a retreat. If there seem to be an arrest, it is only as the winter seems to arrest vegetation, but really *rests*, not *arrests*. Thence, feudalism is not an absolutely new product, but must be studied in its source in the German tribes which overran the Roman empire. By this study the vassalage, the war element, the knights, the peculiar position of woman, which are the salient points of the feudal system, are explained. Doctor Hedge treats interestingly of the separative tendency of the feudal system which spread power broadcast. He says that the king was merely one noble among many, with perhaps more numerous

vassals and a court, but with no more actual power than many of the barons of his realm; and he traces to this tendency the rise of the country in national polity over capital cities, such as Athens, Rome, Sparta, Carthage, of which, in the earlier civilization, the countries were mere dependencies. Chivalry, Doctor Hedge says, was the application of Christianity to the business of arms, associated with the old German reverence for women. Now for the graphic page of details which we wish to quote. Doctor Hedge says that the chivalric life of feudalism is not brilliant on close inspection, but more like theatrical illusions, dispelled by a peep behind the scenes. This he enforces by the following description of the household conveniences and manners. Readers of “Ivanhoe” will recall a similar testimony in that novel, though not so much at length. Doctor Hedge says: “The floor was usually covered with straw or with rushes, not too often renewed, and harboring fragments of food and all manner of impurities. Our fine lady's wardrobe and household appointments, though not wanting in jewels and other splendors for festive seasons, were lamentably deficient in what are now regarded as the necessities of life. She had no stockings to her feet, most likely no cloths to her table, possibly no sheets to her bed. If she had handkerchiefs, the supply was exceedingly limited, consisting of one or two for state occasions, and none for common use. She had no accommodations for sitting in her bower, except perhaps a stone seat in the embrasure of the window and her bed. Chairs were unknown. At meals the company sat on rude wooden benches around coarse wooden tables. Waiters were abundant, but the table furniture was scanty and vile to a degree very shocking to modern sensibility. A few pieces of plate, hereditary or plundered, graced the tables of the wealthy; but the dishes were mostly wooden trays, and the plates or trenchers were of the same material. The custom of a plate to each person was a luxury undreamed of. One plate for two was the utmost allowance; and, at festive entertainments, the gallantry of the age contrived to couple the sexes, so that each gentleman should share his plate with a lady. In the novel of “Launcelot du Lac,” a lady whom her jealous husband had compelled to dine in the kitchen complains that it is a very long time since any knight has eaten off the same plate with her. Gentleman and lady have a plate between them, but no fork. The fork is altogether a modern invention. Knightly and fair fingers came into primary relations with boiled and roast,—a fashion more primitive than nice, especially when we add the absence of napkins.”

In concluding the article Dr. Hedge says nobly: “The conditions may change, but the problem of life is ever the same. In every age, the problem for the individual is how to make the most of a day,—to fill up the given mould of existence with an adequate flow of conscious life. . . . Historic progress is not of men, but of man. Individuals are relatively no wiser and no better from age to age; but humanity advances all the while with sure and steady pace.” But we hope and think that if there be no wiser individuals than in the old times, yet surely there are a greater number of wise ones.

The article by Rev. C. F. Dole on “The Voluntary System in the Support of Churches,” is not only very interesting and very well done, but of a high nobility of tone. What a ring for truth and fellowship has the following: “In a church, all are supporters together according to their means, and all are equal beneficiaries. Neither, again, is it a true church when you gather the rich by themselves, howsoever you contrive by subtle barriers to exclude the poor, or however you contribute to support a mission church around the corner. A fashionable church! What would Jesus Christ have thought of such an anomaly? As though he ever contemplated any church that was not the expression of the missionary spirit! A church of the respectable! What respect would Jesus have had for its smooth self-complacency?”

Other articles we must pass over for lack of space, just expressing our pleasure in the broad-minded editorial article on the “Western Opportunity,” in which Mr. Allen says plainly that the western opportunity for a high and pure religion

is not to be judged "by anything we have known of theological motives and controversies familiar to us in older communities." We wish to say a warm word, though we have but a little space left, for the department of the *Review* called "The Editor's Note Book." This is distinguished in this number, as we have had occasion to observe in other numbers, by the widest and most heart-felt devotion to humane causes and questions. Mr. Allen discusses in, to us, a very wise and impressive manner, the appalling facts which he groups under the title "Crime as a Political Factor." Also there is a discussion of fresh aspects of the labor question called out by sundry books, the most notable being the recent translation of Karl Marx. Following this is a discussion longer still, and very interesting for facts as well as wise in views and warm in spirit, entitled "Industrial Arbitration." From this editorial department we quote the following concerning such facts as the crimes in Ireland and among our own anarchists: "However we judge the particular case, the fact that strikes sharpest is the existence of crime, ferocious and sanguinary, unaccompanied by any sense of guilt. It is like the horror of a battlefield, where the furious effort to maim and kill is unchecked by mercy or remorse,—unimpelled, too, by personal animosity or hate, so that, the battle over, each is equally eager to bind up the other's wounds. It is, in a way, one deep mystery of our moral nature; but, in another way, it is a fact that meets us under all sorts of disguises and at every turn. Whether in war, or in party politics, or in the social struggle, men continually do or consent to deeds which as private acts they shrink from and abhor. 'Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?' But he will do it at the very next bidding of a party leader, in the next emergency that gives him a pretext for casting off his private sense of right in favor of what has the sanction of political antipathy and passion." We would like to quote more, especially from the discussion of Arbitration, but have no space. The *Review* ends with its departments of "Critical Theology" and "Literary Criticism," of which we need not speak. If the *Review* goes on like this—and why should it not in Mr. Allen's hands?—it will go through deep seas and leave a shining wake. It ought to be in all Unitarian households; to help which distribution, so far as we have influence, is one reason for this article, but a still greater reason is our delight in the tone and power of the *Review*.

J. V. B.

Kitchen Windows.

Sure, ma'am, I could niver engage to ye; the kitchen is too small for me comfort at all and intirely." With this, my girl, with recommendations from a dozen last employers, majestically departed.

That my kitchen was small had not before ever suggested itself to me, although I had worked in it many a month. So it happened that Miss Bridget O'Hauty-Tauty's words set me thinking.

Much of my work in the kitchen is done either by the window or the open door; and as I live in an up-stairs flat, my window and door give me a good long look far down the street. As I look out I see two trees, an aspen and a cottonwood. Very early in the season the first delicate green of the new foliage steals over my trees; and the summer through they wave and nod in a friendly way. They seem to scrub and rub with me, and to iron and bake. They shake and rustle and grow green and full, until at last the fall winds strip them; then the graceful network of branches seems penciled against the sky like some beautiful arabesque on the front of heaven's blue portal.

As I sit at my ironing-table in hot summer days, it is no fancy, real coolness comes over to me from those two trees, a block away,—coolness and peace and quiet pleasure, borne on the subtle lines of that great invisible, intangible something we call spirit, which links the farthest star to the tiniest speck in space.

So I say my kitchen is not small to me, because in at my door or my window comes the joy and beauty of the forest, the bigness of the sky, the out-dooriness of the world.

Places are small or big but relatively. It is always well to have windows to scrub as well as kitchens. How we should pity or else laugh at a man who should shut himself up in a cave and complain at want of sunshine and space!

Some of us women do that same thing. We get surrounded by our work, shut in; and leaving out the windows, the work which might have been joy and beauty becomes toil and drudgery.

Besides the trees, my kitchen has a fine outlook to the very tall chimney of the Cook County Hospital. From this chimney often rolls up a billowy mass of smoke. It goes with the wind, sometimes rolling quietly and majestically upward, or again curvetting and dividing, chased about like great playboys. Sometimes, as the sun goes down, the cloud of smoke rises into the blue sky all tinged with fire, a fit pathway for Apollo's sun-steeds, and one over which dewy Iris might speed in lack of a rainbow.

From this same little kitchen I see the ice men going their rounds, leaving the crystal winter; I see the banana men trundling their carts; the apple men and vegetable men, the newsboys, the fish man, the balloon man, the popcorn man, with his musical cadence, these and many more I seem to receive as friends of toil.

I see the back yards fill with the clean washed clothes; I see into people's morning lives; I see children at play, their blessed play, and they climb into the broken cart in the alley, and supply its missing wheel with my ash barrel, and they climb the telegraph poles and ride the fence, and scream and laugh, and wherever their young fresh play goes on, the world, whether park or alley, seems fresh and sweet to live in.

Meanwhile the birds fly in and out on my little porch; and I—I iron, or bake, or something else, and I do it feeling the kitchen to be large and roomy for the blessed largeness of the world.

But there are dearer and sweeter helps than these of the tree or the bird or the rolling smoke,—they are the helps of happy thoughts. It is wonderful how beautiful things are; a weed reveals divinity; the speck of dirt has in it the elements of sun and stars and cloud tints, and the blood that pulses in the warm heart of man.

But what is all this beauty of the beautifulness about us, when so much more is the beauty and joy and blessedness of love? Who of us so poor as not to have this wealth? What kitchen so little that love cannot enter? What "mind-cure" like the wondrous cure of love? How glorious all things become, how transmuted in the alchemy of love!

Do you call it scrubbing? It is making the dear one's home white. The work we do for love is something more than work. it is blessedness.

The world is so large, so beautiful, so full of possibility for love and service! It is very sad to miss its blessed largeness. But we do miss it if we get shut into a kitchen, or a parlor, a calling of any sort, and leave out the windows. We miss it if we even get shut into our own homes, however lovely they are, for the world is God's home, and He only comes in to us as we go out to Him in the bigger home of the lives around us. Then how grand life grows, how large our little part, large because touching the all.

How ready are hearts for hearts! and hands for hands! How a kind word, a loving look, a gentle sympathy, calls out love and cheer and blessing! How lovely people are! How good! I thank God each blessed day of life, not for health, nor home, nor wealth, nor poverty, nor all else so much, so deeply, so joyfully, as that we all have one another.

GRACE CURTIS.

From Jerusalem.

Our friend Mr. B. B. Wiley, of the Third church of this city, has had an interesting letter from a friend in Jerusalem, who with his wife removed to the ancient holy city some years ago in the belief that he was led and directed to do so, and that it was the spot of earth where they best could live a religious life. We found it a novel pleasure to see this epistle, straight from Jerusalem. We asked the privilege of printing the following passage:

"Our life flows on very peacefully and joyfully. Our household, consisting, with the children, of about twenty-five persons, is a wondrously united and happy one. From what has been already stated, you will see that we are not here as missionaries or 'teachers' or anything of that kind, but you will also be sure that in the midst of such a population as that which makes up Jerusalem there are abundant opportunities of ministering in every way to others, if there exists the heart to do it.

"Our house constitutes a kind of common meeting place for all classes—we make no differences—all are welcome. Not a day passes without many visitors. There is scarcely an evening in which there are not from five to twenty Mohammedans—of every class, from shepherds in sheep-skins to Effendis—visiting in the salon. Each Sunday many Greeks and Protestants come to see us. Every Saturday, for nearly four years, Jews have come (rarely less than fifty—sometimes over two hundred—last Saturday there were more than a hundred and sixty) to hear us sing. We make no attempts to proselyte among any class—we distribute no tracts—we begin no discussions. But we are known to be Christians, and if there is anything in the life they see lived in our house, in the words spoken, the treatment received, which attracts, Christ has the praise. The most powerful sermons, we find, are not the spoken, but the *lived* ones.

"Among all these classes, Mohammedans, Jews, Greeks, Catholics, Copts, Protestants, we have many friends, who never tire in manifestations of friendliness and affection. Never a night passes in which fellaheen (*i.e.*, peasantry from the villages) do not make our house a stopping place. We have a guest chamber for them, and give them their supper. They often show their appreciation of it in little gifts—a few dry figs, flowers, nuts, etc.,—and when we return their visits and go to their villages, as we sometimes do, there is nothing they have which is too good for us.

"Jerusalem has greatly changed in appearance since we have been here, now almost six years. A very large amount of building is constantly going on, in large part for the accommodation of the constantly incoming Jews. A majority of the 45,000 people in Jerusalem are now Jews. The Latins (Catholics) and Greeks are always prosecuting great building enterprises—churches, schools, hospitals, and hospices for the accommodation of pilgrims. The Greeks, backed by the Russian government, and the Latins, are each, with desperate energy and great outlays, seeking to obtain a preponderating *plant* and hold upon this land."

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Humboldt Library. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, New York.

The number for April is devoted to two papers by Herbert Spencer, entitled, "The Genesis of Science" and "The Coming of Age of the 'Origin of Species.'" For May the contents is fourteen papers by Richard A. Proctor beginning with "Notes on Earthquakes," and treating such subjects as "Photographing Fifteen Million Stars," "The Story of the Moon," "The Falls of Niagara," "Sun Worship," "Science and Politics," "Parents and Children." The last named discusses the law of heredity in its relation to the training of children. The Humboldt Library is one of the most excellent of publications. It is an excellent idea thus to publish from month to month, at \$1.50 a year or fifteen cents a number, pamphlets of 40 to 50 pages which have not the varied and often salad-like character of an ordinary magazine, but consist of real treatises or else of a collection of articles all bearing on one topic or on one kind of subject. For example, number 22 consists of a treatise 47 pages long, by the lamented Professor Clifford, on "Seeing and Thinking," with the following table of contents: "The Eye and the Brain," "The Eye and Seeing," "The Brain and Thinking," "Of Boundaries in General." Number 65 has articles by the same author on some of the "Conditions of Mental Development," "Aims and Instruments of Scientific Thought," "A Lecture on Atoms," "The First and Last Catastrophe." Number 88 gives a paper on "Science and Crime," by Andrew Wilson,

and adds sundry scientific articles such as "About Kanga-roos," "On Giants," "Leaves," etc. Examples of entire treatises are given by numbers 46 and 52, which are works by Ribot of great interest, one on "The Diseases of the Will," the other on "The Diseases of the Memory." The work on the Will treats of its impairment by lack of impulsion and by excessive impulsion; of the impairment of voluntary attention; of the realm of caprice; and of the utter extinction of will. The work on Memory treats of its subject as a biological fact; of general amnesia, which means forgetfulness; of partial amnesia; of exaltation of amnesia, learnedly called hypermnesia. The last chapter treats of the relations of memory to nutrition, circulation, quantity and quality of the blood, etc. Examples of treatises of a different kind are given in numbers 67 and 72, both by Dr. Hecker: "The History of the Black Death," the deadly pestilence in Europe in the fourteenth century, and "The Dancing Mania of the Middle Ages." Each issue of the Humboldt Library has a good table of contents at the end. We repeat that such an enterprise does excellent service for thoughtful readers.

P. Terenti Afri Adelphæ. Text with Stage Directions. By Henry Preble, Tutor of Latin and Greek, Harvard College. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is the Latin text of this witty play of Terence, with the stage directions in English. As the Latin poet has not condescended to give the directions himself, after the manner of modern playwrights, the directions added by a scholar have all the force of explanatory notes, and make the play vivid to the reader's imagination, and also plain where it would be blind or difficult. We quote the opening stage direction, which is the longest and sets forth the scene clearly: "Scene—street in Athens. Back of stage represents two adjoining houses. The larger, to the right of the spectators, belongs to Micio, and has a large door near the center of the stage and a smaller door to the right. The smaller house to the left is Sostrata's, and has but one door. The street leads on the left to the harbor, and on the right to the Forum (market-place, Agora); a lane also on the right, but towards the rear leads to the country. There is also a lane on the left. In the middle of the stage an altar. Enter Micio from the front door of his house. Calls as he comes out: "Storax! (No answer. Soliloquizes). Non rediit hac nocte a Cena Æschinus," etc. The play is thickly strewn with directions which show the action and the connection of the speeches, such as "Pauses a moment," "Aside to spectators," "Threateningly," "Parmeno takes position by Sannio," "Parmeno strikes Sannio," "Soliloquizes, not noticing the others," etc., etc. At the beginning of act second stands the following: "Sannio rushes in from the market-place pursued by Æschinus with Bacchis, and followed by the slaves (Storax, Parmeno, etc.)." These examples show with what vivacity the play is helped for the reader by such directions. A table of metres is appended.

Poetry as a Representative Art. By George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This is a solid, careful book of 350 pages, which is truly characterized by its title, and yet not completely. It is the author's aim throughout to show that poetry, being an expression of thought by various qualities of sound, including rhythm, must use verbal expression in such manner as not merely to utter the thought in words, but furthermore to represent or express it in the sounds and movements of the lines. This thesis the author develops in 18 chapters on such topics as "Poetry and Primitive Language," "Force as the Source and Interpreter of Poetic Measures," "The Sacrifice of Sense to Sound," "Meanings of Words as Developed by Association and Comparison," "Poetic and Unpoetic Words," "Prose and Poetry; Presentation and Representation in its Various Forms," "Pure Representation in the Poetry of Homer," "Representation in Poems Considered as Wholes," "The Useful Ends of Poetic Representation." The author illustrates with a wealth of poetic examples, ancient and modern. The following quotations, from the middle of the

book, will allow the author to express the purposes of the volume in his own words: "The theory underlying all that has been said thus far is, that poetry is an artistic development of language; its versification of the pauses of natural breathing; its rhythm and tune of the accents and inflections of ordinary conversation; and the significance in its sounds of ejaculatory and imitative methods actuating the very earliest efforts of our race at verbal expression. The inference suggested has been that these effects produced by sound are legitimate in poetry because, like language, and as a part of it, and far more significantly than some forms of it, they represent thought." . . . "No effects produced by sound are legitimate in poetry, which fail in any degree to represent thought." (p. 150). "It is because of the exceeding difficulty of perfectly adjusting sound to thought and thought to sound till, like perfectly attuned strings of a perfect instrument, both strike together in all cases so as to form a single chord of a perfect harmony, that there are so few great poets." (p. 151.) The following judgment is interesting: "It is doubtful whether, amid all eulogy and abuse which have greeted all the works of Robert Browning, any one, in private or in print, has ever told him plainly what those faults are—all so easy to correct—but for which the man with the greatest poetic mind of the age would be—what now he is not—its greatest poet." (p. 171). We have read this book through slowly, for it is a book to study. This is the same as saying that no real justice to it can be done in a little notice. The book is worthy of an extended analytical review. Any one who will study it carefully will find himself better furnished to enjoy the masterpieces of poetry.

J. V. B.

Waste-Land Wanderings. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D. New York: Harper & Bros. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

This volume of 312 pages is written in the same entertaining style as the author's "Upland and Meadow," but is a description of his wanderings on Crosswicks Creek instead of Poet-quissings. The book is divided into nine chapters, having as titles the names of the different parts of the explored creek,—like "At Linden Bend," "Watson's Crossing," "Dead Willow Bend," "The Twin Islands," "The Landing," etc. Each chapter is divided into many smaller heads, as, for example, in chapter VII under the general title of "Mill Creek," are "A Lonely Sand-piper; Tree-climbing, its Merits and Disadvantages; Wood-tattlers, a Nest of these Birds destroyed by a Bull-frog; Meadow-mice; Bush-nests of White-footed Mice; Etheostomoids; Mythical Fish described by Early Writers; Bill-fish; Sudden Changes of the Weather." And in chapter VIII he speaks of "Cowpen-birds; Early Navigation of Crosswicks Creek; Snowy Owls; Golden Club; Traces of Indian Occupation of the Place; Velvet Ant; Burrows of Animals; Food of Eels," etc. The author apparently has a poor opinion of the naturalists of olden times, for after showing the unworthiness of many of the old sayings about the weather, he says: "It may be rash to say that meteorological science can gain nothing from scientific observation of animal life; but the character of the weather-lore that has been handed down from father to son for the past two centuries plainly indicates that the observations which gave rise to them were anything but scientific in character. Mankind now, as formerly, may be close observers of Nature, but this does not imply that they are accurate observers. . . . The simple and sad fact derived from a study of local animal weather-lore is that, in the days of our grandfathers, painstaking naturalists were few and far between." Mr. Abbott has the quick eye of the true naturalist, and sees many things that an ordinary observer would pass. For this he has been censured, and he replies: "It is true, sights and sounds crowd upon each other till I am bewildered. Could I have seen less, I should have learned more. I have never dared to recount the adventures of a single day. The sleepiest twenty-four hours of the year is more exciting than a battle-field, if one has the will to use his eyes and ears. I have seen too much. Alas! it is the one fact that saddens me, wherever I ramble." At the back of the book is a very thorough index, covering some ten pages, printed in double columns. The book is neatly bound and

well printed. It is a work which will be welcomed by all lovers of Nature, and it should find a place in every school library.

The Art of Reading Latin. How to Teach It. Boston: Ginn & Co.

A little pamphlet with the above title has been lately put forth by W. G. Hale, professor of Latin in Cornell university. The pamphlet is not much larger than a common almanac, and yet so full of excellence, so ripe in thought and suggestions concerning the teaching of Latin, that, were its size to be measured by its worth it would be a ponderous tome.

Very briefly, but very clearly, Professor Hale shows that as Latin is usually taught it is and ever must be a dead language. This usual method is laboriously and with much torture, at length to enable the student of Latin to manage to turn a good Latin sentence into a poor English one. Mr. Hale proposes to have a scholar read Latin just as a Roman youth would have done, to accustom himself to the construction and arrangement of sentence, and to bend to Latin form. He shows the folly of the common rule. "First find the subject, then the predicate." Mr. Hale would leave the Latin as it is, and train the scholar to read it in its own order, in true Latinity. He gives many examples of class exercises, so suggestive that it is hard to praise them too much. They show plainly that teachers have it in their power, by right methods, to enable their pupils to acquire ready command of Latin.

Professor Hale says, that at the end of two years' work he finds it practicable for the class to devote itself to study of the Latin literature without translation into English.

In this way it is easy to see that the life and soul of the text is left in,—and in no other way can it be. Laboriously to translate Cicero's orations, or anything else Latin, into pure English is to destroy its meaning and the student's appreciation.

If Latin study is to be a hapless meandering hither and thither through the Latin sentence to capture a subject and ever fleeing predicate, and then the proper modifiers, until, at last, the train is coupled and on its true English track, surely it would be better to drop it. From some experience in teaching Latin we know that students become interested in the language in the measure that they succeed in dropping their own tongue and following the author in Latin without the intervention of English.

G. C.

THE HOME.

A Youthful Contractor.

Last summer there came to our house a young gentleman from the newsboy rank of life who had reached the mature age of ten years, and went by the name of Jim. Jim persuaded my little boy, aged eight, that he had found an excellent opening for a young man, that fitted exactly the abilities of my son. He thought it would yield him money enough to tide him over till Christmas, if he was frugal. Of course such an opportunity was not to be refused, so without consulting any of the family, my boy joined his new-found friend in walking down to Washington Park, two miles away, on one of the big race days. On reaching there Jim gave him a horse to hold, while he himself looked up a few more innocents. Jim finally secured six more, and engaged them on the same liberal promises. He placed each one of them at the head of a horse, and there among more than a hundred restless, fly-bitten, stamping creatures, these little fellows stayed at their task until the last race had been run, and the sun had gone down the horizon. Then as fast as the owners came for their steeds, each little chap received from Jim the magnificent sum of five cents, and they two miles from home. Their young contractor received six dollars for the thirty-five cents he paid out. This transaction certainly gives promise of a financial genius, which if not prematurely nipped, will dim the fires of no less a personage than Jay Gould himself.

As a Boy.

"When I was a boy," the grandsire said
To the bright lad by his knee,
"Of the victors crowned with fame, I read,
Who triumphed on land and sea!
And through the years, from the deathless page,
A summons has sounded long;
To youth, and manhood, and hoary age,
The message is this: 'Be strong!'"

"When I was a boy——" he paused and said
To the listener by his knee,
"Of the men who were as lights I read
In a dark world's history!
They prized the truth and were loved of God,
And no fear of man they knew:
And still, from the glorious heights they trod,
The message was this: 'Be true!'" — *Quiver.*

A San Francisco Flower.

A certain wise man was strolling among the hills just outside of 'Frisco, somewhere about the first of this very April. Suddenly he paused and looked intently at a little flower at his feet. It was a tiny yellow blossom, star-shaped, and similar to a thousand others that swarmed over the hills; but it differed from the others in this, that the tips of its petals were pure white, as though they had been dipped into some bleaching acid. Looking more intently, he found others like it scattered down the hill-side.

Now you or I, no doubt, would have marvelled for a moment, and would then have passed on and forgotten about so trifling a fact as the variation of color in a wild flower. But this man, being so much wiser than you or I, only smiled to himself and said: "I will ask one of these curious little blossoms what this means."

So he bent over one of them and questioned it (for he that will, may understand all that the grasses and flowers say, if he only keeps on asking questions, and then listens with patience and tender interest for their answers). And just what was said, I will tell you, for he told it to me to-day.

"We plants," began the little flower, "we plants have our living to make for ourselves and our children, just as you human beings have, and these gay petals are the advertisements we hang out, to invite our customers to call. You don't understand? You mean that you have forgotten—for so wise a man as you surely knows the main business of a flower, and the names of its customers?"

"Seed-making and honey-making, you say, are the two kinds of business that every flower transacts or tries to transact? Right. The seeds, you see, are our children; and, like a wise parent, every plant works hard to equip its children well in one way or the other, before they start out for themselves.

"Now, one of the best legacies a plant can ever bequeath to its children is a healthy constitution. And, to secure this, the pollen grains which fertilize the flower and make the ovules at the base develop into seeds, must not come from the same flower as the one containing the ovules, or the seeds are likely to be small and weak. These pollen grains, holding as they do the fertilizing principle, must come from some other flower on the same plant, or better still, from another plant of the same species, growing under widely different conditions, perhaps a mile away.

"How shall this be secured? By the wind blowing the pollen dust about from one flower to another? Yes, that is one way. But we plants have learned a still safer and surer method, and that is to send the pollen in charge of certain individuals who act as traders between flower and flower, unloading and re-loading at every stopping-place." These are the bees who in stopping to get honey, carry away on their wings and legs this pollen dust and mix it with that of the next flower they visit.—*I. C. Craddock, in the Kindergarten.*

ESSAYS OF JAMES VILA BLAKE.

SUBJECTS:—Choice, Faculty, Public Education, Happiness and Time, Vainglory, Luck, Seeing Good Things, Side Lights of Intelligence, Individuality, Questions of Heroism, Praising, Censure, Flattery, Government, Handwriting, Knowledge, Meditation, Common Sense, Requit, Anger, Judgment of Others, Patience, Enemies, Immortal Life, Death, Emergency, Conscience Character as a Work, Superiority.

The volume of this [gnomic] wisdom is properly the world's Bible, and every sentence, every fragment of it is precious beyond price. Mr. Blake has given us in this little book the condensed result of the thought of his best hours—hours spent, and a great many of them, in study, reflection, observation, calm, careful meditation upon the great problems of life and of being. The fruit is a rare work of wisdom; a neat volume full to the brim of enrichment, suggestion, stimulus; a very encheiridion, a vademecum to carry amid all passages, the varied experiences and exposures of our earthly life. Every one will find something here to feed upon, pemican to carry for the waste and solitary places in his journey—song of conquest, notes of the battle cry for successful conflict and victory.—*Charles D. B. Mills in Unity.*

The essays of Mr. Blake will surprise and delight all lovers of good English prose. He has made a contribution of lasting value to our literature in a form so condensed and so original as to inevitably attract and hold the attention of thoughtful readers. One is reminded not only by the brevity of these essays, but by the cast and mould of the sentences, and the plain, fine, discriminating language, of Bacon's condensed wit and sense. The quaint, clear English, like that which has come down to us from other days, is, however, the only thing in the book that is not modern. This writer reflects the culture of to-day. He respects individuality; he is humane; he is not afraid of the truth; he believes in the future, and that justice and mercy must prevail.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The quality of these essays which impresses us throughout is one for which we can find no better word than charm. There is something in their manner which is pleasing and delightful to a very high degree. Their quaintness, their archaic simplicity of manner and turn of phrase, have much to do with this. Very likely a critic here and there will say that the style is artificial and affected, but if the impeachment cannot be denied, it is certain that the artificiality is agreeable, and the affectation wonderfully pleasant. We do not imagine that Mr. Blake has chosen any of the great essayists for a model. But it is evident that, like all the essayists, he is a lover of his kind, that he has read them carefully and lovingly, and some of the colors from their palettes have been floated off upon his own. Perhaps it is Bacon more than any other who is subtly echoed here and there. But Mr. Blake is a lover of them all, and quotes from them with generous admiration. Nor has he hesitated, in two or three instances, to revert to subjects which the genius of Bacon has already touched and beautified—praise, anger, death, vainglory. It would be a daring thing to say that Mr. Blake's essays on these subjects are much better than those of "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," but "a consensus of the competent" would probably assign to them a greater value relatively to the needs and problems of the present time.—*The Index.*

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Mr. Blake's poetry is the expression of a sincere, sympathetic and beautiful mind; it is gratefully unconventional, and it abounds with noble thoughts.—*Edwin D. Mead, in the Christian Register.*

A superbly printed and bound collection of the poetical works of a Western author who is deserving of even greater popularity than he has attained.—*Wisconsin State Journal.*

The verse is for the most part simple and graceful, and some of the poems disclose a deep poetic insight.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

A new essayist and a new poet, and strange to say, both in the same man; especially strange when we are compelled to add that when we read the essays, he seems a born essayist, and when we read the poems, he seems a born poet.—*New York Evangelist.*

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Pundita Ramahai at Normal Park.

A notice that the Pundita Ramahai would speak on the condition of women in India summoned us to the hall of the Cook County Normal School on Friday last. The hall was well filled with an interested audience, and the brave little woman, wrapped in the white mantle of the Orient, made a moving plea for the 120,000,000 of Hindu women who are kept in dense ignorance and superstition. The priests tell them that they are wholly foul; that their lips are too unclean to pronounce the sacred texts, and so the knowledge of their scriptures is forbidden them. The husband even risks the salvation of his soul if he loves his wife too tenderly. The woman is taught to worship the man and obey him in all things. No matter how vile his character, her obligation remains the same. When she asks for education and wider opportunities of usefulness, Ramahai told us with suppressed mirth that the men borrowed reasons from England and America, and told them that they had not brains enough to study the difficult things that men learn; that they had not the physical strength to endure education; and lastly that they were such pure, beautiful angels that men couldn't endure to have them polluted with the knowledge that education would bring.

If they are sick it is forbidden them to tell their symptoms to a man doctor, and alas there are no women physicians! So the sick Hindu woman must struggle with disease unaided, must even die modestly and respectably rather than violate the proprieties of Hindu society. About 200,000 Hindu women have received instruction in the schools which have been established by the English government; but the school age of girls is only two years, from six to eight, or from eight to ten. At about this age the little girls are married and go to live with their mothers-in-law. The schools are taught by women who are themselves densely ignorant, and whose methods of instruction are of the most primitive character. The Pundita herself had never attended one of these schools, and said she felt sure that if she had she would have lost what little intellect she possessed. But the Pundita's intellect is by no means small. She is clear-headed, earnest, courageous. Her of untold generations of ignorance and superstition, she illustrates the liberating power of education, and it is such emancipation she seeks for her countrywomen. "Educate them," she says, "and they cannot be kept slaves as they now are." Her purpose in coming to this country

is to raise the sum of \$70,000 to establish a school for high caste Hindu widows. These widows, it must be remembered, are many of them the merest children. High caste widows are never permitted to marry the second time, but are condemned to lives of the most deplorable wretchedness and oppression. The effort of this heroic woman to emancipate these victims of superstition and barbarous custom, and lift them into lives of usefulness and independence, is one which ought to meet a warm response from every American woman. It ought not to take long to raise the \$70,000. The Pundita has written a book on "High Caste Women in India," which she desires to sell for the benefit of her proposed school. Price \$1.25. Miss Frances Willard, of Evanston, will supply the book to all who will remit to her the price. In Boston a public meeting has been held and a committee appointed to aid the Pundita in her gracious work.

Hinsdale.—On Sunday, July 17, the pulpit of Unity church, Hinsdale, was filled by J. R. Effinger, Secretary of the Western Conference. At the close of the services the congregation were requested to remain a few minutes to hear a letter received from Rev. W. C. Gannett, accepting the invitation extended to him by the society some weeks since to become its pastor for the ensuing year. This communication was received by the people with great satisfaction. UNITY congratulates the young church on securing an able and consecrated minister and congratulates the minister on the warm hearts and ready hands that await his coming in September.

Englewood, Ill.—The pulpit of the Universalist church—Miss Kolloch's—was filled on Sunday, July 24, by Mrs. J. R. Effinger. After the service a bright Sunday-school gathered in the vestry, one hundred and twenty attending. This church gains steadily in numbers and influence. The American Unitarian Association Hymn and Tune book is used upstairs, and "The Carol" down stairs. Unitarians and Universalists dwell together here in unity.

Buffalo Prairie, Ill.—Last month it was Princeton reporting a Sunday Circle organized. This month another hand is held up in Rock Island county, a new center, organized through the direct agency of the Post-Office Mission, under the lead of an interested layman. Meetings every week and a Sunday-school already started. The western secretary goes down to see them next week, and will report further on his return. Shall we not have one such movement reported each month of the present conference year? Next!

Des Moines, Iowa.—Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines, passed through the city last week en route for Sherwood, Mich., which will be her address during the month of August. She proposes to preach at several points during her vacation.

Boston Notes.—At the grove meeting at Weirs, N. H., the National Bureau of the Unity clubs was accepted as a useful organization. Several clubs joined on the spot. Your Brother Jones and our Brother Bodge and Brother Beane explained its proposed methods and its value. Two hat collections were made to aid its start. Several Unity leaflets were planned, and it was thought well soon to make lists of home readings in liberal Christianity, in history and in poetry. About three hundred visitors were in daily attendance in the grove. Fifteen hundred listened on Sunday to the sermons of Rev. M. J. Savage and Brooke Herford. The cordiality of the New Hampshire brothers and sisters made visitors feel at ease and in a mood to enjoy the lake and hill scenery of Weirs. The conference meeting at parting on Sunday evening was full of glowing enthusiasm.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 13, 1887.

[NUMBER 24.]

EDITORIAL.

MORE of the sins of to-day, and perhaps we may say of all days, are traceable to an inordinate love of money than to anything else. Money! men lie for it, steal it, give their lives for it, cheat themselves out of all the best that life affords for this imaginary good—money. All our lives are poisoned at their very sources by this greatest and saddest of mistakes—living for money. Let us live for life, for love, for God, at least one day in seven.

It is reported on good authority that Rev. T. L. Eliot, of Portland, Oregon, will not accept the Western Secretaryship of the A. U. A. This is just as we feared, and yet who can blame him or charge him with lack of wisdom? His work on the Pacific coast is one that no one can do but he, and surely nothing that even he could do in the Mississippi valley is so important as for him to hold his grand position and finish his great work where he is.

Do we deserve this? James Eddy, writing from Bar Harbor, Maine, to the *Open Court*, asks:

Can't you put a little more of "religion" in the *Open Court*? Have you not found more signs of the existence of a God at the West, in and about Chicago, than you did in Boston? The western Unitarians have lost all sight of God, and don't care to name Him at all. If you can find no traces of God at the West you can find plenty of evidence of the existence of the devil in and about Chicago, represented by the anarchists and the ultra Henry George men.

We have no means of knowing whether Mr. Eddy is sincere or sarcastic in his expectation of more theology and religion in the *Open Court*, but it is unfair and all wrong to say what he does of western Unitarians.

PROHIBITION for Texas has failed. For several weeks the papers have been preparing our minds for a great surprise. Texas, that we always think of as inhabited chiefly by cowboys and Indians and Texas rangers, whatever they may be, was to come bodily and voluntarily into the sisterhood of the most civilized, to be one of the states where public sentiment is so disciplined and chastened that drunkenness can be prevented and all dealing in alcoholic drinks forbidden. But alas! just as we had so happily made up our minds to be surprised, the election goes the old way, and Texas is still Texas. But let us at least keep it in mind hereafter that life has much the same difficulties and problems in new and old states. If the drink question could be settled in Glasgow and Calcutta, it could be settled also in Texas and on the Congo.

THE strangest literary phenomenon of last month was, certainly, the appearance of a magazine article in defense of the Keely motor. This article purports to have been written by a woman, Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, and appears in the July *Lippincott's Magazine*. We had supposed there was no one now living of sufficient education and intelligence to write a magazine article who was not satisfied that the Keely motor is, and has always been, a fraud. Many intelligent people were deceived at first, but as the years ran on and no results appeared, the conclusion was reached almost universally that the only use the motor would ever be put to would be drawing money from the pockets of the credulous for the support of the cunning impostor, Keely.

But now the matter takes on a new phase. A woman takes up the cause, not from the mechanical, but from the metaphysical side, and demonstrates, logically, that the motor is

right, and must succeed. The universe it seems is with the motor, all the laws of nature favor it. The very air about it is supercharged with "etheric force," and that it should not run and manifest great power would indeed be stranger than that it should. To judge Mrs. Bloomfield Moore by her language one would say she had but just graduated from some school of "Christian Science." If so, or at any rate, we can but wish she would investigate Keely's heart instead of his motor, and give him some kind of a treatment that would make an honest man of him.

THE shore of Lake Michigan in the vicinity of Chicago is strewn with dead grasshoppers, tens of thousands of them, enough to be offensive to the nostrils and spoil the pleasure of picnic parties resorting to the beach. Better this, from a human point of view, than that these Rocky mountain locusts should be alive to-day and feeding upon the vegetation left by the drouth in this region. But what light does a fact like this throw upon a theory of universal Providence? It used to be taught that the instinct of an animal or insect was infallible; it was a whisper from God by which the creature was guided, fed and preserved from danger. On that theory God must have been angry with these locusts that he had brought from the far away mountain regions; must have smitten them like the host of Pharaoh; must have led them to the lake on purpose to drown them. But why? For their sins? Is it not much more reasonable to suppose that the insects were looking out for themselves, that they tried to cross the lake without knowing its width, and that their mistake cost them their lives?

THE August *Forum* has an article upon "An Outside View of Revivals," by Dr. C. C. Everett, Dean of the Harvard Divinity School. The article is noteworthy for its exceedingly calm and judicial tone. At its close, quoting a recent remark of Doctor Pentecost to the effect that the preaching in the churches with which he (Doctor P.) is connected has become largely "pastoral" rather than "evangelistic," and that a division of labor seems desirable whereby the preaching of pastors shall be "pastoral," while evangelists shall devote themselves to the work of conversion, Doctor Everett acutely says: "The statement and the suggestion are both of great interest. If evangelistic preaching is dying out in the churches, it can only be because the special beliefs from which this preaching sprang are fading out. If this form of preaching is remanded to a different order of clergy, and thus is no more heard in the regular ministrations of the church, the evangelist will find fewer and fewer souls prepared to meet his coming. The aspect of the church will be changed, and the revival system, in the narrow and technical meaning of the word, with all its machinery, will have passed away. Revivals, let us hope, in the broader meaning of the term, will still remain; the poor and the unchurched will still have the gospel preached to them; but if the doctrines that gave to the violent measures of the revivalist their justification shall have lost their power, all this will be accomplished by less questionable means."

EDWARD EGGLESTON'S "Books That Have Helped Me" in the *Forum* for August is a charmingly frank, fresh and suggestive paper. He sets little value upon the "intellectual pharisaism" of choosing "a best hundred books for other folks to study," because "the helpfulness of a book is largely relative," and "not only is it quite possible that the books which

have helped one may not be of assistance to another, but it is certain that books helpful at one period of life are quite useless at another." None of us can look back over the course of his mental growth without feeling the truth of this. Books of little permanent value and of no wide reputation have often been fruitful seeds in one's mental soil, by reason of the peculiar conditions of his mind at the time. Doctor Eggleston acknowledges his indebtedness to a little volume lent him by the minister's wife, who "kept a little collection of books to lend about the village with missionary intent,"—a suggestive tribute to the value of humble private beneficences that have not yet grown into "institutions." The book was "Robert Dawson, or the Brave Spirit." "In many a season of difficulty afterward, when ever-recurring sickness seemed destined to defeat all my boyish ambitions, I have been heartened by remembering Robert Dawson facing a rain-storm with the words: 'Only a few drops at a time.'"

If there is any other body of believers who have to reply so often as Unitarians to the question "What do you believe, anyhow?" it is the new churchmen or Swedenborgians. The following brief statement of their faith we clip from the *New Church Messenger*:

The Lord Jesus Christ is the only God of the heavens and the earth. In Him is a divine Trinity of Love, Wisdom and Power, called in the Scripture the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, and represented in man, who was created in His image and likeness, by the soul, the body, and the operation thence. He came to man by assuming his human nature, through which He overcame the ascendancy of hell with him, and thus redeemed him.

By shunning evils as sins, in the acknowledgment of the Lord, man may accept this redemption and be regenerated.

The Sacred Scripture is the Word of God, containing within and above its letter the Divine Truth itself. By it man may know good from evil, may be associated with angels, and conjoined to the Lord.

Man is an immortal spirit, clothed with a material body, which is put off at death; after which, according to the quality of his life on earth, he dwells in heaven as an angel, or seeks an abode with his like in hell.

The Second Coming of the Lord is not in person, but is in the opening of the spiritual sense of the Word and the establishment of a New Church on earth. It was effected by a General Judgment which took place in the spiritual world A. D. 1757, and by the revelation of the doctrines of that Church through Emanuel Swedenborg, a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Boodle.

The word which we make the caption of this article is not a pretty one, but it seems destined to take its place in our language. In the Philological Society's new Dictionary, Part III, this word is defined as meaning "stock in trade, capital." This meaning is extracted, it would seem, from a sentence which is quoted in the dictionary from the *Boston Globe*, Oct. 7, 1884, ("sinews of war . . . soap and other synonyms for campaign boodle are familiar") but our respected friend, Mr. J. A. H. Murray, or whatever sub-editor had this new American word in charge, allowed the real meaning of "boodle" to elude him. Booodle does not mean capital or stock in trade except the business or trade be something secret, peculiar and illegal. Booodle always means money, but money is not always booodle. Money honestly received and spent, money that circulates in regular and honest channels, that appears in cash book and ledger and expense account is never booodle, but when a sum, a thousand dollars more or less, is given to some one to use in influencing some third party, given perhaps in silence and certainly without requiring any writing of acknowledgment or obligation, that is booodle. Booodle is money used for purposes of bribery and corruption, and the same word is used to indicate the money that comes as spoils, the result of some secret deal, the profits of which are silently divided. The term is also used to cover the ill-gotten gains of the bank robber or the absconding cashier—"he carried away so much booodle."

This word seems to have come into use within five years, and during the same period the thing signified seems to have become wonderfully prominent and important. For one thing no election can be conducted now without booodle first and

last. The primaries have to be "fixed," a great many men have to be "seen," and, in short, the amount of money that it seems necessary to use to elect a few honest public servants is a thing to wonder at. And when these men are elected it seems that they often lose the power of distinguishing between "boodle" and "straight money." What is the meaning of their having an office if there is'nt anything in it? As throwing a side light upon human weakness nothing for years has so appealed to our pity as the stories our condemned commissioners have told on themselves. At first they had no appetite for boodle so far as they knew, but they had the common American appetite for money. Almost before they knew it they had fallen, and then like Esau and all sinners since the world began, they "found no place for repentance though they sought it carefully with tears." Booodle is dirty money, it soils whoever touches it and we ought not to have any of it in our city or country. And yet there is reason to fear that supply and demand for it are both increasing. And this leads to the question, whether it is better to try to stop the demand or shorten the supply. Friend Grinnell and his co-laborers have been working against the demand.

The recent convictions will undoubtedly check the demand for the present in the county board. (And yet it is not reassuring to be told as we are in a morning paper that there are more than a hundred candidates fairly clamoring for the vacant places of these men who are sent to the penitentiary.) But there are other rings yet where the demand for booodle still exceeds the supply. And here is our work; we can do something at shortening the supply. For it is said that the men who bribe aldermen and commissioners are many of them most respectable, some of them in churches, and teachers in Sunday-schools. And it is undoubtedly true that public sentiment at present regards a man who *uses boodle* to accomplish a worthy, or at least a not unworthy end, very differently from the way in which a "boodler" is regarded. "We've got to do it," the man seeking a contract says, "we hav'nt a ghost of a chance unless we give as much as others." Give, that is, boodle, to some one who is ready to be influenced by that means. To all such thinkers we commend the story of poor old Jacob Sharp. He knew he had'nt a ghost of a chance for his tramway except by bribing aldermen, and so he did that. He succeeded in getting his road and also in posing for the instruction of all Americans as a man who thought the briber innocent and the taker of a bribe a criminal. May his fate be a sufficient warning to others who have thought the same, for the bribe giver as well as the bribe taker is a boodler.

U.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Minstrel Band.

Without the swing of Beauty's gates
A minstrel band forever waits,
By lyre and harp and tuneful lay
To fill the earth with minstrelsy
Of Heaven.

The ears of earth could ill endure
The rolling wonder tone so pure,
Resounding through the beauty sphere
If earthly singers were not here
To chant it.

Sweet mission theirs to fill the heart
With Beauty's blessing; to impart
With every stroke of care a kiss—
Reminders of the *Then* and *This*,
Commingled.

EUGENE ASHTON.

The Grove Meeting at Weirs, N. H.

"A grand meeting!" "The best meeting ever held here!" are the exclamations I hear all around me from those who have attended the Unitarian grove meeting on the shores of this beautiful lake. The services held here annually by our people for the last ten years have steadily increased in interest until the Weirs meeting has become one of the most important of Unitarian gatherings. The marvellous beauty of Lake Winnepesaukee, surrounded by hills and mountains; the social greetings at the hotels; the excursions on the lake; the able addresses and sermons delivered by prominent ministers and laymen; the sweet spirit of rest and peace, that like a divine benediction rests upon all; are the things of which one must write if he describes the gatherings of the week.

The exercises of Tuesday, June 26th, the first day, were in charge of the National Bureau of Unity clubs. Rev. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, delivered an address on the "True Functions and Methods of the Unity Club." He said that the national organization of Unity clubs seeks to co-operate in making true character. Its purpose is to render assistance to local Unity clubs in suggesting courses of study on great themes, in laying out plans for work, to make it possible for each club to know what other clubs are doing, and thus enable one to profit by the experiences of the others. The National Bureau will help the different clubs to secure lecturers of recognized ability at much lower prices than they could possibly arrange for themselves. Rev. Edward Everett Hale stands at the head of this movement, which promises to help the local clubs to do the best work in promoting higher culture and in making nobler character. The address was earnestly discussed by Rev. S. C. Beane, Rev. E. R. Butler, and others, and a strong indorsement of the aims of the club as outlined by Mr. Jones was given by all the speakers.

At 11 A. M., on Tuesday, Mr. Edwin D. Mead delivered an interesting lecture on "New England's Debt to Holland."

The lecture was replete with interest and was listened to by a large audience. The lecturer said that Holland is the finest of the seventeen low countries of Europe. Here the Pilgrim Fathers sojourned twelve years before their departure for America. Holland stood for the future democracy and thought of the 17th century. Holland had been quick to endorse the reformation. It was in the Netherlands that the first echo of Luther's voice was heard. Holland received her Protestantism from Luther. The excellence of Mr. Mead's lecture suggests that any Unity club that wishes to study American history the coming winter should, if possible, arrange with Mr. Mead to deliver this lecture.

At 2 P. M. Mr. Darius Cobb, author of "Christ Before Pilate," delivered a lecture on "Vital Elements of Art." The lecture was scholarly and comprehensive, and eloquently delivered. He said that religion and art were indissolubly connected. The greatest works of the old masters in music, painting and sculpture had a religious inspiration. What makes a genius is the love that he puts into his work.

Rev. J. L. Jones, at 7 P. M., delivered his eloquent lecture on Robert Browning. The lecture was a masterpiece, showing the results of years of thoughtful study of the great poet. Rev. Calvin Stebbins, of Worcester, Mass., preached a sermon at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, taking as his text, "He went about doing good." Under the inspiration of Mr. Stebbins' strong sermon, possibly, 119 persons went to Wolfboro' on the Lady of the Lake and attended the fair held by the Unitarians of that place, who have a fine church building almost ready for dedication.

Thursday, at 10 A. M., Rev. J. L. Marsh, of Winchester, Mass., Secretary of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society, delivered an address on "The Motive and Method of Christian Temperance Work." He presented the strongest and most urgent reasons for temperance work, and outlined methods of work that suggest themselves as excellent to all thoughtful minds. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, to whom all Unitarian audiences are ever delighted to listen, spoke in her happiest manner on "The Power of Religion on Human Life."

Thursday, at 2 P. M., one of the most impressive and inter-

esting meetings of the week was held. "What we owe to each other" was the subject, and the novel sight was seen of representatives of six different denominations standing on the platform, and as the first speaker, Rev. W. A. Keese, Baptist, of Chelsea, Mass., expressed it, gratefully, gladly, speaking of the debt that his denomination owed to other denominations and especially to liberal Christians for broadening the scope of religious thinking and sweetening, brightening and softening the spirit of religious fellowship. Rev. Mr. Keese was followed by Rev. Howard Hill, Episcopalian, of Montpelier, Vt.; by Rev. G. W. Bishop, Methodist, of the New England Conference; by Rev. Mr. Clarke, Trinitarian Congregationalist, of Salem, Mass.; by Rev. Darius Cobb, Universalist, and Rev. S. J. Barrows, Editor of the *Christian Register*, Unitarian.

This meeting was what Rev. S. C. Beane happily called "an epoch-making event." The limits of this article will not permit me to speak in detail of the services of Friday, which was laymen's day. Judge Whitehouse, of the Supreme Court of Maine, delivered an eloquent address on some near questions in law and theology. He was followed by Dr. George B. Loring, of Salem, Mass., and Judge Pitman, of Newton, Mass.

Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, of Providence, R. I., delivered a sermon on Saturday on "Human Consciousness of God." Mr. Slicer's sermon was so impressive that the subject of his sermon became the text of the helpful conference meeting of Saturday evening. On Sunday there were two large audiences, morning and afternoon. Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, delivered an able sermon at 11 A. M., on "Reconciliation with God." Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, preached on "Salvation through Christ." Mr. Herford's sermon finely supplemented Mr. Savage's discourse. Both sermons were listened to with the closest attention by the deeply interested audiences.

I cannot close this article without speaking of the interesting prayer and conference meetings that were held from time to time during the week, and of the earnest spirit of devotion that characterized them all, and the profound spiritual truths expressed by such men as Mr. Slicer, Mr. Beane, Mr. Jones, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Herford and others. Such services show the power of Unitarianism to touch the heart and kindle the emotions and quicken spiritual aspirations, as well as to illumine the intellect. Nor would my report be complete unless I spoke of the excellent music sung at the services, and the earnest work of Rev. J. B. Gilman, of Concord, N. H., in leading the congregation in the musical services at all the meetings. All has been so delightfully social and pleasant that the gathering seemed like a family reunion, and as we take our farewells on leaving this sylvan retreat, we all say, "It was good to be here."

E. C. ABBOTT.

A Reunion of Colored Veterans.

August 1st and 2nd have been gala days in Boston for the colored people. There has been a reunion of the 54th and 55th Mass. regiments and the 5th Mass. cavalry. It is their first since the war. Exercises were held in Tremont temple, which was beautifully decorated. There was abundance of bunting, banners with some of the noble words of Governor Andrew, a wreathed bust of Colonel Shaw, while here and there, in the hands of some comrade, was a battle-worn flag. There was a full attendance of the friends of the soldiers, but, I am sorry to say, the white citizens of Boston did not largely assemble to do honor to the regiments that, at the time of their formation, the state was so proud of. For enthusiasm these meetings have seldom been equaled here.

Among the speakers were Lieut. James M. Trotter, the eloquent colored lawyer, now Recorder of Deeds at Washington, Colonels Hallowell and Hartwell and General Carrington of Ohio. The story of the regiments was retold to the thrilling interest of the hearers.

In various states colored men desired to enlist, but they were not accepted until Governor Andrew, of Mass., said, "Come

here and we will enlist you." This was before the emancipation proclamation. When Colonel Shaw, the brilliant and noble son of Harvard, whom afterwards both Emerson and Lowell honored in verse, was given command of the 54th, the south declared he should "be buried beneath his niggers," a fate they little foresaw would so exalt him. "It must be a mean class of white men who would officer black regiments," was also another saying from that quarter, while in reality these officers were of the best class, young men noble and well-born. The tributes paid to these officers by the colored speakers were well worth being present to hear. They showed that the colored soldiers fully realized what qualities those white men had, who volunteered to lead them. Looked at with uncertainty by the regular troops, and with malignity by the southern army, as the black troops were, it was no easy task that they set themselves to do.

Events proved that Governor Andrew exhibited his usual wisdom when he trusted the colored men as soldiers. They always showed themselves efficient; Wagner, James Island, Obustle, Honey Hill proved that; and Colonel Hartwell stated that although he had commanded in several white regiments he could truly say that those troops did not show themselves as faithful to discipline as did the colored ones.

They had, too, a peculiar trial. They enlisted with the understanding that they would receive full pay. The government considered them entitled to only ten dollars a month. Seven times it was offered, and every time refused, the soldiers declaring that they would take nothing less than equal pay. For eighteen months they served without receiving one dollar. It was during this time that Governor Andrew, importuning the government for justice to them, made his memorable addresses in their behalf, passages from which were inscribed on the banners at the reunion: "I will never give up the rights of these men while I live, whether in this world or the next." "I thank God that I never despised a man because he was poor, or ignorant, or black." "The government found no law to pay him except as a nondescript or a contraband, nevertheless found law enough to shoot him as a soldier."

But, through their persistence, and the urgent call of Governor Andrew for their rights, they won their great moral victory, more great, more important, as Colonel Hartwell declared, than any on the field. It is no wonder that these veterans look upon our noble "war governor" as almost more of a friend to them than Lincoln himself, and that one of the special reasons for their holding this reunion was to show their honor and devotion to his memory. On the second day they visited his grave at Hingham to decorate it. "Two names must ever stand first in our thoughts when we recall the actions that made our liberty possible," said Lieutenant Trotter, "and these are John Brown and John A. Andrew."

One could not fail of noticing how extreme was the enthusiasm whenever their freedom was mentioned. Those who say that the colored people would gladly have their former servile condition forgotten, and hence the records of the strife for their emancipation unremembered, do wrong. Their representatives on this occasion expressed themselves freely, with the deepest pride and gratitude in that deliverance; and not only the veterans, but all the friends present, applauded with feeling again and again.

An occasion like this, recalling so fully the wonderful significance of our civil war, naturally brings to mind the discussion now taking place in *UNITY*, "Would it be well to return the battle flags?" and it makes one think that there may be circumstances that demand a different action on the part of the nation from that of the individual. At any rate, *not yet* is the time for returning them.

A. M. G.

WHETHER the legend of the painter hanging in his studio the portrait of an angelic child, then seeking for years a demoniac face as a model for a perfect contrast, finding it at last in a murderer's cell, and then discovering that child and felon were the same person—whether the legend be true or false in the letter, it is substantially true. In either direction, debasing and deforming, or refining and spiritualizing, works this plastic, vital energy of the soul.—*Advance*.

Things Behind and Things Before.

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.—*Paul*.

The past leaves, away, a legacy for the present; the present is accumulating a store to be handed down to the coming time.

We are the children of all the yesterdays. Our possessions, mental, material, spiritual, represent the study, the toil, the achievement, of all the generations that have gone before. The leaves in all the volumes of a library have come fluttering down through the years, some of them a long, long way; caught on the breath of this man's soul, or that, they bring from places remote, and from the far-off time, all the tangled story of life,—the poet's song, the vision of the seer, the scholar's ripe conclusion, the dreamer's longing hope. Society is not a creation, nor is it an accident. It is a growth. It strikes its roots deep through all the strata of time, slowly thrusts its form up toward the inviting sky, little by little crowds the buds of early promise on toward the bloom of later days and the perfect fruitage of the last.

The civilization of an age stands for all the ages by which it is ante-dated in the records of time; garners in its treasures all wealth of earlier thought, all the fruit of moral heroism, and of unselfish sacrifice.

Death holds not a universal scepter. Men die. Deeds live, and are immortal. Often has the battlefield,—Death's chosen play-ground,—been the birth-place of good that never can die. Every victory has its own baptism of blood; and victory is not the prey of death. The immortality of human achievement, the deathless persistence of whatever through the incarnation of righteousness tends toward the weal of men,—this it is that compels the movement of the race along the ascending pathway of its life.

It does not follow simply because the present time is in possession of all the good springing from the ceaseless striving, the patient seed-sowing, the heroic enduring, the deathless hoping of other days, that each actor in the world-wide scene is to have distinct recognition, to be called before the curtain to receive the meed of praise. Were that to be, we should have an endless procession of heroic ones who could toil and suffer for their kind, and laugh at pain; to whom toil were sweet, and tears were joy, if only tears and toil might in their mingling make lighter another's load, and his cup less bitter; and we must needs stop in the doing of life's present duty to applaud the deeds already done.

Each generation has a multitude, who, by patient well-doing in spheres high or humble, win a perfect right to wear in the sight of all men the insignia of royalty. There are kingly men not a few, and queenly women without number, who come to our public coronation. In truth, the story of the truest heroisms is never told, and if it were told would not be understood by the hurrying crowd of men. Far apart from the busy thoroughfares, out of the glare of life, with no pomp of circumstance, and with no hope of rest till life's sun shall sink in the western sea, may be found a multitude,—some of them very near to you,—who, in the omnipotence of the love that endureth all things, are bearing burdens for others, are stemming a tide that sweeps in upon them from a shoreless sea of woe, are daily winning deathless victories over selfishness and every marring passion; are incarnating the Christ spirit as truly and sweetly as it breathed in the child of Bethlehem.

I have heard of three sisters, who gladly denied themselves the much coveted culture of the schools, that they might save from a limited income the means with which to educate their own brother. I could tell the story of a young woman, peculiarly endowed with all the qualities that make beauty most beautiful, who deliberately and resolutely put from her lips love's jeweled chalice, that she might give an undivided life to the care of an invalid father and mother. Did ever altar bear more perfect sacrifice than that? If the savor of it come not to heaven, heaven must be far away. I do not know that they knew it, but I believe that from that day of renunciation, that father and mother lived upon a Mount Calvary, and that their

dying was under the shadow of as true a cross as ever Love stretched its arms upon.

Of such deeds the world does not hear. They are not done to be told, but in obedience to the inexorable law of duty, as interpreted by love, large-hearted and loyal. And yet such lives are not lost, though they are unsavory. Each is a part of the precious legacy bequeathed by the yesterdays to to-day. They are the crystal springs hidden in shaded places, that feed and sweeten life's turbid and turbulent stream, and with it are carried out to the sea. More than this; every such life, though known to the few only, in a certain and beautiful way receives the tribute of the many.

Not knowing all who have suffered and made willing sacrifice of self for the common good, each generation embalms the memory of the few whose sacrifice and suffering for it were made prominent by the special circumstances of their lives, and in that embalming remembers the lowliest of all. Each name, in the recorded roll of memory's cherished ones, represents countless throngs of the unwritten, and a very few stand for all. Florence Nightingale is but the prototype of the ministering spirit, everywhere carrying into the carnage of life, to cheerless beds of pain and death, the joy of sympathy and the comfort of love. In wreathing her name with the fadeless laurel, we say to all men, and to all time, "This is our tribute of love, to all who have loved, and wrought in the spirit of it."

The name of Lincoln is made immortal, not for himself alone, but that in his name the great army of the unknown, who were bound to the same altar of devotion to principle, and the freedom of men, may have immortal remembrance. His monument is a memorial of all the dead, who died for us.

This much is said in recognition of the fact that the past truly lives in the present.

When one tears the latest date from his calendar, he does not bid farewell forever to a departed day. The light of that day shines through the night, to kindle with fresher splendor the coming dawn; and so it comes to pass that light is evermore cumulative; and in this is the true interpretation and guarantee of that sweet prophetic voice of old, "There shall be no night there." The brightness of that heavenly day will come when the gathering brightness of these earth-days shall have chased the night away.

It is not needful to dwell on the reverse of this. Much might be said of the persistence of evil, as well as of good. Only too well is it known that many of the shadows that have fallen athwart the path of human life in the days gone by, are projected into the life of to-day, but they do not fall so far, nor settle so darkly down under the noonday sun, as in the distant morning time; and it follows in all reason that in exact proportion as the light flows in, the shadows must flee away.

Without doubt there are many things in the patrimony received from the fathers, with which it were well that we should part.

There is much trumpery in the garret of the old homestead, that you do not care to move into the new house that you are building. There are a few things you will keep, not for utility, for the day of their usefulness is gone by. They are supplanted by newer and better means in household economy; but as curiosities, or for sake of a sentiment, you will give them room.

Grandmother's spinning wheel and reel have nothing to do in these days of steam driven spindles, but to destroy them would seem to be sacrilege. The music they made under her touch is so mingled with memories of childhood, is so much a part of a life that blessed you with gentlest benediction, for her sake you will give them room. An old chair that came to mother on her wedding day; the cradle baby out grew fifty years ago; the trundle-bed, that stood the shock of many a pillow battle, long before were heard the sounds of real life's smoking field; an earthen cup, touched often by lips that long since turned to ashes,—what are these things that they should not be left to perish out of sight? That question each heart can answer.

So also is it, that as by generations we move out into the

ampler dwellings of life, we carry with us, away from the parental homesteads, both in church and society, not a few ideas, and forms, and observances, which though really belonging to the past, are harmlessly held, and are held tenderly, because they are linked with tender recollections of the faithful men and women who saw in them what we cannot see, and who, in their day, were served by them, as we in ours can not be.

Let not mine be the hand that shall rudely strike at any one of the innocent antiquities, by which is cherished for any soul the lightest sentiment, if it be sweet and pure. Rather let us vie in a patient kindly effort to forestall such as would insist on lugging all the trash found in the old garret into the dwelling of to-day. Much of it we can well spare. Whatever stands for no sentiment, and embodies but little sense, we would better leave behind.

Certainly our religious house-keeping would be a much simpler thing, and lead to an experience more saving by far, if we were less cumbered and cluttered with relics from the old garret. There are few who have not observed that much infelicity in God's family springs from a difference of opinion as to the value and arrangement of this antique furniture.

The thoughtful mind of this time encounters a problem of infinite import in the ever-recurring question: "How in the realm of religion shall the best possible use be made of the spiritual possessions into which we have come by right of the fathers?" To lay this wealth away in a napkin of indifference, or to fritter it away in idle and dangerous speculation, were alike false to our ancestry, cruel to posterity. It will not do—it must not be that the next generation shall come upon life's scene to find itself less richly endowed than are we, in any of the essential elements of spiritual understanding and beauty.

The fear is entertained by some that such a calamity threatens the race. I can not think it so. The very attitude of inquiry in which men stand; the eager listening for some voice from afar which shall explain the hitherto unsolved mystery of being; the reverent and grateful attention commanded by every prophet of the voice of God, whose anointing is for the proclamation of a gospel of glad tidings, and goodwill; the growing disposition to throw off the thralldom of tradition, and the long borne oppression of authority—whose commission was never from the skies; the deepening conviction that religion best serves its high office, not in offering rewards or threatening woe in another life, but by giving its benediction to the life that now is, by enthroning in all honor the principles, truth and love, and faith in God and man—from such conditions of thought and life springs the ever-speaking prophecy of the still better days yet to be.

Forgetting the things which are behind, reaching forth unto those before; fearing spiritual stagnation as we would not fear death; hungering more and more to know the ineffable sweetness of that life that finds shelter under the shadow of the Almighty; thirsting always for deeper draughts from the springs that nestle in the hills of God—so shall we best embody the spirit of the world's wisest teacher and most tender-hearted lover, and so leave as our legacy to the to-morrow of time, a religion as far-reaching as the needs of the race, as free as human thought, and sweet as the breath of God.

C. B. ROBERTS.

HE died—applied at the gate of Paradise for admittance—
St. Peter opened the gate—"Who are you?"

"A saved soul."

"Where are you from?"

"From the South Sea Island."

"Who saved you?"

"A missionary."

"What missionary?"

"One from Andover."

"Sit down outside there on that brush pile until the question is settled. We don't know here whether you are saved or not."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—You are before my eyes and in my hands very often, and you are not of the kind to be forgotten, and if you have the faculty of mind-reading you have known that I have almost put pen to paper many a time to give expression to spiritual affinity, and to tell you what the outer man enables the inner man to do. It seems as if you and the dear old *Christian Register* were nearer than ever now that other friends are so far off. It is delightful to have your frequent calls upon us, and to feel our sympathetic heart-strings vibrate in accord with your tones of humanity, of the highest moral principle, and of the sweetest and truest reverence. The controversies of the day affect us less in their pros and cons than in the spirit with which they are conducted. A little active work in the direction of humanity has a wonderful effect in changing one's whole thought and purpose. From the abstract, theoretical, ideal one easily passes to the real, concrete, practical, while in direct view of much to be done.

Here the indolence, improvidence and squalor of the old Indian is a constant stimulus to efforts to improve the physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual condition of the young. The parents and relatives of our pupils camp near by and loaf day after day, so that even a boarding school, if on the reservation, does not save the children completely from the example of laziness. You may be sure they find no such example within the walls of our building. Our employes are obliged to be as busy as bees to accomplish the task which ever obtrudes itself before them. And what can we do? We have taken the children from their homes, in some cases without the consent of the parents, for the government is determined that the young Indian as well as the young white child shall be prepared for citizenship by education, and the parent is tenderly fond of the child and craves to see and fondle it often. Shall we repel him? The gentlest repulsion is but rudeness to such an one. And again one must exercise all wisdom and caution not to give the color of contempt to his disapproval of the ways of the fathers lest the children should interpret it into contempt of the fathers themselves. "Honor thy parents" is an injunction for the wild Indian as well as for others, and we would alter the conclusion to suit his case, and say whether thy days be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee or not. And this making camp and showing indolence and filth is not all. Here comes a young woman with her face apparently covered with black scabs, as though she were a leper, and she is the mother of one of our boys; and there is another wrinkled old face—the face of the grandmother of another boy, and it is in a like plight. This horrid aspect is no visitation of providence in the sense of unavoidable. It is self-inflicted. These women were lately widowed, and it was held proper that they should show their grief by gashing the forehead till the blood ran down over the face, and that the blood should remain there and dry and blacken and make the evidence of their grief the more lasting. They would neither wash off the stain nor wash out their sorrow. So the face continues daubed and disfigured for months.

A father and mother of one of our little girls comes and reports the mother's brother dead. Both of them have fingers bandaged with rags. They have cut some of their fingers off, perhaps as far down as the first joint, in token of their grief. How are we to treat such nonsense in presence of the children? It is trying enough to us. We find it a little hard to keep still—but we conclude to say nothing about it till general enlightenment prepares the way.

Then one who has had three years' study at Carlisle brings us a story which he himself believes about a certain Crow who is invulnerable. He has many a time allowed men to shoot at him and they can't hit him, and he can command the lightning to strike whomsoever he please. So can you or I command the lightning, but him, you are told, the lightning will obey, and you are expected to believe it. The Crows believe it.

But the most unfortunate piece of credulity is that the government is going to feed the Indians forever, or that

somehow the Indians are going to live without work. In regard to this the children must be undeceived, and must be made to feel that the necessity of labor is not a curse but, contrariwise, a blessing, and all over this land they must be taught how to work most efficiently. The Indian has tested the Henry George doctrine for a long time, now have him try individual ownership and citizenship, and the only thing that will make individual ownership and citizenship successful, I mean education—education of the head and of the heart, of the eye and of the hands. Let him understand and talk the language in general use. Let him have more free and intelligent intercourse with the whites. Let him and civilization and, if possible, the better part of civilization, rub against each other at every point till light and sweetness, too, are fairly rubbed into him. He should have this rubbing in our school. It is for this purpose that we board him as well as instruct him—that we keep him with us day and night—civilization is his playmate, his table companion, his bed-fellow. We do not stick instruction upon him, but we mean to give him an atmosphere of it that he must breathe continually. He must be taught to make all kinds of effort—for effort above all things makes the man; but the more we have him in intimate association with us and our modes of life the better for his effort. If with us always from infancy upwards, he would become *nolens volens* a white man except his skin. Environment helps his evolution, but the school requires money. The government pays part of the expense by contract. Who will pay the rest?

H. F. BOND, Superintendent.

RAMONA RANCH.

LET those who find in the Messianic scenery,—in the strange contents of its diviner world, with its beasts beneath the throne, and its seven trumpets and its vials of wrath, and its war with the great dragon, and white-robed hosts, and its garments dyed in blood,—and in the coming on the clouds of heaven "with sudden destruction" to conquer, judge and reign,—and in the kingdom of the saints on earth,—and in the great assize and the second death, and the blessed city "without sorrow or crying,"—the crowded lake of fire and brimstone being outside the gates,—let those who find in all this a congenial nurture for their spiritual life turn it to what account they can. The roots of purity and piety creep into hidden crevices and find some film of living water on every rock. But let them not say that there is no other fruitful world; and that, were this dissolved, the spirit must drop into the empty gulf of the unconditioned.—*James Martineau* (Appendix to "Loss and Gain in Recent Theology.")

THE HOME.

Proverb Sermon—II.

Proverb: All are not merry that dance lightly.

The lower animals, our speechless fellow-beings, sport merrily, but they sport only when they are sportive. A sad animal shows himself sad, and there an end. As no creature but man clothes his body, so no other cloaks his mind. But a man may disguise himself to seem above his station or under it, as he will, dressing at one moment like a king, and again like a clown, though he be neither. He puts like feints to use in his mind, clothing one feeling with signs which nature has made for the garment of another, thus, as to being sad or merry, frocking himself like one when he is the other, or neither. Therefore, if an animal be merrily antic, be sure that his heart skips also; but with men, all are not merry that dance lightly.

Now, among those who dance lightly when they are not merry, I have seen two kinds—they who dance bravely and they who whirl with despair. There is a patient, brave, saintly dancing wherewith a good heart spreads the balm of cheerfulness on the wounds of grief; for as melting snow thaws a frozen part, so will warm cheerfulness cool the burn of a sorrow. We cannot seize happiness whether or no; for it hangs often on things above our power, like the deeds of others, and happenings which we cannot rule either way or

in the least turn, though they be grievous. This is to be kept in mind, that we can not fashion happiness as we will, lest we be like a wild bird who will not mind his cage and tears his wings. But better still to bethink ourselves, and to fix it in us, that always we can set up cheerfulness and shape it to our will, and soon it takes a form very like happiness. Moreover the good heart thinks more of others than of itself, and moulds a face having a smile on all sides, from whatever point it be seen. Therefore, among light dancers if there be any not merry, they may be brave hearts that make themselves bright for others; and as one could not tell which were they if they danced behind a curtain covering them half-way, leaving but their feet to be seen, so neither could one pick them by their faces, for these will not belie their merry feet, but sprinkle even a sweeter light, as much as love is above pleasure.

Again, as I have said, they that dance lightly, not being merry, may be dancing with despair. There is a reckless, wild, mutinous plunging into pleasures, and whirling into gayeties to fly from griefs and pains. This is a kind of mad dancing, and they that plunge into it are out of their heads or out of their souls with trouble, either wild men or rebels against God. For men may dance blasphemy as well as speak it. If one have had a hurt of heart or a loss of fortune, then to go whirling madly and bitterly into revels is not to take life piously and soften with sorrows, but to rave in it and grow hard under them; and then one dances curses, which is no better than to scream them into the sky. This feigned lightness can clothe itself only in part of the body. Though the feet move as well as in that other kind, that brave dancing when the heart is not merry, yet when we have come to the face there is not the same sweetness and truth but a false glare or glitter which is but the ghost of light. I know not whether this hard, bitter and reckless dancing or other revelry be any better than the hard drinking and other intemperance whereto sometimes persons fly instead of to dances—though perhaps it be worse in hurting others more; but it is one act in two parts—one makes a sot, the other a kind of savage. Therefore among light dancers if there be any not merry, they may be those woeful persons who whirl, and whirl themselves away; and their eyes have no dew, but the glare of a desert; and they will not sit down with sorrow at home and wait and pray, but are rebels. This is very woeful and dreadful, and hard to cure; and how it will be cured no one can tell, and sometimes never here, because the soul hath grown up to age without discipline. But I am sure—and happy this is—it is not to be found so much as the good, light kind of dancing, which, though it be not merry at heart, is cheerful and brave.

As to not being merry though we dance lightly, it is to be said that very often this is our own fault, and most often by reason of two small errors: for not the great tragedies of life but the small, menial faults make the most miseries. The first of these two errors is that we are fretted by little things and let ourselves be heated by petty troubles. This, as I have said, is but a menial trait. If it be like a lackey to be galled if he have not a good brush for a coat, is it less like him to chafe because the coat is ill-brushed? Or if it be like sculchery manners to fume over a bad fire, is it less menial for a lady to kindle at a poor dish? Now this fault can be put away by reason, and even by a pure kind of pride. For if we take counsel of our station, we shall keep little things beneath us; and if we advise with reason, we shall know that little fishes eat not the big so long as the big be alive—which is to say plainly that little plagues and scourges destroy not happiness if it have life in the mind. La Rochefoucauld has said the truth, "We take less pains to be happy than to appear so."

The second error is that we keep not joys by us by remembering them, as we ought to do. It is no way strange that people should be unhappy, since they throw away pleasures out of their minds; for by a like way they would thirst and famish if they threw away the food from their stores. When a man has gained a pleasure, if he keep it not in hand it is the same as to throw it overboard. In like thankless manner people notice greatly an untoward hap (which frequently they say is "just their luck") because they are too early or too late, too quick

or too slow, or however it happen; but they pass unheeded the many helpful, timely and tallying hits without ever calling them "their luck," how delightfully soever they square and fall together. But why think most of the ill? Is pain keener than pleasure? And why let slip a joy? One way to dance lightly is to remember past dances, by which one may make the feet keep in time and the heart in tune in the intervals. Shelley has the saying, "Thou comest as the memory of a dream which now is sad because it hath been sweet;" but this I call no better than a feeble prating or a sickly moping. If a man waking from a lovely and sweet dream hath nothing better to do than to fall dismal because he dreams no longer, how much better is he than a man whom once I read of, who having partaken in a friend's house at Christmas of a fine saddle of mutton, bemoaned him for the rest of his life that he had not eaten another slice thereof. Plutarch relates that Aristippus, when he lost a farm, was beset by his friends with bewailings and sorry faces for his misfortune. Whereat he cast down his eyes till he could master his impatience, and then rebuked them thus: "Thou," he said to one, "hast but one piece of land, and never hadst more; but as I had four farms, I have now three remaining, which are two more than ever thou hadst." When he admitted it, "Why then," said Aristippus to all of them, "do you come chopfallen around me, since still I have three times as much as you have? and why rather should not I bemoan your misfortune, since it is only the raving of a madman to bewail what is lost, and not rather rejoice in what is left?" The like wisdom is in the good fable of a jug and pitcher that were taken to a fountain, and while the jug looked very jolly the pitcher moped and hung its ears. Whereat the jug asking what ailed his neighbor, the pitcher answered that he was disheartened with thinking that it mattered not how full he should leave the fountain since always he came back empty. "But how strangely you look at it," said the jug, "for I was thinking of my good fortune, since however often I come empty, always I go away full."

From these thoughts touching those that dance lightly but are not merry, whom every day one shall meet in company, I gather two precepts for behavior. First, if one go among the grieving, let him look out for whatever is joyful, either to take it with him or to seize it on the spot and show that it is there. In like way if one go among the gay, let him watch a little for the sorrows that may be underneath, for the lairs of hidden griefs; not that he may drag them forth, and the less if they be hidden sacredly under cheerfulness, but that he may give some sign of fellow-knowledge, by which great comfort goes forth. This needs no great wit, unless, indeed, feeling be another form of wit, as in truth I think it is. I have met the saying that "good humor will even go so far as to supply the lack of wit." Nay; but I think lack of wit is lack of good humor. There is no diviner like love, nothing that gives a man to understand so many things of others as love. But some will say, how watch for the griefs that lie under? or how make room for them? In two ways. First, by being careful not to touch hurts or hurting topics. This is a caution to be carried into any company, though it be as gay as lambs or children. For the very deep things of life are to be touched lightly with any one, and especially with a stranger, lest there be a hurt in them. As the physician who truly has the soul of a physician, will touch gently any man's body which he knows not, since he knows how many sore places and sad ills it may hold which show not on the surface, so one who has both love and skill touching the soul will lay hand very softly on any person since he knows how many hurts and pains may lie under his smiles. Likewise it is worth thinking how great a sting even a little hurt may be and how easily given if one roughly get tangled with his neighbor; for sometimes, as Richter says well, "to have all one's hair pulled at once hurts not so much as a single hair pulled." Secondly, we should be careful to give little pleasures, for these make the happy happier; and, since many are not merry that dance lightly, mayhap a small attention set flying will light on a sore heart, and then it fills a great office. The keenest of pleasures, which soonest touches the quick of the heart, is personal respect, notice, and approach.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The usual summer quiet rests over headquarters. No meetings of Sunday-school teachers or boards of directors; only an occasional call from friends passing through the city on a summer outing. One or two workers are kept on duty in the Channing club room, by judicious relieving of each other, while work goes on in the adjoining UNITY office very much as usual. Mr. Jones is in the east, has been attending the Unitarian grove meeting at Weirs, and speaks at the Chautauqua "Lakeside School of the New Theology" this week; meanwhile he has been resting and sending an occasional breezy note for the friends at the office to decipher. He is expected here for a flying visit about the 15th, after which he will spend a short time in Wisconsin.

—Outside of the office, affairs are equally quiet. Mr. Sunderland has moved the office of the *Unitarian* to Ann Arbor. Mr. Utter has returned from a pleasant bicycle tour in Indiana and Ohio, and was a guest at All Souls church last Sunday. Mr. Blake is also here this week, but will probably go east between now and September 1.

—Our churches are all closed except All Souls, which is delighted with the experiment of giving its minister a vacation and running alone for six weeks. On July 24 Mr. Stewart of the congregation occupied the platform; on July 31, Judge J. A. Jameson; last Sunday Rev. E. I. Galvin, who has for a long time counted himself a member of the congregation, preached. To-morrow (Aug. 14) Charles H. Kerr will speak; August 21 Mrs. Ellen T. Leonard, and August 28 Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones. The attendance, while not so large as the winter congregations, has been encouraging and gratifying, particularly in that it includes many strangers in the city and friends from other city churches who take this opportunity for a fraternal visit.

—The ladies' parlors of the Church of the Messiah are being renovated, re-papered, a fireplace added, and a new carpet. The church and Sunday-school are to re-open September 4.

Geneva, Ill.—Next Sunday is the last of Mr. West's pastorate. We regret sincerely the termination and trust that both parish and minister will continue to do good work for the cause separately since it can not be together.

Boston Notes.—Now that the shadows of August begin to fall on tourists' trips and the vacation visits of school children—the business eye and the vision of autumn pleasures and enterprises are forecast into September work. With the peach crop come theater openings and newspaper advertisements of school openings, dancing instruction and halls and houses and furnished rooms to rent, and meetings of church committees on winter courses of sermons and lists of lecturers. We hear of early preparations for continuing our people's services and young folks' meetings and Christian work so well carried on here for several years past.

—Rev. J. F. Clarke really advances in strength and spirits and in hopes of working with caution among his people in October. His favorite summer pleasures, bathing and sailing off the seashore, have once more come to the rescue of his health.

—It is settled at out-door religious services may legally be held on our common, and on some other public squares under permission of the police commissioner.

"Practical Piety."—This little book, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, contains four short sermons: "The Economies of Religion," "Bread versus Ideas," "Present Sanctities," and "The Claims of the Children." It is bound in limp cloth, 64 pages, and is mailed to any address for 30 cents. A few comments upon it may be of interest. New York *Evangelist*, orthodox: "From the humanitarian point of view, these four discourses, delivered in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, contain a good deal of truth. The texts are mere mottoes for naturalistic talk, though now and then the talk is very good."

The Unitarian: "The sermons are short, bright, earnest, graphic in expression, often poetical in their thought, and altogether among Mr. Jones's best."

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 20, 1887.

[NUMBER 25.]

EDITORIAL.

THE senior editor of *UNITY* was expected to return from the east early in the present week, but was unexpectedly delayed, and arrives just as the paper is going to press.

"RELIGION," says the *Jewish Messenger*, is not to be merely worn as a garment for illness and a comfort for death. If it be of a genuine stamp, it will be our companion in sunshine as well as in storm. It should be a kind of sobered joy, a tempered cheerfulness, a buoyant sentiment that impels us to right thinking and action."

THE sermon, "Blessed by Drudgery," by W. C. Gannett, is entering on its twenty-first thousand in tract form, not to speak of a circulation of 2500 in *UNITY*, and of 2000 in "The Faith that makes Faithful." Every week brings a letter of thanks from some one helped by it, or of earnest inquiry from some one who has seen only its name. This letter, from one of whom we know nothing more than the letter itself tells, carries a possible story of pathos that none can ever guess:

—, MINNESOTA, August 14, 1887.
KIND SIR:—I saw your advertisement in the *Housekeeper* of "Blessed be Drudgery" for two cents, so I inclose the amount to get it. Please send it soon.
NETTIE E. —.

It is a matter for surprise that the religious press has been left almost alone in crying out against the recent act of the Georgia legislature, making it a state's prison offence to educate white and colored children in the same school. Atlanta university is the object of attack. This is a good school, perhaps rather ambitiously named, founded by the "American Missionary Association" of the Congregationalists, and maintained by them as a philanthropic enterprise, in the interest of humanity rather than sect. The only white children taught there are the children of the professors and instructors, who are excluded by public prejudice and jealousy from the neighboring white schools. It is thus evident that the co-education is no real threat to the cherished caste system of the south, and the law looks like nothing more or less than a wanton persecution of people who are doing for Georgia a needed work that the Georgians have not the intelligence to see the need of.

AN interesting episode is the challenge of the *Independent* (orthodox weekly at New York) to Prof. Egbert C. Smyth of Andover to furnish a table of proof texts from the Bible for his theory of probation after death. Professor Smyth replied, offering to send instead of the texts a detailed argument to be prepared by one of his colleagues on the general teachings of scripture on eschatology. The *Independent* rejected this suggestion, and again demanded the texts. The professor then retired, leaving the honors of war decidedly on the *Independent's* side, which is hardly strange. The narrow path which the Andover professors have marked out for themselves between literalism and rationalism is so exceedingly narrow that it does not afford a really secure foot-hold. We incline to think that Professor Smyth would have compelled more respect from the *Independent* itself if he had answered its demand by saying frankly that his belief in a future probation rested not on any Bible text, but on his faith in the justice of God.

THE St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, of August 10, contains a most entertaining editorial, entitled "Hell," from which we give our readers a few choice extracts.

"Hell is a place, as heaven is a place, as earth is a place.

It is located somewhere in the wide realms of God. It has its center and its frontier, a real place, not an airy state, intangible and dreamy, but real, as earth is real. Men and women are there who used to walk the streets of earth or live in its beautiful homes; they are there, their identity felt and recognized, their citizenship in hell declared and established. It is a created place, prepared by God; he directed in the location and completing of this dark region, not with the delight with which heaven was planned and built, but as really though more sadly, he was the maker and builder of hell. . . . To live in hell is pain; its very life is torture; depression and heaviness are in its air; its clime breeds discontent, alarm and tears. The sentence which is never to be repealed and which follows them to every nook and corner of their returnless exile is, Depart from me ye accursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. What a life! accursed by the place! accursed by its fire! accursed by its companions!"

"Hell was not made for a day, a year, or an age, but made for eternity, as stable as heaven and as enduring. Its existence and sad history will run parallel with the existence and history of heaven, but without interchange or sympathy, no hope, no Cross bridges the awful chasm between the two. Heaven is enduring, its foundations fixed, its walls garnished by the love of God. Music and bliss fill its homes and burden its air—thrones and crowns are the reward of its radiant inhabitants. Hell is enduring, its foundation fixed, its walls shaded by the justice of God, sighing and bitterness fill all its homes and burden its deadly air—chains bind to misery and darkness its throngs of hate and guilt."

This is not, we confess, very refreshing summer reading, but we think an occasional extract of the kind will serve to keep our readers from forgetting that there is a field still waiting for the gospel of the supremacy of character, the nobility of human nature, and the use of reason in religion.

Our Missionary Opportunity.

A striking parallel might be drawn between the missionary field now awaiting the workers for a rational religion in the west, and the field in which labored the first missionaries for the new religion of Jesus. Then, as now, the field was in the apparent possession of a dead faith. The progressive thought of the Greek philosophers, sifting down among the common people of the first century, had undermined their faith in the classic myths, without giving them a new faith in its room, and thus the people had lost, with the absurd myths, something that their fathers had known,—the feeling that man's outward material life is not all, the sense of union with the ever present and all encircling power, which, in however many ways he shows himself, under however many forms the mind of man pictures him, stands ever for the greatest realities of life. Among such a people, so impoverished in mind and spirit, were scattered the missionaries of the religion of Jesus,—missionaries who had themselves been reared in the Jewish religion, a faith that had endured for hundreds of years, yet except in its indirect influence had not spread beyond the limits of a single nation. Its enduring strength came from its hold, however relaxed and uncertain at times, on the truth that by obedience to the divine law of right men come into a covenant, so to speak, with God. Its limitations came from this very laxity and uncertainty with which this truth was held; from the Jews' imagining that the divine covenant was not with them as being obedient to God's law,

but with them as the children of one righteous ancestor back in the prehistoric ages. Into this religion had come the new thought of Jesus restoring the simplicity and purity of the ancient faith, and bringing to it a new inwardness, a new enthusiasm, a new power.

Eighteen hundred years, and popular religion in America stands again almost where it stood in Corinth and Ephesus. Since Christianity came into the world with the freshness, the naturalness, the reasonableness that attest a divine revelation, it has been taking up accretions from the various minds through which it has passed. Jesus himself tried in vain to check the tendency of his followers to look for miracle instead of hearing his message. Fifty years after his death and part of the converts had already begun to forget his words in the attempt to construct theories of his function as a sacrificial lamb. Two hundred years more, and the church was divided in bitter strife over the scientific relations subsisting between him and the infinite father and the all-pervading spirit of good. Twelve hundred years more, and the records of Jesus's life and the letters of his followers, with the older Jewish literature which had helped form their ideas, were erected by a necessity of controversy into an infallible guide to all truth, and since then seekers after religion have been at the mercy of teachers with logical theories to construct and hundreds of pages of verbal inspiration to argue from, until the goodness of God has been impeached, the total depravity of man has been postulated, obedience to divine law has been classed as self-righteousness that is as filthy rags, and salvation from eternal misery has been conditioned on a weak credulity.

At last the people, the multitude, have begun to think; they have concluded for themselves that these doctrines and others taught in the name of religion are false. "But," say the teachers of current theology, "all these things are written or clearly implied in the Bible. Deny even one of them, and you deny the whole of religion, for if every word in the Bible is not true, nothing is certain, and we can not even know that there is a God." What wonder, or what shame, if the people answer that in that case they will believe neither in the Bible nor in God? And yet, how great is their loss!

These are the people, the unchurched, who make, up more than a third of America, to whom our mission is. And who are we? We are a scattered handful of people, happy in that we stand in the line of progressive thought that began slowly instead of coming with the appalling suddenness of that which has been described. From one and another orthodox camp we have gradually thought our way out and joined the band that seventy years ago found William Ellery Channing as a leader up out of the unworthy thought of God and the degrading conceptions of man that were the shame of the still glorious Congregationalism of New England.

And what is the gospel we have to preach? Every number of *UNITY* retells it, every word of our workers re-echoes it; and we may forbear to restate it here, since we write for those who know it as well as we.

Why should we not preach it to the orthodox rather than the unchurched? Because "they that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." If people truly believe in God's loving kindness, and think they furthermore believe that he is three persons in one substance; if they believe in Jesus's law of love, and wish also to think of him as a lamb sacrificed for human guilt; if they follow the precepts of the Bible, and think they are helped by the belief in the infallibility of every text,—may God be with them, for they too are working to make the world better, though they follow not with us. And it is the glory of human nature and of Christianity that beliefs utterly repugnant to us oft-times do not have on those who accept them the blighting and brutalizing effect for which we might look. So let us leave these to help in their own way those whom they can help, and let us turn to the multitude whom they can not help.

Already the multitude are beginning to hear reports of our gospel. In ever increasing numbers they are coming to hear what we have to tell, and to bring their doubts to see if we have any answer to offer. They have been living without religion, out of harmony with God and man, because religion is still in-

dissolubly joined in their minds to doctrines that are repugnant alike to their better judgment and their better feelings. And the gospel God has given us to preach is the gospel that may be to these millions salvation, salvation from the lower life into the higher, from darkness into light, from sadness into joy. May we but realize our opportunity!

C. H. K.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

To Follow.

The men of bygone ages
Had not the heart to sing
Of all the joy and beauty
We know the years shall bring.

They crept amidst dense darkness,
We grope midst passing night,
But those who are to follow
Shall run in broad daylight.

Of truth they found but fragments,
Our eyes, alas! are weak,
But those who are to follow
Shall find the things we seek.

They saw love's form in outline,
We sometimes see her face,
But those who are to follow
Shall feel her fond embrace.

Their songs were wails of sorrow,
We raise a feeble voice,
But those who are to follow
With anthems shall rejoice.

We can not, dare not doubt it,
The future shall reveal
A glory far surpassing
Our dreams of the ideal!

But, progress has no limit;
Forever and forever,
Some shining goal shall call for
A yet more grand endeavor!

WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA.

AVONIAN.

The Tribe of the Indifferent.

Dante found one class of beings unworthy even of hell. A place of great darkness was set apart for them, where, afflicted by mean torments, they envied every other lot. They were the tribe of the Indifferent. They were composed of two divisions; one, the angels, who when Lucifer rebelled, joined neither his forces nor those of the Almighty, being wholly regardless of either's victory; the other, spirits from earth who had never espoused any cause, but had lived immersed in self.

Living as Dante was in times of great party strife, he necessarily held disdain for the indifferent. Our own period of reforms teaches us how base that attitude must have seemed to his ardent spirit. If we stand appalled at the picture of their punishment, we yet can sympathize with the poet's detestations of the sluggishness of these souls. Have we not felt thus when seeing indifference towards great wrongs that called for the speech and act of every generous soul? A true woman-suffragist is more moved by the indifference of the woman who boasts that "she does not care" about the reform, than by the opposition of the non-suffragist. Where

the non-suffragist works from real conviction, her attitude can even be respected. But nothing extenuates the torpidity of the woman who does not care. A Knight of Labor may see in the course of some capitalist pitted against the work of his organization a sincerity to command admiration, but what can stifle his contempt for the petty self-interest of a fellow-workman who "won't be bothered by any of their affairs."

Modern study is coming to see in Dante's vivid pictures the stern symbolism of results. It finds there the highest sort of teaching. In this portrayal of the mean state of the indifferent, what a truth lies hidden. They found in life nothing worth a struggle, they had no cause, no flag. Now before them is a "whirling flag," which they restlessly strive to follow, but though it forever allures them, it leads nowhere, it is only the irony of their past indifference. Now these beings who were on earth so steeped in selfishness, are forever meanly reminded of their wretched selves; they are incessantly stung by wasps and hornets, and goaded by these low pangs are a torture unto themselves in place of their once supreme satisfaction.

How grimly this sets forth the condition of those from whom has gone the noble opportunity for action. "The whirling flag" of a lost cause forever haunts their vision. Remorse stings them. They hate their selfish selves, and envy the meanest lot that would give them a chance to forget that lukewarm spirit that was their bane, and doomed them to the base condition of perpetual self-upbraidings.

But how are we startled when we learn of the number of the indifferent. "There were so many," said the poet, "I did not think that ever death had had these myriads to despoil."

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

The Lakeside School of New Theology.

The Lakeside School of New Theology opened at Bemus Point on Chautauqua Lake, Friday, August 5. Up to the present date there have been delivered from its platform more than twenty-five lectures and sermons by speakers of various denominational affiliations, as well as by independents. Doctor Thomas, of Chicago, spoke on Saturday and Sunday, August 6 and 7. His earnestness and spirituality gained the complete sympathy of his hearers. The church that disfellowships such noble spirits as he, is committing slow but certain suicide. It may protect and preserve its creed, but at the expense of its intellectual and spiritual life. When a church cuts off such men, it becomes a girdled tree. The trunk and limbs remain, but they are robbed of the vital sap that insures their further growth. The Lakeside School of New Theology has a platform for such men.

President O. Cone, of Buchtel college, has delivered some thoughtful lectures. He is radical and uncompromising, and from his merciless logic no superstitious dogma e'er escapes. His lecture on "Messianic Prophecies" was better adapted to the class room than to a popular assembly, but it went to the bottom of the question, and the attentive listener could perceive that the prophecies under consideration are destined to lose their traditional interpretation.

Rev. E. P. Adams, of Dunkirk, an independent, is a quiet but thoughtful man, who is doing a good work without the assistance of dogmatic theology. He lectured August 9, to excellent acceptance. Prof. George L. Cary, of Meadville Theological School, gave a scholarly lecture on "How to Study the Scriptures." Those who know him need not be assured that people studying the scriptures after his method will fall into no serious error of doctrine.

Rev. M. L. Williston, of Davenport, Iowa, a Congregationalist, and a personal friend of Doctor Townsend, gave two highly interesting lectures on European travel, illustrated with stereopticon views. Doctor Rexford, of Detroit, has been stirring up the dust on the shelves of old theology. He is a most eloquent and forcible speaker, and carries his audience by storm. His lectures on "Clement of Alexandria," and "The Heathen as a Factor in Modern Theology," were scholarly, and full of the broadest sympathy. Doctor Rexford is a tree

standing in a denominational garden, but extending its limbs far outside the boundary fence, and dropping its fruit into the hands of the passer by.

Wednesday, August 10, was "Unity Club Day," and a day looked forward to with the greatest of interest by friends of a broad and genuine culture. The speakers of the day were Doctor Townsend, Dr. O. Cone, Arthur Stearns, and one with whom UNITY's readers are probably not acquainted,—Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Education, co-education, and other topics were discoursed upon. The western brother presented the aims and methods of the Unity Club, and gave us a lecture on Browning, which made everybody hungry for more of the poet to whom we were introduced in such an interesting manner. Brother Jones recited the selections from his favorite poet in a manner which suggested a possible field of success, in case he is ever excommunicated and driven into secular work. Miln should look to his laurels.

In spite of his reputation as an arch heretic, Mr. Jones was earnestly requested to preach to the people; and so on Thursday he again occupied the platform. He gave his sermon on "Religion from the Near End." The echoes of that sermon have not yet ceased to reverberate among the trees and along the shores of the quiet lake. Whether they will touch distant Chautauqua and disturb its conservatism can not yet be told. To say that the sermon made an impression is to use mild language. The earnestness of the speaker, the broad catholicity of the sermon, carried the people by storm. Tears stole down the cheeks of warm hearted Doctor Townsend, as his soul was stirred by the religious fervor of the speaker. There was not any trace of dogmatic theology in that sermon, but it was of thought and spirit all compact. People stare in utter amazement when they are told that Mr. Jones is one of the men who are so persistently accused of denuding Unitarianism of its religious elements.

Dr. Thomas Hill has lectured on "The Crucifixion Historically Considered," and on "Toads,"—the latter lecture being amusing and instructive. The programme thus far has been a good one, and representative of many phases of theologic thought. The amphitheater has no sign out, with a creed in black letters, but there is the warmest fellowship among the various ministers.

Doctor Townsend, the founder of the institution, is broad and sympathetic in his spirit. He is laboring to build, on an enduring basis, a spiritual home for the unchurched. He has great power as a preacher, and his work since coming out of the Methodist church has been remarkably successful. His sermons are lofty and spiritual, full of beautiful imagery and noble sentiment. By allying himself with men who are working broadly for the advancement of humanity, he hopes to see this institution become permanently and widely useful.

The location of the school is a beautiful spot, on the shore of the now famous Lake Chautauqua. Steamers pass almost continually, and small craft of every kind dot the lake. The atmosphere is fresh and bracing, and the breezes that sweep over the water and through the trees are symbolic of the currents of fresh thought which here prevent the intellectual air from becoming stagnant. The New Theology is not a new atmosphere, but a fresh and new current in the old. UNITY will hear more of the Lakeside School of New Theology.

SOLOMON LAUER.

BEMUS POINT, N. Y., AUG. 13, 1887.

Wait for the Heart.

Wait for the heart—
Yea, patiently stand,
E'er won to its behests.
What is life, apart
From days the heart makes grand?
The mountain-crests
Of their own love have led
Men, as from land to land,
With faith unspent and star-calm speed,
From deed to deed,
Till life was fled!

"Ohrst Before Pilate."

Munkacsy's painting of *Christ before Pilate* is great in both its realism and its idealism. It is the realism that first impresses you. The picture is magnificently painted, the figures seem to be living men. You look into the prætorium, or judgment hall, where on your right sits Pilate on his raised and richly carved seat. On his right is Caiaphas pleading vehemently for the death of Jesus, who stands with bound wrists before Pilate, and is the central figure of the wonderful scene. The hall is filled with men of all conditions. The artist must have studied historical accuracy. He has represented Christ without any of the conventional attributes of divinity. He does not look at him in the light of to-day or of the eighteen centuries during which he has been worshipped, but he sees him, and makes us see him, as he appeared to the people about him, a Jewish peasant, who preached strange doctrines, and lived according to a standard unknown to his fellows. They hated and feared him because they could not understand him. In the crowd that watch the trial, the faces express every shade of curiosity, malice, insolence, and contempt, every phase of shallowness, self-conceit and worldliness. There is not much violence, only one rough man is shouting for a death-sentence; but there is no friendliness in all the crowd. A young woman, holding a child on her arm, gazes with a sympathetic look at Jesus, but it is the sympathy that a tender nature would feel for any prisoner, and shows no comprehension of his character. One man only, sitting below Pilate, leans forward with an expression of interest so intense, and so free from hostility, that one feels that for him it might have been possible to understand the mission of Christ. Pilate himself is repulsive. The face is mean as well as troubled. He looks as if he might have that moment received the message from his wife "Have thou nothing to do with that just man." The figure of Christ is slender, and rather tall. The face is pale, there is no weakness in his look, but there are traces of suffering. It is the face of a man who does not heed the things of this world. He stands erect, apparently unconscious even of the rope that binds his wrists together; his auburn hair falls lightly over his shoulders; his white robe hangs in straight folds to his feet. His whole expression is that of one who "answered nothing," and yet it is not an expression of defiance; there is no consciousness of self in it.

As one goes again and again to study this wonderful painting, the sense of its realism is gradually lost in the great lesson which it teaches, in its pure idealism. This is the trial of the spiritual by the worldly. The young prisoner is the type of all noble aspirations, of holy life, of spirituality, of self-sacrifice, of the comprehension of and the striving after the divine, and of that great love for humanity that counts death as nothing, if by death humanity can be lifted nearer to the eternal truth. And this soul comes in contact with a world that has nothing in common with it, but that has power over the body which enshrines it. Brutality howls at it, malice jeers at it, insolence mocks it; self-conceit and worldly prosperity look askance and think it better to have this teacher of a truth that they will not understand put out of the way; official power is troubled, it feels to some extent the beauty and the force of the new teaching, but it feels also its danger to existing institutions, and so the governor silences his conscience, and his intelligence, and gives himself wholly to the baser part of his nature, by condemning to death the troublesome Jewish prophet. In the young woman, in the one earnest man, lies the hope for the future. They will not forget. The woman will *feel*, the man will *think* that the prisoner was unjustly sentenced. And yet one feels that the triumph is with Christ, with the spiritual nature. That is beyond the reach of the world's punishment. His silence is not defiance, nor doubt, nor fear; it is simply that he is so apart from all this baseness and prejudice and ignorance and cruelty, that he has no words in common with it. He touches the deepest places in one's heart. His silence, his dignity, his withdrawal from all the tumult and clamor into the peace of God within him, are indescribably impressive. There is

more in the picture than Christ before Pilate; there is the trial of every soul before Christ. Each one must answer whether he has taken part with Pilate and the mob, or with Jesus; whether he has loved best the things of this world or the things that are not of this world; whether he has been ignorant and cruel, blinding his eyes from the light, and scoffing and jeering at truth because it came in a new form, or from an humble source. Christ is still tried before Pilate. Let us see to it that we are not of the scoffing, howling mob, or the indifferent skeptics who sit silent at the trial, and are careless while the crucifixion is accomplished.

In this great religious picture the victory is not with Pilate on his seat of honor, not with the mob in their strength and fury, but with the condemned Jewish peasant, bound and led to his death.

Before the picture came to America millions of people had visited it in the different cities of Europe. It is a pity to have it put in any private gallery; it should belong to some great city museum of fine arts, where the people could see it often, and where above all they could go on Sundays, without cost, and learn its lessons of spirituality, learn the beauty of holiness, and the baseness of ignorance, injustice and cruelty.

Fine as the etchings of the painting are, they lack necessarily the beauty and richness of the coloring, which is so harmonious in the picture. The figure of Christ loses especially in this way. The black and white of the etching and the photographs, interesting as these reproductions are, intensify the suffering in the face, and fail to give the beauty and humanness (if one may use the word) that are in the delicate flesh tints, the eyes, and the auburn hair.

Helping the Minister.

If you have a minister you ought to help him in his work, and try to make it pleasant for him in his pastorate. He often needs your material and personal assistance. He has come to town with his goods, and is moving into his house. Did you see that the parsonage, if you had one, was put in good repair, and was cleanly and ready for the moving in of the goods? Or, if it was a hired house, did you, or *will* you,—for ministers are moving in all the time,—see that everything is done, that can be, to make the removal easy for him? If he should find a good new carpet down in the parlor, or a nice book-case in the study, all the better. Perhaps he would not find fault if some one had found out that he was coming, and had opened the house, and kindled up a fire, and set the table, so that the family coming should be greeted in a hospitable way. And then, when his goods come, you might go to the house and offer your services, although for most things you could not do as well as the parson himself. But kind attentions and thoughtfulness are worth everything. Even when the pastor's family have been on a vacation, and the house has been shut up, how nice to find out when they are to return, and open it, light it, load the table with food and flowers, and fill the rooms with friends. I speak here from delightful experience, many a time.

Or, sadder even than moving into a house, is moving out of it, after a long and happy stay with a delightful people. Did you let the family pack up and go away without going over to see them, and say good-bye, and to sympathize with and help them, or offer to do so? Give them a pleasant send-off, at least. Give them a home while they are breaking up, and a formal reception before finally leaving. No matter if everything hasn't been pleasant; no matter if all can not join heartily in this last act of courtesy and love. Do it; make them a little present of your good feelings, your good will, if nothing else. Forget, forgive, be large and noble, and ever welcome these people to your homes in after days. They have given many an hour, thought, act of love for what no money was paid or could pay for. Or, if it is all regret, all around, still try to make the pastor's exit as easy as possible by not unduly emphasizing the character of the separation.

Then, not only at the beginning and the end of the pastorate should you be as helpful and as kind and sympathetic as

possible; but between these dates show the friendly spirit and the loving act. I will tell you *what* to do: Make it a point to call and see the pastor and his family. Do not wait for them to call to see you; go and see them. The ladies, probably, will do so; the gentlemen, also, ought to do it. The people, all, should call, and not put it off, and not be too ceremonious,—the very rich, and the very poor, and all others.

The pastor wants to know you all, and see you all at his home. Probably one-third of the people of a parish call on the minister—two-thirds of the ladies call on his wife. There are usually some poor families who do not call, for various reasons; but he would be just as glad to see you as the rich. Sometimes it really seems as though some people felt too good to make a call of that kind; as though it was a condescension—and within a stone's throw of the parsonage. That is not right; it is not Christian. There may be good reasons why you do not do it; but make them known, or call; show them your interest in them as neighbors if not as spiritual teachers and officers of the church. It is a duty to do this. Do not think it makes no difference; do not show any indifference you may feel toward the minister, in any act of that kind. Be frequent in your calls; let there be some leading, efficient ladies who make free to call on the pastor's wife, not formally, but as a friend, and with a desire to encourage her, and help on all the affairs of the church. The men should call at the pastor's study, and talk over the affairs of the church; the officers of the church should frequently do this. He wants to know how things are getting on, and what is on the committee's mind, and to talk over the affairs of the church. Do not keep your minister at arms' length, and look upon him as though he cared nothing about anything but his salary. There should be the freest intercourse between pastor and board of directors of the church possible. And his advice, if not followed, should be asked about a great many things.

Then, too, there are little things it is not possible for a pastor to suggest, or to come at in any way properly; and since my lot in this respect has been all and more than I could desire, or expect, I can speak freely, and definitely. Now since you wish to be kind, and are thoughtful, do not think that you can offend by doing little kindnesses you could not expect or care to do for your gardener, or your grocer, or your hatter or barber. Let me specify: Now you have a good team; your pastor has none. He has a wife and children who have no opportunity to ride out in the country or the suburbs of the city to take the air or see the flowers, or the autumn tints. It would do them all good, and it would be a nice thing for you occasionally,—not too often, for it would give the pastor too deep a taste of the luxury of such things,—to send word that he could take your team for a drive, or that John would drive for him. I know of some who are constantly doing this. I know of two or three ministers who never pay for a team to go on an exchange, and who always have a driver, and usually the owner of the team; and, besides doing a financial favor, the parishioner has a chance to get a little nearer to his pastor. The horse, too, is all the better for driving off a few miles every day. And yet, how many people are saying—it may be to the minister—that the family horse don't get half enough exercise. O, if he only knew how three or four children would like to ride out and enjoy nature, who never get out of sight of the parsonage yard, he would never need to have said that!

Then, you have fruit and flowers in abundance; your minister buys his fruit and dispenses with flowers. Not always, for last week I had any quantity of fruit and flowers sent in. Your currants drop to the ground, your pears are not eaten before they spoil. Your green corn, half ripened before it could be used. Your flower garden shed its blossoms on the ground; but the pastor's parlor or study had no blossoms; and the fruit and vegetables, wasted in your garden, would have been acceptable, and more than all, it would have seemed so friendly, and would have helped to make his stay with you more pleasant. You went to the conference, to Saratoga, to all important religious gatherings; he was delegate, and went, too, for the benefit it would be to him, and to prevent complaint of his people should he stay away; but he was not able to

do this. He represented your church, and did all this for its benefit. You, the church, should have paid his bills; or if some private member of the parish were to do it, as was my case, not long since,—receiving a twenty dollar bill to spend in going to Saratoga conference,—it would be a pleasant thing to do. Do not put your minister upon the level of your washerwoman, and say, take your wages and be gone; no favors here; we pay you for your work, let that end all obligations. That has a look of magnanimity, and of justice, in it; but *the ministry is based on sympathy, and love*, and the pastor's meagre wages must be used for his family, and he needs books and has outgoes no one of you knows anything about. Be generous; be thoughtful, be kind and appreciative; do not treat your pastor as a pauper,—and the true minister is no beggar,—but as a *man*; but as a *man with a heart*, and he will be able to do all the more *for you and your church*.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FALL RIVER, MASS.

Superstition.

There is no influence so powerful, nothing has so influenced history, nothing has caused such sacrifices of life and treasure, as belief in supernatural agencies. One can scarcely conceive what crimes have been committed, what suffering and misery have been brought upon the world through this source. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there were over thirty thousand human beings sacrificed in the old world upon the altars of superstition. If only a few lost their lives in New England "it was due more to sparse population than to want of zeal or moderation,"—seventeen were killed during the excitement of the Salem witchcraft—more would have been sacrificed only the judges becoming appalled, applied a little common sense to their dealings with the accused,—“set some of the prisoners free, and declined to arrest others, when suddenly there was an end to these grievances.” No more accounts of enchantment and witchcraft were heard of, and soon the evil disappeared entirely. There have doubtless been bright spots in history where superstition has lingered and which she has even aided to create. No greater power ever nerved the arm of the hero or the brain of the philosopher than this. It has doubtless supported and sustained millions of worshippers.

But it is all passing away. The days of the Inquisition are for the most part over. The wild fantasies of witchcraft are known only in the pages of the past.

Ghost stories are only told now to frighten little children. They are seldom believed except by the very ignorant and credulous. It is well, and perhaps it is well that they existed in the past. They serve now as landmarks to show the progress that has been made.

It is sometimes asked wherein we are superior to our ancestors; in this we are superior if in nothing else—we are less superstitious.

If one is found occasionally who believes in luck, or in omens, or if at times departed spirits are disquieted, no great harm is done, for it seldom interferes with any real interest, and never endangers human life.

This change has doubtless been brought about through education. We may be told there were educated men in the past, and this is true, but not as we educate to-day. The study of the world in which we live, its laws, and their operations is of recent date. Such men as Darwin, Huxley and Spencer were not known a few generations ago. Education in the past meant, for the most part, memorizing the pages of history, learning the technicalities of language, studying dates and names. To-day it consists in teaching “how plants grow,” the origin of the thunderstorms, what makes the lightning, whence the wind and the rain. A knowledge of these things to-day makes cultivated and learned men.

Let us then give to the study of science all due encouragement. We shall need no better remedy for quackery and humbuggery than this. We need have no fears that religion

will suffer even if we do unlock all the mysteries of nature. We *can not* find out too much. Let us keep on.

"From year to year in loftier flight
On mightier wing let knowledge soar,
For as it soars, religious light
Shall onward grow to more and more.

More glorious still, as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul
Its waters shall o'erflow the world,—

Flow to restore and not destroy,
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away."

The Mission of the New Theology.

The words which we have adopted as our motto, to stand at the head of our paper, represent the spirit of the New Theology. The movement is not destructive, but constructive. It is not a tempest of wind to upturn the grand old tree of Christian theology; but a refreshing breath of new inspiration, which, though it may cause some dry and withered leaves to fall, will quicken the sap of spiritual life and strengthen the tissue of the tree.

It is not a killing frost of doubt or negation, but a burst of warm sunshine, which shall cause all the buds of thought and feeling to swell and open. Its purpose is not to destroy, but to save the great truths which have found expression, more or less complete, in the Christian theology of the past.

It would reconcile scientific and Christian thought. For the difference between them, both are partially to blame. There has been narrowness and bigotry on both sides. Theologians have soared too much in the clouds of speculation; scientists have grubbed too exclusively in the mire of materiality. The theologian has danced after the ignis fatuus of superstition. The scientist has gazed too fixedly upon the Gorgon of materialism, until his heart has been almost turned to stone. There is a fixedness of thought in both science and theology. There is the antithesis of orthodoxy and heresy in each. We would plead for a larger outlook and a greater tolerance in both.

We would kindle anew the fires upon the altar of the church. There is a spiritual dearth in all the churches. On every side we hear ministers bewailing the lack of interest among their people. Here and there a Talmage or Jones can attract large numbers, but in most of our churches there are too many empty pews. We believe that the broader faith of the New Theology, reconciling the brain and heart of men, will lead them to a deeper spiritual life. The New Theology is by no means wholly doctrinal. It means not only better thought, but better life; not only a better conception of God and things divine, but a drawing nearer unto God and the divine life. It is useless to study time and tune, the relation of note to note, if the soul is never to be bathed in the sweet harmony of a Beethoven. It is useless to study the laws of perspective, of light and shade, of harmony of color, if the eye of the spirit is never to be opened to perceive the beauty in the world. The fact that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen is of no value to him who is dying of thirst upon the desert sands. A knowledge of the chemical properties of certain foods is of no service to him in whose vitals the worm of hunger is fiercely gnawing. An exposition of the laws and processes of combustion would be cruel mockery to one who was perishing in the winter's cold. While the New Theology would present a more rational statement of religious truth, it does not forget that truth is for the intellect, and that the spiritual life is reached by direct appeal of soul to soul, as one candle is lighted from another.

We would preach a religion for this world as well as for the next. The old theology gazed too much into the sky, and failed to see the beauty here on earth. The light that bathes the mountain tops of earth is as beautiful as that reflected from the pearly gates of New Jerusalem. The daisy-studded path

through which we walk in the dewy morning is as beautiful as the gold-paved streets of the celestial city. The plain and homely clothes that we see upon our streets often cover as beautiful a soul as the white robes of the redeemed in heaven. We would open the eyes of men and women to the beauties of this world, and show them heaven here and now. Human life on earth is as divine as human life in any world. The pessimism of the past showed us the world as draped in mourning. The music of spheres was only a funeral dirge. The notes of the lark, upspringing in the morning sunlight, were but the echoes of a joyful past. The present held no songs of joy. The New Theology would open men's ears to hear the melodies of to-day. The world, with its countless forms of life, is but a mighty harp, whose myriad strings, breathed upon by the spirit of God, continually send forth notes of divinest melody.

We would show God in the world to-day. The Old Theology said that God once walked to Eden, but His voice is no longer heard on earth. God is in the world to-day. The Omnipotence that holds the stars of heaven in their places upholds the feeble and tottering child of earth. The wisdom that guides the wandering planet in its orbit is guiding to-day the footsteps of the trustful. God does not dwell apart upon a distant star. His spirit fills the Universe; and wherever the soul of man goes out in weakness for greater strength, goes forth in darkness for more light, goes forth in doubt and trembling, seeking faith, there it meets the soul of God, and is filled and quickened with new spiritual life. Yes, God is in human life to-day. Eden is not in the past or future. It is in the present, and God speaks to man in the midst of its many beauties.

The New Theology would interpret all the revelations of God to man. The word of God is not confined to tables of stone or rolls of musty parchment. The stones which Moses brought from Sinai were graven with the words of God; but there are other tables of stone lying hidden in the silent bosom of the earth, and these too contain the words of God, written in the hieroglyph of plant and flower, of beast and bird, fish and creeping thing; and the geologist is the Moses who brings to us these tables of stone, with their burden of Divine writing. The scrolls of parchment, stored in musty archives of medieval monastery, were closely written with God's word; but in the infinite scroll of the heavens God's fingers has traced in letters of light countless revelations of His being. Through the lips of inspired men God speaks, but also through the myriad sounds of nature. The song of bird, the ripple of the running brooks, the washing of the sad sea waves upon the beach, in all these and countless others God voices Himself to man. Science is the priestess in nature's temple. The visible Universe is the manifestation of God; in other words, a revelation of God to man. We would interpret the Scripture in the book of nature, and translate the mystic symbols of God's thoughts into human speech.—*S. L. in the New Theology Herald.*

My Song.

Across the hollow air there flits
A bird's wing swift and strong,
And back unto my ears is borne
A wild exultant song.

Away in space the lone bird sings;
In all the empty sky,
There is no ear to lean and list,
No heart to care save I.

For me, for me that flash of wings
Darting the clouds along,
For me the coloring of its crest,
For me its burst of song.

Oh, song in far eternity
Writ but for me, what great
And wondrous knowledge earth would gain,
Could I thy notes translate.

The mystery of life and death,
Of rapture and of pain,
Hints even of the silent spheres,
All, all, are in thy strain.

Yet it was written but for me;
I read, but woeful fate,
Although I strive and strive and strive,
The song cannot translate.

—Hattie Tyng Griswold, in *Pioneer Press*.

THE HOME.

Child Philosophy.

Cheerful children, who have been made happy by a warm and loving atmosphere at home, do a deal of thinking in their own way, and sometimes turn off a bit of wisdom wonderfully; for, after all, joy is the first teacher and the first learning too. There is nothing like it for quickening the young mind and showing things as they are. Happiness is a great revealer of truth; it sets things in their places; we look on them in their natural order. We were hearers, the other day, of a bit of child-philosophy which delighted us. Some little girls had constructed a couple of baby-houses in the basement, which was their play-room. Very well they had done it, too. Their materials were fruit boxes, with bits of tissue paper, old lace and other scraps, out of which they had produced some furnished, tapestried and curtained rooms, wonderful to behold, the same being inhabited by a small army of penny china dolls. Now, it so happened that the brother of the little girls was engaged intently at the same time in the construction of a scroll-saw, which he finished just as the little girls completed their baby houses. Therefore the two games, or occupations, that is, the baby-play and the use of the scroll-saw, began together. Now, the one was quiet and the other noisy—the scroll-saw being of a noisy class of tools, and this particular one uncommonly clattering by reason of being home-made; in fact, when in operation at full speed, the noise was quite astonishing and made the whole house ring like a small factory. When the family met at the tea-table, and the boy gleefully announced that his scroll-saw was “going all right,” he was told, with a spice of irony, that the tool had proclaimed its own operation loudly enough. At this one of the little girls remarked: “Yes, it makes a dreadful noise; but we have to submit to it, so we play its a mill.” There was a laugh, which quieted to a smile of approval, and then deepened into thought. Ah, blessed little children, what could one wish or hope better for you through life than that you should keep close at heart that bit of child-philosophy, and when you cannot remove a difficulty or trouble transmute it to something else by cheerful dealing with it. Yes, go on through life playing that all noises and clamorings are mills, and truly they will become so and grind good grist for you! That little child knew not her own wisdom; she touched and uttered one of the very deepest and most helpful truths of life. There is a wise saying that it is great part of the art of a good life not to try to bring things to our mind, but to bring our mind to the things. The little child could not utter it in that way, but it was just that wisdom that she meant. The child knew nothing, we suppose, of the letter to the Philippians; nevertheless she was a little *Pauline*, saying in her own way, “I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content.”

How many of us elders have come to that beautiful and really pious wisdom? There is a sentence of Joubert, “Children have more need of models than of critics”—which indeed is very true. Yet Jesus was not astray when he made also the childlike nature a model for the old. “A fig tree,” says an Arabian proverb, “looking on a fig tree becometh fruitful;” quoting which a writer says: “So it is with little children, their first great instructor is example.” Aye; but a big fig tree, if it be barren, may begin to bud again if it look on a little fig tree that is blossoming according to its size.

J. V. B.

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Philadelphia.—After coping unsuccessfully with the desire of people to stay at home, Unity church, Camden, has stopped its Sunday services. It was at first intended to remain open the entire summer.

—The Germans in this city have had a very large meeting in protest against the enforcement of Sabatarian or prohibitory laws.

—The people—or some of the people—of Hammon, New Jersey, have started a sort of Sunday crusade in which the strictest observance of the day is insisted upon.

—Mr. Mangasarian, though away from the city on what is presumed to be his vacation, is not altogether inactive. I believe he has already spoken at Asbury Park, that nursing of Presbyterianism, and before the Universalist Grove meeting at Weirs, N. H.

—I had word from New England that Clifford was on a recent Sunday preparing to speak in the church at Farmington, Maine.

—The *Press*, of this city, speaks of Morse, who is still here, as one who made a bust of Paine, and essayed some years ago to present it to the city, but did it in such a way as to elicit a refusal. Which is all stupidly untrue, except the fact that he was the sculptor of the occasion. The formalities of presentation were entrusted to others, who did not make the best of their opportunity. —Doctor Henry T. Child spoke on the temperance movement at a week-day meeting in the Spring Garden Unitarian Church recently. While endorsing prohibition, as it seemed, the speaker was not blind to the necessities of the deeper moral influences.

—Doctor Morris Jastrow, Jr., spoke for Clifford just before the Germantown church was closed for the summer.

—There is to be a united meeting of the sections of the Society for Ethical Culture promptly in September. Sheldon will probably be there and speak. H. L. T.

Buffalo Prairie, Ill.—You stop at Reynolds—a station on the Mercer county railroad, seventeen miles south from Rock Island. There you take buggy and drive directly west some twelve miles or so to a little school house on the edge of a cornfield. This is Buffalo Prairie. The liberal friends living near the line that separates Rock Island and Mercer counties come together here, from Sunday to Sunday, to hold a Sunday school and read sermons and sing hymns for mutual edification and instruction.

—The inspiration of this earnest religious move-

ment, in which Universalists and Unitarians are united, comes from a family, one of whose members chanced while absent from home some time ago to stray into a Unitarian church. It has been constantly fed by the post office mission at Davenport. The western secretary was cordially welcomed as only hungry souls can welcome the bringing of glad tidings, and preached twice on Sunday, 14th inst., to eager and interested audiences.

Boston Notes.—A large assortment of sermons are now at the A. U. A. Rooms, Boston, and may be had for the asking by mail or by a call.

—The Hebrew Society will dedicate on September 24th to their form of worship the edifice lately occupied by the society of Rev. E. E. Hales. The cross above the pulpit and the bronze tablet in memory of the early minister, Doctor Motte, were reserved by Mr. Hale from the sale for places in the new church when erected.

—The latest effort to evangelize the crowd is made by our Young Men's Christian Association by sending a barge with a brass band and a choir of singers and hymn leaflets to lead singing of gospel tunes at our suburban public places of resort driving to several parks in succession during the afternoon.

—The editors of the *Christian Register*, the "Shaybacks," have again gone into the woods of Canada to begin volume second of their delightful camp memories.

All Souls Church, Chicago.—On Sunday, August 14, the pulpit was filled by Mr. Charles H. Kerr. The services were conducted in a manner which gave great pleasure and satisfaction to the congregation. The sermon was a tender and devout expression of religious faith and a summons to the people to be up and doing, to improve the opportunities for noble work which All Souls church offered them, to break the bread of life to hungry souls standing without.

A LISTENER.

Moline, Ill.—The western secretary was detained in Moline one night last week and was taken to view the lot which the Unitarians there have purchased and on which they hope soon to build a church. They are considering plans and hope before long to get to work.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XIX.]

CHICAGO, AUGUST 27, 1887.

[NUMBER 26.]

EDITORIAL.

AN exchange, speaking of a new Presbyterian church being organized, says: "There were six husbands with their six wives among the first members." This is not strange. Given husbands, the wives are easily secured for church membership. The hard thing to do comes when you have the six wives, to secure their six husbands.

A WRITER in the *Interior* characterizes the Episcopalian invitation to church union in this country as a rallying cry which says: "Rally around our church and believe what you please, only so you rally!" If this be true, the pity and the shame is that there is at the core of the Episcopal church a great pretension of belief that to very many of those who do rally is unbelievable.

It is refreshing and encouraging to see the growing enthusiasm of our American Howells for the Russian Tolstoi; it supplies what has been to many a long-felt want in our American novelist and the school he represents. If these clever reporters of other people's talk could only be struck by lightning—the kind that once gave a shock to Saul of Tarsus—so that they might become dead in earnest over something, we might expect something good, aye, great. As it is, there is too much first-class ability bestowed on second or third-class subjects. Why should razors be used to whittle kindling wood?

"HAVE you ever been to Cape Cod?" asked Mr. Alcott, the Concord sage, in one of his western "conversations." "No." "Then you needn't. Go read Thoreau's book on it, and you will see much more than you would if you went there." Something like this is to be said to those who have never camped out, particularly on the banks of Lake Memphramagog. Let them read "The Shaybacks in Camp," and they'll have many of the enjoyments with none of the inconveniences and expenses. It is a good substitute for a vacation. Having made the acquaintance of Shayback, it will be all the more interesting to follow the lead of his double, Rev. Samuel J. Barrows, of the *Christian Register*, to spiritual pastures green and into the quietudes of the soul. The reader of Shayback will want to subscribe for the *Register* at once.

PROFESSOR CARY, in his lecture on "How to Study the Scriptures," before the New Theology school, insisted on the difference between *reading* and *studying*, and argued that the latter alone would discover the meaning of the Bible, because "it is a collection of ancient books by many different hands, of many widely differing dates, written in languages understood now only by scholars, and treating of things unfamiliar to men of the present time." He further showed that the Bible can only be understood by those who apply the same principles of study as they would to other historical literature, and that all other desires must be subordinated "to the simple determination of discovering what the several writers really meant to say." Alas, how rare is this attitude of mind! But among those who attain to it there is a growing consensus of opinion that the Bible is a book fertile in instruction but beset with limitations; valuable as a friend, treacherous as a master; great in its humanity but small in its divinity; earth's masterpiece of the spirit, but far too full of defects to claim a heavenly origin. When we learn that religion springs not from the Bible, then the Bible becomes a beautiful help in the religious life.

BISHOP POTTER, of New York, is making an appeal to the Protestants of America for help to build a great cathedral in that city. Of course the bishop thinks that the building would have to be controlled by the "only Protestant denomination whose ritual fits it to take charge of a cathedral," but he hopes that Methodists, Congregationalists, etc., will not hesitate on that account to lend a hand. A true cathedral is, to our mind, the most surpassing and sublime outcome of the human soul in matter. But cathedrals spring only out of living faith; they never come out of half-beliefs, make-believes or "would-like-to-believes." The faith that finds its cornerstone resting on the theory of a fallen Adam and a traditional revelation can not in the nineteenth century repeat the architectural inspirations of the fifteenth century. When the religion of character and the faith in the unities of religion begin to find embodiment in an organization and a ritual, then and not till then will the inspiration come that will paint holy pictures, compose great oratorios, and build noble buildings for religion.

DOCTOR THOMAS is reported by a Jamestown paper as having said at the New Theology school at Chautauqua: "As geology is not in the books but in the earth, so religion is not in churches, but in human souls. The trouble with the church is that it has put too much emphasis on creed, and too little on character; too much on what men believe, and too little on what they are and should be. I do not know an instance in history when at a church trial it was asked of a man 'Is he good?' What sort of man is he?' But always it has been asked 'What does he believe?' This it was that burned and hanged witches in our country, and persecuted martyrs in all times—difference of belief." How right the good Doctor is and yet how slow even liberal people are to recognize the full force of the truth. "Line upon line and precept upon precept." Let the missionary work be continued until the emphasis is shifted from *words* to *deeds* and the piety of men and of churches is measured by their *life* rather than by the creeds they sign or the theories of the universe which they may hold.

AT the opening of the Lakeside School of New Theology Doctor Townsend thus defined the source and meaning of the expression as he understands it:

"Religion is aspiration, trust, love, the uplift of the soul towards another higher and holier than itself.

"Theology is the attempted intellectual explanation of these feelings of religion. Thus you can see that a man may be religious without being a theologian, as he may be a theologian without being religious.

"Religion is older than theology. Before there was the Christian New Testament or the Hebrew scripture, men aspired and worshiped. In the far off twilight of human history we cannot go back so far as to find men who did not pray. But it is an intellectual-necessity of man's nature, that he must explain things. He feels and then he thinks. He admires the flower before he stops to ask how the flower grew. But he always in the end asks how. He must chain his feeling to a fact. He must explain, he will see the relation of things.

"Thus you see religion was followed by a theology, that is, an attempted intellectual explanation of its feelings.

"The New Theology then is the flower of theologic thought—the modern, the more scriptural and more natural explanation, which men are essaying to make, of the great world-old truths of religion.

"It is the latter and truer putting of theology. That which

I felt with great insistence before I left the Methodist church was that Christian truth should be restated. I did not then use the expression New Theology, but afterward adopted it, as the best expression, on the whole, I could find. As far as I know, the expression was used first by the Swiss mystic, Amie.

"But you may ask wherein does the New Theology, as you teach it, differ from the Andover New Theology? In this, that it demands a restatement of all the great truths of Christianity, while that is simply the expression of a hope in the future world for those, who, in this world, had no opportunity to believe on Christ. The New Theology, as I apprehend it, demands not only the restatement of the doctrines of punishment, but of all the doctrines. But wherein does the New Theology differ from Universalism or Unitarianism? Universalism is a fixed elaborate system of theology. You can tell just what it teaches. But the New Theology is forming, not yet formed.

"Unitarianism is an elaborated system. The New Theology has just commenced its work. It demands a restatement, but does not say it is made.

"But are not you making statements of a New Theology? Yes, tentatively, but no statements of mine can be final or authoritative. But many on this side and across the ocean are gathering the materials,—this one brings a timber, this one shapes a stone, some artist is carving a statue for its prize, and by and by the Parthenon of the noble affirmation of God's great truths will rise over the fallen systems of the theologies of the past. So the New Theology is broad and inclusive enough to embrace all classes of devout and earnest souls. A Catholic, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, may be a New Theologian. The New Theology does not deny God, Christ, Atonement, Punishment, the Bible, but it does affirm that these great ideas must have a fresh and nobler expression."

Idealism.

Always it has been possible to divide men into two classes—those who test and judge the actual by the ideal, and those who try the ideal by the actual. We will not discuss now this difference, which turns on many points, and could not be treated with justice to either class without many nice but honest distinctions and careful qualifications; suffice it now to say, without giving a reason for the faith that is in us, that we like better to enthrone the ideal and bring the actual before it, than to cover the actual with ermine to judge the ideal. We say this in the sense of Lowell's saying, "To have greatly dreamed, precludes low ends;" and of George MacDonald's, "The ideal is the only absolute real;" and of Homer's,

"Thy good is prophecy
Of better still to be.
In the future thou shalt find
How far the Fact hath left behind
Thy fondest Dream;"

and of Gannett's,

"For this I know,—
That our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That his commonest thing hides a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never passed;
That his *fact* in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see;"

and of this, from Mrs. Woolley,—“A widening knowledge of men and things may bring diminished faith in immediate results, though it need not do that if we estimate results on the side of character and self-discipline. When enthusiasm dies it is because it has been too much engrossed in these immediate results; but it is the very essence of faith to wait the unseen and far off.”

To this same purpose is the following from a friend's letter, to which we like to give currency: “. . . I don't see how any ideal can be unattainable because of its loftiness or grandeur. You know I am an evolutionist. Our ideals grow as we grow. When we have attained the ideals of one stage of growth, another set of ideals have taken their places, so that,

in fact, there are always before us *unattained* ideals; but that is a different thing from saying that we may have *unattainable* ideals. But our experience teaches us, too, that we never, or seldom, attain to our ideals in their original forms. As we approach them they take different shapes, and what we do attain to is somewhat, possibly very, different from the original conception in the mind. Yet it would scarcely be for that reason correct to say that our ideals are never attained and are not attainable. Indeed, the real often excels the ideal. The achievements of manhood may and often do excel in true heroism and grandeur and greatness and nobility the dreams and fancies of youth. Such fancies are, in fact, never realized, though they are often excelled. The reality may be higher and greater, more beautiful and more noble than that of which we dreamed.

"Now, in the various phases of existence we find about the same sort of philosophy applicable, that is to say, in matters of religion, of morals, of intellectual accomplishment, of social affairs, of government, of physical research, of commercial transactions, etc. If there were a possibility of the existence of an unattainable ideal, we should most likely, I fancy, find it in the realm of morals; yet I can scarcely believe that any man ever entertained a higher ideal than that which was, as history relates, actually exemplified in the life of Jesus. But it is possible, nay, indeed, it is probable, that history, as it comes to us, may be somewhat at fault; for while 'the good that men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones.' Of course, too, the Bishop of D—in 'Les Misérables' is a creature of Hugo's imagination. But I think I have known *one* man (now living) who comes very near to the attainment of these very lofty ideals. I know one man intimately, and have known him since my childhood, and have never known him to do a wrong to any human being, or to any member of the brute creation, from whose lips I never heard a word that indicated a dishonest or immoral thought. I do not claim that he never made a mistake, but I never knew him to do an act or to utter a word that impeached his morality, even though measured by the ideals furnished us in the writings of Confucius, in the New Testament, or in the imaginary characters introduced in the writings of our best modern authors. That man is my own uncle, the brother of my father. When I try to conceive a perfect man morally, I take Uncle Reuben as my model. I can scarcely conceive of a more perfect man with similar mental endowments. He comes up to my ideal. In all the years of intimate acquaintance with him I never knew him in a single instance, or for a single instant, to fall below the highest moral standard that I have been able to erect, and during many years of that time no one except his own immediate family knew him better than I did."

How it does put heart in us to meet such testimonies! How it cheers the whole world to our eyes! In the tender Bible stories the advent of Jesus was marked by a great light from heaven and angels' songs in the midst of it. So, when we meet this goodness along the common ways of life, a light breaks and the air is full of song. We always have liked the faith of that sturdy perfectionist (the good Father Taylor, of Boston, we believe it was) who, when asked if he really thought there had been ever any one so good as Jesus, cried out, "Millions, sir!"

Our friend ex'ends his idealism without hesitation from the individual to the general, from the home to the government and the race. He says,—“It is probable that *your* ideal and *my* ideal will never be realized in form, but I have faith to believe that in the matter of human governments, as in all things else, the future will bring forth realities far more grand, far more beautiful, far better than anything of which we, or the most far-seeing men that ever lived, are able faintly to conceive. I have a great deal of faith in the future of humanity *in this world*. I have faith to believe that the time will come when man will be not 'a little lower than the angels,' but in everything that is true and good and great, eminently higher than the gods of past ages, or the conception of the Deity which occupies the minds of many intelligent people of the present day.”

J. V. B.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Unrounded Lives.

Unrounded lives, all incomplete,
The ranks of human effort fill,
While yet the heart, in mournful beat,
Preserves unbroken silence still.

A woman wears a martyr's crown,
Whose thorns have pierced but claimed no cry,
As love ne'er cast a tribute down,
To brighten life, in passing by.

Her lips are mute with songs unsung,
But speak with consolation sweet,
When other hearts, with anguish wrung,
Bring all their sorrows to her feet.

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

MT. AUBURN, CINCINNATI, O.

Why I Am a Heathen.

Wong Chin Foo, in an article in the *North American Review*, on "Why I Am a Heathen," seeks with that diplomacy which is native to foreigners to criticise our boasted Christianity, and to point out the errors and sins of our western civilization. He is impressed with the fact that the pure religion of Jesus is a farce, and that the church is more devoted to a worship of the "golden calf" than to a religion which emphasizes love to man and God. He brings to account the creeds of various churches, showing that in thought they are contradictions. He arrays some argument to show why the Chinese, as disciples of Confucius, are truer men and women than we "westernites" as followers of Jesus. He condemns our industrial system as a breeder of poverty and want, and points strongly to the disregard the Chinese government has for labor-saving machinery. He declares that the religion of Confucius has so operated on the Chinese that there is in a year less murders and less robbery among a population of 400,000,000 than are committed in the same time by the people of New York. He touches upon marriage and refers to the education of children and the treatment of criminals. He says that the Chinese possess a printed history of 3500 years and a national history of 4000 years, and that as a people they had passed through mythology, superstition, witchcraft, established religion to a philosophical one.

On finishing the article I made a few after reflections. Here is a people that is about to die from perfection. Here is a great nation who, to speak figuratively, are so pious that they have to hold on to the bushes for fear of being suddenly translated. Here is a great empire on parade, very much like the little boy who, with pantaloons rolled up, was trying to show the world his brass tipped boots. I wondered whether I had not made a mistake in embracing the Christian religion; but since he said nothing whatever about Universalists, and the flash of his eye did not scorch that denomination, I began to take breath and think that some good Universalist had spoken to him how many of us were "heathen" to the alleged established faith of the churches, and how we were conscious of their good behavior (for we never sent a missionary to the Chinese to tell them about their ancestry who were in hell, nor did we suppose that they were so bad as the ordinary missionary represented them), and especially of their advanced civilization.

This celebrated Chinese reddens our face by his bold insinuations. He forgets that we are passing through crises more terrible than those which ever threatened the Chinese empire, and that as a civilization we are rushing as a fresh born river into channels and along shores which bring woe and want to many men and women. He may condemn us for a false humanity, for industrial slavery, for the vices which grow up alongside the colleges and churches, for corrupt statesmen, for bad government and for an unpractical religion. I ask him whether the Chinese could do any better under our cir-

cumstances. We hold that life means activity—they seem to believe that it is death. We are glad that the Chinese are so compassionate, that they invite us to accept the religion of Confucius. We wonder why so many Chinese came across the Pacific to taste the fruit which grew on the tree of our western civilization—thus depreciating American labor. We ask if this is a specimen of the religion of Confucius? The point is this. The moral law is the same in China as it is in Europe or America. Jesus did not invent the moral law any more than did Newton invent the law of gravity. He discovered it. He said it should be obeyed as obediently as the law of gravity. The moral law is expressed perhaps clearly, but not completely, in the decalogue or the ten commandments. It may be condensed into love to man and God. It bids us to live righteously, and righteousness depends largely upon knowledge, education. We may, therefore, never know what absolute right is, for we hold that God has placed us here to learn how to be good by discovering the laws and conditions of goodness. Now Wong Chin Foo condemns our civilization because the mass of men live contrary to the morals of Christ. Suppose they did accept the religion of Confucius? Will confession or profession make a Chinese good? Would a change of faith make a man good who already knows what duty, what right, what truth is? This is the error of our life—we do not live as we ought. But much is to be accounted for, climate, circumstances, habits, environment, all have a warring influence on the life we try to live. We as Americans are ever ready to compare notes. But modesty forbids us sometimes in drawing up illustrations and examples of national greatness, which go far to discourage older principalities. We might say to Chin Foo that we are satisfied with our government when aware of the operation of his own, and that our civilization although largely dependent upon Christian institutions is not the result of any state religion, but is the expression of a people who know what right is, but who sacrifice in despair the good of the majority to the good of the few. We shall not boast of our charities, for we have proven that we cannot look upon misery without a tear, and on poverty without pain. We are a benevolent nation, let me say that without fear of rebuke. Our churches need reconstruction but many are beginning to see how the shining figure of Christ is again moving before the world in loving embrace with Confucius and all good teachers as the inspiration of a struggling humanity.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

Norway and Unitarianism.

Rev. Kristofer Janson has made a move, for which some of us have long waited and sighed. He invites us to subscribe for a monthly Unitarian paper or magazine in our own Norwegian language. Hurrah! And the programme goes far to satisfy even the most radical of us. It promises liberality and reform-advocacy in *all* things. The paper is not to act the blind mole to the great social questions, problems and sorely needed reforms of our day. That is good. We are nauseated with theology separated from practical morality and social life. It seems our first (*lasting*,—for two or three attempts to start such a paper have already been made with more enthusiasm than money, and solely by Norwegian money) Unitarian organ means to make its religion something more than selfish piety or selfish culture,—a real working force of good will to all men and faith in the All-Father. Our heartiest welcome to it; and down with the sighs that keep rising, because we have had to wait so long for this "Voice in the Wilderness." The first Norwegian paper, that will try to be at once reasonable and religious! What joy the thought gives us who well remember the years when the Old Faith tore our being in two by the conflicting demands of reason and of heart upon us. The first paper that will try to make us good, without commanding us to be stupid first; the first so to speak the great words of religion that the stars and flowers and waves and winds will not seem to laugh over them! For again we remember how ridiculously small the old religion appeared to us, how nature denied it with an

annihilating smile, when, having in agony of heart sought light within the dear old church walls, we again came out into the bright sunshine or mild starlight, when again we heard the waves speak, or felt the breeze caressing us. Yes, all the heartstrings within us do sing with more of joy and hope to-day than for long times past, because a banner is to be lifted up on our mountains, around which our people *can* gather heart and mind. Oh, speak loudly, strongly, Mr. Jansen, that all who now feel and suffer as we once did, may hear and be saved—saved from unbelief and a life of cold, despairing defiance!

Thank God! it is thus to be done, the great work. Not forever shall darkness rule over our fair and beloved land; not forever shall it make our people walk in gloom and sadness, with minds clouded and befogged, with hearts chilled by fears and doubts and the impossibility of believing and hoping. No, the first light of dawn is here. We too are to have an organized might working to give our people the infinitely precious blessing of a *rational faith*. God be thanked! Yes, rejoice freely within us, Norwegian hearts, the long, long, sad waiting gives you a right to rejoice "beyond measure;" rejoice that at last the golden light is beginning to play on our hilltops. Our people will awake at last to the glory of life, to the love of God and man, and be happy; sunshine will come over the minds; warm winds will melt the coldness,—and thus will be beautified love and faith and hope in our valleys!

Ah, Mr. Janson, there is not a Norwegian who knows a rational faith but must envy you the power placed in your hands,—of introducing that faith amongst our people,—of religionizing our much rationalism and rationalizing our much religion. A Norwegian could have received no larger blessing than what is yours; may you have wisdom and grace to make the very most of it. Strike hard, and build like an able master builder and our envy shall all run into love and praise.

To understand our feelings you Americans would have to feel your heart clinging to some part of this earth, where nature seemed doubly beautiful, and tender as a mother, and all common things had a sacred, tender meaning, and to see an old faith hung like a damp, chilling mist over it, and to know of a new faith which could replace that mist with warm, beautiful sunshine; you would have to remember the agony that old faith cost you, as we remember it, the groaning prayers for blind faith at which our mind scornfully laughed and mused the next minute; the prayers for "light," which were answered, though the answers but made the agony worse; the vain, fruitless search from church to church for "light" to live by; the beggings of the heart to be allowed to trust and be at rest, the protests of reason seeing no honorable way of so doing. Oh, yes, even "theology" and "doctrine" have saving power.

How we have longed, longed for this preaching of a rational faith amongst the people we love with all our heart and soul and strength, and believe in in spite of all faults and sins, and feel able to do and to live greatly, as soon as it is able to *believe*. Its curse is skepticism developed even into quiet, resigned unbelief. The educated classes of our people have largely long ago ceased to have *any* faith, being too well educated mentally to accept the only faith they ever hear preached—the Lutheran. And that lack of *faith* (the fact has its "moral" and lesson for you this side the water, also,) results in a dearth of nobler motives, of higher living, in a dreadful conservatism, indifference, and satisfaction with whatever circumstances make for them or of them, in a deadened conscience, in a sort of spiritual laziness; in ignorance of all laws or motives but those of ancient custom. The blood is good and keeps alive a sort of instinctive reverence for right and truth, instinctive uprightness,—our best inheritance from the days when the old faith was really *believed*. And great mental activity has kept us in the front rank of civilized nations in all outward respects. We pride ourselves in one of the very best of public school systems developed in spite of poverty and other extraordinary difficulties. We pride ourselves in the freest and most democratic constitution of any monarchy in the world,—of being in fact as free and democratic

a nation as there is anywhere. We pride ourselves in a material development for our small natural resources as marvelous as that of the United States, and we pride ourselves in having no aristocracy of any kind, nor any *class* of politicians, in having effectively abolished all aristocratic titles and privileges over 60 years ago. And we pride ourselves in a people which cannot be proved to stand behind any in physical, mental or moral *build*.

But that skepticism has checked all forward moral activity; and works every day more and more to deaden the people, it has allowed vices to flourish and grow strong amongst us, growing daily stronger and more widespread.

It is that skepticism in which we see the danger and drawback to our country. *We* have had no *Channing*; if we had—there would have been little Norwegian immigration in this country; we should have had a little paradise at home. But he was sent to you, and you have kept him and his word to yourselves alone. You had a missionary work to do; for some reason it was not done. We have had no *Channing*; we may still have him; if so his audience will be enormous; thousands groan in spirit for him.

But our liberalism, our rational religion and preaching happened to set up their pulpit in literature and not in the church, and we have reaped both the advantages and disadvantages thereof. The advantage has been a peerless, widespread, almost universal liberalism and radicalism in all matters of thought; the disadvantages have been the conception of religion and righteousness as poetic dreams and dramatic themes rather than as life and reality,—a wide breach between the ideal and the real,—a feeling that the ideal is for poetry and stage only,—that reality is not to be and cannot be idealized. We have had no pulpit-mediation between poet and people, such as you have. And our liberalism, our rationalism has lost the simplicity, directness, naturalness and reverence only a liberal *pulpit* could have given it. We possess all the best elements of Unitarianism, but they are to us as yet only a rainbow of hope and prophecy in the sky,—only poetry; we need a liberal *pulpit* to draw them down to earth and daily life and make them appear real, possible and necessary. If Americans ever think of sending missionaries to us let them remember this, that we have less need of new thought than of men who can make clear, and real, and to seem practicable our own best thoughts. Our literature is full of "liberal scripture," our poets have already done much to furnish a "Unitarian hymn book." We need men to *clear* our thoughts and convert them into principles, men who can give us faith in our own best ideas, men whose own lives move on higher levels, propelled by nobler motives and with wider orbits. We need the idealistic actor more than the idealistic thinker; and for the idealistic talker—we don't need him and don't want him. But we do need an idealism with faith and thought enough to make it a religion, a reverence, a moral leaven in real life, a builder of *real* churches and not merely of "temples in the air."

Our educated classes do largely look upon our established and almost only church as a merely preventive police organization,—something to frighten and charm the poor, the masses, into submission to their lot, and fear of doing too much evil or harm. They themselves expect no help from it, and receive none. Amongst the *most* ignorant the old faith is but a gross superstition, with some ennobling elements in it. And it loses ground more and more everywhere,—loses even its restraining influence over the ignorant, even its police utility. As a moral leaven it was long, long ago "*hors de combat*;" as a spiritual institution it is as dead as a mummy. Its best friends rest their hopes only in radical reforms within it, and such church reforms are to-day foremost in our public life. Would it not have been wise and well had Unitarians long ago endeavored to sow a few good seeds here,—if nothing more than translations of some of the best Unitarian writings? "Are we our brother's guardian?" you ask. Certainly not; not ours at least. I trust we can, and shall, work out our own salvation with our own hands, heads and pockets.

Yet here American Unitarianism will at last, through Mr.

Janson's paper, allow a ray of the light given it to fall over amongst us. And surely none could be better equipped for such a work by nature than Mr. Janson. Himself a poet, he ought to be able to absorb all that is good and strong in American Unitarianism, and in his Norwegian poet-heart melt it, and rid it of its peculiar Americanisms and bring it forth to us a Norwegian Unitarianism. For American Unitarianism needs that transformation to be able to strike roots into our hearts and national life. We don't want any "foreign mission" amongst us, and we cannot quite feel at home with *American* Unitarianism. If you will not too grossly misunderstand me, we do need something a little *softer*, a little more tender-hearted, "sentimental;" we do have some "weak" spots in our hearts which *must* be touched, or our allegiance is but partial,—then we need something a little more of the "glory-shouting" kind, and something which will "go to the hands and muscles" as well as to the head and heart. We have our peculiar needs and sentiments, and even our own peculiar "heads." And Unitarianism is able to fit them all by a little national transmutation.

The problems a Norwegian rational church has to solve are many and great. It must be to us *all*, or it will be to us nothing. It must be able to inspire new motives and life into weary and empty souls, *reorganize* a nation disunited, disorganized by superstition and skepticism—into a true church, in that word's noblest sense. It must be able to inaugurate great and sweeping moral reforms under its banner, and raise individual character to higher levels.

That is what we need; and our faith and hope in Unitarianism are caused by our belief that *it* contains the needed elements.

* * * * *

We need inspiring motives rather than beautiful doctrines. Theology, however liberal, can no more move us than poetry will stop the cholera. Yet we will be glad to borrow (take or steal) whatever great thoughts we find anywhere. We have a wealth of them, and so have you, and yours shall be ours as well as our own. That is our "mission" we have already established. Since you did not send your good seed to us we have come here to take it, and send it back. And you will not be angry to know that we have our eyes on many ship-loads of precious things amongst you which we mean to *take* without asking permission. We don't care much for your "broad acres" and "miles and miles of fruitful land;" our own rocks and narrow valleys suit us better. But we do care for your wealth of noble and vivifying thoughts, and mean to make them ours. We will gladly give you our own in return, if you care for them; if not, still *yours shall be ours*, and no doubt Mr. Janson's paper will be a sort of spiritual telegraph between your country and ours, along which the best in English and American literature will perpetually pass over into *our* mental atmosphere and enrich us.

Such are our reasons for rejoicing in Mr. Janson's undertaking. It is to us the greatest task to be done for Norway. But should we have been overestimating his proposed paper and its work; should our hopes therein fail, still the work, the work of Norway's moral and mental upbuilding and enriching; of its organization into a true, a living church, will go on, for *many* minds and hearts are now at work on that great task in different ways. The needs and spiritual disorganization of our country are producing a hungering, loving search after truth and right; a warm and righteous patriotism.

"And our love shall be the seed
To bear the fruit we need."

* * * * *

My land will I defend,
My land will I befriend,
And my son, to help its fortunes and be faithful, will I train;
Its weal shall be my prayer,
And its want shall be my care,
From the rugged old snow-mountains to the cabins by the main."

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

P. S.—Just as this article is concluded, I am in receipt of the fourth number of a well-filled, good-looking Swedish

monthly, published in Minneapolis by two Swedes, and evidently without foreign help. It seems to have come to stay, and thus to have the honor of being our first Scandinavian organ for rational religiousness.

At the Grave of Emerson.

Spirit serene and sweet, farewell!
The cold earth mourns for thee;
Winds chant thy threnody;
A thousand hearts throb with the knell,—
Farewell! Farewell!

Master of life and death, farewell!
The awful sphinx once more
Sits brooding as of yore;
The secret on her lips, oh tell,
And then farewell!

Prophet beloved of men, farewell!
From what far sun-lit height,
In grander, loftier flight,
Does the freed soul its rapture tell,
And breathe farewell?

Poet and Seer of truth, farewell!
The inner silence thrills;
We see the star-crowned hills;
Thy voice like an exultant bell
Repeats,—Farewell!

"Brothers, the soul knows no farewell!
It is nor here, nor there;
Illimitable and fair,
Its ebb and flow, life's ocean swell,
No secrets tell.

"The soul is its own oracle;
And hearts that love and bleed
The sphinx's lesson read;
O'er heights of heaven and depths of hell
Stand sentinel.

"All-Being's holy calm to tell
Those silent lips are set;
The ages plod and fret;
Still glows within decay's dark cell
Soul's miracle."

Slow dies the voice from glen and dell;
The inner silence thrills,
But o'er the star-crowned hills
Gray mists descend; broken the spell!
Farewell! Farewell!

SARAH E. BURTON.

CONCORD SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

No Time to Think.

We live in a perpetual whirl. Every moment here is a fresh distraction, every hour a new excitement. We rush hither and thither, receiving at every turn a fresh current of some electric emotion, until at last we become little better than mere tennis balls, driven backward and forward by the racket of circumstance. We bolt our books as savages bolt their food. The thoughts of others stream through our minds as water through the sieve. In place of thought there is substituted the perpetual titillation of the mind by the printed record of the thoughts or the acts of others. We have not time to do anything. Science is perpetually lengthening our day and shortening the inevitable waste of time. The railway and the telegraph have enormously economized time, and the more we save the less we seem to have. Yet the day is as long as it was when Eliphaz, the Temanite, discoursed on the eternities to Job among his potsherders, and the twenty-four hours are told out with the same precision as when they sufficed to the Romans to conquer the world.

Why is it? Why have we no time to think? Because

we don't think it worth while to think. Take, for instance, the case of Mr. G. He thinks, no doubt, a good deal. But he is often at a loss for a time to think out the problems with which he is concerned. We do not say this because he so often seems to have no time in which to make up his mind, but because his observations on the subject show the familiarity that can alone be born of fellow feeling and sad experience. Yet Mr. G. constantly does things which he need not do, which take up time that might be spared for thinking. Take shaving, for instance. Kirke White is said to have learned Greek by devoting to its study the quarter of an hour which would otherwise have been sacrificed every day in reaping the worthless stubble of the chin. If all the shaved men of London were to devote a quarter of an hour every morning to sober serious reflection, to thinking over the solution of the social questions, what a different world it would be! But if a man comes down unshaved he falls at once under the scourge of a social lash, wielded in the first case by his women-folk, and afterwards by his friends, whereas no immediate penalty is prescribed for neglecting the study of the gravest problems of society. Life, according to all the moralists, is too precious a thing to be frittered away in exchanging a black tie for a white one, or a brown coat for the regulation swallow tail. Yet the most necessary thinking will be left unthought rather than that a great social convention should be neglected. And as it is with shaving and dressing for dinner, so it is with all the numberless fetters which society has forged for the individual. We lose our life in the endless multiplicity of trivialities, and we fritter away our minds over the endless tittle-tattle of the world. Newspapers, no doubt, are largely responsible for this. The newspaper is the great gossipmonger of the day, and gossip is not innocuous because it is printed—however much it may lack the "inspiration of personality."—*English Paper.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Drone's Honey. A Novel. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Standing as Sophie May does, in the first ranks of juvenile writers, not a little pleasure is found in the perusal of her first effort in the novel line, which she calls "*Drone's Honey*." There are fine dashes of humor and conventional pictures of distress; and while the story itself is laid among New England hills, breezy and beautiful, and always dear to those who know them, the writer possesses in no small degree a gift for description which never becomes tiresome to the most indifferent reader,—together with somewhat fine handling of widely diversified characters. If one may detect here and there a subtle lack of finish, and possibly a suggestion of triteness, it is readily excusable and more than balanced by the delicate weaving of fine thoughts and artistic fancies. For the true heroine, Theodate, the story ends *à la mode*, i. e., unsatisfactorily, and leaves ample room for an interesting sequel.

THE *Literary World* closes its notice of the Rolfe-Hersey edition of Browning's "*A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*," and other dramas, as follows:

"The fact that Shakespeare is the only name suggested as we try to deal with Browning's dramatic quality, is itself a testimony to the grade of his work. If the first drama in this book does not convince the reader of Browning's right to be judged as seriously as Shakespeare, then we much overrate "*A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*."

"Such a remark as that, coming from so warm-hearted a Shakesperian as Doctor Rolfe, carries weight, and we commend it to the notice of those who are in the habit of sneering at the name of Browning."

Sunday Lessons for Infants at School and at Home. By Aunt Amy. London: Sunday-school Association. Chicago: Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society. Cloth, pp. 136. Price, 75 cents.

A charming little volume has just been published by the Sunday-school Association of London, as a guide to mothers and teachers of infant schools. Nothing could be better or more entirely opposed to the old-fashioned way of imparting religious truth—far above the heads of the little ones.

The authoress (Aunt Amy) takes a simple hymn which the

children can perfectly understand, and emphasizes the important words by pictures, stories and lessons from life.

The works of God referred to are made to draw out thoughts of His love and care, and lessons of trust and obedience are taught simply and naturally. Would that all our little ones had such wise instruction, satisfying their wondering minds and impelling them onward toward truth and goodness!

M. P. L.

THE HOME.

A Doorway Picture.

Close by the open door she stands,
Tall and slender, erect and fair;
Her baby climbs, with dimpled hands,
And mounts beside her a stately chair.

Grasping her garment's silken fold,
He laughs, with wild-rose lips apart;
His head, all crowned with curling gold,
Comes just as high as his mother's heart.

Beautiful boy! though you win through life
Wisdom and honor, wealth and art,
You will never reach, in this world of strife,
To a higher place than your mother's heart.

—Mrs. L. G. McVean, in *Sunday School Times*.

Miss Greene's Way.

BY MISS IDA M. GARDNER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

When the bell rang for recess, Christie and Arnold presented themselves at Miss Greene's desk. With drooping heads and flushed countenances from which the smiles had not wholly departed, they managed to say, in a shamefaced manner—

"Miss Allen sent us to you."

"Sent *you* to me?" asked Miss Greene, in a grave, surprised tone. Lowering her voice, she added, "For what?"

The smiles had all gone now. "For laughing in the class."

"Had Miss Allen asked you not to laugh?"

"Yes'm."

"And you refused to grant her request?"

"Yes'm." The heads were lower now.

"What would you think, boys, of a gentleman who refused to grant a lady's request, provided the request was a proper one?"

A long pause. Silence was a very effective weapon in Miss Greene's hands. She never hurried her pupils for an answer, when conscience was working within. Still, the boys knew she was waiting for an answer. At last Christie ventured to speak.

"Shouldn't think he was very gentlemanly."

"You did not think of that, I presume, when you refused to grant Miss Allen's request."

Another silence.

"Boys, I am *ashamed* of you!"

The little faces were very serious now. The amusing incident was forgotten. Toes squirmed in shoes in a way toes have when boys feel uncomfortable. At last Arnold looked up, with an earnest, troubled look on his dear face.

"What can we do about it, Miss Greene?"

"What *ought* you to do about it? What would any gentleman, who had offended a lady, do?"

After some thought, Christie answered:

"He'd say, 'Scuse me.'" Arnold added, "He'd 'polergize.'"

"Yes, he would, and he ought to; that is, *if he did not intend to offend again*. If he did, it would be adding insult to injury."

"May we 'polergize to Miss Allen?"

"Certainly you may, if you do not intend to offend her again. That is just what a gentleman would do; and I know,

boys, that down deep in your hearts you mean to be gentlemen.

The quick, glad look of relief from their shame passed over both faces.

"But, boys,"—Miss Greene's voice was very impressive in those firm, low tones,—“boys, remember this: either you must govern yourselves, or I must do it for you. If you can take care of yourselves, I would so much rather you would; but if you cannot, then I must.”

The lesson was not soon forgotten, and Miss Allen never again had occasion to send those boys to the principal. If ever they began to grow restless, she had only to say quietly, “Boys, must I send you to Miss Greene?”

The assistants in Miss Greene's building used to say, “I do not know how she does it, but the goodness that comes to a boy after he has been to Miss Greene always seems to *come to stay*.”

Months after the incident described above, Arnold gave, unconsciously, the clew to Miss Greene's success with her boys. His little brother George was fractious and giving his mother much trouble. The following dialogue was reported by the mother:

“George, I wish you went to Miss Greene's school!”

“Why?”

“'Cause then you'd have to mind!”

“What'd she do to me if I didn't?”

“Do! She wouldn't do anything, but she'd make you feel as if you *must*!”—*The American Teacher*.

Fred and the Mice.

Fred was a little five-year old boy. Everybody loved him, or he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse! Such a little animal could make our young hero tremble and cry.

In the evening, when Fred went to bed, he was obliged to go through an unused room, where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor or heard them gnawing, he would cry, in a cowardly way, for his mamma to come to him.

One evening his mamma was sick, and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting-room reading his paper. He told Fred it was time to go to bed.

“O papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not like to go through that room alone.”

“What do you fear?” asked his father.

“I am afraid of the mice; and I believe there are rats, too.”

“If that is all,” answered his father, “I can soon help you.”

He took pen, ink and paper and quickly wrote the following:

“To all rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law.”

The father signed and then read the paper to his son. Fred took it, thanked him, said “good night” very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room, he stopped and said in a loud voice, “Rats and mice, you can not hurt me, for here is my pass.” And so he did every night afterward, until he became a large boy, and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.—*From the German*.

MANY people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do the same with their time.—*Goethe*.

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Profit Sharing.—We are glad to learn from *Work and Wages* that Rev. N. P. Gilman, well known as the associate editor on the *Unitarian Review*, is studying the problem of profit sharing, and is to give us the result one of these days in a book on the subject. This seems to us the only rational solution of the labor perplexities, and we will look with interest for the book from so judicious and diligent a mind as Mr. Gilman's. We are also glad to commend the paper from which we glean this item of news. It seems to be a paper conducted with ability and fairness. It is such a paper as the non-partisan, he who is neither capitalist nor laborer as technically interpreted, ought to read. It is edited by F. H. Giddings, and published monthly at Springfield, Mass., the annual subscription price being one dollar.

Hobart, Ind.—The Unitarians of Hobart are alive. The western secretary spent Sunday, August 21, with them. They have bought a new organ and repainted and recarpeted the interior of the church at a cost of some two hundred dollars. A literary entertainment is announced for one evening this week, and a temperance meeting for another evening. The Sunday-school and social meetings are largely attended. A fine illustration here of what can be accomplished without a resident minister. For preaching they have been depending on the monthly visits of Rev. A. G. Jennings. Much is due to the devotion and energy of W. H. Rifenburg, an interested layman of the village.

Where is the Line between radicalism and conservatism? The *Interior* in noticing James Freeman Clarke's "Thomas Didymus" says the author has "literary abilities of a high order and theological views of the loosest kind. The work is so colored with Unitarianism and rationalism as to be practically worthless as a life of Christ."

The Rising Race.—The graduating class at Oberlin this year contained seven colored people; that at Ann Arbor contained three. Allenville, Georgia, is named after a colored man who is the leading capitalist of the town.

Princeton, Ill.—The Unity Sunday Circle at this place is getting along most encouragingly. Rev. Mr. Fisher, of Sheffield, recently preached there, and a Universalist minister spoke morning and evening last Sunday.

Union City, Pa.—Rev. L. W. Mason, of the Unitarian church of Union City, made us a call this week. He has been recuperating in Nebraska, and is taking in Chicago on his return to his field of work.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

[NUMBER 1.]

EDITORIAL.

POOR Ireland has suffered and is suffering many cruel wrongs from without. But how much more cruelly she stabs herself is seen in the item that says she spends annually \$55,000,000 for drink.

The South-Western Methodist, commenting on the costliness of war, says: "A Christian church is the best fort ever built." Very likely, but we like it best when it is dismantled. Our churches do altogether too much fighting.

AND now it is the Silk Workers that are on a strike in New York city, because a woman has been hired to work at the loom. Perhaps if the women would only boycott these weavers at the dinner table, they might bring them to terms soon.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS says that Mr. Cleveland's re-election will be greatly imperiled if "he renounces the reform principles which he honestly cherishes." His right to the respect of all decent people will be forfeited by such action, however it may be with his election. Let no one apply for the next presidency that is not of clean hands, an independent spirit, and by divine appointment a civil service reformer.

E. B. POWELL, in the *Independent*, recommends farmers to go into partnership with the birds rather than try to exterminate them. He plants an extra amount of raspberries, strawberries, etc., and gives the birds their share. By thus following the scripture injunction to feed his enemies he converts them into friends. This is a suggestion that might be of value in other fields of labor. Mr. Powell was once a Unitarian minister, and we doubt not but that his gardens and the birds are the better for it.

ADMINISTER your own estate! Why should you, O man of means and of sense, wait until you have no power to help the world before you begin to think of the good your wealth can do? If you have no time or means to spare now, at least order your household in such a way that when your house is left without a holder, it will give as little annoyance and confusion to your successors as possible. While you are in health and sanity, cheerfully and carefully adjust your affairs for death. Shame on the man or woman who dies without even a "will" to show the way their willingness tends.

DR. EDWARD JUDSON, son of the great Baptist missionary, Dr. Adoniram Judson, is pastor of one of the real churches in New York city—a church that exists to do good, with its cold water fountains for the public in summer, its cozy corner for the houseless in winter. He has recently said, "I would put the best churches right down in the swampy spots of our cities—the finest architecture, the best preaching and the sweetest music. If the rich and the poor are to come together, the rich have got to come almost the whole way, in the nature of things."

ON Monday of next week the usual noon meetings for the Sunday-school teachers of the Union course of study will be resumed. The series for this winter is called "Lessons on Luke." Mr. Utter, who has prepared the course, will lead the first meeting. These lessons, as advertised in another column of this issue, seek to combine the advantages of the union and graded system of study. After following for four

years a similar plan of work in these schools, it is believed that this course offers advantages for both teachers and scholars over any of the others, and we wish it might be adopted by other schools in companion churches of the west. UNITY's review of the noon meetings will be as full as possible, but it is especially desirable that each school using the lessons should hold separate weekly meetings of its own, that individual demands may be more fully met.

THE *New Theology Herald*, which with this issue becomes a part of UNITY, is the twelfth journal founded on the promulgation of liberal ideas in the west that has given of its life to this paper since its establishment in 1878. The *Liberal Worker*, the *Spectroscope*, the *Church of the Unity*, the *Unitarian Advocate*, the *Liberal* and the *Church-Door Pulpit* were separately and successively merged in UNITY, while the *Alliance*, the *Weekly Magazine*, the *Fortnightly Index* and the *Educational News* had united their strength with that of *The University*, which joined forces with us in March, 1886.

"WE have more than once referred to a kind of a reviva of modern Hinduism. It is the fashion of the hour to profess allegiance to the forms of current Hinduism, although it is a well known fact that most of these adherents are secret disbelievers in all the superstitions of current Hinduism. . . . A new moral impetus requires to be imported that would lead our men to look upon hypocrisy as a defilement of the soul of man and the dishonoring of God."

The above quotation is from a Calcutta paper, and is meant for India; but we leave our readers to change a few words and adapt it to American latitude.

"MASTER, my six brethren are all asleep, and I alone have remained awake to worship Allah."

"And you, too, had better been asleep, if your worship of Allah consists in accusations of your brethren."

A writer in the *Independent* quotes the above good story from the east, and in his comment upon the same occurs the following ever timely truth. Let all our readers note and take heed:

"It is better for a man to hold an untruth in the spirit of righteousness than the truth in unrighteousness. The former is standing in the porch of the temple, the night about him, and he still in the darkness; but he is moving toward the door, and he will come into the light. The other may be nearer the light than he; but his back is toward it; and he is moving out of the door into the darkness."

IN the middle of a June letter, framed in between kind messages and eager hopes about the Western Conference, came these quiet words: "My call from Dr. R— this week quite unsettles me. He told my husband his mind about my disease four months since, but has withheld it from me till now. . . . There is no hope for me, and the brain will show more and more its fracture and disease. . . . I don't let it worry me. What 'Daily Strength' said the morning following the doctor's call was a great help to me—found in Wednesday's lesson." (May 25. The words were echoes of the cry of Jesus facing his "no hope": "O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.") Bravely done, to copy out and forward one's death-sentence so simply to a friend! The creeping doom that first had blinded her and then was sealing sense after sense, has at last finished its work. Her own word shall be the notice of her death. Reverently we record her name

in the little paper to which she was so friendly ("J— reads it completely to me"), her broad, bright evangelical faith serving as interpreter of any alien thought. She bore her blindness in such happy wise, and so much as if some inward heaven were lit for her, that its memory will be to those who knew her a memory of richness rather than of deprivation, like the memory of a night magnificent with stars. A trial nobly borne is no slight bequest to leave a world.

"What keeps Mr. — from kirk, James?" said a worthy minister; "I hope it is not Methodism?" "No!" responded the verger, "its something worse." "What then is it, Calvinism?" "Worse, your reverence, worse." "Surely, James, its not Deism?" "Much worse, an' it please your reverence, than that." "Can it be Athelism which deprives us of the best churchwarden that ever shook a box?" "Truly," responded James, "tis a much more serious matter—it is rheumatism."

We clip the above from the "funny column" of an English exchange. We reprint it, not because it is humorous, but because it suggests a very serious and important truth. Truly disease is worse than heresy. Rheumatism of the soul is a much more serious matter than peculiarities of thought. Religion has little to fear from the results of honest thinking, whether it leads to Calvinism or Agnosticism; but it has everything to fear from strictures of the heart, a paralysis of the affections or a rheumatism of the conscience. These spiritual diseases are very prevalent in our churches, and they sometimes assail pulpits that are very sound in their theology.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, of the Episcopal church, in a recent address to some college students, distinguishes the old from the new theology with a clearness which many Unitarians might well emulate. He says:

"There is a theology which confuses a knowledge of words with a knowledge of things; it is a theology which offers to the yearning hunger of mankind the dry husks of a terminology instead of the living manna of a revelation. This kind of theology has kindled the fires of persecution and inflamed the bitterest spirit of ecclesiastical controversy. But there is another kind of theology that is humble, deeply convinced that what we know is little, and what we are ignorant of is immense. Test your theology by its fruits. Suspect the theology when it carries in its hand the crude, bitter apples of discord. Reverence the theology that brings forth the fruits of the spirit, which are pure, peaceable and full of mercy and truth."

Aye, thou hast spoken well, good canon. The world has had too much of that Christian theology that arouses *unchristian* feelings and draws *unchristian* lines; too much of that *thought of God*, even, that leaves out of its pale some of the works of God. The theology that is ever new and ever coming is the theology that inspires God-likeness and Christ-likeness.

THE thanks of all lovers of humanity are due to President Cleveland for his recognition of Miss Alice C. Fletcher's heroic work among the Indians. He has appointed her Indian agent to allot lands in severalty to the Winnebagoes under the Dawes bill. Miss Fletcher has already rendered such a service to the *Omahas*, the bill securing the same was drafted by herself. Her labors in this direction were so arduous that they nearly cost her her life and have left her a cripple. And still she persists in her labors for a people whom she *knows*, from intimate living with them for many years. Her missionary zeal led her to exchange the cultivated society of Cambridge for the wigwam.

And yet Harvard college has no place for a woman on her benches, and the Divinity school at Cambridge, progressive and rational as it claims to be, has no helping hand to offer in the training of women even to the Unitarian pulpit. The world must still wait for the conquering faith that is both scientific, zealous, rational and devout. It will come only through woman's help. When it does come the Cambridge Divinity school, or a greater school than Cambridge, will have wide open doors to receive those who belong to the Fletcher sisterhood.

A DOCTOR of Divinity, in a Methodist exchange, puts in a good word for Adam. We are glad to encourage this tardy

attempt to do justice to a much abused character by making room for the following:

"Adam seems to have been born an orphan and of full age. He never knew the pleasures of childhood, never tasted a mother's love, never enjoyed the training of her gentle, loving hand. He entered upon life with all his uncultured inexperience, and this may largely account for his unfortunate conduct. His bachelorhood was of brief duration. From his own side, by careful, skillful surgery, a rib was extracted, and he was introduced to the first woman he saw as his bride. Certainly his gallantry in yielding to the wish of Eve to partake of the forbidden fruit was under the probably common idea that thus knowledge would be increased and, perhaps, facility afforded to better service of their God, in their lovely Eden home. We regret the early exhibition of human weakness on the part of our great ancestor, when, in unmanly excuse, he directly laid his fault on his wife, and indirectly on God who gave her.

What a wonder was Adam—a grown man without the introduction of childhood. He escaped all the pains and penalties of his descendants in teeth-cutting, measles, whooping cough and the dreaded "second summer." What a loss! Adam never played marbles, chased butterflies, and flew kites. What an escape he had! Never one of childhood's most touching memories, the eating of green apples, attended by the inward affliction of castor oil, and the external affliction of the birch—as preventives of injury. He was not called to tread the earlier paths of literary ascent, in the mysteries of primer and spelling book, and the intricacies of grammar and arithmetic."

The New Theology Herald.

It will be a surprise to many and a delight to all of our readers to learn that the strength of the paper bearing the above name, published at Jamestown, N. Y., is hereafter to be united with the strength of UNITY. Both the editors and the readers of that paper, we trust, will find more room and delight in this larger combination. The reasons which led to this union on the part of our Jamestown friends are fully set forth by themselves below. Speaking for UNITY, we would say that, while this new acquisition of strength was unexpected and wholly unsolicited on our part, we hail it with hearty delight and hasten on behalf of our readers and associates to bid earnest welcome to these fellow workers; it is an opportunity exactly in the line of the entire history and aim of UNITY. It enables us to demonstrate in practice what we have always claimed in theory, viz., that we stand for a non-doctrinal and a non-sectarian fellowship in the religious life. Our fellowship is for those to whom fellowship is denied, and our co-operation is for all those who seek to help humanity. We continue to be Unitarian so far as that emphasizes the unity of humanity, the universality of religion, and the community of aspiration. We are Independent, so far as we recognize the right of each individual and each society to formulate their own thoughts and to choose their own phraseology. We believe that this movement of our Jamestown friends is a significant hint of what is moving everywhere, and what some of these days will come to the surface and prove to be a great religious tide that will represent the Unity Alliance of the non-creedal churches of America. This alliance will appeal to the unchurched, and lift them into the joys of spiritual communion and touch them with the tenderness of worship and the awe of reverence. To this end we gladly add to-day to the list of our editorial contributors the names of James G. Townsend, D. D., and Solon Lauer, of Jamestown, N. Y.; and Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass. Doctor Townsend is already well known. Mr. Lauer, who was the managing editor of the *Herald*, is a young man with an enthusiasm for journalism, and has consecrated his entire energies to the work which the press can do for the cause of a religion that makes character the supreme end, and will give special attention to the note and news department of UNITY. How much of his time and energy can be given to this paper is to be determined by our resources. Mr. Rich, whose words are very familiar to our readers, is the corresponding secretary of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs. He will use as much of our space as we can afford to give him to the development of this important interest. More of this anon. With a welcome to our new brothers and sisters, we introduce them to our old readers by letting them speak for themselves, as follows:

TRANSMIGRATION AND RE-INCARNATION.

Last fall the *New Theology Herald* was born into the great world of religious journalism. Its mission, as stated in

the initial number, was to advocate a broad and reasonable theology and to make religion beautiful and loveable. For ten months it has gone forth regularly on this mission—how successfully its readers must judge—and it has made its way into twenty-five states and into Canada, receiving many words of earnest commendation. It has been the organ of the Lakeside School of the New Theology, and in every way has labored to build up an institution of the largest usefulness.

The L. S. N. T. was organized on a broad basis. Its mission was not theological alone, but efforts have been made to bring together upon its platform various phases of thought and work looking to the elevation and salvation of the people.

There has recently come to the school an accretion of power which promises to give it a decided impetus. On Wednesday, Aug. 10, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago, representing the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, of which Edward Everett Hale is president, gave a lecture, and explained the purpose and plan of the Unity Club. These clubs are for study and general culture, and take up lines of practical reform and charitable work. It is of western origin, and has been organized thus far chiefly in churches of the Unitarian denomination—of which denomination Edward Everett Hale is a clergyman. Efforts have been begun, however, to organize these clubs in Universalist and Independent churches generally, and as the clubs, while broad in their theological policy, are not sectarian, they will doubtless very soon be found in most churches that sympathize with a progressive theology.

The official organ of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs is *UNITY*, a weekly paper published in Chicago, edited by Rev. J. Lloyd Jones and a number of associates. This paper finds its chief support among Unitarians, but is not a sectarian paper. It represents the advanced phases of religious thought, and is supported by many who do not belong to the Unitarian church.

To unite the L. S. N. T. with these Unity clubs, and make it, if possible, the great Chautauqua of the progressive churches—a center for the growing thought of our times, in theology, science, and social reforms, the *Herald* has been combined with *UNITY*, and its editors placed upon the editorial staff of that paper. In this marriage of the two papers, the *Herald* will be the bride, and adopt the name of the stronger party to the contract. The result of the alliance will be *UNITY*, in name, and we trust, in aim and spirit.

The editors of the *Herald* will contribute regularly to the columns of *UNITY*, and about once a month a full sermon by Doctor Townsend will be published.

This union of forces compels no surrender on either side. The individuality of all concerned is preserved intact. The editors of the *Herald* will stand for the New Theology as before, and serve in every possible way the interests of the L. S. N. T. The body of the *Herald* dies but its soul goes into another form. It is a case of journalistic re-incarnation. As to whether the seven spirits with whom we have joined forces are more wicked than ourselves, opinions may differ.

And so we bid our readers a short farewell, while we are changing our base of operations. We drop the curtain to shift the scenery. We will set the stage with "Chicago" instead of "Jamestown," and when the curtain rises will resume our respective parts, with additional "support," and much better stage furniture. We make our bow and ring down the curtain. When it rises again, we hope to find all the audience in their seats.—*From New Theology Herald for August.*

A GREETING AND A HAND SHAKE.

With this issue of *UNITY* three names are added to the editorial staff. One of these names is that of "a youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

Doubtless the senior editor of *UNITY* will speak of the recently consummated arrangement whereby the *New Theology Herald* joins forces with its elder brother in a common cause. While there are several minor reasons for this fusion of interests, the strongest reason on my own part—and the reason with-

out which all other reasons would be vain and meaningless—is a deep and earnest sympathy with the work which *UNITY* has so long and so bravely carried on.

Brought into being as the exponent of a local cause, but with aspirations and sympathies expanding to the horizon line of universality, the *New Theology Herald* last fall began its work. This work it has carried on for ten months, as successfully as the limited resources, intellectual and financial, of its editors would permit. It has carried its message of a broader faith and a larger hope into more than twenty-five States and Canada, and has met everywhere with words of sympathy and encouragement. But its aspirations have outgrown the possibilities of its physical environment. The ripple of its influence, expanding from its geographical center, touched the expansive wave-circle of another influence, whose motive lay at Chicago. The two waves have been united. Henceforth, in common rhythm, they will issue from one center, and proceed in one undulation. May this expand more and more, until the wave-circle, impelled by earnest and united effort, shall reach and kiss the sands upon the farther shores of thought.

To the editors and readers of *UNITY* I extend the hand of cordial greeting. May it be grasped in the spirit of the broadest fellowship, so that men may say: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in *UNITY*." Heretofore our aims and ideals have been identical. Hereafter our lot and interests shall be common.

In thus joining hands with *UNITY* I maintain individual *FREEDOM*, acquire a sympathetic *FELLOWSHIP*, and with my older and wiser brothers will labor for *CHARACTER IN RELIGION* with all that it implies.

Fraternally and heartily yours,

SOLON LAUER.

TO MY FRIENDS.

I want to say to my friends who read the *Herald* that they will not lose but gain by the alliance with *UNITY*. My sermons will be published often in that paper, and I will write for its columns as I did for the *Herald*. I believe *UNITY* to be a safe and helpful paper to put in the hands of my friends. It is so completely undenominational, so truly Christian in spirit that I am sure it will gain and hold the sympathy of my friends as it has my own. It will I think prove a real teacher and inspirer to them, as it has been and is to me.

UNITY will come weekly instead of monthly, and will not only contain the best words of myself and Mr. Lauer, but the best words of some of the wisest and best men in the world of spiritual thought.

My relation to *UNITY* will relieve me of many cares and responsibilities which came upon me in my work with the *Herald*. I will have more time for my pastoral work among my people.

UNITY is well established and we are relieved from any responsibilities of a financial nature. The paper has been established ten years, and has taken into itself at various times the strength of other publications, among which were the *University*, and the *Alliance*, of which latter Prof. Swing, of Chicago, was editor.

So *UNITY*, representing various elements of thought, will now represent also the work which the *Herald* inaugurated and carried on. I hope my friends will extend the hand of cordial welcome to the noble men whose words will now come to them weekly, in company with my own.—J. G. T.—*From the New Theology Herald for August.*

GREETING: TO UNITY READERS.

It may, perhaps, be well that in assuming editorial connection with *UNITY* I should make a personal statement.

I was cradled in the bosom of a strong Methodist influence—Pittsburg Methodism. My father and mother, my maternal and paternal grandparents, were devoted Methodists. My grandfather's and my father's home ever gave a warm welcome to the Methodist itinerant, and there the most honored preachers of American Methodism were frequent guests. From my earliest recollection the names of Wesley, Coke, Asbury, and

many others were household words. I went to the love-feast when so small I would whisper to my mother and ask why they passed around the bread and water. Methodism was to me the ideal church. The saints of the church were my heroes. I read their lives with the tears streaming down my cheeks.

It was natural that, reared in these influences, I should become a Methodist preacher; and to the work of the preacher I gave myself with ardent and full consecration. When the bishop's hands were placed in ordination upon my head, I felt the warmth of them to the very depths of my soul. I brought no undivided heart to the work to which I gave myself. Every seed I had, of promise and of hope, I cast into the furrows of the church.

And in every church over which I became pastor, I found a few of my ideal saints, those who taught me the way to God, the deep meaning of a spiritual life. They fed my manhood, they inspired my prayers. Touched by the mystic influence of the Infinite, I knew that their souls had found the experience of the divine fellowship. If these were in the Catholic church I am sure they would be accounted worthy of canonization. I never can forget what I owe personally to them.

But I found, after a few years, that their saintly souls did not represent the tendency of the church. The worldly was the dominant spirit. I knew personally a number of the men who had their hands on the whole Methodist church. I met them in private, heard them discuss their plans. I felt their spirit. These men were not immoral or dishonest, but the most of them were thoroughly worldly, and loved the church for what it could do for them, and not for what they could do for her. As far as I could see in general and annual conference, they used the same methods, and were possessed of the same spirit, that the political bosses had in the political parties. I saw the church was growing strong in members and wealth, drifting toward ecclesiasticism rather than Christianity. Methodism was fast becoming the Catholicism of the Protestant church. I began to lose faith in her future. My revolt against the church was at first not intellectual, but moral.

I began some ten or twelve years ago to dimly see that the inflexible orthodoxy demanded by the leaders of the church did not satisfy thoughtful men and women. I saw that the explanation of sin, that is, total depravity; the explanation of punishment, eternal hell; the explanation of the atonement, the sword of an angry God quenched in the blood of His Son, no longer satisfied the intellectual demands of our nature. It did not seem to me that the great truths of religion, those cathedral truths which have housed the devotions of the ages, would pass away; but I did see that they must have a re-statement, must be put in new and nobler form. I saw a New Theology, the moral basis of which was the Sermon on the Mount.

Coming finally to both an intellectual and a moral revolt against the church of my childhood and of my manhood, I two years ago withdrew therefrom. Perhaps I lingered longer than I should have done, but the pressure to keep me was great, and then it is not easy to break the strands of association and of friendship. I was pastor of the Asbury church of Buffalo when I withdrew from the ministry and membership of the Methodist Episcopal church.

I came to Jamestown, N. Y., with this idea: It is possible to build a Christian church which shall have the devotion and fire of the early Methodists, with a New Theology, that is, a full intellectual freedom. I did not believe that energy of spiritual life must be associated with narrowness of thought. To me the ground of salvation was belief in the Lord Jesus Christ, that is, when rightly interpreted, the possession of the same mind with him. The Christ-like character saves.

These ideas I began to preach in the opera house in Jamestown in the fall of 1885. The enthusiasm was unparalleled in this part of the state. For months the opera house was crowded. Men unaccustomed to go to church became, with their families, constant attendants. There was a genuine revival of religion. Men were lifted to a nobler life and truer thought. One result of these services was the formation of a vigorous church and society, of which I am now pastor. We have our own church property, hold two services and a Sunday-school

each Sabbath. There is no more earnest or influential congregation in the city. Ever since I came here my sermons have been published and widely circulated. A number of churches similar to the one in Jamestown have been organized, and the interest in the work seems not to abate.

Another result of the movement was the formation of the Lakeside School of New Theology, located on Chautauqua lake, with the progress of which the readers of UNITY are well acquainted.

But the feeling has been growing upon me, that I must join myself with other workers in the same field. Three months ago it would not have been possible to me to have formed an alliance with UNITY, but my prejudices have all melted away; I recognize the intellectual and spiritual genius of its editors; and see that UNITY stands as perhaps no other paper, for non-dogmatic and non-sectarian religion. In coming to UNITY I surrender nothing of my individuality or cherished life-purposes. I believe that the divinest thing one man can do for another is to bring him to God and to himself, to a brave, true, and happy life. For this purpose I give my hand to UNITY and UNITY's friends.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

Editorial Wanderings.

On the 23d of July the senior editor released an obstreperous ankle from a plaster cast, threw away his crutches and began his vacation. On Sunday, the 24th, he refreshed himself by preaching to the hopeful little band at Hinsdale, which, notwithstanding the hot weather, was alert and devoutly in earnest. In the afternoon of the same day he started for the orient; went by the way of Canada. One long and lovely day in "foreign parts," a night plunge through the Green Mountain country, and early Tuesday morning he was at Weirs, almost the first on hand, but later trains soon brought others, and the week's work began with the Unity Club day. The story of this week has been already told in these columns and need not be repeated.

The editor expected to fulfill an engagement, discharge a duty in a couple of days, and then flee for rest and retirement; but these two days changed the dread of a crowd into the strength of fellowship, duty was transformed to a privilege, an obligation melted into an opportunity, so the two days became a week, which ended in a great night on Mt. Washington.

The sun in its coming and going behaved pretty well on the mountain top, but the moon did gloriously. The subtle shadows, the mystic sense of remoteness and lightness that comes with the night on a mountain top, relaxes the human soul and makes it strangely communicative and familiar in the presence of kindred souls, as the experience of that Unitarian party of sixteen on Mt. Washington proved.

A high judicial dignitary from Maine and the Unitarian missionary from the west were *ameliorated*, and they unreeled themselves into stories that reached into midnight. The next day the editor was in a hurry for Boston, but must take one last look at Lake Winnepesaukee; that look unwittingly prolonged itself into another week; the strength that came the week before from human nature came this week from nature. "The smile of the Great Spirit" was palpable upon the face of the waters that week; around it, over it and in it the editor found life. The beauty and joy was fringed with many memorable touches of human nature, words of kindness and looks of cheer that will abide with him through the fatigues of many a working day. It was the Universalists' week at the lake. The editor found them an earnest, truth-seeking people, with a laity, and, in the main, a clergy that was hospitable to the latest thought; expectant of greater and broader things. Here the editor met for the first time the Philadelphia oriental, Mangasarian, and found him the shy, sensitive soul that has traveled all the way from the banks of the Euphrates, where he was born, to the highlands of the Unity faith in America. To know him is to love him. And what was the gain of the editor in his acquaintance will in due time we trust prove a gain to the readers of UNITY also.

Just a day for Boston, if that city of crooked streets can be

called Boston when most of the Unitarians are away. But there was enough of it left for a cordial grip of the strong hand of publisher Ellis, through whose business sagacity the *Register* has become such a missionary of the growing faith, and to find Mr. Batchelor looking so much better than in the sad, sick Chicago days, carrying the brevet honors of editorship, while Shayback was away canning smiles for winter use under canvas on Lake Memphremagog, and indulging his carnal tastes in a flaming red necktie, his one worldly dissipation in all the year.

UNITY's representative was next to be heard from at the New Theology School at Chautauqua. In the crowd that sought the boats at the Jamestown wharf it was cheering to him to be called back to his identity with the "Come in this boat, Mr. Jones," of one of his faithful Sunday-school boys. The charms of Chautauqua lake were put to a severe test by coming after the high witchery of Winnepesaukee. They ought to be taken the other way, but even in this order it was delightful. Of this meeting our readers have already heard, and are to hear more. Dr. Townsend is a man who has planted his roots deep in that soil. His sincerity, gentleness, warmth of heart and ability of head have made themselves felt where he is, and through the help of UNITY will endear him to a much wider circle.

Three days at Meadville, two long days in camp on the banks of the beautiful Venango. Three days in Chicago, *en route*, if indeed it was Chicago with the UNITY team all away except the faithful "C. H. K.," who was conscripted into editorial responsibilities that the editors might play. August 21 to 29 the editor touched that spot without reaching which a vacation is scarcely possible, the spot that thrills with memories tender and tearful, that quickens with loving ties and holy expectations, the spot where his first sermon was preached so long ago that the thought of it suggests a patriarchal feeling.

The awful drought of the summer had been broken with plenteous rains, ravaging rains, that carried away bridges and mill dams. Helena valley, on that account, was beautiful with the tender green of May. Three times did the editor preach in the little chapel—prettier than it was in its first newness of a year ago. It stands there to challenge with confident emphasis the claim of Brother Powell in the last *Register*, that "The Topeka church is the most perfect of the elegant utilities of the west—for its cost." It certainly is one of the two most perfect—for its cost!

The drought makes it a very hard year for the farmers, particularly for the dairy farmers, as these Helena farmers are; for the total failure of the hay crop will necessitate the disposal of fine herds, which it has taken years of breeding to produce, for a very doleful song; but still things are hopeful in the valley. The dear old homestead has been moved aside to make room for the large new building, which is to be the Hillside Home School, and for the first time for twenty years the two school-teaching sisters do not go out of the valley with the preacher at the close of the summer vacation, but they remain to give the benefit of their experience to the development of the boys and girls of the neighborhood, to the making of an economic, energetic home school for the city boys and girls who may be fortunate enough to have parents or guardians who appreciate the value for a time of country surroundings, personal attention and practical activities in the education of the child. These sisters, with their associate teachers, will remain to make more vital the Sunday uses of the little chapel. Regular preaching services will be conducted every Sunday morning; sometimes it will be the reading of a printed sermon, sometimes it will be the home-made thought of different members of the congregation, more times it will probably be the manuscript sermon of the non-resident pastor, which, after it has done duty in the pulpit of All Souls church, Chicago, will be passed along through the post-office for another hearing. This is a big undertaking for the valley. The school building and equipments demand not only the accumulated capital but the accumulated courage of many years. Many things are needed. The little chapel has yet no musical instrument, and every Sunday some farm-house

sends its organ with the family to church. The library, both of the church and the school, needs books of reading and books of reference, and if those who *might* only knew the opportunity, some helps in this direction would be forthcoming. But without help the necessities will be reached in due time, and the Hillside Home School is yet to be a modest but important factor in the success of some things in which UNITY readers have much interest.

And now the editor is at home. Tuesday morning, August 30th, he mounts the tripod, and hopes to be on duty until about the first of July, 1888. During his vacation of six weeks he preached and lectured seven times, made four speeches, been on top of a mountain, rowed on two lakes and a river, never tried to hook or shoot anything, attended three grove meetings, and had a good time all the way through. Now for work!

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Patience.

Upon the earliest shore
The earliest life is found—
That nearer touch of the Divine—
What silence breathes around!

A small and simple form,
Yet the first miracle
Of life, life that in ages hence
To subtlest phase would thrill.

What ages! then the man,
Through that low form to rise,
Gifted by Thought and Love to speak
The mystery of the skies.

He only of all life
Back to reflect the source,
To utter from the heart the thanks
Of a dumb universe.

His purposes so long
Waited that patient Power;
What thou would'st fain become, O soul,
Wait thy one little hour!

A. M.

Closing Week of the Lakeside School of New Theology.

The closing week of the L. S. N. T. was one of great interest. We had lectures and sermons by Dr. Thomas Hill, Dr. E. L. Rexford, John R. Clarke, Theodore W. Haven, Ph. D., F. N. Thorpe, Ph. D., Rev. A. N. Somers, Dr. A. A. Miner and Doctor Townsend. Doctor Rexford was one of the most popular of the ministers. He is well known in this section, as he was born and raised in Chautauqua county. Prof. J. B. Roberts, of Philadelphia, added very much to the interest of the meetings. With the assistance of others he gave us readings from the "Merchant of Venice" on Tuesday evening, taking the part of Shylock with remarkable power. He gave us many highly interesting readings, presenting us Friday with an hour's reading from Hamlet. It is understood that next year Professor Roberts will conduct a school of elocution in connection with the L. S. N. T. Dr. F. N. Thorpe gave three lectures on the labor question, presenting many facts and figures. Doctor Haven, son of Bishop Haven, of the Methodist Episcopal church, gave a thoughtful sermon Tuesday on "Morals and Religion."

Doctor Townsend addressed the people several times. He gave us a lecture Wednesday on "The New Theology," which was eloquent, spiritual and elevating. He gave on Thursday a lecture entitled "Utopia," which was a dream of an ideal social state. It was full of lofty ideals, gems of wisdom, poetry and pathos, and showed that the doctor is a thinker in other fields than theology.

Friends of the L. S. N. T. feel highly encouraged at its fine prospects. While the attendance was not as large as could be wished, it was as large as might reasonably be expected for the second season of the institution. The amphitheater was comfortably well filled at the concerts and special lectures, while those who attended the theological lectures showed a deep interest and earnestness. The association is now on a solid and permanent basis. It owns a fine piece of ground fronting on the lake, and a substantial and spacious amphitheater. The property is valued at \$5000, and stock has been sold sufficient to meet all indebtedness. The gate receipts covered the running expenses of the present season.

The outlook for the school is most promising. Friends and helpers are daily rising up, and large lines of work are being laid out for the coming year. The institution promises to become the great Chautauqua of the liberal churches.

S. L.

REMUS POINT, August 22.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Selected Gems and Modern Themes for Church or Parlor Organ. Edited by James C. Macy. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass. 112 pp. Price

This is an excellent collection of short voluntaries, preludes, postludes, and hymn tunes, so arranged that the least possible turning of leaves is required to complete a selection. Marches, wedding, festival and requiem music are also included. The selections are from the music of the first composers, but so adapted in simplicity of rendering as to be quite within the command of any average player. A particularly satisfactory book for young church societies using a cabinet organ.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The National Bureau of Unity Clubs.

NAME.

The name of the unit, Unity Club, has its justification in the fact that the majority of literary clubs in our denomination are called Unity Clubs, and all, or nearly all, might fittingly take that name, since it implies unity of purpose and work, unity of spirit and of action, and a close alliance with every interest of the church and its work. The aggregation of units, Unity Clubs, gives us our Bureau, all for each and each for all. As the housekeeper has a place for her bureau, and her bureau full of drawers for the holding of various things, in daily use, for convenience, so the Bureau of Unity Clubs has, or is supposed to have, and shortly will have, its drawers and pigeon holes full of helps for the individual clubs about to organize or to start a season's work, or plan for pleasure. At present the Bureau has one plan at Chicago and another at Boston Unitarian headquarters, where the Bureau is kept.

SCOPE.

The scope is broad both as to territory and to the variety of clubs eligible to membership in the Bureau. It would be more convenient to call them all by one name, and that chosen for the national organization, Unity Club, but unity may as properly mean the binding together of differently named, as differently constituted clubs. The work done by the clubs is about the same, whether they have one name or another. And the advantages of having it national is that the benefits and helps to be found in one become the property of all. Some one prepares—is preparing a plan of study in art for eight months, with references to the best books to read, and the finest available pictures or prints to be seen. It will be printed and had for sale in Chicago and Boston. Twenty clubs may have been in doubt as to the best way to study art; here is a little pamphlet which tells all about it, and can set the club to work at once. Any club in the entire country can get this help. No matter what the topic or the course of study decided upon or thought of, suggestions can be had at the bureau headquarters. There is an advantage in uniformity

of topic in the fact that lecturers can be had at greatly reduced cost where many engagements can be made. A literary or dramatic entertainment may be given by the club getting it up in half a dozen cities or towns near by. If history or astronomy is the subject chosen for study, mutual advantages come or may come by correspondence as to method and work.

WORK.

Shall it be work or play, study or amusement? That depends upon the material out of which the club is made. Some clubs have their "eating crowd" and their "literary crowd." One wants to exercise the brain, another, for the most part, the feet. There are the dramatical and the musical elements. All these obtain in one and the same club. The bureau says, decide those matters among yourselves, and when you are ready for work or play—for dramatic or musicale, call upon us, and we will give you points; we will help you to the best thing there is to be had in the line pursued. True, what would be best for one club might be the worst thing for another. For instance, I know of a club which is already organized for the study of the *Iliad*, and for Sunday evenings, too, and not so unsuitable for Sunday evenings as might be supposed, since the central idea is religious; but that club has a leader who is an expert in that line of study. But this is true, that every club should attempt something a little harder than an easy mood might suggest; and to know what others are doing of an enterprising character has a tendency to lift club study a peg higher. A club that tends to amusement would do well to do something literary, while one settled down to some abstruse subject, as philology or philosophy, would do well to bring in the element of amusement, or to organize with the intent of giving, say, every fourth meeting to pleasure. And whether it shall be one thing or the other, it must mean culture, help in some way to training the mind, the taste, the manhood or the womanhood qualities into finer fiber. The club must work for its own individual culture, for the benefit of the church, with which it should always feel itself to be a branch and a feeder, for general culture and charity, and to give tone and turn to thought among young people, setting them upon an upward way in finding out what they are good for, and ought to be doing for themselves and the world.

READING.

The one thing all clubs can do is to select a course of reading, and to meet weekly for an evening to read and be read to, as, for example, the works of George Eliot, Doctor Holmes, or the history of Spain, or of the United States. To this could be added the asking and the answering of questions; or the reading might be done at home, and the meeting in the club to compare views and discuss ideas growing out of the reading. Short essays might follow, read by one or two previously appointed for the work. In this way interest might easily be begotten. The course of reading might be wholly religious, or denominational, or for the study of the different religions, or creeds, or sects. The evening might be spent in reading and discussing the Bible, a sort of conference meeting, and partly for the purpose of religious culture, and spiritual quickening. I have been giving no fancy or impossible pictures, but what has actually been done in different clubs and churches of which I know and am hearing of every day.

FEASIBILITY.

There is a backwardness with some pastors about undertaking anything out of the ordinary course of church work and church life. A pastor said to me not long since: "My church is very old, and its ways are all settled, and they are very shy of innovations. I don't believe we can do anything in the Unity club line. It would seem to be an intrusion, a secularizing the church, or a turning it into a playhouse." But really, that is the very church where combined tact, wisdom and perseverance in the pastor, could accomplish much, and be the thing to give new life and nobler purpose to its activities. The feasibility of organizing a club in a church will be made clear the moment a serious, earnest attempt is made in that direction. I know of a little church which, at my suggestion, started a "Unitarian Club," since Unity Club

seemed so hightoned, and it has been a grand success. Another club has a reading circle, with "Clarke's Book on Prayer," and a discussion of points all along while the chapters are being read. In one case a lady got some boys together and started a club, which proved to be a solid affair in the end. A whole church is benefited by one little literary ripple among the young people. Since there is such a dearth of ideas, and a deluge of nonsense among the average of young people, where nothing literary enters into their lives, it ought to be the aim of the church to have a way of interesting and occupying the thought of such people; and when they leave school to help them still to keep up habits of study and of select reading. Why will not our pastors, why will not our laymen and laywomen of literary tastes, and interest in young people and the church, take up this matter of literary or social culture, or both, and supplement pulpit, Sunday, and day school, with that which shall be a constant source of culture? And if they have such a club, would it not be well to come into the Bureau, and see what can be done to enlarge and elevate the work, and make the club a nobler evangelist of good? It is feasible. Let it be a fact! Then it will mean

EDUCATION.

Religion tends more and more to education, and the church is more and more a school for culture. The modern church is becoming a sort of religious university. Its aim is to give knowledge, to develop the entire life, to train all the faculties, to seek wholeness, and so holiness, salvation. People more and more go to church, when they go at all, to learn something, to be instructed in things worth knowing, to get glimpses of science, to have thought quickened by thought. The time is coming when preaching will be the impartation of knowledge which applies to life, and the stimulus to set people thinking and studying for themselves. Guesses must have the go-by, and the supernatural and the miraculous must give place to what may be known of nature, and of life, and of duty. And that church is the wisest which aims at culture in the people of the congregation and of the community. We want to know and to teach something about this great and wonderful world where we dwell, and so about the Infinite in and through all, and in and by this knowledge enter into the true kingdom of light and love. This is why we need the *Unity Club* and study classes in every church, and in every community.

A. J. R.

THE HOME.

In Quiet Places.

It is Sunday morning. From the church towers, a mile away, comes the sound of church bells, and yonder, climbing the hill, I see our faithful deacon and his family on their way thither. No, we shall not go this morning. We miss the liberal thoughts of the religion to which we are accustomed, and believe that nature speaks best for us to-day. It is as cool as September. There has been very little uncomfortable weather here this season, while the fields in the west have been parched and suffering for want of rain. We have gladly welcomed every fair, warm day. No nights without a cool breeze. Since May 15, rain has fallen thirty-six days. Crops are suffering. Trees and foliage of every description are looking fresh and green as in the springtime. Every little wood stream is full to overflowing, and comes rushing down the hillsides, over moss-grown rocks, like a frolicsome child. The woods are full of beauty. Hemlock trees droop low over cool, mossy spots, and the ferns seem to dip their delicate heads in friendly converse. It seems wicked to step foot into their midst; they are so like a heavenly breath.

I carry a large book in our carriage, that I may be prepared to glean roadside treasures, for making glad the hearts of western friends and beautifying some nook in their far away homes.

All about this homestead door grow the tansy, spearmint, caraway seed and southernwort. Buttercups and daisies

have faded; everlasting, goldenrod and purple asters have taken their place, each beautiful in its season. The fall cricket chirps dimly in the lowland.

We have often spoken of our Chicago friends, when the daily papers announced the intense heat, and wished they might rest in this quiet spot, where the air is so fresh and pure, right from noble Kearsarge mountain, only seventeen miles away. Through the window of our "spare bedroom," in the northeast corner, comes the early morning song of the robins. Doesn't that suggest rest?

Canary "Clover" hangs in a bower of morning-glories and hops outside the south porch. Being a Chicago bird he eats his fresh plantain and chickweed seed, and picks at the wealth of blossoms about him in wonder.

There is much to be gained by a life among *many*, but a mellow New Hampshire sunset can be enjoyed at one's own broad doorstep, and leave us better than it found us.

SARAH M. BAILEY.

HOPKINTON, N. H.

Youthful Old Age.

An aged and good lady mourned recently that she should recover from a long sickness. "So near home," she said; "and then I had to turn back. But I shall go to my God shortly, nevertheless." I know of another aged person who had no fear of death, who lived a tranquil, busy life on to her ninety-third year. She never conversed on the subject of death. She never was weary of this life. If friends were anxious, she put them aside. "It is well to live; it is well to die." This was her creed. She lived it so completely, it gave her no concern. She was not "going home." She was never absent from home. She did not long to "go" to her God. She imagined nothing more of him than she met with here and every day. She dreamed of no heavenly place beyond. She sat peaceably in her high-backed chair at night, when her little duties of the day were done, and heaven was there. Others were busy with their prayer-books and their church-going, and fain would associate her in their devotions. But how to introduce their errand. It was a puzzle. They were baffled. She was more than their books, than their clergyman and his church. She was a fountain of love and light. She tainted no atmosphere: she purified it wherever she moved. A short time before her death, she walked on her cane out on the bright hill-side near the house, and filled her checked apron with ripe apples, knocking them off with a stick. She carried them in, happy as a child. "*What a good tree it is.*" These words were the text of her whole life. She loved a clean kitchen, and delighted to make good bread. She rejoiced when the cherries were ripe; she could eat them with the same relish as when a girl. She was proud of the colts and the calves. She yearly tended a brood of chickens. She hunted the hen's-eggs, mousing through the hay. What more she did need not be added. This is enough to show the peaceful flow of her life. Her conversation was not of the books, nor made up of quotations from the Bible. It was the natural utterance of a simple, pure mind. Did she lack wisdom? For the sphere in which she moved, none need be more wise. Did she fail as an example? Then was her failure a rich blessing. Would that we all might fail thus forever! Did she go to heaven? She went *with* heaven. *Heaven* went with her. I know no more.—*Selected.*

Woman and Artist.

I thought to win me a name
Should ring in the ear of the world!—
How can I work with small pink fists
About my fingers curled?

Then adieu to name and fame!
They scarce are worth at the best
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth,
With its lips against my breast.

—Alice Williams Brotherton, in *September Century*.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Princeton, Ill.—Rev. H. C. McDougall, of Rockland, Mass., preached before the Unitarian society of this place last Sunday.

Egypt.—The Mohammedan college at Cairo has 5000 students, and the course of study covers eight years.

Prosperous Jews.—An English exchange says that the average income of the London Jews is two and a half times greater than that of the Gentiles. They average \$410 per head, per annum for 47,000. If thrift is an element of piety, these people have at least started towards the kingdom.

The Chinese in New York city are building a joss house at a cost of \$16,500. We commend these devotees to the foreign missionary societies that have a passion to save the souls of the Chinese. When they have saved the New York heathen then let them go abroad.

Demoralizing Christians.—Under native rule Upper Burmah, in India, has been kept free from the ravages of alcohol and opium, but now under British rule, a general "licensing system is being discussed and perfected." Yet they were *pagan* and these are Christian!

Little Boston Boy—(who, with his mamma, is visiting New York): "Oh, mamma, what a little silver of a moon they have here. Why, in Boston it's a great big round moon!"

Mamma (complacently): "Yes, Waldo; but you must remember that New York is a very different place from Boston."—*Exchange*.
It is possible to have too much moonshine.

Kristofer Janson's Paper.—A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*, speaking of this new paper, has the following allusion to Mr. Janson's accomplished helpmeet: "Mrs. Drude Krog Janson, his wife, has also written a good deal concerning woman's rights and temperance. She is now in Norway visiting relations and friends. Her cousin, Miss Gina Krog, is the editor of the *Norwegian Ladies' Review*, published in Christiania, Norway, since last January, which paper also has done very well.

Hydrophobia.—The remedy for this fearful malady suggested by Pasteur, the French chemist, is still a disputed one. It is at least beyond the reach of man at the present time. But

Doctor Buisson, a French physician, suggested a remedy quite within the reach of all. It is simply the prompt use of the Turkish or vapor baths. The doctor cured himself by seven baths in seven days, exposing himself to a heat of from 126 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. A recent number of *The Lancet* gives high medical indorsement to this treatment from London physicians.

"See Ourselves as Others See Us."—A correspondent of the *Indian Mirror*, published at Calcutta, thus writes of his impression of our Saratoga. "Money is spent lavishly by the rich fools who resort to this place. One man's hotel bill for a month footed fifteen thousand rupees, and another was known to expend ten thousand rupees a week. Thus tens of thousands isolate themselves from a sorrowing, sinning and suffering world, and squander money, time, talents and opportunities as thoughtlessly as if no parable of Dives and Lazarus had ever been uttered."

Frankness at the Altar.—An English vicar, describing the marriage customs in the Yorkshire country, as quoted by the *Unitarian Herald*, says, "When they come to that important part of the marriage service where the minister asks the man if he will have this woman to be his wedded wife, the man will not infrequently turn to the woman and say, 'Will tho' black m' boots?' and the woman will invariably say 'I will;' and the man then rejoins 'Now, tha'st said it' and he holds her to her word.

Let neither the American men nor women who laugh at this be too complacent. Husbands in this country often exercise an authority not less brutal than this and; there are things which wives in polite society do for their husbands more servile and grinding than blacking boots.

Boston Notes.—Church and school house repairs are mostly finished. Vacation schools are over, after proving their great value, parish sextons are busy renovating and dusting pew cushions and pulpit trimmings. The last children are gone on the "country week." Our store sidewalks down town are covered with outgoing merchandise. One more union Sunday meeting will be held, and then gradually all our pulpits will again assert themselves. Some new clerical and lay work is already getting planned for next winter. Some new temperance tracts and other pamphlets are already upon the table of the A. U. A. Our minister for Japan, Rev. Arthur M. Knapp, is studiously, but quietly, searching shelves of libraries and book stores for new information about his intended home, and is trying to grasp a little of the vernacular. His familiarity with European capitals and our Pacific shores, as well as his long experience as preacher and pastor in New England, will help him adapt his thoughts to the peculiar ways of Japanese civilization and acute religious inquiry. He will leave Boston in November.

England.—That was a great thing to say of any one that the chairman said at a recent reception given to Rev. W. Burns on his retirement from the pulpit of the Unitarian church of Charing Cross, at Birkenhead: "For nearly thirty years our friend Mr. Burns has been the intellectual leaven of Birkenhead." A Unitarian minister must be much else, but an intellectual leaven he must be if he is a true Unitarian minister. Mr. Burns is to take charge of the Unitarian church at Plymouth, England.

"The Hibbert Trust" is the name of a fund which in London secures an annual course of scholarly lectures bearing upon the history, growth and character of religion. From an abstract of the last biennial report of its trustees we infer that it has one student at work from its scholarship in Harvard College, America, two at the University of Jena, in Germany, and three at the Manchester New College, London. Last year its course of lectures was by Prof. Rhys, of Oxford, on "The Religion and Mythology of the Celtic Nations," soon to be published. This year it was by Prof. Soyce, of Cambridge, on "The Babylonian Religion," soon to be published. Next year it is to be on the "Greek Influence upon Christianity," by Rev. E. E. Hatch, D. D., of Oxford.

The next biennial meeting of the Ministers' Institute will be held at Princeton, Mass., Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th. The sermon will be given by Rev. Francis Tiffany. The essayists and subjects will be as follows: Rev. T. R. Slicer, "The Study of Church History for Its Own Sake." Rev. J. H. Allen, "The Effect of Canon Law upon Christian Civilization." Rev. E. H. Hall, "How Far Can Our Liberal Theology be Drawn from the New Testament." Prof. J. H. Thayer, "What Documents are in Evidence as to the Earliest Christian Faith?" Rev. J. C. Learned, "Capitalism and Communism." Prof. D. G. Lyon, "The Bearing of Assyriology upon the Old Testament." Prof. C. C. Everett, "The Ultimate Facts in Ethics." Rev. C. F. Dole, "An Experiment in Ethics."

The sessions will be held in the new town hall. The hotels offer reduced rates (\$1.50 per day) and the railroads also promise lower fares.

Those who attended the meeting at Princeton six years ago will recall the delightful air and views, and the comfortable hotels. An unusually large meeting is hoped for. Further details will be given later. W. H. LYON, Sec.

Books Slightly Damaged and Greatly Reduced in Price.

We still have on hand about 60 copies of James H. West's "UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL," equal to the regular 50 cent edition in every respect, except as to the press work, which is defective, but not so bad as to make the book difficult to read. These copies we will mail singly for 25 cents, or will sell to any church wishing to introduce the "Uplifts" as a service book for 20 cents. The regular edition of this book we will sell to any church in quantities of not less than 50 at \$30 per hundred.

We have on hand a few copies of Francis Tiffany's "Bird-Bolts," slightly shelf worn as to the cover, but otherwise in perfect condition. The book is a collection of short bright essays, most of them first printed in the *Boston Herald*. A few titles taken at random are "How to Kindle Fires," "Vicious Virtues," "Routing Inertia," "Enlarging one's Horizon," "The Ugliness of the Individual." The publisher's price for the book is 75 cents. We offer for sale the copies now on hand at 50 cents each, post-paid.

Charles T. Brooks's "WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING; A CENTENNIAL MEMORY," is a work of permanent historical value. It contains 259 pages, with nine full page illustrations, and is published at \$1.50. We have on hand a very few copies, slightly shelf worn but in almost perfect condition, which we offer at 75 cents, post-paid. When these are sold no others can be had at less than the regular price.

Sir John Bowring's religious poems, with a memoir, make up a handsomely printed gilt edged volume of 256 pages. It is published in England and is not regularly on the American market. We have lately come into the possession of a few copies, which we offer at 60 cents each, post-paid. We can not supply the book after these copies are closed out.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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EDITORIAL.

Good Housekeeping among its family recipes gives the following: "It is a well established truth that an ounce of keep your mouth shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it."

E. P. POWELL closes his essay on immortality, recently written for the *Christian Register*, with the following suggestive sentence: He that lives with God, in God, lives as God lives.

FOUR and a half per cent. of the population of Hungary is Jewish, but thirty-three per cent. of the students of the University of Pesth, the leading Hungarian school, is Jewish. It is hard to exterminate brains even with religious bigotry.

THE Liquor Dealer's Association at their recent annual meeting resolved that they would work for a "readjustment of the laws, so that the poor man can get his spirituous liquors just as the rich man gets his at his hotel." We suspect that they did not discuss the question as to how much they would do in creating the patrons that would support these philanthropic places for the poor.

DOCTOR THOMAS in his first sermon after vacation told his people that the "religious thought of the present time was slowly but surely gravitating towards the old Greek theology which taught the immanency of God and that there was a tie between man and his Creator. His remarks also included an exposition of the Latin theology, which taught that God was to be localized, that man was a fallen and depraved creature, and that there was no tie between him and his Creator."

THE *Northwestern Christian Advocate* for the 31st ult. bristles with protests against the Glenn bill in Georgia, which it characterizes as a "proposition to send to the chain-gang a teacher who presumes to teach a colored and a white child in the same class." A ringing editorial closes with the following words, which we heartily indorse: "If the Glenn bill does not become a law, the republic may thank Glenn for the good he has unintentionally done by causing this debate. If it does become law, common sense will come all the faster to belated Georgia."

LET other women go and do likewise. Why not? Do they not also labor? And is not a laborer worthy of his hire? "Lucretia Mott recognized her husband as the treasurer of the family firm, but she did not hesitate to draw 'orders.' Miss Anthony tells how Lucretia once said to her: 'Sister, I am going to give thee \$50 to carry on the work.' Then turning to James Mott, she said: 'Out of that corner of thy pocket-book where thee put my pay for keeping thy house, mending thy clothes, etc., please hand Susan the money.' James was too just a man to withhold his hand."—*Home Weekly*. Let the husbands go and do likewise also, echoes a voice at our elbow.

A "TRYPHENA" who has been accustomed to minister "to the necessity of the saints" tells in *The Christian-at-Work* all about how to treat a minister. She has "given him hot water, applied court plaster to his wounds, dosed him with hot lemonade and troches before going to bed, commended his sermons." But the line had to be drawn somewhere, and she has put it in the place where we wish many, nay all "Tryphenas" who "esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake" would draw it. We let her speak for her-

self: "I have never yet been guilty of the duplicity of begging him to smoke a cigar in my presence, or assured him that it was 'not disagreeable to me,' and in fact I 'rather liked' it, when, like most women who have any noses worth speaking of, it is to me a noxious offense. The moral quality of it is something for him to settle, but the odor settles itself everywhere, and I cannot include it in the hospitable thought and intent with which I would meet a possibly angelic visitant. A smoking angel would be a queer thing, wouldn't it, now? I do like to entertain ministers, and they are usually very pleasant guests, when they do not discuss the Andover controversy."

AN effort is being made to secure pardon for one of our Chicago commissioners convicted of giving and taking bribes, on the score of valiant services during the war. We honor the loyal soldier, but we see no reason why because a man did his duty once he should not do it again. If the verdict was too severe a one upon this commissioner, let it be palliated because he is a man, not because he was a soldier. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* states the truth concerning the soldier: "If soldiering has any further relation to the issue, we would suggest that the pardon ought not to be given to a man who disgraces his uniform. It is said that some grand army men are circulating the petitions. If so, we are sorry."

THE *Jewish Messenger* predicts one of these days an International Religious Conference, and suggests that two planks will suffice, viz.: "One God and one humanity." Aye, verily, but this international conference will come together not to *frame* planks, even such high ones as these, but to *ex-emplify* them. It will come together to demonstrate that "love is the fulfilling of the law." The time is quite ripe in America for a Pan-Heretical Council where the untrammelled spirits in all denominations, the sincere and devout who sit on the "ragged edge" of every sect will come together to exchange sympathies and to devise plans, to reach the great unchurched with a religion that will sanctify their lives, humanize their interests and make of duty a religious inspiration. UNITY awaits such a council by humbly but persistently working for it.

THE *Inquirer* of London quotes some good things concerning preaching from Pastor Puaux, a Paris professor of theology. Speaking of the old style of Geneva preaching he says: "Indeed, at that period the *pile* was the regular thing. That is, each pastor had a pile of sermons which he preached in turn, and over and over again to his people. And the story is told of one pastor who had only three sermons in his pile, and when asked by one of his parishioners if he was not going to make a new one, he replied, 'I will do so when you have learned to attend to the three which I am wont to preach to you.'" The pile has its dangers, but it has its uses also. We once heard Edward Everett Hale say that upon a certain time he received a direct revelation from the Lord. It ran thus, "Edward, a good old sermon is better for thy people than a poor new one. Go and do that which is best for thy people."

THE man who, in his rugged strength of near contact with nature, can wrest from her the secrets which actuate mankind, and reveal them first-hand through the workings of his own flesh and blood, is often tempted to believe the throes of anguish by which he accomplishes this are the *real* burden of the work accomplished,—that all the rest is but a minor part of the actual labor, struggle, agony of the result finally wrought out; that whoever takes up the task of furthering,

finishing, adapting what he has brought forth, has but the play part of it, and exerts but little individual effort in shaping that result. But again, the man who, having high ideals of the perfection of work, the nicety of adaptation, finds that the chief business which falls to him is to continually put the finishing touches to the incomplete labor of others, is equally tempted to believe it is *he* who is really bearing the burden of the work;—that his counterpart co-laborer who is forever generating plans, piling up rough, valuable but uncompleted material, is an irresponsible, burdenless sort of creature; that acting “only” from impulse, he, therefore, is free from such painful personal application as is necessary to careful adaptation for high results; that the one *through* whom this valuable material must pass, in order to become more finely readjusted to the wants of mankind, endures the more intense pressure. Each is right in realizing that his own is a primarily important responsibility. Each is wrong in considering his own as the greater burden. The two kinds of labor are like two members of one body. Each is equally essential for a given result. As an individual has two hands, two feet, etc., for complete physical being, so mankind, for complete spiritual being, requires co-acting members; must progress by alternation of motive power. Counterpart forces, by twos and twos, are forever readjusting themselves the one to the other and bearing humanity onward. L.

THE following extract from a private letter reaches a great truth: “There are obstinate, because misunderstanding, forces which array themselves against the progress of liberal thought. We are so made that we can express clearly and adequately only that which is clear to our mental sight. We can not put into word or picture that which is not open to vision. We must *first be* that which we would express. Therefore is it that the mind which conceives of the Great and Eternal as not to be measured by terms of time, would not put his thought of it into adequate words. He simply *feels* the power,—the time has not come for expression. He feels it because ‘the provision is allied unto the thing so signified.’ This is why the Unitarians, standing for character in religion, should not require affirmation of God. He is the All-pervading, the All-including. In so far as man tends toward the good, he tends God-ward; he becomes himself the expression of the thought of God in him. It is thus ‘the glory of the One that breaks in everywhere.’

“We can not ignore our Ideal, but we need not degrade it by the expression of its limitation in any direction where *we feel limitation to be degradation*. Silence in matters of great importance does not necessarily mean *unbelief*. There is a reverence that can not speak; that feels ‘the shudder of shudder of restraining awe.’ Such silence is not irreverence, but rather seems to contain within it the highest sort of reverence, and typifies the recognition of an Ideal too mighty to be translated into finite phrase. If we can not write a larger meaning into our words to-day, we must wait until the universal dictionary can more completely define them before we try to express our more important items of belief. Only by means of silence, now, can we leave a margin for the new thought to grow in. The laws that we have as yet discovered can be applied only to things made visible to the intellect. The application of such laws to the things as yet only felt,—apprehended,—may produce a dwarfing effect upon the truth behind the dim phenomenon. The veil stiffens into rigidity; it stays fluent only so long as our insight remains pure and patient.”

The New Year of the Churches.

The new year in most of our American churches begins the first of September rather than the first of January. Now is the time in which parish plans are formed. Parishoners make large resolves concerning their service to the cause; ministers are plotting courses of sermons and lectures; Unity Clubs are perfecting plans of study. Our observation and experience goes to show that the efficiency and excellency of the year's work in our churches depends largely upon the definiteness and thoroughness of the plans made in September and Octo-

ber. Work so definitely laid out as to be capable of printing is more than half done. We say then to our contributors, Plan large things, make high resolves; even though it be the fate of human nature to fail to realize some of them, remember that the earnest purpose earnestly pursued,

“That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount.”

In this season of good resolves and fresh energies our readers will pardon us if we modestly suggest the claims of UNITY. Not for our sake or for its own sake; during its nine years of living it has succeeded in adjusting itself to its environments, so that, such as it is, it can continue to remain comfortably for an indefinite time; but for the greater good it can do. We want it improved greatly. With the growing opportunity it has among Unity Club workers and the independent believers in religion throughout the country, it has need of more room, more variety and better workmanship. These improvements will take place as fast as our constituency increases. We would like to publish a sermon in every number. We can do this only by adding our Church-Door Pulpit extra, and this means increasing our Church-Door Pulpit fund. Fifteen dollars adds the four pages and the living sermons. Now is the time for our parishes to plan for such a fund that will print two, four or six of their minister's best sermons during the year, or for those of our readers who have no parishes, who now look to UNITY for their preaching, to send directly to this office contributions, large or small, for our pulpit fund. Six hundred dollars would give forty sermons in the year.

We would like also to give full four pages space each time to the development of the Unity Club interests, than which there is no more important movement stirring our churches. When the National Bureau is strong enough, it will secure this weekly connection with its members. Meanwhile we can grant these interests such space only when special provision is made. If forty Unity Clubs in the country would appropriate for our use \$15 apiece it would secure this weekly organ during their working year. Under the immediate editorial management of Mr. Rich, the corresponding secretary of the Bureau, this department could be made of great power in the intellectual life of our churches. Few clubs have treasuries that would not yield this sum if their attention was properly directed to it, but failing to find the money for direct appropriation, our publishers authorize us to say that any Unity Club sending us twelve new yearly subscribers or their equivalent, will be counted as one of the forty.

Once more, the accumulating testimony of our P. O. Mission workers goes to show that UNITY is a valuable missionary tract. As it is, our missionary list is very large. We would be glad to greatly increase it. Within a few months a sum of about \$2500, we believe, has been donated to our eastern contemporary, the *Christian Register*, the interest of which is to be used in the missionary distribution of that paper. We wish the sum were ten times as large, and expect it will yet reach that basis. Meanwhile, why can not we have a Unity Distribution Fund? From the income of \$1000, perhaps 100 copies of UNITY could be sent out each year, 5200 numbers in all. What a tract distribution agency this would be. Who will be the first to start the “Unity Distribution Fund?” These are a few of the many possibilities that crowd upon us at this, the beginning of our new year.

Christ as a Factor in Theology.

Christianity as a theological system turns upon the definition of Christ. In the old theology Christ was made a God, none less than the Eternal One who overlaps time and space. According to the old theology the Infinite One became finite, left the universal throne to walk upon this little earth. Descending voluntarily into the limitations of sense, to perform a work for the accomplishment of which the boundless potencies of limitless Being had proved inadequate, He walked and taught among men, sought to reach, through the avenues of sense, the souls to which He hitherto had spiritual access, and to convince through juggling marvels the minds which had looked unmoved upon the daily miracles of the world and life.

This was the purpose of His life. The purpose of His

death was more mysterious. Enslaved by His own law of justice, the Infinite Ruler of all worlds must have satisfaction for human sin. Unsatisfied by the consequences which His own laws of cause and effect bring upon every soul that sins, He must have a satisfaction adequate to the wrong done to an Infinite Being by a finite sinner. The wrong was infinite, His satisfaction should be no less. An infinite wrong can be satisfied only by an infinite penalty. An infinite penalty could come only from infinite punishment of a finite being, or finite punishment of an infinite being. And so, from love of humanity, the Infinite God was crucified in the person of Jesus of Nazareth, to satisfy the Justice which sat sternly above the Universal throne.

Such a puzzle is the atonement of Christ in the old theology. For centuries it was sacredly guarded against rational invasion. Its mystery was proof sufficient of its divinity. To question or doubt was to commit the unpardonable sin. It was taught not to be understood, but simply to be believed. But gradually men came to see that the God who gave us our reason would not condemn us for using it. The torch of reason was lighted at the altar fires of heaven; and when its radiance shows us a dark form of superstition lurking by our path, it is doing what God intended it to do, and it shall not be extinguished. Men came to listen to the voice of reason, and to follow it, even when opposed by the harsh and scolding voices of their priests; and following that divine voice, they came to the conclusion that the old dogma of Atonement, and the dogma of the deity of Christ, were false and foolish.

The majority of earnest thinkers to-day have abandoned these forms of theology, and have adopted more rational ones in their place. They see in Christ a man God-filled, as other men may be; a mouthpiece of the Eternal One, as other men may be; a divine prophet and teacher, as other men may be who themselves walk in the paths of God. They see in the Atonement a work of reconciliation, a work of redemption; not the reconciliation of an angry God to sinful man, but the reconciliation of sinful and imperfect man to a God who is the ideal of Righteousness and Perfection. In this work Jesus stood as teacher and revealer of truth. He pointed the path of safety, and invited men to walk therein. *His* was the way, the truth, the life. He bore no guilty creatures' sin, he received in his own heart no arrows from the quiver of God's wrath, barbed for other men. He suffered for his fellowmen, as must one who essays to teach or lead. Humanity too often snatches with its angry jaws the hand that gives it food. Jesus died the death of a savior of his fellow men, but it was his life, and not his death, that saves.

Hundreds of clergymen are teaching this conception of Christ and the Atonement. They have left behind them, on the barren shores of their intellectual life, those wrecks which once floated on the waters of their thought. There they lie, rotting in the sunlight of larger truth, washed by the lapping waves of nobler thought. And soon the sands of time will hide the wrecks in forgetfulness.

But while these advance thinkers have abandoned the old conceptions, too many of them still cling to the phraseology with which the old ideas were dressed; they still speak of Jesus in terms which were invented to express the old conceptions of His nature and His office; they still perceive or pretend to perceive in Him some element radically different from the elements of which our common humanity is composed; they still give to his words, real or reported, an authority different not simply in degree, but essentially in kind, from the words of other teachers; they rightly look to His soul for a revelation of God, but fail to perceive in every human soul a revelation of God; they still believe that he worked miracles, but can see no miracles in the daily life of common men; they call Him Savior, and rightly so; but they do not see that the name belongs to the office and not to the man,—that many have filled this noble station; they call Him Son of God, and rightly so, but they do not perceive that we are all sons of God, each justifying his right to the title in proportion to the nobleness of his life.

And so, while these men have abandoned the old dogmas, they are not yet freed from their pernicious influence. The old sun has set, but its red rays are still reflected from faces turned toward the west.

We must open our souls to the dawning light of the new day. Let us recognize the good that shone forth from the God-illuminated soul of Jesus, but let not that light blind our eyes to rays from other men. Let us give to Jesus the homage due to a savior of His fellowmen; but let us not withhold our homage from other souls worthy, even if not so worthy, of our sincere regard. Let us see God in Jesus, but let us also see Him in living men about us. Let us feel His love pulsing through the hearts of reformer and philanthropist. Let us perceive His justice in the laws of right which dominate the human soul. Let us perceive our God not through one, but many lives. When we do this, Humanity shall be the Son of God, revealing in its manifold life the Being and Attributes of God the Father.

S. L.

A Unity Club Summer School.

The September number of the *Unitarian Review* contains a very interesting and clear statement of the work known as the Chautauqua Reading Circle, written by Edward Everett Hale, one of the councilors of the Chautauqua University. No one can read this exhibit without being thrilled with a prophetic vision of what is yet to be realized when the animosities of sects and believers in parties are sufficiently ameliorated that large numbers of men and women, far removed in space and social station, can unite in co-operation for the things of the higher life. Chautauqua has done wonderful things, and greater things will it yet do. But it possesses certain limitations which necessarily limit its usefulness in some directions, and will ultimately defeat its highest aims, unless its managers anticipate and amend. Its ambitious comprehensiveness, its spectacular, almost sensational features, and chiefly its strong theological bias, its orthodox predilections, will always make its study of certain topics halting and unsatisfactory. Recognizing these limitations, the Unity Club seeks to supplement, and, so far as it can, copy the excellencies of the Chautauqua system and adopt methods of social study and of co-operative culture to the non-orthodox. Of course the Unity Club Bureau will have the disadvantages that go with the minority. Those who work with it will miss the enthusiasm of numbers. It will have a greater independency to contend with. Military methods will not obtain so readily. It will be harder, perhaps impossible, to induce any great number of our people to take the lock-step. The Unity Club also has great advantages; it has the Chautauqua triumphs to stimulate and encourage it. It can fearlessly face all questions; study highest authorities without fear of theological damage. There is much of prophecy in this movement, to our mind. However much tired preachers and fagged professors may regret it, the Summer School has come to stay. Thousands who seek relief from the routine of life in a few weeks' outing by lake shore or on mountain side, will find that time also favorable to mental renewing and for a certain kind of intellectual activity. This fact gives an opportunity to the helper of humanity. We must prepare for it, even though it compel a few of us to seek rest at some other time than in July and August.

The alliance just consummated between UNITY and the Lakeside School of New Theology presents to our minds an unexpected and great possibility to us. There is the substantial and commodious pavilion that will seat 2000 people in the beautiful grove, inclosed and equipped, on the shores of the lake, that by the labor of Vincent and his associates has already been dedicated to culture. There is all the machinery of reduced railroad rates, steamboat transportation, etc., which has been perfected for the large assembly, at the service of those who would gather at the humbler assemblage at Bemus Point. All this is at our disposal, already secured and paid for. There only remains the need of a suitable caravan-

sary, a summer hotel that will secure plain living for those who seek high thinking, at minimum rates, to make the equipments complete. There is no lack of material for an interesting programme. We trust immediate plans will be made for an encampment at Bemus Point next summer, two weeks in duration. Let, so far as possible, the winter's study be a preparation for the summer's encampment; or, what is more feasible for this year, at least, let the summer school reflect and emphasize some of the best work done in the Unity Clubs this winter. Let it be a high review. We throw out this suggestion thus early in the season, hoping that the directors of the Unity Club Bureau and the representatives of the L. S. N. T. will take prompt steps to secure this result.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Pride in Littleness.

Professor Swing lately contributed an article to one of our city papers bearing the significant title "I." It was written in a vein of quiet irony, its purpose being to call attention to that class of people who seize every occasion, no matter how small and inopportune, to give voice to their pet hobbies and ideas. The writer found illustrations for his text in the prejudiced dietarian, and other small-sized reformers of that ilk, who, whenever asked to take a cup of coffee or thing of that kind, couch their refusal in terms intended to convey a withering rebuke to the friend or host making the offer. We are all familiar with the type. The persistent emphasis which such people place on the personal pronoun in such declarations as "I never smoke," "I never eat ice cream," discloses a principle which owns a wide application, and gives rise to that "pride in littleness," as I choose to call it, which mars many a character that otherwise might be very pleasing.

Just now I desire to call attention to the existence of this trait in women. Balzac, that profound student of human deed and motive, says, "A good woman has either a fiber more or less than other women, and is stupid or sublime;" a severe saying, but one which serves to point out the petty and meaningless character of much of our boasted womanly goodness. Custom and tradition have combined to make woman at once the smallest and the noblest of created existences, a necessary result of an education that aims to develop sentiment at the expense of reason. The main fault in woman's education, which the improved methods of to-day are striving to correct, has been the failure to impart any consciousness of individual worth or power. She was taught that for her the sum of happiness and duty lay in the fulfillment of certain relations which she sustained to others, and was told that to be a good wife and mother was to be a sufficiently good woman. Lately we have awakened to the knowledge that such instruction has the fault of beginning at the wrong end, and the fault, as I have said, is a radical one. This secondary consideration which has been given to the development of woman's powers in her own behalf has given rise to a host of weaknesses, once termed graces. Among these is the widespread indifference on the part of women, not to say the inability to discern the meaning of principle. The lives of most women are absorbed in details, crowding out all regard for principles and ideas, and leaving little room for high, careful thinking of any kind. And this, though the saying may have a harsh sound, happens as much through choice as necessity. Now the mind wholly occupied with little things—no matter if they be necessary and important—becomes little itself, little in its estimate of life and the relative values of things, little in its outlook and general judgments. Hence arises that pride in littleness of which I have spoken.

Take in illustration the work and care of the family household. There is no field where the temptation to immolate oneself on the shrine of small, fleeting cares is so great as in the housekeeper's. How many women contentedly excuse their failing interest in art, literature, and the living questions of the day with the plea that they have a house to keep. But the woman who can do nothing but keep house is the

poorest kind of housekeeper. If her thoughts are continually revolving about her pans and kettles she has only herself to blame that she has become a fitter companion for her cook than for the guests who assemble to eat her elaborate cooking. Yet the infantine trust and complacency with which this sort of woman looks out on the world, and prescribes her own little laws for its government, measuring everything by her inch-high standard, is both laughable and sad. Unfailingly correct in the little things which make up her own life, she comes to believe herself equally infallible in the settlement of questions of larger concern, and decides the affairs of a falling empire with as much confidence as she tests a new recipe for cake-making. But more often there are for her no larger questions, and cake-making is the real business of life. Her rule for pickling is as accurate as the sun, and her opinion on the question of broom handles known far and wide. *She* never uses anything but a porcelain lined kettle to cook fruit in, she will tell you, with that same emphasis on the pronoun employed by the professor's vegetarian friend when he haughtily declines a piece of beefsteak, and with an air of conscious integrity fit to bespeak the possession of a hundred real virtues. *She* always sweeps on Fridays, and trims the pantry shelves with triple-scalloped paper. She has her opinion of the woman who uses single-scalloped.

Well, heaven bless her, but it must be quick about it, for her time is short. The world has already learned that a woman may have the most correct opinions on the subject of porcelain kettles and yet be a poor creature. It is a small mind wherever found, whether in workshop or kitchen, that thus continually mistakes the means of orderly, comfortable living for the end. "The best housekeeping is that where results only, and not processes, are visible," said a friend of mine. "I am a Unitarian and something besides," I once heard a minister of that faith say, in explaining his religious views, and he added a similar definition of his political views,—"I am a republican and something besides." I would have women keep this "something besides" in mind, and not define life and the whole of womanly duty in the terms of a single task or vocation.

The "model housekeeper," as she is often called, is in reality no model at all if she makes a fetish of the task given her to execute, forgetting the end of a happy progressive existence which it should alone be made to serve. The housekeeper who thinks because she has three meals to get she is excused from finding out who Tolstoi is; the mother who thinks the tucking of Mary's skirt or the mending of Johnny's stockings precludes the necessity of attending to the minds and morals of either; the wife who conducts her married life on the principle that a man is to be kept good natured through his stomach, instead of helping keep alive a few ideas in the household—these and all like them will go on repeating their feeble pleas and protests, and will greatly commiserate and believe in themselves as they do so, though no one else will. For the truth is, there is time in this world to do whatever we sincerely desire and choose to do. It is the burden of choice that lies so heavily on us, and mental sloth and cowardice hinder us a thousand times where opportunity fails us once. Pride in littleness is nowhere more plainly seen than in the habit of making excuses, and we should remember Ben Franklin's words, that the man who is good at making excuses is good for very little else.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

Henry George and the United Labor Party.

The most important convention which has met in recent years was held in Syracuse, N. Y., August 17, 18, 19. It was characterized by the absence of the spirit of aristocracy. Trouble in the convention was manifest when it was generally understood that contestant delegates from a district in New York city had seats in the convention who were of socialistic doctrine. A digression at this point may not be out of place. A socialist may be either a state or democratic socialist. He may believe and teach that the *state* should control all labor and production, railroads, etc., or he may teach that the people at large should make all the laws, thus doing away with

what may be termed a representative form of government. This I hope will clearly define the two positions or schools of socialists. The socialists in city and rural districts were expelled by the prevalence of the majority report on credentials because it was discovered, first, that some of the New York socialistic delegates received their seats by fraud, and second, that no one could be a delegate who belonged to any other political organization. The report was received with loud applause.

Conspicuous among the delegates was the venerable Mr. Redpath, assistant editor of the *North American Review*, Dr. McGlynn, the excommunicated priest and president of the Anti-Poverty Society, Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, formerly of the Baptist denomination but now of the Congregationalist church, and the pastor of an independent Congregationalist organization in Newark, N. J.; Mr. Croasdale, formerly of the New York *Star* but now of the *Standard*, and last, but not least, rather the greatest of all, Mr. Henry George, the author of "Progress and Poverty," the founder of the United Labor Party and the foremost political economist of the day. What a wonderful group these men are! What a power they wield! How in earnest they seem to be! I met Henry George on the steps leading up to the Alhambra rink, where the convention was being held, and we chatted together on the great issue which is before the people. The New York *World*, in a recent editorial, warns the people to beware of a man with one remedy. Any one conversing with Henry George, genial and modest as he is, could not believe that he would "tweak" the public by the nose or impose upon society a political economy which he knows and all who think must know is a compromise to capitalists and a libel on justice. Mr. Redpath explained the theory of Henry George, when in a conversation he said to me, in his usual vigor of statement, that the political and social movement which Henry George has inaugurated is an effort not to bring about a feudalism of aristocracy but a feudalism of democracy—a government where the people will own the land. And Hugh O. Pentecost stated it in even plainer language when he said in an address before the convention, that we want the earth—not in the sense that we wish to confiscate the land—that has already been done—but rather to restore it to the people for whom God made it. He affirmed that although Jesus said "the poor ye have with you always"—he did not say "the poor ye ought to have with you always." And if the bible should say the sinful we have with us always, would we therefore feed our children on rum and teach them to steal in order to fulfill the scripture? This same thought was recently reasserted by Father Huntington, who wrote for the *Forum* that able article on "Tenement House Morality," in which he showed that there is something to be done for the vicious besides giving them a "change of heart," that to reform a man and then bid him get a living where the earth and all that is therein is monopolized is to keep him a criminal and perpetuate the use of jails. The question of civilization is a momentous one, and on reflection and re-reflection I think that the remedy which Mr. George offers is by far the most practical and the most benevolent, the most righteous that could be conceived. A tax on land to the full rental value will put an end to the taxes on personal property, one-third of which, as has been shown by Thomas G. Shearman, goes uncollected and favors the rich rather than the poor. It would check that vandalism which drives men now under our present system of taxation to adopt rascality in every conceivable form, to extort from their neighbor what they must yield to another, and thus rob and plunder, even under the sanction of the church. Start from any point we choose—an abstract principle of justice and truth or from the present condition of things, where we seek to know first what is possible rather than what is desirable, and we shall see the folly of our present system of taxation. Man, as Henry George has said, is a land animal. Two factors enter into the question of poverty and progress—the active factor—life—and the passive factor—the land. Chattel slavery, which was a *wrong* appropriation of life, the active factor, has been abolished. Industrial slavery, which is the result of a wrong appropriation of the land, the passive

factor, will yet be abolished. To do away with industrial slavery is the object of the United Labor Party. I must refrain from argument, but not without saying that Henry George and his followers have aroused the fury of those who labor under the delusion that they are benefactors of their country by upholding the present form of taxation, while oblivious of the fact which no sophistry can repudiate or deny, that men and women perish of hunger who can not obtain work, and we claim them to be brothers and fellowmen.

What the United Labor Party may do for a downtrodden humanity we may know when we understand what it intends to do. The world is looking anxiously upon this movement, and the New York press had as many as twenty representatives busy recording the deliberations of these reformers, telegraphing full reports all over the globe. That party in politics or religion will ultimately succeed whose principles are one with justice and truth.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

The Minnesota Post-Office Mission.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"I have just received the third installment of liberal tracts, for which I tender you and your society my hearty thanks. I find many things in them that coincide exactly with my own thought and feeling. I think your society is doing a good work in distributing a literature that teaches each one to think for himself and not fear to do so."

"I knew nothing of this belief until I received and read your tracts, and feel much interested to find out more. Please send me the address of the best weekly Unitarian paper in the United States."

"Besides translating three pamphlets by Reverend Janson, I have had to translate a somewhat malicious article by Rev. J. Bjornason, the Lutheran minister here, in order to enable Janson to defend himself, and afterwards I translated his reply into Icelandic. I have distributed two thousand copies of our pamphlets among the various Icelandic settlements in Canada and Minnesota, and the remainder I intend to distribute on my lecture trip through the settlements in Dakota."

"Let me thank you for the reading matter you have sent, it has nurtured thirsty souls, it has been like dew distilled on the parched earth. 'Blessed be Drudgery' and 'Wrestling and Blessing' ought to be read by all the toiling ones of earth. I never personally knew a Unitarian, but years ago I read Channing's works, and somehow he has been my staff, as it were, ever since."

"I wish I could tell you on paper how thoroughly I enjoyed the poem and essays you sent me. Mrs. Brotherton's beautiful picture, 'Beyond the Veil,' thrills my whole nature with new love. I have read it again and again. I ever feel as if UNITY was a gift from you, as it was through you that I gained a desire to take it. I am none the less pleased with it than I was at first. I think it gains in interest all the time, or I appreciate its progressive thought more every time it comes."

"Inclosed please find \$1 in payment for the book you sent me, 'The Man Jesus,' by Chadwick; I want that book to lend to my friends, for I think it will convince many and help to break their orthodox fetters."

"I will send you the price of Channing's works if you can sell it. So many of my friends want to read it, besides I find it more interesting every time I take it up. I must have it."

"The Unitarian belief, as I see it from the reading matter you have sent me, comes nearer what I would like to believe than anything else I have ever known. Whatever you send me I will read carefully and send to others, believing much good can be done in that way. I can not understand how the feeling came to be that Unitarians were a people to be shunned; I heard so much against them that I determined if possible to find out what they did believe, and I only wish that more believed and practiced as they do."

"I am becoming so much of a Unitarian that I enjoy their publications more than any other, and it has all come about through the Post-office Mission, for I had a prejudice against them at first, so that I should hardly have been willing to go

into one of their churches. Now, I do not see how any fair-minded person can help being convinced by their arguments."

J. E. McCaine,
P. O. M. Sec. for Unity Church, St. Paul.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Yr Eisteddfod.

A correspondent in the *Christian Register* rails savagely over the "pestilence of study clubs that have swept over the country." He, or she, talks about "the nonsense and bald-erdash and monumental egotism vented in Browning clubs, etc., etc." We know something of the inside of quite a number of "study clubs" in different places, and of their effect upon those who take part in them, and confess we have seen nothing produced by them or in them that equals in "monumental conceit" that which is seen through the lines of this high toned classical, who would "discount all enthusiasm for the poet that does not date back at least ten years." What is this "study club" that so disturbs this correspondent, but a co-operative society in the things of the spirit, a joint stock mining company in mental fields? It is a humble people's college, it is an attempt to find social communion around the perennial things of letters rather than transient gossips. The absurd and sensational ridicule which newspaper writers have tried to generate at the cost of these study classes have for the most part, so far as our observation goes, sprung from those who know but little about the inside workings of such classes. Everybody can not go to Harvard college, and there are many young men and women who have not the elegant leisure, the libraries, the inherited or acquired aptitude for study, which will make it possible for them to reach the strengths and delights of literature alone, which by co-operation and the help of a leader they may know something of. The Unity club, as it is now being evolved in many of our liberal churches, is the nearest analogue we have in this country to the venerable institution, the name of which heads this article. "Yr Eisteddfod" dates back to pre-historic times. It sprung out of the bardic spirit of ancient Britain. It has its ramifications all through Wales, reaching from local organizations that meet in parish church or peasant cottage up through county to national organization. Musical, literary, scientific, and to a certain extent industrial compositions are studied, rendered, and, in a measure, created by it. It is emphatically an institution of the people, simple farmer girls and boys, rough handed miners represent the class most often seen upon their platforms. These bardic "sittings" (an approximate translation of the name) have two elements of power which the Unity club has not yet, although, if the National Bureau is equal to its opportunity, it may acquire much of that which is desirable in them. 1. It is backed by a national enthusiasm, the prestige of long acquired popularity; in it is centered much of the Cymric patriotism. 2. Most of its exercises are competitive. To win a prize at "Yr Eisteddfod" has been the goal of many a "mute, inglorious Milton" among the Welsh hills, and it has marked the proud moments in the life of thousands of rustic parent hearts in Wales. This year the national organization ventured beyond the sacred boundaries, and it set up its "bardic chair" in the heart of London itself. Of this experiment the *Unitarian Herald* speaks as follows:

"The hazardous experiment of holding the Welsh Eisteddfod in London has been thoroughly justified, and in some ways the last day was the most interesting. The singing of Welsh national melodies by Miss Mary Davies and by Miss Mary Owen was very beautiful. But the Eisteddfod has owed its success chiefly to the choral singing, which has been admirable indeed. That a little country like Wales should have sent to London six such choirs as those which took part in the competition for the £200 prize is truly remarkable. Nor is it to be forgotten that Wales has been represented at the solo competitions by a great number of really admirable voices. Meetings like that of the Eisteddfod, at which any one who has been born with a beautiful voice, and has learned, no

matter how or where, to sing, can enter for a prize, have evident advantages over our Academy competitions. Wales, indeed, might be safely backed to produce in public by Eisteddfod method a greater number of good singers than as the result of any one annual examination London's three great music schools conjointly could show.

"At one of the meetings Mr. Lewis Morris, M. A., author of the 'Epic of Hades,' etc., delivered a most admirable address. As a literary composition it was certainly a model for such oratory, and was moreover delivered with a loud, sonorous voice which must have been heard throughout the hall. He asked his English hearers whether on the whole their experience of the Eisteddfod had not been favorable. Two days had been spent in listening to choral competitions in which working men and women, quarrymen, miners and peasants interpreted the masterpieces of modern music; and to-day they were to have adjudications on literary competitions. In what part of England or elsewhere could be found 130 competitors among the working classes for the best epigram on a sculptor? He then referred to the translation of Shelley's ode to a skylark, to the sacred cantata, to the wood carving and to the penillion singing, and asked whether there was any academic society in England or elsewhere which would touch a higher level of culture, and then there was the dramatic ceremony which they were about to witness. Within that modern hall came 'a ghostly presence, not vague and ghostly but living and breathing, which yet antedated the ken of history.' He asked the great and successful English people to reflect on the significance of these things, and—with an obvious reference to the Home Rule question—to draw the necessary lesson that Celtic traditions and customs were exceedingly tenacious of life, and that their national life must be left to develop itself on its own lines. To his Welsh hearers he said that the material progress shown in such a city as London conveyed a useful and a needed lesson. Had the devotion of the Welsh to music, song and poetry given quite adequate results? A wider education was wanted, and perhaps the Eisteddfod itself might be strengthened. The Welsh weakness was to look too exclusively backwards. They must remember their bardic motto, and with the memory of the past combine 'rational speculation in the future.'"

ORGANIZE early in the fall, join the Bureau, and send fee of \$5 to Rev. E. R. Butler, 10 Warrenton street, Boston.

SOME seem to think that Unity Clubs should not be a minister's affair, but wholly a work of the laymen, as to management. The theory is good, but practically the clergy furnish a large amount of the organizing stimulus, and the brain power, especially in the conduct of abstruse studies.

BUT let the laymen and the laywomen come up and take the work from the shoulders of the clergy as fast and as much as possible. It should be neither exclusively of the lay or the clerical element.

THE Unity Club must never be organized as a distinct thing from the church, but as a church institution, wholly under the control of the church, and working wholly in directions that bear upon church life and work, which really cover culture, character, benevolence, social reforms, and philanthropy, I may add amusements. The church should be the lever to lift all life to loftier altitudes and diviner issues.

THE time is not far distant when we shall have Unity Club secretaries in every state, and I was going to say missionaries, but the pastor will be the wise agent to encourage the intellectual life of his people, whatever may be done by officers and through organizations.

At the next Saratoga Conference there should be a door opened to the Unity Club Bureau, and one of our best speakers appointed to give a paper on "Church Culture, or How to Utilize Mind and Culture in our Parishes." Our local conferences will be taking up the question, as they are already doing with Sunday-school and temperance work.

THE question of opening the club to citizens in general, or

to literary people outside of the church, is an important one and demands treatment according to circumstances. Here is a club largely made up of outsiders, and everything is fine. Another opened its doors to outsiders, and the latter have taken control of the club and most of the church people starting it have withdrawn. Some clubs not having much literary talent, invite outsiders to give lectures, or musical entertainments, or to take part in debates. As a rule, each church has enough of its own people to fill any place of meeting it may have.

THE HOME.

The Magic of a Kiss.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"
The blacksmith's daughter said,
As she took from her arms a kettle
And lifted its shining lid;
"There's not any pie or pudding,
So I will give you this—"
And upon his toil-worn forehead
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith tore off his apron,
And dined in happy mood,
Wondering much at the savor
Hid in his humble food,
While all about him were visions
Full of prophetic bliss;
But he never thought of the magic
In his little daughter's kiss.

And she with her kettle swinging,
Merrily trudged away,
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,
Catching some wild bird's lay.
And I thought how many a shadow
Of life and fate we should miss,
If always our frugal dinners
Were seasoned with a kiss.

—Selected.

John Wesley.

BY MRS. SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

One June day, a hundred and eighty-four years ago, when the earth was covered with bloom and loveliness, a little boy was born whose name is now a household word, "John Wesley." His father was a zealous clergyman, and his mother was a woman of rare ability and piety. She taught John the entire alphabet on his fifth birthday, and easy lessons in reading and spelling followed.

The Wesley family lived in a house built of timber, with a thatched roof. One night when they were sleeping soundly, some of Mr. Wesley's parishoners who had been excited to anger by his bold, honest rebukes, determined to revenge themselves by setting fire to his house.

All the family escaped from the flames but John. His room grew light, and he awoke suddenly. He thought it was morning, and called to his nurse to take him up. No answer came, and pulling aside the bed curtains, he saw streaks of light and fire coming from the roof.

Greatly alarmed, he ran to the door and opened it, and was met by fire and blinding smoke. Frightened as he was, he did not lose his presence of mind. He clambered upon a chest which stood near the window, and shouted to the people below for help.

The stairs were half burned away; there was no time to get a ladder. His parents were in agony. Quickly one man was lifted on the shoulders of another man, and seizing John pulled him from the window. The instant the child's foot touched the ground the roof fell inside.

"Let the home go by," burst from the happy father's lips. "I am rich enough. Let us give thanks to God, for he has given me all my eight children." In the midst of the excited crowd, before the burning house, Mr. Wesley and his wife knelt down

upon the green grass, and poured out their heartfelt thanks to God for the preservation of their little household.

They felt that John's life, so wonderfully saved, must henceforth be consecrated to holy purposes.

John left home, a half-grown boy, to attend school. He went through a regular course of study at Oxford, and was afterward ordained to preach. He was invited by the settlers of Georgia to become a missionary among them and the Indians, and, accompanied by his brother Charles, he came to America, full of fiery zeal, hoping to convert easily the red men to the religion of Christ. Their efforts did not meet with the success they anticipated. They returned to England and began field preaching. Open-air services became rapidly popular, and a band of twenty thousand itinerant preachers was organized, and Methodism became a powerful sect. The first Methodist church was erected in Bristol, England, in 1732, and the first Methodist meeting house built in America was erected in 1768.

John Wesley traveled on horseback one hundred thousand miles, speaking in churches and fields to great crowds of people. He endured great hardships and trials; he met often with violent abuse, and his life was at times in peril. He felt that he had received orders from his Lord, and so nothing could check his zeal and devotion to his Master's work.

He was eighty-eight years old when he died. Under one of his portraits these words are engraved: "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"—*Every Other Sunday.*

How Mothers are Sometimes Treated.

The following touching story is told by a gentleman who traveled in the West:

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD DOGS.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, whom we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he said he would not sell for \$500. She had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived, we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. Amid those wild, vast mountains, this little nest of motherly devotion and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were exclaiming, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing. Two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about, with their hands in their breeches, doing nothing. But the herder said neither Tom nor Dick would find them; Flora must go. It was urged by the assistant that her foot was sore, that she had been hard at work all day, was nearly worn out, and must feed her puppies. The boss insisted that she must go. The sun was setting. There was no time to lose. Flora was called, and told to hunt for lost sheep, while her master pointed to a great forest, through the edge of which they had passed on their way up. She raised her head, but seemed very loth to leave her babies. The boss called sharply to her. She rose, looking tired and low spirited, with head and tail down, and trotted wearily off toward the flocks. I said:

"That is too bad."

"Oh, she'll be right back. She's lightning on stray sheep."

The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning, driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor wag her tail, even when spoken to, but crawled to her puppies and lay down by them. She had been out all night, and while her hungry babies were tugging away, fell asleep. I have never seen anything so touching. So far as I was concerned, "there was not a dry eye in the house."

How often that scene comes back to me. The vast, gloomy forest, and that little creature, with the sore foot, and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the wild cañons all through the long, dark hours, finding and gathering in the lost sheep.

There are other than dog-mothers who often have like fare. The dog stands for fidelity and sacrifice, and we have heard it said that the best part of a human being is the dog in him.

—*Kindergarten.*

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UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Sunday-schools of the Church of the Messiah, Third Church and All Souls began promptly last Sunday on the course of union lessons on Luke, prepared by Mr. Utter, and on Monday noon the representatives of these schools met in the first union teachers' meeting of the season at the headquarters, Mr. Utter himself leading. The two first lesson papers were considered. The theory of the "triple tradition" was explained and the reason why Luke was selected was examined; his literary character ranging much higher than that of the writers of Matthew and Mark. His authorship of the book of Acts also indicated his Pauline attitude, his liberal spirit. The second lesson was concerning John the Baptist. His birth stories were compared with those of Isaac, Samuel and Samson, and it was found that the birth of the four was miraculously foretold to aged parents. Other indications of legendary growths were discovered. The place of Elizabeth and Zachariah in art and biblical traditions was noticed. Gabriel, the name of an angel in the Hebrew vocabulary, was the name of a God among the Babylonian traditions from which the Hebrews borrowed the word. Attention was also called to the beautiful face of Gabriel, as painted by Raphael in his "Madonna of the fish." It was noted that, according to Noyes and other later translators, Luke does not claim to be an eye witness. The time of writing was probably towards the close of the first century. Next week the relations of John the Baptist to his times and to Christianity will be discussed. An effort will be made to make these weekly notes of the meeting, in *UNITY*, a source of help to such teachers and students as have not the privileges of a teachers' meeting.

—The three churches above named found their pastors in the pulpit last Sunday and hearty congregations to welcome them.

—The experiment of keeping the doors of All Souls Church open, and the pulpit supplied by lay talent from the congregation, has justified itself. The audiences were invariably good and the services very acceptable. It shows how much unutilized material we have in our churches and what a debt we owe to those to whom vacation, travels and delights are impossible.

—The crowd that welcomed Doctor Thomas to McVicker's theater last Sunday was so great that he could scarcely find his way to the platform, and when there the good preacher was embowered in flowers.

—The Rev. C. F. Goss, pastor of what is still

known in this city as "Moody's Church," has been compelled to tender his resignation. The immediate cause is said to have been too much plain speaking concerning the tyranny visited by employers upon "Chicago's toiling girls." *The Christian at Work* says: "Probably for the first time in the history of the city, a minister has been literally driven from his pulpit because he trod on the business errors of some of his influential church supporters."

Merrill, Wis.—The very interesting meetings we have been enjoying of late have awakened in one a desire to say a word or two on the subject, if you will grant me a hearing. Perhaps many of your readers do not know that away up here in northern Wisconsin, in the very center of the great mining and lumbering districts, are hearts yearning to know and study the great mysteries of the universe; are hearts anxious to know the truths that Unitarianism teaches; are hearts whose cry is the earnest call, "Come over and help us." Mr. W. H. Coffin came here a few weeks ago, and remained just long enough to hold the tempting draught to our lips. He was here just long enough to make us feel that we were no longer "poor worms of the dust," but rather believe that we were gods. He was here to teach the dignity of man and not the depravity. Every one of those kind and pleasant words found a place in every heart. Not as if by the force of a mighty blow, but as softly and steadily as a sunbeam falls. Not as if hurled at us with lightning flash, but as a feather is wafted downward, and I cannot but feel that those who listened with the right spirit were constrained to say, "It is good to be here." We have no organized society here, as there are so many shades of opinion; but it is generally believed that a Unitarian society would suit the majority. Mr. Coffin was of the most advanced school of thinkers; and a great many feel that we are not ready for such advanced views now, but that we will arrive there ere long. I feel, however, justified in saying that those who would form the nucleus of a new society are now ready to hear of something beside "Christ and him crucified," and I say it with all respect to the humble Judean. We are now ready to learn some good lesson of *to-day*, and we will drop the old story of 2000 years ago, and revere it for its remarkable longevity. We long to hear some kind and tender words that point our weaknesses, instead of those terrible anathemas in store for us in the hereafter. We yearn for some one to teach us how to love our neighbor aright, and by so doing we are loving God or Good. It seems to me, that right here in Merrill is the most fertile soil in America to sow the seeds of radical Unitarianism. Oh, how much those words mean. They are broader and deeper than the measure of our minds. They are as grand as the universe, for they include it. I wish I could make your readers know how anxious we are to have some husbandman come into this great garden of the north and begin with the soil, and plant the seed, and mature the young growth. Then what a bountiful harvest would there be for Unitarians.

EVALYNN E. NEWELL.

Jerusalem Redeemed.—The west is slowly paying back its debt to the orient. The gospel of soap and towel is a part of the gospel of holy living. The *Unitarian Herald* thus epitomizes the indications that the sacred land is being reclaimed: "The introduction of soap is doing much to civilize the people of the Holy Land. A large soap factory has been established on the site of ancient Sechem, and the people are beginning to use it on their persons instead of trying to eat it, as they did at first. Along with the introduction of soap other reforms are going on. Bethlehem has been rebuilt, and the streets are lighted with gas. Caesarea is having a building boom. Nazareth is becoming the headquarters of big olive-oil speculators. Corner lots in Joppa are going up with a rush, and real estate in Mount Carmel is largely held by speculators for an advance. The ladies of Jerusalem take all the Parisian fashion journals, and know all about the latest styles of hairdressing."

Boston Notes.—The dedication last Sunday of the new Hebrew Temple, late E. E. Hale's church, was especially interesting. In the services both the orthodox and radical rabbis of our city joined and shook hands in token of a common faith in one God. Both congregations of the Hebrews think they are advancing in religious ideas, in strength and usefulness. It was said that inspiration may come to the worshipers in the new temple from memories of the words and work of the late Unitarian body which worshiped there—a church and a minister all in the line of Hebrew faith of unity of God and trust in humanity. The new legal holiday, Labor day, was generally acquiesced in by the trades and the stores. Instead of being a provocation to disorder, as such a leisure day might be made in some European countries, it was held to use as a day of rest or festival. Last Sunday the cordial greetings began of pastor and people, Sunday scholars and teachers. On Wednesday the tanned faces of our city children appeared in the public schools.

Russia.—Once more the heavy hand of tyranny has been laid upon the poor but deathless Jew. The number of Jews allowed to attend college has been limited by law, and the Jewish lads have been expelled from the schools where they might come in contact with the son of a general.

"In Christ's crown, one more thorn we rue!
In Mary's bosom, one more sword!
O Lord, how long? How long, O Lord?"

The National Editorial Association.—This body meets next week at Denver. John C. Bundy of this city reads a paper on "Journalism in its Professional Aspects," Rufus Rhodes of Alabama, one on "The Press and its Relation to the Pulpit," and Mrs. Sally Joy White of Massachusetts, one on "Woman in Journalism."

Wales in America.—The *Interior* says, "Three-fourths of the Congregational churches in Pennsylvania are of Welsh origin, and the retention of the Welsh language and the strongly independent tendency of Welsh Congregationalism has stood in the way of a state organization. Recently, however, such an organization has been effected."

George W. Cable, the novelist, is conducting a Saturday afternoon Bible class at Tremont Temple, Boston. When literary men will use their literary instincts in interpreting the literature of the old Hebrew and early Christian peoples we may expect a better understanding and truer appreciation of the Bible.

Bibles.—The Chicago Bible Society circulated last year 13,529 copies of the Scriptures, of which number 1,775 volumes were by free distribution, and still there are upwards of 3,000 saloons in the city. The question is how to *vitalize* the words of the Bible. It is easy enough to *print* them.

Ireland.—The Methodists are running a mission tent in this distracted country this summer, and it is doing good business. It will do good. We hope there will be other tents pitched in the name of religion among them.

Manual Training.—It is claimed that the first technical school was established by one Abrahamson in Naas, Sweden, and that most of his teachers were Jews. And was not the greatest of Jews a carpenter's son?

London.—A conference is called of Congregationalists and Baptists looking toward closer co operation and union. Another straw to show that the stream is running towards unity.

Salem, Mass.—Mr. F. B. Mott, who graduated at Meadville in June, has accepted a call for one year to the ministry of the Barlow Square church.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

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EDITORIAL.

A COLORED demonstrator of anatomy has been appointed at the Dartmouth medical college. We believe there has been such a position held by a colored man in Chicago for some time.

"It has now come into vogue in most religious conferences and summer grove meetings, that part of the time is given to temperance questions. Our societies should see to it that this temperance hour is provided by the conference managers." So writes an eastern friend, and so say we.

To the truly religious nature all writings that reflect the sincerity of the human soul are chapters in his Bible, all creeds are rounds in his ladder of faith, all sects contribute to his table, because like a healthy body the soul has vigorous digestion and the power of assimilation.

It was said of St. Francis of Assisi, "He listened to those to whom God himself would not listen." Aye, but when St. Francis listened to such, God was listening to them. God uses our ears to hear the plaint of the miserable, He uses our hands to alleviate the sufferings of the wretched, He uses our heads to light the lamps of knowledge in the caves of ignorance. The sympathies of the universe flow through our spiritual veins, the love of God pulses in our hearts, and in so far as we are true and noble we can say with Jesus, "I and my father are one."

THERE are different ways of going out of town for a summer vacation. Some go with a grip-sack, and some with a Saratoga trunk; but when the Czar of Russia goes, he goes with 50,000 soldiers. "When the Czar left St. Petersburg, on May 25, for his summer residence at Peterhof, the railroad track was guarded by 50,000 soldiers, scattered along a distance of 1200 kilometres. All the bridges and stations had been previously examined to see if they were not undermined by Nihilists, and for twenty-four hours all telegraphic communication was forbidden." We laugh, but it is like laughing at the leaping shadows of a shaken skeleton.

THE following rules to be observed in the school room we clip from an exchange as timely hints to pupils and teachers, but they are not bad rules for those who don't go to school. Let them be tried in the home, the church, and the Sunday-school.

1. Neatness of person and dress.
2. Purity of words and behavior.
3. Cleanliness of desks, books and room.
4. Courteous bearing to teachers and fellow students.
5. Punctuality and promptness to the minute.
6. Respect for the rights of others in all things.
7. Earnest devotion to work.
8. Quietness in all movements.
9. Obedience to the laws of love, good will and duty.

MEN talk of creeds as if mere affirmation could preserve the truth. Truth does not live in creeds, but in souls. The soul perceives before the tongue utters or the pen writes. In perception is the guarantee of persistence of truth. While souls perceive, no lack of utterance can cause any truth to be neglected. If perception is lacking, no creed can preserve a truth for men. Let us not then be too anxious to set out perceptions to words. Let us not hastily give the soul-vision a local habitation and a name. Let us be content to see, and not too often to say our faith. Dogmatism, intolerance of others, limitation, come of too great a desire to fix the divine

vision in external form. Let us have a holy of holies, wherein is shrined some truth sacred from the gaze of mortal eyes. Let us have an ark of Jehovah, not to be touched by profane hands. The highest truth will not show its face to gaping crowds. Divinity ever conceals itself from public gaze. Only the garment can be touched. The spirit lives secure within. Never was the divinest truth successfully externalized. By symbol, parable, allegory, men have attempted to materialize for coarser minds those inner truths which illumined souls at once perceive. But ever has this caused degradation and misunderstanding. Ever have such efforts been pearls cast before the swine.

SEEK in teaching full recompense for the labor involved. The bird sings for no wages. The flower blooms for no hire. Money buys not the perfume of the violet. It is shed for its own sake. Let utterance repay the labor of gaining truth. Speak thy thought where and when and to whom it is fitting. The joy thou awakenest in hungry souls shall recompense thee. There is joy in revelation. The visible universe is vibrant with the melody of God's being, revealing itself to man. Let the human soul find like joy in revealing its visions to its fellows. When the soul is consecrated to the perception and revelation of truth, it becomes leader, teacher, Savior to men. This office is the noblest, the holiest, that the soul can fill.

THE recent volume "Doctor Channing's Note Book" has some searching sayings touching riches: "It is of no importance that there should be a rich man in the community, but of great importance that there should not be a poor one." This, "What right have we to anything for ourselves which would do greater good for others?" is a question which is a Bible in itself, if taken to heart. Here is another similar to it: "Is it right to make a display of wealth by which the poor are humbled in their own eyes, and by which their ideas of the happiness of higher conditions are perverted?" In this, "Nothing is so injurious as for a man to form himself on a state of society which he is called to reform," there is more than an antithetic play on words. Emerson says, "It is the uncivil man that makes the world move."

MYRON W. REED, of Denver, turned aside on his way home from his vacation to join the skeleton of his regiment in Michigan, and this is the way it seemed:

"I suppose my regiment had first and last more than 2000 men. Of these only some 200 are to-day on the earth. The war killed a great many men since the war. I do not think that the great republic can do too much for this broken regiment. It is not possible to overpay them. I had not met with them for fifteen years. I have not had so much exercise of wrist and hand in my life. I had to go off by myself and rest and pry my fingers apart. The girls sung 'Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call.' Their mothers were the girls who sang the same song twenty-five years ago. There were about 130 of us who sat down to dinner. Curious how much smaller the type is now than it used to be. All of them drew spectacles in a matter-of-course way. They looked old. It was interesting to see two of them meet in the street and look at each other. It would take a little time to see even one's 'old partner,' but the recognition came, and came violently. And then the memory worked. I noted two things: Difference of rank makes no difference now. The general walked arm in arm with the private of company I. It made a great difference once. Who cares now? To have

been a good soldier is enough. Perhaps it will be so hereafter. And I noticed the beautiful contrivance of God that the memory shall hold well defined and distinct the pleasant things of the past and suffer the disagreeable to fade out. We talked of the things that made us smile. The roughness of the long road was not much remembered. Perhaps it will be so when life is done, and we meet in great encampment."

PROFESSOR SWING, in his opening sermon last Sunday, preached on "The Newness of Things," dwelling upon the newness of religion which keeps strides with the newness in politics and science. He said that when Jesus said "Let the dead bury the dead," he was simply calling for an advance onward, and such it had ever been. If any one felt with Solomon that there was "nothing new under the sun," it was caused by his own dead heart. Gladstone is a beautiful spectacle. No days are weary with him; there is no monotony; but his mind is ever filled with the newness of England and America. There has been great expansion, and in that, newness of thought. Darwin talked about the evolution of insects at first, and now scientists are speaking of the evolution of planets. From insects to worlds is a great stride.

THE *Unitarian Review* for September contains a noble paper by Henry Doty Maxson, on the Religious Possibilities of Agnosticism. Analyzing religion as consisting of morality and emotion, he shows that the latter is and ever has been based upon a sense of the mysterious and unknown. He holds that religious emotion cannot coexist with scientific knowledge concerning a particular fact. "Optics dissolves Iris. Jupiter Tonans disappears before electrical discovery. Medical science dethrones the Jehovah of the plague. If, then, all subjects of contemplation were capable of scientific solution, the death of religion would be only a question of time." But he well shows that increasing knowledge brings us face to face with increasing mystery. Science can never answer all the riddles of the Sphinx. Agnosticism, as Mr. Maxson shows, is simply a recognition of this fact; and so far from claiming that the groundwork of religion is exhausted, asserts that it is inexhaustible. When man can comprehend the Infinite Mystery he may cease to worship; but until that time he will worship and adore the Greater than himself.

GROSSE POINT is a village some thirteen miles north of Chicago. The basis of the town is a German Catholic settlement which, we believe, ante-dates Chicago itself; its business is represented by ten saloons and two grocery stores. Its religion is represented by a large Catholic church, well attended. The public school, if they have one, is of a very inferior quality. This place has been noted for its scenes of revelry and deeds of violence, murders innumerable have occurred there within the last twenty years. It was within a short distance of this place that the venerable couple Mr. and Mrs. Wilson of blessed memory and Unity fellowship were so cruelly murdered in their own house, a few years ago. And the morning paper lying before us records the death of a lady, wantonly shot by a drunken reveler while she was riding in a funeral procession through this place. Seventeen years ago the present writer found neighborly companionship and ministerial fellowship with the priest of the Grosse Point parish. One day he sat with the priest upon the altar steps of this Catholic church, examining the vestments and studying the rubric. The Catholic and the Unitarian in the private confidences of that week day afternoon had but one philosophy concerning the origin, sanctity and authority of book, of priest and of church; but when it was squarely put to the priest, "How can you assume all the presumptions of your office next Sunday and carry the large pretensions which your numerous communicants will humbly believe in. Why not confess your simple manhood, and stand before them as brother before brethren, stripped of sacerdotal pretensions?" The reply came in broken German, prompt with an accent of worldly shrewdness and practical confidence that almost silenced if it did not convince his questioner. "Dat vill do mit your beoples for dey dinks und reads, but these people (tapping his forehead significantly with

his fore finger) deir heads be so tick you don't got at 'em only tro de eyes; dese beoples must see der religion or dey don't feel it." The history of the last seventeen years has justified the retort of his questioner, "Aye, but you will never make their heads a shaving thinner by this process, the religion they see will never build you a school-house, lay down sidewalks and make Grosse Point safe to walk in after dark." At that time the Unitarian minister thought he had spoken rather severely, his sympathies were then as now active with the church and the priest. That religion was spectacular, devout, it appealed to the imagination, it was deep rooted in the past and grasped eagerly for a future, but it ignored the present. It was piety without ethics; religion that considered morals cold and inadequate. Grosse Point is but a small dot in the great world that has been suffering from too much of this "eye religion," it waits a head and conscience piety. Nothing but the sense that is scientific and the sentiment that is practical and humanitarian can ever redeem the plague spots. Let's be done with that religion that does not insist on morality as the first, last and only door into the temple of God.

THE *New York Christian Advocate* is publishing a series of articles on Prayer. If any one is in doubt as to the proper manner of addressing Deity, or hesitates as to the proper subjects for prayer, he should read these articles. Numerous examples of improper prayers are given, and the reader will be surprised to learn how idiotic some men may become in their devotions. A Methodist preacher of New England is said to have asked in prayer, "Where are the members of the official board, O Lord, that they do not stand by the minister? Are they all dead?" Another Methodist preacher, whose usually meager audience was on one occasion augmented by a funeral, thus gave thanks: "O God, we thank Thee that there is something that can bring this people out; even if it is a funeral." Another minister, who wished his people to remember that he had traveled abroad, is said to have addressed these words to Deity: "O Lord, thou knowest that we saw in Europe much distress." At a certain church meeting, called to seek divine direction in the selection of a new minister, a clergyman thus besought the Lord for assistance: "O Lord, send us a minister—a man of thine own heart; not an old man in his dotage, nor a young man in his goslinghood, but a man with all the modern improvements." Another minister, seeking to console a bereaved husband, prayed earnestly for the divine blessing to rest upon him and upon "the one to come who shall fill the place made vacant by the death of our deceased sister." Many other examples of idiotic praying are referred to, and full instructions are given for constructing prayers in accordance with the laws of common sense and good taste. We are sorry for the clergy who need such instructions in the etiquette of prayer. But when prayer is made by rule, it is well that the rule be correct. True prayer is as natural as the song of a bird, and rises above all instruction. The soul that is touched with the spirit of real devotion can no more err in uttering prayer than the lark can err in singing the beauty and joy of dawn.

Frances Power Cobbe.

It was a bold as well as a beautiful thing that the publication branch of the W. C. T. U. did when they published the cheap edition of the "Duties of Women" by her whose name heads this article. The orthodox women of America publishing, printing, distributing and reading the words of this ardent theist, the friend, editor and to a certain extent biographer of Theodore Parker. We sincerely hope that this most timely book will not prove a business failure and miss the wide circulation the heroic publishers have aimed at. In the July number of the *Chautauquan*, Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the W. C. T. U., introduces this book, or rather the author, in a most interesting article, one which contains some original matter concerning Miss Cobbe's own line, and biographical facts not generally known. We desire to give as much room to Miss Willard's words as possible, after thanking her heartily for the breadth and insight shown

in this step, and begging our UNITY readers to do everything they can to circulate this wise book among the women of America. "Boom" is a word that probably belongs to "slang" and does not represent a very ethical thought; but we do not know why a good thing should not be "boomed" as well as a bad thing. We would like to help "boom" this book of Miss Cobbe's, so that 25,000 copies of it will be sold and read by 50,000 readers between now and Christmas time. How is it to be done? By simply arousing a true sense of its importance among those who have the power of shaping public tastes and public opinion. Let the preachers, editors and women's clubs join the W. C. T. U. in introducing this woman to whom Miss Willard assigns the rank of "greatest among living Englishwomen."

Concerning this book she says, "For clearness and depth, as well as 'sweetness and light,' I know nothing of anything in our literature upon this theme that approaches this little volume. It has been fitly called a 'veritable hand-book of noble living.' It is a modern book. There is no flavor of 'twice told tales' in her 'advice to women,' and the 'sweet girl graduate' will not find the word 'sphere' between the covers of this vigorous volume."

After persistent effort, Miss Willard says she has found reliable data for the following outline of the life of this interesting woman.

Frances Power Cobbe was born in Dublin, December 4, 1822. Her father was Charles Cobbe of Newbridge House, County Dublin, "a landed gentleman of old family and good estate." In his youth, before he inherited his property, he went out to India in the 19th Light Dragoons and became a famous soldier. Returning home after a period of years, he married Frances Conroy, an Englishwoman of old descent. They had four sons and, after a long interval, their only daughter Frances. Mr. Cobbe's mother was a Trench, sister of the first Earl of Clenmarty. His grandmother was Lady Eliza Beresford, sister of the marquis of Waterford, and his great-grandfather, Charles Cobbe, was archbishop of Dublin. The archbishop was the younger son of a Hampshire family which had been seated for centuries at "The Grange," now Lord Ashburton's, and the scene of some of Mrs. Carlyle's mortifications. One of the ancestors, Richard Cobbe, represented Hampshire in Cromwell's Parliament of 1656—having Richard Cromwell for his colleague.

In her "Duties of Women" Miss Cobbe says:—

"I recollect my father telling me that in the old Mahratta wars he had scaled the walls of fortresses while the enemy were hurling stones on their assailants from the battlements above, and shooting at them on the ladders from a dozen loop-holes; and how at Assaye he charged with his regiment, a mere handful of men, against an almost numberless host, dashing up again and again to the mouths of the enemy's cannon. But these things, he said, made little demand on courage. It was when he and his troops were once ordered to halt where they had been stationed on a hill-side by a mistake within the *ricochet* of the enemy's balls; and for four hours they remained still, while, one after another the men fell from their horses, cut in twain or left headless corpses, as the shot struck them. This, he said, was a strain,—such a strain that, when the command to charge was given at last, the roar where with the soldiers responded revealed the tension they had undergone."

These statements concerning Miss Cobbe's ancestry and the experiences in which her father played a hero's part, throw light upon her inheritance of statesman-like qualities, her love of theological and ethical studies, and that courage which in a man might have led to a military life. In a woman's environment these traits have developed an unexcelled champion of righteousness and truth. Of her studies, Miss Cobbe once wrote me as follows:—

"I was educated by governesses at home at Newbridge House until I was fourteen, then sent for two years to a famous Brighton school. Returning, I kept my father's house from sixteen to thirty-five, when he died and my oldest brother of course succeeded. It was a very large house and we kept it in the old way with a considerable household—fourteen servants—so I had a good experience of household duties. We often had eighteen or twenty people stopping in our home for weeks. Then I had the care of our village school kept by my father for his laborers' children, and the sole supervision of two villages where nobody was ever ill, or dying, or in trouble, without being looked after by me. Amid these pleasant duties I studied a good deal, often all night long, and wrote my 'Intuitive Morals' and 'Religious Duty.'

'My father and all my people belonged to the Church of England, but when I grew up that faith became untenable to me, and by slow degrees I became a theist. The writings of Theodore Parker just met me when I had reached nearly the same point alone and gave me infinite comfort and help. We entered into correspondence then, and ten years after I stood in Florence by his death-bed and grave.

"After my father's death I traveled—alone and comparatively poor—to Rome, Egypt, Jerusalem, the Jordan, Baalbec, Smyrna, Cyprus, Hungary, Venice, Florence, and so on. Then I went to live

and work with Mary Carpenter among the slums of Bristol and in her reformatory for little girl thieves." Here Miss Cobbe's health broke down again, and she went several times to Italy.

In concert with her friend Miss Eliot (daughter of the Dean of Bristol), Miss Cobbe now made two plans, one for protecting servant girls and another for affording relief and comforts to destitute incurables. This indefatigable woman labored thus for several years, also in the ragged schools and workhouse infirmaries. Then she sprained her ankle and became for four years a cripple on crutches.

On one of her trips to Italy she had, through Mrs. Somerville, become acquainted with Miss Lloyd, a grand-natured Welsh woman of about her own age, with whom she has lived in perfect concord for twenty-five years, or, as Miss Cobbe herself says, "for twenty years she lived in London to please me and now I live in Wales to please her, at Hengwrt, her beautiful old place." In this long and quiet period, Miss Cobbe has, as she writes me, "printed fourteen or fifteen books herself, about twenty-five pamphlets on theology, woman's claims, vivisection, and an enormous quantity of articles for newspapers and magazines." She has been on the staff of the *Edinburgh Review* and of the *London Standard*, and has contributed to the *Quarterly Review*, the *Contemporary*, *Fortnightly*, *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's*, and many more.

But a consuming pity for the brute creation led Miss Cobbe, twelve years ago, to cease almost entirely from her literary work and to set about founding "The Victoria Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection," of which she is honorary secretary. In this work the late Lord Shaftesbury was her great supporter. His speeches in and out of parliament, his pen, his personal influence and gifts, joined to the tireless efforts of Miss Cobbe, have made a deep impression upon the British public, and enlisted the sympathy of the truest men and women of Christendom. Our own Audubon societies, by which ladies are pledged to wear neither feathers nor birds, are an echo of this potent Englishwoman's tender pleadings for "the silent neighbors," whose day of redemption draweth nigh. There is no more convincing proof that the world grows better all the time than this mighty work of Frances Power Cobbe and her coadjutors in England, and the equally great work done in America by George T. Angell, of Boston, and Henry Bergh, of New York. Some time the public schools will universally include in their training lessons kindness to animals, and it will hardly be believed that women ever outdid savages in decorations that involved the slaughter of the innocent.

First the slave, then the wage-worker, then woman, then the animal world shall rise to freedom, in the long, sure, steady lift of Christ's resistless gospel lever, and the great Englishwoman who, though not of our faith, has a mind so saturated with Christian ideas and crowded with Scripture passages that one who reads the "Duties of Women" would suppose her to be still an orthodox Christian, has led the way in her own land to this blessed consummation. The nearest approach to Miss Cobbe, whom I hope some day to see, thus far vouchsafed to me by destiny, was in 1869, when, in her studio at Rome, I clasped the hand of Harriet Hosmer, and drank in the praise she lavished upon her friend, Frances Power Cobbe, whom she described as being of proportions ample as her intellect, and possessed of a wit as sunny as her heart.

Miss Willard's article concludes with the "Introductory Letter" which Miss Cobbe has furnished for the new edition of "The Duties of Women." It runs as follows:

HENGWRT, DOLGELLEY, N. WALES, April 5, 1887.

DEAR MRS. ANDREW;—You and Miss Willard have done me the honor to ask me to write a few lines of address to those readers to whom my little book may be introduced through your kind offices.

There is not, I imagine, any such difference in the lives of women of our Anglo-Saxon race on the two sides of the Atlantic as to make any of my remarks on our duties *here* inapplicable *there*. Nevertheless, there is in your country such a fund of fresh and free enthusiasm, and it is, naturally, so much less circumscribed by long-established customs, that I am led to believe it is even more needful with you than with us to be on our guard to keep the great onward movement of our sex within the bounds of the strictest moral discipline. Every woman who straggles off the line of march does us an injury—just as every woman who leads the van, like Miss Willard, does us all infinite service.

The old virtues of womanhood,—purity of life and lips and heart, tenderness, unselfishness, and the simplicity which is at the opposite pole from self-assertion, these qualities must not for a moment be suffered to fall into the background, while the happy women of the coming time add to them courage and learning, and eloquence and public spirit, and many other noble gifts which shall be theirs if they remain faithful to their ideal, to God, and to duty.

One "rock ahead" I will permit myself to point out before I close. I have observed in many American, as in some English books and articles, that the overbearing spirit noticeable among the leading scientists of this generation has called out an echo of dogmatism and shallow presumption in speaking of the profoundest problems of existence which is insufferably foolish. No cant of religion was ever more odious than this modern cant of science; and when I catch a note of it in the mouth of some half-trained young woman, proud of her smattering of Huxley and Spencer, and her semi-comprehended

Darwin, I wish I could made her sit for one hour at the feet of Mary Somerville.

On the other hand, my heart warms to your young countrywomen such as I have met in England and all over Europe, full of high and generous enthusiasm and reverence for all that has been great and noble in the past, all that promises blessing in the future. To them, with their sweet, keen faces, their innocent humor, their fearless courage, I send forth my little book, with earnest wish and prayer that when my "six days' work is done" (as it must very shortly be), they will perform the "Duties of Women" better than I have done, —better even than I have been able to understand or depict them.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Longings.

MORNING.

Behold again the miracle of morning newly born :
As brightly shines the sun,
The mist dispelling,
My heart is longing,
So with joy to run,
That all souls may be gladdened before another morn.

NOON.

Nature is full of grandeur, and busy, throbbing life:
This movement says to me,
O do not tarry,
But bravely carry
Such message as you see;
Haste to cheer the fainting, and to lessen strife.

NIGHT.

Without, the day in perfect peace slowly ebbs away
'Mid crimson glories bright;
It will not stay,
Though much I pray
For work, before the night.
O teach me better my true work, before another day.

E. H. H.

DENVER.

Apostolic Succession.*

1—*Protestant View.*—"It is not necessary, indeed, for the Protestant preacher's validity that he should have received grace through the unbroken priestly order of the church from the original apostles; but it is deemed necessary that he should have received it from the hands of his own faith. . . . Whatever may be said of individual societies, there is no sect—no, not the most liberal—that dares trust a minister freely with the Divine Spirit. . . . And so essentially there is no difference between the Catholic and the common Protestant doctrine of ministerial succession. . . . There is no progress, no going beyond the creed of the fathers, no getting out of the catechism.

"The Orthodox must hold to Calvin or Edwards, the Methodist must not depart from Wesley, the Quaker can not go beyond Fox and Barclay; and even in our own free denomination there are many who would draw lines each side of Channing, to pass over which in either direction should be deemed sufficient cause for non-fellowship.

2—*The True View.*—"As not even Omnipotence can make the blind see without first opening their eyes, so he can not reveal truth to the soul unless the soul be first opened to receive it.

"We shall see that the true apostolic succession does not lie within denominational boundaries, but overleaps them, and that, in the race of true prophets, validity is proved rather by departure from than conformity to the established order of creeds and churches. . . . Wiclif and Huss and Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, though trampling on the authority of the church and introducing new doctrines and ecclesiastical usages, were yet, by spiritual descent, more legitimate priests of Christianity than were the popes and bishops who excom-

municated them. . . . The only church that can be an honest monument to his [Channing's] name and truly claim him as its great apostle is that which, with the largest freedom of religious inquiry and indefinite progress in religious truth, combines the utmost charity to opponent in opinion and love to all men.

"Finally, God's priesthood are not ordained by the laying on of ecclesiastic hands, but by the revelation of truth to the soul"

3—*The Object of Unitarian Christianity.*—"I believe that the mission of Unitarian Christianity is higher and larger than simply to make a new religious sect or to open new places for Sunday worship or to fill old ones,—namely: to liberalize and spiritualize all sects, to make all society religious and all life worship."

"The Christian sects do not dare to live Christ's life yet. For centuries, now, the civilized world has borne his name. It has prayed to him and through him; it has called him Son of God, nay, God himself; it has invented ingenious devices of theology by which he may save mankind; men have preached him, read him, admired him, worshiped him; but who yet dares to live as he lived, with no authority but Truth, no law but Right, no master but God?"—*William J. Potter, 1860.*

Architects of the New Theology.

Perhaps you ask who originated the ideas of The New Theology. The ideas of The New Theology are as old as the New Testament. But the explanation of these ideas, which is the province of theology, comes from many sources. The New Theology is a cluster growing upon an old root. Many a pearl gathered in the mystic past has found a place in the casket of its truth. Men of profound thought in all times and climes have made their contributions. Of those who in modern time have helped in its formation, I may mention Kant and Fichte among the philosophers; of the poets, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and Emerson; among the theologians upon the other side of the globe I may mention the stainless F. D. Maurice and his pupils, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, all of whom have passed on into the immortal life. Among living men in England I may mention Canon Farrar and Matthew Arnold, and especially James Martineau. Among those on this side of the globe I may mention among Unitarians, William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker; among the Universalists, Thayer Ballou and the eloquent Chapin; of the Congregationalists, Bushnell, Munger and Henry Ward Beecher; of the Presbyterians, Professor Swing, and of the Methodists, Doctor Thomas, both now independent, and Heber Newton, of the Episcopal church. And if I, by the patient thought of the next ten or twenty years, may be allowed to contribute a bud or even a leaf to the beautiful wreath of this fairest truth, I will say with the old Roman, "*Sat est vixisse.*"

Why should not all Christians unite in this great work? Let us cheer each other on in whatever fields we may work—Methodist, Presbyterian, Universalist, Catholic. We are all children of the one Father, all contestants for the same crown, the crowns of righteousness.—*J. G. T.*

Resistance to Evil.

There is one form of ethical culture in which a sense of its importance will compel us to take part, and that is the forcible resistance to evil. The world is not yet in a condition which will enable us to "resist not evil" under all circumstances. The law, and the conflicts which its enforcement involves, have slowly evolved the moral sense of man, so that the present century finds this faculty well developed in a great many individuals of our race. The process has been of relentless severity, and thousands, yes, millions of men have been sacrificed in accomplishing the result. Millions have learned what is ethically right, and they are in the habit of doing it more or less of the time. Other millions have not yet learned what is right in various respects, and their practice is, therefore, the less satisfactory. Under the circum-

* From "Twenty-five Sermons of Twenty-five Years."

stances, we cannot yet cease to "resist evil," and give up the police and the courts, as Count Tolstoi would have us do. But Christ did not hesitate on account of the condition of the world to introduce a pure ethical system. He knew that men had found the natural system a severe one, and he told them if they would all follow his method they would "find rest unto their souls," which is undoubtedly true. So we must regard the world as in a condition of transition from a "state of law" to a "state of grace;" that is, as making the passage from under a "law of conflict" to a "law of harmony." Since this growth is not yet completed, we are compelled to resist evil. This resistance, in every-day life, is to many not a pleasurable service. To others it may be the excuse for the gratification of a combative, or even a sanguinary, disposition. There is a wide ethical contrast between the conduct of a man who refuses to accept a drink of alcohol when he feels that he does not need it, and the man who joins a party of lynchers on pretence of doing justice, but in reality to commit murder without fear of consequences. It is in this field that moral courage has its opportunity, and it is here that moral cowardice is so frequently displayed. It is here, also, that the ethical critic will have to draw the line between just indignation against wrong and the indulgence of vindictive anger. If resistance to evil were more general the world would be better. Those who do not condemn themselves for omissions in this respect may feel a just satisfaction in believing that the world is better for their having lived in it.

—Prof. E. D. Cope, in the *Forum* for September.

Song of the Star-ray.

O star-ray, messenger of God to men,
Fleet-winged, darting across infinite vastnesses of space!
What dost thou bring to my soul?
What message bearest thou from out the eternities?
What singest thou to my soul, thou whose motion is music?
Art thou come to bring greeting to my soul from other souls?
Dost thou come to announce attainment of the ideal?
On that farther shore of infinity, where thou hast thy source,
Is there beauty, perfection, wholeness, truth?
Is there somewhere, however far, a divine humanity?
On the shores from which thou wast shot, O arrow of light,
Is there a humanity regenerate, born into the Spirit,
God and truth-loving, right-living, splendid in divine manhood?
Dost thou sing of a humanity that crowns, not crucifies, its saviors;
That stones not prophets, nor starves them;
That builds not altars to greed;
That tramples down wrong instead of wronged;
That uplifts not injustice, but justice;
That bows not to wealth, but worth;
That worships not any made God, but the Maker;
That strives not to bring God down, but man up;
That takes not man to heaven, but heaven to man;
That puts not man in chains for thought or worship,
But calls ever the soul up higher, out farther, and in deeper;
That sees itself as God-made and making,—
Dost thou sing such a humanity, O star-ray, flitting across the spaces to greet me?

SOLON LAUER.

THE UNITY CLUB.

OVER two hundred ladies are connected with the society to encourage studies at home as teachers; over 2000 volumes are in the lending library. It has been in operation since 1873. Miss A. E. Ticknor, No. 41 Marlborough street, Boston, is the secretary.

THE following circular, designed for the pastors of Unitarian and liberal churches, has interest to a wider constituency and may find response in some pews where the pulpit fails to move, hence we print it in these columns:

"You know of the attempt at co-operation in the intellectual things of our churches represented by the Unity Club Bureau, organized May last in

Boston. Have you anything that answers to a Unity Club in your church? If so, will you not see that it is allied at once to the general work, according to enclosed circular? If not, will you not undertake to organize such an adjunct to your church as soon as possible? You see that Mrs. E. E. Maréan, Chicago, is prepared to send you such suggestions, printed or otherwise, as you may feel the need of. Mr. Charles H. Kerr, of Chicago, our publisher, already has several suggestive leaflets; and we hope to publish more. For the sake of uniformity, and that whatever our clubs may do may be made available for all clubs, it is suggested that whatever programme or other matter you may print be done by Mr. Kerr. This will enable the publishing committee oftentimes to use the composition for wider purposes; but of course this is optional. The important thing is to get to work, and as far as possible to work together.

"We hope that all our preachers will take early occasion to speak from their pulpits upon the importance of the intellectual life, and the duty of the church to utilize and to consecrate the forces of culture, particularly in relation to the young. If you do this, please report results.

"BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

"A. J. RICH, Cor. Sec'y East."

THE following helps and Unity Club plans of work can be had by sending (10 cents each) to 25 Beacon street, Boston, or to 175 Dearborn street, Chicago, viz:

Outline Studies in Holmes, Bryant, Whittier; their poems.

Outline Studies in the Poetry and Prose of James Russell Lowell.

Ten Great Novels. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading.

Unity Clubs. Suggestions for the formation of Study Classes in Literature.

George Eliot. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. The Study of Politics in Unity Clubs and Classes.

THERE are in preparation the following plans for study the coming season, together with list of books: On History (Ireland), by Prof. W. F. Allen, Wisconsin University, Madison, Wis. On Art, by Miss Ellen Hale, of Boston. On Science (astronomy), by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, of Syracuse, N. Y. A course of religious reading and study, by J. C. Learned, of St. Louis. These plans will be printed uniform with the above.

Any other person proposing to prepare a plan of work on any other subject, will please inform Mr. Rich as soon as practicable.

THE executive committee of the National Bureau decided to employ Charles H. Kerr & Co. to do its printing the current year. Their office is 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Rev. Mr. Rich is the committee on printing; and while each section has authority to send direct to the printers to have work done, yet in the matter of plans of study, it is desirable, for various reasons, that the MSS. pass through his hands. We would also suggest to clubs who propose to print their own programmes to have their work done at this office. In that way uniformity of page may be secured and the composition be utilized for other clubs.

THERE are two great advantages in opening the club to outsiders,—in that way you can have a very select, a very literary club, and do almost anything you like; it is also a way to interest intelligent young people in Unitarian thought, and many thereby have become members of the society. To have the best culture and talent in the city or village in the Unity Club will enable it to have excellent entertainments by home talent, and to aid worthy local objects of charity. The whole people interested will turn out to aid any such good cause.

UNITY CLUBS make a mistake when they grudge voting a dollar to the choir, the Sunday-school, or the church treasury. The club can make use of all its funds for its own pleasure, but often it is better to contribute something to some interest of the church, or to some local charity, but let it never seem to be devoted to money making exclusively, and especially let it never condescend to light entertainments and flippant shows.

WILL all the churches or clubs east and west, who have not done so, report to A. J. Rich, Fall River, Mass., whether or not they have a Unity Club organized, its exact name and its work and methods. It is desirable to know these facts.

ANY one who has, or thinks he has, something to say in the line of plans for study and work, will confer a favor by forwarding the same in writing to the corresponding secretary, since possibly a similar plan may be already in print.

ANY one who knows of a good book for reading or study on any of the departments of the present season, as printed in the circular, will please make it known. Mrs. E. E. Marean, 3619 Ellis avenue, Chicago, Ill., will post you on club organization. A. J. R.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Wind Flowers. By Luella D. Smith. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 1887. Square 18mo., pp. 245. \$1.00.

The verses in the little volume entitled "Wind Flowers" are as frail and fleeting as the anemone which the writer takes as their emblem, and are not to be judged by the same standards as the preceding book. More than one-third of the verses are translations from the German, chiefly from Geibel. They show an evident appreciation of the lyric simplicity of this poet, dear to all German readers, but whose qualities are not easily reproduced in another language. The best translations we remember from Geibel are in the little volume "Exotics," published by Rev. J. F. Clarke and his daughter. The verses are divided into twelve groups, corresponding to the months of the year. From "April" is the following extract, which is one of the best.

"Against the sky the elm has laid
Her graceful branches, unafraid.
Against the sky the maples rest,
And hold their red buds to be blest.

* * * * *

Against the sky! That is the test.
Hold up thy soul and stand confessed.
Against the sky! And all of earth
Will show at once its lowly birth.
Against the sky! And what is fair
Will join eternal beauty there.
Have fellowship with Heaven and try
To judge thy life against the sky.

E. E. M.

Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe. Lectures and Discussions before the Milwaukee Literary School, in August, 1886. Edited by Marion V. Dudley. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

This is a volume packed full of things of value for the Goethe student and for everybody who thinks. The Milwaukee Literary School of last year, following much the same direction followed by the Concord School of Philosophy on its more literary side, seems to have been singularly successful, and it is to be regretted that an enterprise so well begun was not continued the present year. Perhaps its life is to be intermittent, and that we shall yet hear from it again. In taking up Goethe last year, it devoted itself to the same subject which was taken up at Concord the year before, and, comparing the two volumes,—for the Concord lectures on Goethe have also been published—to quite as good purpose. The list of the contents will indicate better than anything else, perhaps, the character and value of this work: Address of Welcome, by President John Johnston; Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, by W. T. Harris; Goethe as a Scientist, by James MacAlister; Goethe's Relation to English Literature, by F. B. Sanborn; the Divine Comedy and Faust, by Mrs. Caroline K. Sherman; Mythology of the Second Part of Faust, by Denton J. Snider; The Elective Affinities, by Mrs. Maria A. Shorey; What is most valuable to us in German Philosophy and Literature, by W. T. Harris; Goethe as a Man, by W. T. Hewitt; Goethe as Writer, Savant and Citizen, by Horace Rublee; A Letter from Goethe to Carlyle, translated by A. K. Linderfelt; Anniversary Ode to Goethe, by Denton J. Snider; the Erl-King, by Miss Aubertine Woodward; Goethe's Birthday, by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold. In a book which con-

tains hardly a page without real value, it is almost invidious to single out anything for special praise. We should like, however, to call attention to Doctor Harris's general lecture on German Philosophy and Literature, so full of fine insights and good generalizations, as well as to his remarks in several of the discussions which followed the lectures and which, exceptionally well reported here, contain some of the best things in the book. His remarks upon Dante, following Mrs. Sherman's lecture, are particularly thoughtful. Mrs. Sherman's lecture itself is one of the most valuable in the book, and we wish that we were writing for a big magazine instead of for a small paper, that we might say a great deal about it. The lectures are by no means in an unbroken strain of panegyric. Mr. Rublee, in his appreciative lecture, points out in a clear way many of Goethe's limitations as a man, a citizen and a political thinker. Goethe's attitude during the whole great period of the French revolution was not great; in apprehension of the true trend and spirit of the new age, he was far behind Schiller or Fichte or Kant. The fact that he was a great poet, and that the work that he was doing in poetry and science was undoubtedly much better and much more valuable for Germany than any political pamphlets that he might have written, is of no account in the matter. With other sympathies, and a more prophetic spirit, he would have written just as good poetry and just as good science—and, while the redeeming element of cosmopolitanism should never be forgotten, this should always be said. E. D. M.

Colonial Ballads, Sonnets and Other Verse. By Margaret J. Preston. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1887.

The latest volume of Margaret J. Preston is, as the title denotes, a collection of colonial ballads, sonnets and a few single poems, most of which have been in print before. The writer has won for herself a name among the better of our minor poets, though many of her verses seem to have been made instead of born. Some of the ballads are woven around incidents so slight that they hardly repay the setting, but one or two, like "The Royal Abbess," are complete in themselves and contain lines that remain persistently in the memory. A group of poems at the close of the book, each describing some significant incident in the child-life of one of the old masters, might do good service as illustration in Art Sections of some of our Unity clubs. To these should be added the six sonnets, "Medallion Heads," each giving us a vivid glimpse at the wife or love of a great artist.

The tenderness in the sonnet "Sit, Jessica," the thought of "Horizons," the archness of "The Begging Cupid" and the heart message of "Compensation," are among the best things in the book. E. E. M.

MRS. ANNA B. McMAHON has prepared and privately printed sixteen outline lessons upon the English drama and is conducting classes by means of correspondence. Her address at present is 20 South Ingalls street, Ann Arbor, Mich.

THE HOME.

"Some Real Work."

Almost every member of the Unitarian church in C—, N. H., felt interested in the "Country Week" Work. The minister had begun to talk about it before the snow was off the ground, and reports showing the work done by members of other churches were distributed about in all the pews long before summer came. To be sure it was a new idea to most of the parish, and some of the congregation took only a lukewarm interest in it. One said frankly that nothing would induce her to take a dirty little vagrant from Boston into her pretty home; but many more, in spite of its novelty, really took hold of the project with enthusiasm, and country homes in C— were found for thirty-five little ones.

Among the first to take kindly to the plan were four earnest young girls. They were not "goody-goody" girls—the kind

who despise dancing and picnics and sit sadly in the corners at "church sociables." But they were pretty, attractive, lively girls, full of fun and fond of having a "good time." The idea of having some poor children who had been "dragged up," as Charles Lamb says, in miserable homes and had found their only play ground in the streets and -alleys of a crowded city come into the country for ten days and have a "really nice time," appealed to these warm-hearted girls tremendously. After the minister's first address on the subject, these girls all crowded around him and said that if their mothers would only allow them to take the responsibility of entertaining some children they would gladly give their time and strength to the undertaking. But the next Sunday found them with their enthusiasm chilled. For some reason none of them were able to have the children come to their homes. One had an invalid father who could not bear to hear a door slam, or a child laugh. Another had a mother who was a very particular housekeeper; she could not have her house upset by strange children. A third had some younger brothers and sisters and her suggestion had been met with exclamations of horror. "Do you want your little sisters and brothers to catch all sorts of diseases and die? Of course we can't have children we know nothing about in our house." The fourth lived in the center of the town near a horse-car track and her parents told her that their house was not "country enough" for the children to come to. Discouraged with these rebuffs the girls had almost made up their minds to give up their plan when one of them had a bright idea come to her. "Suppose," said she "we get our fathers and mothers to give us a little money and take some children up to W—. I am sure we could get some rooms for them and board at Farmer B—'s." This plan was received with approbation. The girls' parents were very willing to give their daughters five or six dollars. That was a very different matter from allowing them to invite dirty little city vagabonds into their own homes. Farmer B., who had a large, old fashioned farm, eighteen miles from C—, was happy to take any number of children to board.

The arrangement made was that the first week in July the four girls should go up to W— and take charge of eight poor children from Boston for ten days. The farmer and his wife agreed to board the children for \$2.00 each and the young ladies for \$3.00 each. There were two large double rooms, and in each of these were put two double beds, so that four children could sleep in each room. A letter was sent to Miss Bailey, who takes charge of sending the children from Boston, inviting four boys and four girls, and in a good deal of trepidation the young hostesses awaited the arrival of their little visitors.

On the day when the children were expected, two girls went W— to make the final arrangements there, and two awaited the arrival of the children in C—. It was a very warm morning in July when the young emigrants arrived. A sweet looking lady, dressed in mourning, escorted the children from Boston. She dropped thirty-five in C—, and then went further north with the rest of the car load. It was a pathetic sight to see the little strangers step off the train. They were of all ages and sizes, and most of them had all their earthly possessions done up in newspapers. Nor were their parcels very securely fastened, for stockings, neither white nor clean, could be seen protruding from several of them. One boy left behind him a trail of neatly darned undergarments. Some of the girls had brought their dolls, and some of the boys their bats with them. All looked pale and a little frightened at the sight of so many strange faces.

Each child bore a ticket with the name of his host or hostess upon it. It took some time to distribute the children and find the ones who had tickets marked for "W—." They had to start directly in another train. The two girls who were waiting for their visitors were a little alarmed to find that a toddling boy of three was one of their prizes. There was a large, stalwart-looking girl of sixteen, with a ticket marked W—, and there was "Fritz," a saucy-looking boy of twelve, and his little sister "Nelly." Then there were two placid-looking German girls, and two pretty little girls about eight or nine. Two boys were missing. Miss Bailey had made a mistake and sent two girls in their places. Little

"Billy," the baby of the party, had to be led by one of the young ladies, and the other children were soon marshalled together and settled in their seats for the short journey which was before them. Of course the smallest children had the biggest bundles, and one little girl had aimed at the dignity of having a valise, in which her wardrobe rattled about suspiciously.

When the children arrived in W— and saw the green fields, the hills and pretty rippling brook, their pleasure was unbounded. One boy had been in the country before and seen "real cows," but to most of them all the sights and sounds were new. The young hostesses were strict disciplinarians and insisted upon giving each child a bath every night. They also did their best to improve their manners, and presented them with such unknown luxuries as soap and tooth-brushes. The small urchin was so delighted with the novel amusement of brushing his teeth that, whenever missing, he was sure to be found near the washbowl. Some of the remarks which the children let fall about their homes gave glimpses of great misery. "My father used to be a carpenter, but now he is a drunkard," said one little girl. Another child said, "My father is a cook, and makes twenty dollars a week when he is sober." To most of the children drunkenness was so common an evil that they spoke of the drunkenness of their fathers with no trace of shame.

The children were not angels. What children ever were? One or two proved to be hard to manage, and "Fritz" lay down on the floor and kicked and screamed more than once. "Billy," tiny as he looked, had several fits of temper, and one of his favorite ways of showing his disapproval of his nurses was to call them names, and such names! "You dirty nigger!" was the *mildest* term of reproach he used toward them! The largest girl had a place in a candy shop, and had two weeks' vacation; and a smaller child was a "cash girl" in winter. How their hostesses did work to entertain them! They took them on drives and picnics, and rainy days adjourned with them to the barn. The children picked berries and flowers, and I saw the cows milked, and had plenty of good country food to eat. Perhaps they did not appreciate the good things given them to eat as much as was expected. At first they had not great appetites, and then they had all become so used to coarse food that fresh meat they did not care for. One little girl, the evening before she went home, said: "I hope my mother will have my favorite supper to-morrow—boiled cabbage."

All day the children had to be watched over and amused, and in the evening there were stockings to be mended and rents to be repaired in the little time-worn garments. There was a great difference in the clothes brought by the different children. Some had but a few things, but all were neat and clean. Others had half a dozen dresses, but nothing fit to put on. One child had a bundle of vile smelling rags for his whole wardrobe. A sewing bee was instituted among the guests, summoning in the neighboring farms, and new aprons were made for all the little girls before they went home.

One day a picnic of all the little "country weekers" in C— came up to W— for the day. The children all spent their day in the woods and had their dinners under the trees, eating all the sandwiches and gingerbread, and drinking all the lemonade they wanted.

It must be confessed that when the time came for the children to go home that their young hostesses felt relieved. It can not be denied that it is hard work entertaining children, and that all the four girls were pretty well tired out the day they reported themselves back in C— and said that their young charges had gone home. But they none of them complained of their trouble, and they all said their time and their work had been paid for by the smiling, happy, sun-burned children, whom they had sent back to Boston that day. For the first time in their lives these girls had done some real, unselfish, charitable work, and had learned the meaning of Lowell's beautiful lines:

"Not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The life and work of John the Baptist is the subject to be taken in hand for next Sunday by our Sunday-schools, such of them, at least, as have joined in the union course of lessons on the Third Gospel. The portion of the gospel upon which the lesson is founded is the third chapter of Luke, from the beginning to the twenty-first verse; but in connection with this, what is said of John in the other gospels, particularly the account of his death in the sixth chapter of Mark, and what Jesus said of him, recorded in the seventh chapter of Luke, verses eighteen to thirty, should be studied. Luke fixes the date of John's entering upon his ministry very definitely in the first verse of the third chapter, too definitely, it would seem probable, as the time named is exactly six months before Jesus entered upon his ministry, and, from the general proportions of the entire history, it would seem probable that John had preached some years before Jesus began. This, however, is not important, except as indicating the disposition of Luke to be sometimes a little more precise than his knowledge would warrant.

John was the son of a priest and was a Nazarene from his birth. The same stories are told of his birth that are told of Samuel and Samson, who were "given to the Lord" by their mothers, even before they were born. He was the last of the prophets of Israel, the last of those wonderful shaggy anchorites of the desert, of whom Elijah and Samuel were the first. It is, of course, possible that the fact that the Jews at this time were looking for one who should come in the power and spirit of Elijah, had something to do with the account which we possess of John's appearance. However, it is a little difficult to say whether his camel's hair garment was counted as shaggy or as "soft raiment." But as to his preaching, at least, there is no uncertain sound. He issues from the wilderness and speaks his "Thus saith the Lord," exactly as Elijah come to life again might have spoken it.

Mr. Jones, at the Monday noon teachers' meeting, urged that it was easier to undervalue than to overvalue the work of John, and his influence in the founding of Christianity. There are always these beginners before the beginning, who do their work strongly and well, die unrecognized and are forgotten, while some other (perhaps greater and perhaps not), by entering into their labors, fills the eyes of the world as the great founder of the new movement.

Mr. Blake defended what may be called the denunciatory preaching of John, "Generation of vi-

pers, who hath warned you," etc., saying that this sort of moral wrath, as John Weiss termed it in the case of Theodore Parker, is a very essential quality in those best fitted to serve humanity in important crises.

The baptism of Jesus by John may be treated in this lesson, or in number six, which takes up the subject of Jesus entering upon his ministry. John's baptism was not a new thing, not of his own invention or introduction. The Jews baptized proselytes to their religion, and baptism in the sacred river Jordan no doubt had been practiced for a long time previous to John's preaching. Mr. Utter suggested that it may have been connected with the pilgrimages to the Jordan, and that John may have found his first audience among such pilgrims.

The wilderness of Judea, in which John preached, is southeast of Jerusalem, including a good deal of the country between that city and the Dead sea. The locusts, which formed part of John's food, according to Matthew, were the edible grasshoppers of those regions,—there is no ground whatever for supposing the word to refer to the pod of the locust tree, or any such vegetable matter.

Colorado.—The 4th inst. was a red letter day for Unitarianism in this state. Two churches dedicated, one at Denver, the other at Greeley, the dedication sermon at both places being preached by M. J. Savage, of Boston. Mr. Herford was also present at Denver and made a stirring address in the morning and preached in the evening. Mr. Savage's theme at Denver was "The True Position and Work of the Church in the Modern World." Mr. Herford's theme was "Paul's Experience of Prayer." Rev. N. S. Hogeland, of Greeley, the Jewish rabbi, and Rev. A. B. Hyde, D. D., of Maryland, also took part in the services. Crowds went away for the want of room to admit them. The city papers give extensive accounts, including full reports of the two sermons, from which we hope to give some clippings in the future. Our correspondents in that region have been so full of their joy that they have not taken time to report. But we see from these papers the splendid fruition of their earnest labors and send them our heartiest greetings. The seed sown by the devoted hands of Beckwith, Stone, Herbert and Weeks fell upon good ground and is bringing forth a hundred fold, and the harvest is not yet. It is still seeding time.

A Jewish Dedication.—Last Sunday a most unique and probably antique dedication took place in this city. The Hebrew congregation *Ohave Shalom Miriam* is an orthodox Jewish society composed largely of the humbler representatives of that race, tradesmen, peddlers and handicraftsmen. There are no wealthy people among them, they have been worshipping for several years in an obscure hall on an unattractive street, but now they have completed a substantial new synagogue at a cost of \$30,000. The exercises on Sunday last began at 2 and continued till 10 P. M. They were interspersed with speeches, music and lunching. The chief interest centered in the selling by auction the honors of the occasion or the privileges of the ceremony. It began in the old hall in selling the privilege of carrying the property of the society out of the old home into the new; the scrolls of the society, which number in all some two dozen different rolls, brought from \$2 to \$15 apiece, then the lamp of the altar, the keys, vestments, etc., etc. At the new building the privileges of spreading the altar, of lighting each jet of each chandelier, etc., etc., the sales in both buildings aggregated some \$2000. Judging from the report the proceedings were very far from being a mere shrewd piece of commercial "jewing," as it will be at once suggested by their Gentile critics. The occasion was full of sentiment. Young men bought the privilege for their mothers or aged grandmothers to light a jet of gas in the chandelier, which they did with radiant faces. The president of the society, with tears streaming down

his face, handed the key, bedded in a basket of flowers, to his little son and daughter, for whom he bought the right of opening the door and of being the first to enter the building to which he had given so much time and affection. Grotesque as all this seems, when compared to scenes so often witnessed in Christian churches, the buying rights in a "ring cake" or votes for a bracelet to be given to the handsomest girl, a chance in a "grab-bag," or a dip into a "fishpond," etc., etc., this rises into the dignity of a ritual. It is clothed with poetry, it cultivates sentiment, it sets us thinking, aye, and feeling, too, does it not?

"The Southern Letter" is the title of a little sheet printed by the Tuskegee Normal School, Alabama. This is one of the most prosperous colored schools in the south; presided over by Booker T. Washington. The September issue is both inspiring and touching in the quiet evidence it gives of courage and diligence on the part of the race that is struggling upward so successfully out of slavery through ignorance into independence and intelligence. We learn that "quite a little colony of the students have been at work during the summer in the Birmingham coal mine to earn money to resume their studies in the fall." We heard Mr. Washington in his address at Weirs last July, and it was of the ringing, manly kind that inspires enthusiastic confidence. We gladly print the following statement of their needs and earnestly hope that they will fall under the eye of some who will take the hint.

I. Books and periodicals, for the library—Sunday-school papers; daily, weekly or monthly papers for our reading room.

II. Bed clothes of any kind; new or second hand clothes for needy students.

III. Money in any sums to help meet current and building expenses.

Kansas.—The Topeka church was closed during August and the first two Sundays in September. Mr. Powell preached two Sundays at Wichita to intelligent audiences which give promise of another church in this state. Last Sunday he preached before the Universalist State Convention at Hutchinson. Doctor Demorest, secretary of the National Universalist Convention, preached in Unity church, Topeka, on Tuesday night, the 13th. Miss Mary E. Leggett has been conducting the ladies' religious study class at Topeka during the summer, using the third programme (Unitarian Doctrines) in Unity Leaflet No. 12. Miss L. left Tuesday (P. M.) for Beatrice where she takes charge of the Unitarian Society for three months. She is so filled with the spirit of consecration to the work she has chosen, one can but predict success of the noblest kind for her. She leaves many warm friends in Topeka, who part with regret from one who has been a great help in our work here. Our Study Class are now going to take up the first programme published in Unity leaflet—The Growth of the Hebrew Religion.

Solon, Iowa.—Rev. Arthur J. Beavis, of Iowa City, was recently refused the Methodist Episcopal church at this place in which to deliver a lecture; as a consequence a rousing audience gathered in the hall, and the local paper says: "It is not known why the trustees would not allow him to lecture in the church, unless it is the fear that he might set some of the people to thinking on the subject and might result in a loss of a member or two from their church. No matter, however, what their reason was for so doing, the sentiment of the people is against the action of the trustees, and some assert that it was an insult to religion."

Cardiff, Wales.—An attractive Unitarian church with all the modern American attachments has recently been dedicated at this place. One interesting feature of the dedication was that the responsive service introduced by the American minister in Wales was written by a Welsh minister in America.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

THE following is going the rounds of the papers: "A Pennsylvania man rose in prayer-meeting, recently, and prayed for the absent 'who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness.'" Reader, do not smile too readily over the latter sufferers. Poor invalids! theirs is the more pathetic condition. It is easier to reach the difficulties of a diseased body than of a sick soul. Sad is the condition of the spiritual paralytics who are "prostrated on sofas of wellness," and their number is legion. Indeed, pray for them!

ONE of our exchanges says of UNITY, "It is willing to teach religion, but it will not *represent* it." If we understand this editor he has come very near the truth of it. We do exist to *teach* religion by printed and by spoken word, and still more, if it be possible, by consistent living, kindly acts and earnest deeds. In every way possible we would *teach*, and, so far as lies in our power, *exemplify* religion. But we dare make no claims that we *represent* by our thought or by our organization religion in any authoritative or peculiar way. It takes all shades of thought and form of ecclesiastical organizations, all churches, and all the *unchurched* as well, to *represent* religion. Any claim to this, set up by the representative of one sect or one creed, is presumptuous and dogmatic. We will try hard to thus nobly deserve the censure of our critic.

MRS. SALLIE F. CHAPIN, in the *Union Signal*, thus answers the wicked argument that the saloons must be taxed, in order that street and road funds may be adequate to secure good highways:

"If mothers had control
They could pave to-day
The broad highway
With something not so white as the souls
Of the innocent boys at play.
Why can't men pave the business marts
With something harder than women's hearts?
Is there no gold that will serve their turn,
Save the shining gold of the heads that rest
Soft on a loving mother's breast?
Must these go down to the drunkard's grave
In order that we the streets may pave?"

THERE is great rejoicing in orthodox circles over the failure of Professor Smyth, of Andover, to furnish Bible proof texts for his theory of second probation, as invited by the *Independent*. Whether Professor Smyth can furnish such proof texts or not, we are glad he has not done so. To attempt a demonstration of the "universal hope" by citations from a book held as infallible would be to perpetuate a greater error than the one displaced. To prove a true doctrine by a false method is certainly not an unmixed evil; but the conscientious teacher will not admit that even a good end can justify such a bad means. The doctrine of a partial salvation is but one of many errors flowing from the corrupted fountain of this false conception of the Bible. To cut off this rivulet and leave the fountain still flowing is but a partial and inadequate work. Professor Smyth has done well in not complying with the narrow request of the *Independent*. If he will now declare what he must ere this have perceived,—that the doctrine of the infallibility of the Bible is a part of the very theology constructed from that book, and that theology must, therefore, ultimately rest elsewhere than upon the Bible,—he will have taken one more step toward that "New Theology" which the broader and deeper thought of the times is shaping.

OUR neighbor, *The Universalist*, is disturbed because the *New Theology Herald* and Doctor Townsend have "fallen into the open arms of UNITY," because forsooth we have "no theology." But surely our contemporary is mistaken. We do have a theology, which teaches us that all religious movements in history have been and are actuated by a common search for truth and goodness; that all men are brethren, linked together by an infinite law, which is love, and that this linked chain binds together all the children of men in one brotherhood,—here in this world as in all worlds to come. We teach a theology that says that the *differences* in men's thoughts about religion are smaller than, and subordinate to, their harmonies,—the purposes and longing of the human soul. Instead of being "non-theistic," we teach a theism so vital and unquestioned that no wordy confession or abstinence from words can establish or disestablish it. We hold a theism so vital that we say that he who "obeys his laws, though he deny his existence," is also a believer in God, and an unwitting devotee at his shrine. We would teach a belief in God so overmastering that it becomes a faith in *goodness*, an appreciation of *love*, a reverence for *truth*, so vital and active that we will everywhere and evermore place the emphasis upon these attributes of God rather than upon any dogmatic *pronunciation* of the name. We are so solicitous for a theistic faith that we will not willingly let any word or words that are but inadequate symbols stand between us and the things. Instead of being "non-christian" in our teachings, we hold to an ever growing Christianity; a Christianity so real and so large that the name itself, as interpreted by history, is too small and unreal to represent it,—a Christianity of which the Christian sects, Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist, Unitarian, Universalist and all the rest of them, individually and collectively, are but as shadows to the substance. We would teach the Christianity that has been in the world from the beginning of time, that is the anointed spirit of consecration exemplified in Buddha and Socrates as well as by Jesus,—a Christianity that teaches that the kingdom of heaven is within the soul; that says, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! but he that doeth the will, is acceptable." A Christianity that would judge the tree by its fruit, even though the tree be called by an evil name, or though it should fail to receive any name at all, if its fruit is for the refreshing and nourishing of men, we will count worthy a place in the orchards of God. To the teaching of such a theology, the maintenance of such a theism and the propagation of such a Christianity is UNITY committed, and in joining hands with UNITY in this work, Doctor Townsend and his associates do but continue the work they have so devotedly and successfully carried on for years in Jamestown and vicinity.

Reverence With a Downward Look.

The reverence of the pagan, as Goethe has shown, always looked up; it sought the divine in things high, but the reverence of the Christian, this great seer tells us, is found by looking down. It is found in humility. God to-day is oftener found in things lowly; the gate of heaven is under our feet, more often than it is over our heads. "Mind not high things, but condescend to things of low estate," says Paul. "He that would be greatest among you let him serve," says Jesus. A few weeks ago we stood on the top of Mt. Washington at four o'clock in the morning. The company had been hurried out of bed by the ringing of the bell that announced an approaching sunrise. We watched eagerly the clouds above

us; at first they were so flaky and soft that they seemed to be just the screen needed for the sun to throw his rarest colors upon; the fleecy softness would change his fire into gold and turn his red into vanishing pinks. All eyes were turned toward the eastern horizon where "spurting and suppressed it lay," full of promise, but while we waited a mist came up from the distant sea. It touched first with gray and then with dampness the morning; the rebellious company halted shivering upon the rocks, half in hopes that their thirst for a sunrise might counteract even an east wind, and lift the fog and give us the sky again.

When the disappointment became too palpable to be concealed, some one suggested a walk in order to get up an appetite for breakfast so that that could be enjoyed if nothing else, and so a few of us started down the carriage road. We had not gone far before pebbles, lichens, mosses, mountain flowers and mountain butterflies began to charm us. The mind met new delights in every turn. Unconsciously a warmth fell upon us, and lo! as we looked down there were the glories we missed by looking up. Great chasms into which daylight was pouring like wine into a goblet, suggestive blues, mystic grays, eddied round the precipices, farther and farther the revelation extended, valleys opened, little lakes glistened like diamonds, and all the delights of a mountain painting seemed to be ours, at least more of them than we could carry. Tardily we realized what we ought to have known before, that the glories from that mountain cone were more beneath us than above us. What were the ether-filled spaces above, with their treacherous fleets of sailing mists, compared to the heroic ranges beneath us, the wooded slopes and peopled valleys in which children played and where lovers trysted. There is where the greater glory was. That is where heaven was to be looked for.

Let this symbolize the spiritual truth represented in our title. We stand ever on the mountain top. Would we find the glory of heaven, the "gate of God," seek it, not by looking up into the intangible ether of the unknown, the limitless spaces of our ignorance, but down into the craggy crannies of crooked human nature, among the weather-beaten rocks of human experience, down the shaded slopes of human society, the valleys of history where baby aspirations have bloomed, where manly temptations have been resisted, where human tears have fertilized the flowers of human affections.

Ancient tower-temples had altar chambers at the foot and at the top; both were fitting. It is well to climb at times where the soul can have a better view of the realm to which it belongs. But the most devout, the truest worshipper, I take it, will frequent most often the humbler altar at the foot of the tower; it is nearer to the hearthstone, it is not so far from the cradle, it is easier to keep the path worn between that shrine and the grave, flowers grow better down there, too, and we remember that the singers in our mountain party were in better voice and could sing longer at the foot of the mountain than on top. The knight sought high and far the "Holy Grail" that all the while hung beside his castle door. Underneath your feet is holy ground. The reverence that abides is the reverence that is humble. "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father, but in spirit and in truth."

A Baby's Spelling Lesson,

"The deep secret is the open secret." We can put a very deep one in five words, five syllables, that a child just beginning can spell: *We see as we are*. What the baby spells is this,—and he may well stumble over it,—that in everything we look at there is more than even the wisest eyes have yet looked at; and that the depth of each one's present seeing depends on how much past seeing is already funded in him,—that is, on how much he *is* already.

Go with an artist friend into the fields. He sees lights in the grass, tints in the clouds, shadows on the mountain, which your eye will hardly catch, even when pointed out. "Mr. Turner," said a friend one day to him, "Mr. Turner, I never see in Nature the glows and the colors you put into your pictures." "Ah, don't you wish you could, though?" was the

painter's answer. *We* never wrote a poem, never framed a drama, but

The poem hangs on the berry-bush
When comes the poet's eye,—
The street is full of masquerade
When Shakespeare passes by.

Or read one of the great poems with a poet-friend. His face will flush, his voice will tremble, while you are cold and even-toned. As he pauses over this passage and that passage, you wonder how you passed its beauty by so unconsciously. Go to Europe; what you bring back in your memory and your note-book will be closely proportioned to the knowledge of history, and art, and men, you carry aboard the steamship in New York. Humboldt spent only five years in America, and it took twelve quartos and sixteen folios, and half a dozen helpers, and many years, to put on record what he saw. You and I have lived here fifty years, and how many folios and secretaries would it take to write out what we have seen? Most men find little new in a walk in the woods, or a mountain tramp. That same Humboldt walked up Vesuvius with two of his friends one day, and the world was definitely richer in new knowledge that night from that single excursion. Thoreau, wandering about the Concord woods or along the Cape Cod beaches, would sight new facts, as one picks daisies and buttercups in the field. "Did you ever find an Indian arrow-head?" asked his companion one day. "O yes, *there* is one," and he pointed at his feet. He had a whim of extolling his own town and neighborhood as the most favored center on the planet for natural observation. "I think nothing is to be hoped from you," he writes, "if this bit of mold under your feet is not sweeter to you than any other in this world,—or in any world." He found the red snow in one of his walks, and expected to find the Victoria Regia, and returned Kane's *Arctic Voyage* to a friend from whom he had borrowed it, with the remark that "most of the phenomena noted there might be observed in Concord." And once he wrote, "I have never got over my surprise that I should have been born into the most estimable place in all the world, and in the very nick of time, too!" A scratch on a rock in a Maine blueberry pasture would tell Agassiz that an iceberg passed that way ages ago, or that glaciers once lay there and ground their course southward. To you and me it is a scratch on a rock. A bit of chalk in Huxley's hands will bring up facts, not legends, of the oozy bed on which the Atlantic cable rests, and report how life went on at the time the Dover cliffs were formed. The whole realm of Nature, as it opens itself to modern science, reiterates with every new discovery the grand, inspiring, simple law—men *see* in proportion to what men *are*; every past sight counts into new visions.

Even those sudden glimpses of great truths, those marvels of insight at whose mystery the world catches breath, exemplify, they do not contravene, this law. We call such glimpses "inspiration," "genius," "revelation." Whatever they be, the new seeing bears some proportion to the past seeing. "The great mind sees the idea in the fact; the little mind sees only the fact"—if that. It's a Newton detects a law of gravitation in the fall of a ripe apple from its bough. Only a Goethe picks up a deer's skull in the woods and exclaims, "These skull-sections are but the spinal vertebræ modified." Mayer draws blood from a sick man's arm in some tropical country, and notices that the blood is of a brighter red than he has been wont to see up north; to Mayer, but not to the myriad doctors who had used their lancet before, that brighter crimson was hint sufficient to put him on the track of the correlation of forces,—the great scientific consummation thus far of the century. Darwin is struck by certain facts in the distribution of South American plants, and he follows out this simple lead to his doctrine of the natural origin of species,—the other scientific consummation of the century. Give Cuvier a tooth or a bone of an animal whose race ran out thousands of years ago, and sometimes he could reconstruct its figure, and the rocky archives of its burial place would prove his vision right. And Agassiz (the story, I believe, is strictly true) thrice *dreamed* his way into the stone and saw

the creature lying there in fossil with the structure which his hammer afterward uncovered. Cuvier and Agassiz, Darwin and Mayer, could do these things; why not the common seers of science? Because each man can only see in proportion to what he has seen, that is, in proportion to what he is already. The better mind, the deeper insight; the greater *fund* of knowledge already acquired, the greater *find* of knowledge vouchsafed. The baby is right,—“We see as we are.”

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Sermon.

Exultant soars his lark-like soul
Beyond the people's yearning sight;
A glimpse they catch of waning wing,
Perchance of feather dropped in flight.

Yet, distance-hid, the bird is there,
And, thrilled with its intensity,
They hear his glad song ringing free
Far up the blue immensity;

And thank the Father that the guide,
The teacher that his grace hath sent,
Not alway walketh at their side
With heavenward eye and aim content,

But, singing, soars with straight, true flight,
To breathe the air of upper skies,
Whence comes his voice, like beckoning hand,
To bid free souls spread wing and rise.

A. H. F.

Christian Agnosticism.

A recent writer in *UNITY* seeks to justify the use of the words “Christian Agnosticism” in terms against which I want to make a friendly protest. The ground of his position is found in the following phrase: “The incomprehensibility of God.” Stating that “God is incomprehensible,” and that “that which cannot be comprehended is mysterious,” and that therefore “God must ever be mysterious,” he likens the position of man to that of a ship in the fog: “The fog may lift a little, but the clear space which we then enjoy but shows a wider circle of mystery.”

I accept the illustration and desire to point out what is to me the illogicality of applying it to the proposition “God must ever be mysterious—is incomprehensible.” It is the mistake of confounding imagination (thinking by means of images, or mental pictures) and logical, or pure thinking. From the fact that our power of thinking gets its first stimulation to activity by means of the impression of the senses, we may be led to infer that mental power must always depend upon sense impressions. But this is not true. Power of thought depends upon the mind's grasp of universal and necessary principles and not upon the strength or feebleness of the senses. If the man on the fog-surrounded ship knows that he is on a ship, that the ocean is beneath the ship, and solid earth beneath the ocean, and that ship, ocean and earth exist in space of which he thoroughly knows the nature and law, I submit that there is nothing incomprehensible in the nature of the, as yet, unobserved details of the region around him. There is only lack of present knowledge about them. The first breath of wind may dissipate the fog and reveal water or land or other ships or what not. The man stands confronting not the incomprehensible but the, as yet, unobserved, two very different things indeed.

If the fog were absolutely enveloping and impenetrable and had been ever since the man was born, he would not—to carry on the figure—know that there was even an ocean or a ship under him, and there would be nothing to suggest to him a question regarding them, and the man would stand in the presence of, not what would be to him a mystery, but merely no question at all. The other figure of the writer is, in my view, equally misleading—viz., that of a man standing

in a room of a temple from which room many doors open, each disclosing more rooms beyond, from each of which open more doors—and so on till, as he says, “the weary eye refuses to follow further.” Precisely. And here is the important point of the whole argument. The difficulty in discovering all about the temple is not at all a difficulty of thought—an inherent incomprehensibility in the nature of the temple—but purely a weariness of the eye, the tediousness of the endless process of going on from one detail to another. But there would be nothing in all this to prevent knowledge of the temple, the fact that it was a temple, the purpose to which it was dedicated, the nature of its construction, in short, the law of it, the general truths concerning it. There would be nothing in the nature of the temple which confronted the human mind as an insurmountable barrier.

The writer goes on to say that “a thing may be thinkable but not conceivable; that is to say we may think of the general notion *horse*, but when we conceive of horse it is always *some particular horse* which rises to view.” In regard to the puzzling appearance of some *particular* horse every time we think of the *general notion* of horse, it only needs to be noted that our thought is not in the slightest degree limited by the particular image. It may be admitted that there can be no thought without its accompaniment of a sensuous image. This is, however, because the nature of thought is activity, but the thinker is perfectly aware that he can make *any* image and can annul any by another. In fact in recalling anything by its image, it is not the thing that is seen but its image, a creation of the mind, and in pure, or logical thinking, the mind has to have the universal as the basis on which to make the particular image at any moment. When one thinks of the “general notion *horse*” and there immediately comes before his mental vision a particular horse, he is also perfectly well aware that the general notion will apply to any other horse and to each one of an infinite number of horses all specifically differing, if you please, from the first horse whose image came up. If one says the word “boat,” though we may think of a particular boat, we are well aware that the speaker may, and probably does, refer to quite a different boat, and it is the general, logical notion of boat which both the speaker and we have in common which constitutes the important part of our thought. The “particular image,” therefore, has nothing to do with the validity of a “general notion.”

The writer of the article goes on to say—“To conceive is to picture in imagination. We can never perfectly conceive of God.” If “to conceive” be “to picture in imagination,” then indeed nothing whatever can be “perfectly conceived,” not even a boulder in the field or a grain of sand any more than the solar system, for we know that matter is infinitely subdivisible and that anything, no matter what, is composed of infinite multiplicity, and hence in its very nature never completely pictureable. But to conceive is not to imagine. To conceive is to think logically and to see clearly the implications of a definition. With that insight once gained the logical faculty rests satisfied. Not so, however, the image-making faculty, which always goes on attempting to image all the particulars of a series which the logical faculty knows to be infinite in number. The logical faculty could, therefore, have told the image-making faculty that its industry was futile and could have told it so before its first step as well as after “the weary eye refuses to follow” further.

And this mistake,—putting imagination for thought and then discovering the impossibility of imagining everything—is what discourages so many and drives them to the supposition that there must be some value in mere mystery as such. I again submit that, if “the mysterious” is to be understood as the *unsolvable* and *undiscoverable*, there is no value in it whatever for the human soul.

“Let us,” says the writer of the article referred to, “not seek to minimize or decry the mysteriousness of God. Let us rather exalt it.” I would rather say, “Let us seek to minimize as far as possible all mysteries. By so doing we shall best serve mankind and ourselves. By so doing we shall most worthily and acceptably employ the powers which God

has given us." One of the statements of the Episcopal service most offensive to me I have always felt to be the one that "God hath instituted holy mysteries," etc. But mysteries to be solved—to lead the soul of man on and stimulate him to endeavor by the hope of solving them—that is a very different affair. And in this view of mysteries as good things I can hardly doubt that the writer of "Christian Agnosticism" would, on reflection, agree with me.

An infinite number of things may be yet unknown, but is it not because God is really and truly knowable that we may have any relation to Him as moral beings, and is it not solely in the light of this divine truth about God that we can see any reason to call ourselves his children? "To follow on to know the Lord," I take to be the dictate of reason and based upon the truth that we are made in His image and capable of growing evermore into the knowledge of Him.

C. H. AMES.

Quietness.

Now God be thanked for quietude!
For each serene and tranquil mood,
Each interval of calm wherein
Strength for life's task and strife we win.

'Tis in such hours that thought has room
To lift its loveliest, holiest bloom;
Thence, in its deeds, the true soul brings
The fairest of life's blossomings.

OLIVE E. DANA.

Memorial Service of Rev. C. H. A. Dall.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the death of the Rev. C. H. A. Dall, and it was observed in a most becoming manner by his friends, admirers and pupils. The four Mission Schools—Dall's High School, the Hindoo Girls' School, the Rovers' School, and the Entally Middle Vernacular School—were closed out of respect to his memory. Early in the morning, quite a large number of students, about a dozen Hindoo girls, ex-pupils and Brahmo friends, assembled at the Unitarian Mission House in Dhurrumtollah, with flowers and garlands. At 7 A. M. the procession was formed. Mrs. Tomkins and Miss Moffat with the girls started first, and the students with their teachers and other gentlemen followed in procession on the lower circular road burial ground. One of the boys carried a trophy of flowers in the shape of a Hindoo temple. On arrival at the grave, the girls placed the wreaths around the railings, and the students then marched around the grave, throwing flowers and garlands. After a short interval, a Brahmo gentleman, Baboo Tincowry Mookerjee, offered up a prayer. Baboo Dwarka Nath Singha then stepped forward, and said: "I will now ask Baboo Sree Narain Mookerjee, one of the most devoted of friends of our dear departed, to plant by the grave a tree, the seed of which Mr. Dall brought from the grave of his beloved Washington on his last visit to America. I also now ask one and all of you to occasionally visit this spot, and bring with you a few of the flowers which Mr. Dall loved so much, and may each visit here recall to your minds the good and pure life of him, whose dust lies beneath, and give you renewed strength to try to follow the example and precepts of 'Dall the Good.'" The tree was then planted, and the boys sang a hymn composed especially for the occasion. Baboo Umesh Chunder Dutt, the minister of the Sadharan Brahmo Somaj, then addressed the assembly, dwelling on the catholic spirit of Mr. Dall, his paternal care of the students, his sympathy and support of all movements for the moral and religious welfare of the people of India, and his strong advocacy of the cause of temperance, and exhorted one and all to imitate him, and be a living memorial of Mr. Dall. He closed his address with prayer, the happy allusion during which to the rain, that was then falling in torrents as tears from heaven, moved every heart deeply, and there was scarcely one whose eyes were dry. Some 300 of Mr. Dall's pamphlets were distributed, and the assembly quietly dispersed. The whole

scene was most affecting and solemn. It was perhaps for the first time that Hindoo girls have been allowed by their parents to tread a Christian burial ground. But it shows the affection and esteem in which Mr. Dall was regarded. It should be noted that the tomb, which has been paid from the Dall Memorial Fund, bears the following inscription: "This monument is erected by his admiring friends and loving pupils, as a mark of respect and affection which his self-denying, exemplary life, and earnest missionary labor inspired in all who knew him." There is also a Sanscrit verse inscribed upon the tomb.—*Indian Daily News*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Comment and Criticism.

The *Christian Leader* comments on the alliance of the *New Theology Herald* with UNITY, and in a friendly spirit says of the latter paper: "It does not represent 'religious' thought at all—refuses to do so; its creed is simply ethical. It is willing to teach religion, but it will not represent it." It would seem to the average thinker that the best way to represent religion is to teach it. If the *Leader* has a better way, we shall be glad to adopt it.

Again, referring to Doctor Townsend's statement that "the Christlike character saves," the *Leader* says: "Nothing could be better, but UNITY would go to the stake before it would 'represent' anything with Christ in it, or even God." Considering the fact that UNITY has emphasized character above all else, the *Leader's* statement reads like a "lapsus styli."

The *Universalist* of Sept. 10, referring to the alliance says: "It is a very curious transfer, this of the organ of a New Theology to a journal that has no theology,—that excludes even a Christian Theism from the statement of its beliefs." Does UNITY exclude a statement of "Christian Theism" from its columns? If so, why does it make Doctor Townsend, who is an avowed "Christian Theist," one of its board of editors? Why does it not exact of Mr. Lauer a pledge not to teach certain "unstated" doctrines in its columns, before extending to him its official shears and paste pot? Does not the *Universalist* perceive that this alliance of UNITY with a paper which has avowedly stood for a "theology" is the strongest possible refutation of the charge that its undogmatism is born of agnosticism or unbelief?

The *Universalist* also says: "This identification of Doctor Townsend and his paper with the non-Theistic and non-Christian Unitarians will probably end, as it should end, all participation of Universalists hereafter in the Lakeside School at Chautauqua, and will also, no doubt, cause the withdrawal of such Unitarians as Doctors Peabody and Hill from that platform." Is Universalism so narrow that it can not speak from the same platform with a man who refuses to build a barbed wire fence of creed about his deepest beliefs? Are Universalists so weak that they can not trust their truths in an atmosphere which vibrates even with doctrines hostile to their own? God forbid! The Lakeside School was founded to furnish a platform for the utterance of men's noblest thought. Because it was founded to encourage the development of a broader theology, must it place a limit to that growth by excluding from its platform all whose beliefs are not already crystallized into a certain form? If Christianity is worthy of belief, will it be injured by the words of those who do not limit its meaning to certain statements? If there is a God in the Universe does He need to be advertised at every summer camp meeting to insure belief in His existence? Nobody has yet lectured at the Lakeside School who does not believe in the existence of a Supreme Power; yet we trust that no one has lectured there who would not hold any new truth more dear than his most cherished beliefs. The *Universalist*, in this criticism, evinces somewhat of that spirit of exclusiveness and intolerance which has caused so much of suffering to all progressive thinkers in the past. Experience should have taught a better way.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—I would like to ask a little space in the columns of your paper, to tell your readers about the "Country Week," which was started in a small way in Unity Church Industrial School this summer, and to acknowledge with thanks the kindness of those who have aided us in carrying it out. When the hot weather in July came, we felt that we must give as many of our children as we could a breath of the fresh air and a glimpse of country life. Many of them had never ridden in the cars, had never been in the country, and of course knew nothing of its pleasures. The result of our efforts has been the sending of twenty-one children for a week or ten days to friends in the near neighborhood. Besides these, six families of young children, with their mothers, were sent to Highwood. They came back full of delight at what they had seen and done. They told of the rides in the hay carts, the animals, the flowers, the bathing in the lake, the new clothes which had been given to them, and the kindness of all their entertainers. For all these pleasures they would like to join us in thanking Mrs. Mann, Geneva, Ill.; Mrs. C. L. Davis and Miss Eva F. Davis, LaFox; Mrs. C. H. Larkin, Elgin, Ill.; Mrs. Carr, Batavia, Ill.; Mrs. West, Winnetka, Ill.; Mrs. Millar, Argyle Park; and the three families in Rockford, where six children were sent by the Charity Organization Society. Hoping that next summer this small beginning may grow large enough to include the whole school, I am, your friend, truly,

C. D. ADAMS,
Secretary Unity Church Industrial School.

If That Was Dishonest, Isn't This?

DEAR UNITY:—In a recent number J. V. B. has a discussion of the question whether it was honest for a bibliophile to buy for ten cents a book he knew to be worth \$500, and concluding that it was not. I am inclined to agree that the bibliophile did take a mean advantage of the bookstall keeper; but, having admitted that, I can see no stop before getting to Ruskin, Count Tolstoi and the sermon on the mount. And yet I have never found any one in all this Christian civilization of ours so simple as to think Christ meant what he said. Can J. V. B. tell me the essential differences between the case cited and these: Knowing that grain will be very dear the coming winter, A. B. buys all he can of farmers who do not look ahead, borrowing money at eight per cent of M. N., who does not realize his opportunity, and in the spring sells for 50 per cent more than he paid, returning to M. N. his eight per cent with which he has gained 42 per cent. Or this: My neighbor has to pay his rent or be turned out of his house. Knowing that I have to spare, he comes to me and borrows \$100, and by pinching is enabled to pay me back \$106 the year after.

W. H. O.

THE HOME.

A Wedding in the Garden.

There's a party in the garden; have you had an invitation?
Yes, the great Sir Tiger Lily is to wed My Lady Rose.
It's the marriage of the season, for, in name and reputation,
Both the high contracting parties equal any flower that grows.

And they've summoned to attend it all the loveliest, stateliest flowers,
And the bobolinks and thrushes are to sing a matinee;
So the blossoms all are trooping to the leafy, fragrant bowers
Where the wedding-feast is set forth in magnificent array.

Shy arbutus from the woodlands, violets for little pages,
Asters tall, and stately zinnias, bursting in their pompous pride;
Honey-suckles, sweet and clinging, sunflowers, looking wise as sages,
And, for priest, a Calla Lilly, portly and self-satisfied.

Dainty balsams and verbenas, mignonette, so shy and tender,
Gladioli, stiff, unbending, keeping order in the place;
And, for bridesmaids for My Lady, white-robed lilies, tall and slender,
Gliding swiftly to their stations, bowing with exquisite grace.

Gay, old-fashioned pinks and larkspur, with the quaintest of demeanor,
Sweet wild roses,—country cousins!—drooping Canterbury bells;
Morning-glories, bright and saucy, heartsease,—timid little dreamer!—
Buttercups and nodding daisies, marching upward from the dells.

All the birds are gath'ring swiftly, flying lightly to their places,
Perching on the leafy tree-tops, talking o'er the gala day;
Getting up some mild flirtations, showing off their pretty graces,
Gossiping about their neighbors, just to pass the time away.

But, because Sir Tiger Lily can't endure his vulgar humming,
They have sent no invitation to their friend, the Bumble-bee;
And the slight has made him furious, and he vows that he is coming,
And he'll pay them for their rudeness with a loud charivari.

Hark! I hear the bluebells chiming, ringing out the wedding peal,
And a hush, profound, expectant, settles o'er the waiting throng;
Listen! softly on the breezes floats the chorus hymeneal,
As the birds pour out their voices in a grand, triumphal song.

—Nelly Booth Simmons, in *Toledo Blade*.

Child Philosophy.

A little girl had some new shoes which were stiff and hard, after the manner of new shoes. When the little maiden drew them off at night, she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "Oh, how good new shoes feel *when they're off*!" Being a hearer of this naive bit of wisdom, I fell to thinking of it as more than a childish oddity of language. Truly is there not such a thing as feeling things and thinking of things when "they're off?" and is not this the part of a grateful and lowly spirit? There is a deep philosophy of enjoyment in thinking of things both when *they're on* and when *they're off*. The wisdom and philosophy is this—enjoy pleasures when they're on and enjoy pains when they're off. Now, if this be considered, it is the condition of all enjoyment; for it is not easy to enjoy a pleasure when it's off, and quite impossible to enjoy a pain when it's on. How, then, can we enjoy at all, and especially how can we enjoy the whole of life and press virtue and happiness from the whole, unless we enjoy the two kinds of things at their right times, namely, pleasures when they're on and pains when they're off? Yet, how contrary to the wisdom of the little child most of us go! "Pleasures brighten as they take their flight," says the poet. Sad, very sad! The world is full of whimpers, cries, and groans after "off" joys which but little we rejoiced in when they were on; likewise full of howls and writhings over pains and diseases which yielded no pleasure when they were off, but moanings and roarings enough when they are on. Now, did ever any one who had drained deeply a joy when it was on, and tasted it with great gratitude of soul, ever bewail it with murmurs, scowls, dirges or bellowings when it came to an end? I can not tell, but I think not. For when any one has been faithful to a joy, it is so faithful to him that it leaves a store of comfort and peace

with him when it departs. And, contrariwise, they that find happiness because a pain is off, and think how good that it is off, are they who take it quietly, without whining or howling, when it comes on.

But now, how are we to rejoice in a pain when it is off? For this is a point to be thought of, since I have observed that many persons think they do this when they rejoice that they are not in pain like others, as the publican gave thanks that he was not "like other men." But this is a wrong way, and will not make the heart soft. Surely it is but hardhearted, when we witness pain, loss and grief, to turn it to joy because *we* have escaped; and it is but a selfish road to contentment which many preach, namely, to bethink us how many are worse off than we are. For the right way is not to be pleased because we have less pain than others, but to be pained that others suffer more than we. But how, then, shall we enjoy a pain when it is off? Why, thus, indeed—we are to enjoy *our own* pains by thinking of them with joy that now we feel them no more. This may be a very wholesome and grateful rejoicing. For if sometimes many pleasures be removed, and troubles, difficulties, struggles, come to take their place, or if it be within us a kind of dull day—not night, not sunshine—then if we bethink us that once we were sick and now well, once weak and now strong, once in pain and now whole, these thoughts will be good food for the soul, and we shall make a joy out of pains that are off.

J. V. B.

UNITY CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.

The Bread-Words of God.

SERMON BY REV. JAMES G. TOWNSEND, D. D.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—Matt. 4: 4.

Some words are transient and local—for the hour and for the few. Some words are permanent and universal, for all times and for all. Of this latter class are those words of the Great Teacher, "Man shall not live by bread alone." They touch the lowest depths and the profoundest heights of our nature. In all literature I know no sentence which can compare with it in philosophical and ethical insight.

How clearly it recognizes the wants of human nature. Man is a creature of many mouths. Man should not live by bread alone—he has more than his physical nature that must be fed. That thought is but a shallow will, which sees in man only the necessity of material things. Oh, say some, "give man a soft bed, a tight roof and a large bank account and you compass his wants." But do you? Here is a man who sits at a banquet, eating and drinking until he is surfeited. You say, "His mouth and stomach measure him." But the next morning he is at business and takes hold of it with a grasp that does not relax until ten at night. In any measurement of him you must take into account these industrial desires, this money-making propensity.

Have you yet fully measured him? See him as he stands over the bed whereon lies a sick child. Day and night find him there. No call of business is as loud as the faint moan of his child. When at last the child is carried out and laid under the flowers this man sadly picks up again the scattered threads of business, but if you were to look into his heart you would see a wound that every day bleeds fresh blood. But have you sounded all the notes in the gamut of his nature?

See the same man as he looks upon the hills fired by the flames of the setting sun! A glow falls upon his face as if some Ariel were touching his features with light. He is passing through the gate Beautiful, and you have not measured him if you do not take into your account this passionate desire.

See him again in the shadows of the forest, as he forgets hunger and weariness in his search. Search for what? That he may discover the nest and learn the habits of the strange bird which he has been watching for a week. The man is not measured until you recognize his profound desire for knowledge.

Listen to his reply to an expostulating voice. "Why do

you take a course which will bring you so much misery?" How firm comes back the voice, "Because it is right and I can do no other." Can he be measured without taking into account that august element we call conscience?

Finally see this man as he kneels in the darkness, sobs roll like waves out of his soul as he cries, "Oh, thou, Great Silence, speak to me." Can man be measured without including this aspiration of the Infinite?

I say again, man is a creature of many mouths. The dullest lump of apathetic clay, at times desires more than bread. The heart hungers for affection, the imagination for beauty, the mind for truth, the conscience for right, the soul for God.

But as man is a creature of many mouths God is a being of many words. He feeds every mouth which he has made. For the physical mouth of man what ample provisions has he made. We look with careless eye often at the material foods as common things. But the rosy apple, the yellow peach, the white turnip, the leafy cabbage, the earth colored potato, the golden pumpkin, the grains, wheat, corn, rye, oats, barley, millet,—what are these common fruits or grains but bread words of God, gifts of his beneficence.

There is too that grace which is on all things of use—that quality we call beauty. Plus the useful there is the beautiful to feed the eye and the imagination. I lingered a long time at the fair the other day before the display of apples, and I could not but think how much they feed the eye. That stand was a parterre of beauty, each apple was a globe of rarest color. What lines and curves! The apples there told more of form and color than all the painters and sculptors in the world know. If the fruit which hangs on the Tree of Life in Heaven is more beautiful than they, our eyes will have to be attuned to the sight or we shall go blind. But more than all the beauty we see about us—the changing grass, the golden dandelions, the humble mallows and mayweed, the dust of the street, the gray and white pebbles, the distant hills smoothed into wondrous form, the flying clouds struck through with crimson, the flaming sun—what are all these but bread words to feed our want for beauty on.

And the wondrous beauty of the human face (and every face is beautiful unless made ugly by passion), is not that God's bread word too? We pass by human faces and read nothing therein. A great portrait painter when he was asked if he did not find many faces which were totally uninteresting to him said: "I never had to paint a face which did not possess lines and meanings beyond my power to seize and portray."

How the thought flashes out upon the future. Seems

"To come and go with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had been."

Another word upon which God feeds us is the bread-word of affection. We often speak lightly of father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, child, forgetting the profound meaning of those relationships. We forget that their pure love is Heaven's bread on which we are to nourish our hearts. A little child in the home is a message immediate of the kingdom of heaven. There is more sustenance in the kiss of a child than a banquet set before a king. And when the child has slipped out of our arms, to kiss even in memory the lips which have withered in death is better than to fill our hands with gold.

God also feeds us on his words which he speaks through the lips of philosophers, poets and prophets. The high utterances of Moses, Buddha, Isaiah, John, Paul, Luther, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe, are divine bread-words to feed our intellectual and moral nature. More clearly and potentially has God spoken through Christ. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." This is not poetry, this is not miracle, it is the natural order of things. Christ is God's best word to man. In Christ humanity was so clarified, so transparent, that the Divine shone through. Christ was the liquid syllable of the divine speech. In Him humanity blossomed until it bore the very perfume of heaven.

"Blessed are the pure at heart; for they shall see God." "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God"—these and other great words seem to chime with the music of everlasting Truth—they are the bread-words of humanity!

But you ask, "Will God speak immediately to me?" How freely Christ confessed that he had no monopoly of the divine gift. "Ask and it shall be given you, Seek and ye shall find, Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Some souls are rivers, some are rills, but there is no soul so small but it may be a channel of the Divine. That impulse, to be better, that tender feeling, that uplifting of courage, that voice you heard when no one was near, that touch that thrilled you, was it not God?

This, then, is our high privilege to live upon every word of God, his word material, his word mental, his word spiritual. We are to drain, so to speak, the udders of the universe. There is no cup of joy, beauty, inspiration, to which we may not put our lips. But is not this the picture of a selfish life? No, far from it. Here is an enjoyment from which none are shut out by the amount you take. Why should you be miserable in your goodness? The highest goodness is to enjoy. Joy radiates a ray from a happy heart, disperses a cloud which hangs over the heart of another. When you feel delight in art, in beauty, in affection, you help lift off the sorrow of the world. The kiss of the child goes through the heart of the father and through all hearts which the father touches. Disavow forever the belief that to be miserable is to be good. Happiness is goodness. Man may live on every moral which proceedeth out of the mouth of God, for all his words are good and happy words.

We come now naturally to the true meaning of what living is. Living is the normal activity of our whole nature. He who lives least is he who uses the least of his nature. He who lives most is he who uses most of his nature. Here, for example, is the inebriate who uses only his stomach. His life is a single path from his home to the saloon. How narrow his life. Here is a man whose engrossing thought is the gratification of his sensual nature. How narrow his life. And the man who turns all his desires to personal ease and comfort,—what a small circle does he live in? How much larger is the life of one who satisfies every part of his nature, feeds his heart on affection, his mind on truth, his imagination with beauty, feeds every mouth of his nature, breakfasts on the morning light and sups upon the stars.

Some men's lives are the vibration of a single string and that a base one. Other men's lives are great organs on which the hands of the universe play sublime melodies. What a narrow life that woman lives whose ideal is fashion, whose belief is a fashion, whose religion is a fashion! Compare her life with this woman who lives in a humble home, but who has learned to drink from the deep well of affection, who delights ever in her menial work, who knows how to make Longfellow and Tennyson sing for her, who is made happy at the sight of a flower, and in her hours of meditation and prayer holds high converse with God.

What a narrow life does that man live who feeds himself on pride and prejudice, this one who nurses his jealousies and whose meal is fault-finding, or this one whose thoughts circle around his desire for a soft place, wherein he may escape the burden of life. Life narrowed to a point is not life. Life is in the quality and breadth of feeling, and that man lives whose moral and intellectual hand stretches over the continents, down into the depths, up into the heights and brings the treasures of the universe to him.

Here we see the operation of a great law—namely, that the soul grows like what it feeds on. Let me know the outward and inward life of a man, where he goes, the companionship he seeks, the conversation he listens to, the books he reads, the paths in which his thoughts travel and I will paint his moral portrait for you. I know the man. For if the soul feeds on lust it grows lustful, if on trivialities it grows trivial, if on flattery it grows vain, if on the earth it grows earthy. But if the man feeds on broad sympathies, pastures in wide

fields of thought, lives upon the grand bread-words of God, his soul grows broad, beautiful, rhythmical as the oak which sucks up the juices of an acre into its mighty mouth.

But this thought grows deeper. We are very apt to overrate the influence of what we call blood. We say of a child or of a man, "Oh, you can't make anything of him, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." This is arrogant nonsense when applied to a man. Look what a transformation you can make in a plant or animal by giving it rich and nourishing food. Take the the commonest cattle and give them good food and kind treatment and in a few generations you have an improved race, you make a necessity for a new herd book.

But what you do for a race of animals you can do for the individual man, or the man can do for himself. The soul responds to the bread it feeds on. What a narrow, petty, trivial, inch deep nature was that of Rosamond Vincy. Rosamond Vincy was a prudent negative Becky Sharpe, but under the influence of Dorothea's generous womanhood she rose up to a high emotion and resolution. Take any child and put it in a home where there are no petty quarrels, mean selfishness, trivial aims, corruptions, coarseness, but where the life is large, rich, pure, and the child will, in almost every case, take of the quality of that life. If you were to ask me for a complete definition of man, I should give it in one word, Sympathy—the sympathy of things. He takes that which he touches. If he touches the earth, he's earthly; if he touches the heavenly, he's heavenly. If he touches God, he is Divine. Let beauty thrill him, he becomes a poem; let music he is an oratorio. Let prayer, and his soul becomes an altar whereon burn the heavenly flames.

We can here see the divine method by which we can conquer the vile hungers of the flesh. See the tiger feeding with ferocious greed upon the body of his victim. We all have the tiger passions for drink, for lust, for gain or for selfish advancement. How shall we quell them? The more we feed them the more vile and ferocious they grow. There is but one way, by getting the taste of the better bread in our mouths. When we have tried the better we do not care to go back to the old way. We would not go back to the customs of our forefathers of a couple of centuries back. Then the tables, even of the best families, were usually rough boards. There were no table cloths. Ladies rarely and gentlemen never possessed a handkerchief. The food was usually piled upon the bare board before each guest, the board not often washed. If there were plates, two persons, a lady and a gentleman, ate off one plate, and as forks were unknown, they ate with their fingers, not over clean. We who have the cleanly convenience of the modern table, even at the most plain meal, do not wish to go back to the customs of forefathers.

This is true in all our life. When we rise to better things, when we taste that which is good, these vile hungers no longer gnaw in the passions. He who feeds his heart on the pure joys of affection will not care to feed on the carrion of lust. He who enters the wide zones of honesty will not care to go back to the narrow places of lies and deceit. How can one who has fed upon the bread-words of God go back to feed upon the stones? He who has tasted the seeds of liberty, will he care for the dark prison houses of slavery. He that hath the pearl will not exchange it for the pebble. He that once lives dreads most of all that he should again die.

How is it with you, my brothers and sisters? Is your life coarse, unclean, narrow, or broad as the zones of knowledge?

Have you quenched all your vile hungers and learned to love the good bread of God? Is your life so real and true that you feel it must be for ever? There is no proof of another life like living nobly in this. The certainty of the Hereafter is in the grandeur, the beauty and the glory of the Here.

George Eliot has said, with deep penetration, "We can begin to do many things with a new person—even begin to be a better man."

Perhaps in this sacred hour we, in the vision of a great truth, may begin to rise to its meaning, begin to incarnate it in our lives.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Union Teachers' Meeting, on Monday, at noon, September 19. Fourteen present. The lesson was the second chapter of Luke, the story of the birth and childhood of Jesus. Mr. Utter, the leader, said the story of the taxing could not be explained in conformity with facts, or so as to save Luke's accuracy. The Romans did not decree a universal taxation but made requisitions on the rulers of tributary provinces and left them to get the money as they chose. Besides, why should Joseph and Mary go to a city where they had no property? The reason and purpose of the story is plain, namely to have Jesus born in a Davidical city. Luke throughout seems so to shape the narrative as to make Jesus fulfill as much as possible the ancient biblical prophecies. We should tell the children in a wise and careful way that the story is mythical and that it was made a long time afterward, because Jesus was so great and good that it seemed to men he must have had a wonderful birth.

Directors' Meeting of the W. W. U. C.—The third meeting of the board of directors of the W. W. U. C. was held Thursday, Sept. 1, at the headquarters, 175 Dearborn street. Present, Mrs. West in the chair, Mrs. Jennings, of La Porte, Ind., Mrs. Brown, of Hinsdale, Ill., Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Marean, Miss Hilton, of Chicago. The reports of secretary and treasurer were read and accepted. Letters were read from Wichita, Kansas; Sioux Falls, Dakota; Princeton, Ill., and from three of the state directors—Mrs. Dinsmore, of Nebraska, Mrs. Hiscock, of Colorado, and Mrs. Savage, of Wisconsin. In both Wichita and Madison, Dakota, there are movements almost ripe for organization. Leaders to focus the interest into a society is all that seems needed. From Princeton comes encouraging report of an organization, with about forty signatures to the bond of fellowship, which has been holding regular services for two months, with an attendance of from forty to seventy persons. Mrs. Richardson adds in her letter: "This is woman's work, and we feel very happy at the outlook. . . . There are hundreds of little towns all over Illinois where just such little circles are possible. All the people need is the determination to try." We wish this good word might be caught up and acted upon by many groups of friends throughout the west. In behalf of the Indian work Mrs. Jones moved the following resolution: *Resolved*, That Mrs. Dow write Mr. Bond and inquire into his most pressing need, and report the same in UNITY with a call for help. Mrs. Jones, chairman of the,

Temperance committee, moved: That the Woman's Conference recommends that the Sunday-schools of the Unitarian churches hold special temperance services at stated times during the year,—which was carried. Mrs. Marean, chairman of Foreign Mission committee, stated that she had been in correspondence with the Pundita Ramabai, with the hope of arranging for her to be present at the regular meeting of the Woman's Association of Chicago when the paper on Foreign Missions would be given, that she might emphasize the need for help among the women of India. But the pressing need of the conference at present is more money to carry on the Post-office Mission. Memberships to the conference are solicited. A motion to adjourn was made and carried.

FLORENCE HILTON, *Secretary*.

Philadelphia.—Morse has made a head of Carlyle in which is portrayed the rugged sweetness of a man whose most frequent portraits emphasize simply a partial view of his character, and that the one we could least like. —Clifford, Mangasarian and Haskell are back in their pulpits again.

—The plan of the school of the Ethical Society has been extended so as to include larger children and ampler studies. Miss Demmon, of Boston, is to be among the teachers the coming season, and it is probable that Morse will have charge of the class in modeling.

—The question of the observance of Sunday is very much agitated here just now, with the Germans mostly, to offset the extreme thought of the orthodox preachers, and the Bible is ludicrously quoted to sustain both sides.

—Mr. Ames has not yet returned to the city, but his people continue their informal Sunday gatherings.

—Mangasarian is preaching a series of national sermons.

—The president of the Camden city council is, I believe, president of the Unitarian society of that city as well.

—It is probable the contemporary club will take up some of the great religious and social questions for discussion through the series of meetings that commence with November. Conway, George and Flske are among the possible speakers.

—Morse has done so much good work since he came here in the spring that it affords one satisfaction to say that Chicago people who are interested in such things may soon have an opportunity, through some arrangement he is now perfecting, to examine the results for themselves. H. L. T.

The Pacific Slope.—The Unitarian club and church at Oakland are growing in numbers and influence and moving towards a church edifice.

—Green, in Tacoma, W. T., has broken ground for his new chapel to be finished by Christmas.

—Wheelock in Spokane Falls, reports a fine lot secured and a church building in prospect.

—Los Angeles is still wrestling with a building enterprise. They have large plans and that makes it come harder.

—Santa Barbara owns a church lot which cost \$3500 two years ago, is now held at \$20,000.

—The Jewish Society Emanuel in San Francisco have generously offered the Sunday use of their temple to the Unitarian society while the latter's new church is building, and it has been accepted.

—Rev. Chas. W. Wendte recently lectured before the literary and social association of Emanuel Temple.

—This same tireless missionary has lately been much interested in high license for Oakland. It was carried at the polls but the saloon keepers bought up the council. The end is not yet.

Minnesota.—J. R. Effinger, western secretary, spent Sunday last in Minneapolis, preaching in the morning for Mr. Simpolla. The congregation was large and inspiring, filling the fine auditorium and overflowing into the galleries. Late comers dropped into easy

chairs in the parlors, within range of the pulpit. The parlors are so commodious that a hundred people may be thus seated. The admirable church building already filled with its eager congregation, is a noble testimonial to the ability and faithfulness of a devoted minister and an augury of good to the denomination he represents. In the evening came heart refreshings with old friends and fellow workers in St. Paul, and a glimpse at Unity church committees, with their heads together in earnest consultation over plans of work for the coming fall and winter. Mr. Crothers is beloved by the people and is interested in all methods of aggressive missionary work. It but remains for the Minnesota brethren to organize a state conference, with the come-to-stay feeling, man the field with a good minister-at-large, stand generously at his back, and begin to build up the waste places. West St. Paul, with its twelve or fifteen thousand people, should soon be made the center of a new Unitarian movement. A state conference, once an established fact, would tell helpfully upon the movements already started at Duluth, Winona and Luverne, and would soon awaken a kindred interest at other points. We rejoice in the encouraging outlook for the liberal cause in Minnesota.

Boston Notes.—At Meadville, during the summer, the number of students belonging to the next graduating class has been reduced, the hope being to send out the usual sized class with a higher grade of ability than ever before. Professor Barber tarries at the east till the time of fall opening, advancing the interests of his school. Rev. N. Green, of Mottram, Ceshire, England, who is upon a tour of study of our eastern and western methods, preached last Sunday very acceptably in the Meadville pulpit. Students entering the school the present fall will be given unusually good advantages of training.

—The work of the Boston churches the coming winter is hoped to be continued, theater preaching for five months, possibly additional services at a south end theater, young people's services under auspices of the young men's "Channing Club," hotel advertising of Sunday services, opening of the Boston "Toynbee Hall" project, lectures in Channing Hall to parents and Sunday-school teachers, offered by the Sunday-school Association, special effort to inaugurate the Japanese mission, an effort to unite more closely the practical work in New England of Universalists and Unitarians, the eagerly expected benefit from the work of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs, besides usual courses of sermons in our city churches.

An Experiment.—In the Davenport society one of the members tried the experiment of sending sermons—two or more at a time—to the stay-at-home people through the ten weeks' vacation, and found the sending forth an easier matter than the calls would have been, while undoubtedly the sermons carried more of the outlooking and uplifting spirit so hard to attain in the heat and dust of July and August, than one personality could possibly have given.

287 Unity short tracts were used.

136 Unity mission tracts.

54 A. U. A. tracts.

9 miscellaneous sermons.

Total, 486.

Uneliminated Savagery.—The trail of the serpent is still upon the man, the beast from which we came is still in active conflict with the angel towards which we are tending in every human soul. In illustration of the above, we clip from a newspaper the following item concerning an English nobleman: "Lord Eversley, at ninety-four years old, is still a sprightly and active man, in body and mind. He is as close a student of current politics as when he was Speaker of the House, thirty odd years ago, and as keen a sportsman as ever, as may be inferred from the fact that he has just been purchasing a brace of breech-loading guns containing all the modern improvements invented by men born since he passed

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XX.]

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[NUMBER 5.]

EDITORIAL.

AT Portland, Ind., the Presbyterians were very much disturbed by the thought of a Unitarian occupying their church, but finally concluded Unitarians *could not be worse than Universalists*, so they resolved to run the risk. Another lady told the missionary she expected to be awfully bored, but said all were disappointed. *All risked* a second service and wanted more.

THE *O. B. W. Weekly* thus balances the temperance equation:

"We have the drinking men on our side; we have the foreign element on our side; and we have the money on our side; and money is a power, and don't you forget it!"—*A Liquor Dealer*.

"We have the sober men on our side; we have the women on our side; and we have God on our side; and God is a power, 'and don't you forget it!'"—*John P. St. John*.

THE *Gospel Banner* has some good things to say about the minister's wife. It says: "Doubly blessed is the true minister who has a wife well adapted to him and to his work. Such a woman can do an invaluable work in connection with his labors. But no parish should consider that it calls his wife when it settles a minister. No exacting duties should be marked out for her. She should be as free as any in the parish in these matters. Yet such a woman will do all that can be reasonably asked of her. She knows her place in church work as in home work and in social duties. Freedom she must have.

IN one of the many noble and well deserved tributes that have been paid to the late Dr. Mark Hopkins, the writer says: "He was one of those rare beings whose life, while revealing the possibilities of human nature, has rendered more easy of comprehension the problem of the divine incarnation in the person of Jesus." A noble and suggestive tribute! It is the divine in our life that helps us to see and interpret the divine in another. The Christ life is reflected in all holy lives. The "divine incarnation" is not limited to a single child of the All-father, to one "only" son. That high doctrine which has found its partial utterance in the deification of Jesus, is slowly orbiting itself in the larger thought, which is its logical outcome, namely, the divine incarnation in Man. Every noble life is a key to this mystery, a visible commentary on the larger scripture.

AN educational institution in the east is said to have originated this method of raising funds: "Four persons, each taking the letter 'A' to identify himself, paid in ten cents each and undertook to secure four other persons, lettered 'B,' who should give ten cents each, and they in turn should find four others to do the same, and so on, continuing the arithmetical progression through the alphabet." It is the many little sums that make the large sums. The Roman Catholic churches in this country, with their charities, are very largely supported by the multiplied small contributions. The Methodists, of all our Protestant churches, best understand the secret of this. The average church financiering, however, will not "waste time" in gathering the little gifts. To the ordinary business man, used to accounts on a larger scale, the dimes are scarcely worth the collecting. The "free seat" system has failed financially in some experiments for lack of more exact method and appreciation of these little gifts. But the combined gifts of fifty are of more value than the same sum from five, if only they mean the interest and good-will of

ten times as many. Of course it means more work for somebody, but no good thing is brought about or long sustained in this world apart from somebody's labor.

IN reading a recent editorial in a certain religious journal, marked by very ill-considered personalities, we were reminded of a remark once made in our presence by the minister of one of the leading orthodox congregational churches in the west. The minister had just received and read a note from a fellow-minister touching some local denominational matter, wherein the manifestly intended sting was but poorly concealed under the endearing address. "There," said the man, "I never knew a minister who had some spiteful and mean thing to say to another who didn't begin with 'dear brother' and end with 'your brother in Christ.' Brotherhood is better shown in brotherly courtesy and consideration than in 'brother'-ing another's name, and cant can taint the best words.

MRS. WOOLLEY, in "Love and Theology," tells us that at Dennison theological amity had proceeded so far that the three church bells in the village had been selected so that their pitch would harmonize one with the other, so that when they were sounded together of a Sunday morning there was, instead of discord, a melodious chord. This is a hint for those who would work for unity in religion. Our dream is not a monotone in religion, but harmony; not uniformity of thought and organization, but complexity, looking toward the same end,—the perfection of life. Let each church bell have its individual tone to emphasize, but let it also willingly contribute its notes in that grander chord, which can not be sounded, except through the help of all the bells of all the churches in Christendom and out of christendom.

WE clip from an exchange this interesting paragraph about Henry Ward Beecher's library, which is soon to be scattered under the hammer of the auctioneer: "It is a large collection, and those who have examined it find that it abounds in poetry, history, philosophy, ethics, and works on religious subjects. There are numerous flat table books filled with engravings. Not a few of these are representations of statuary, both ancient and modern. There is a noticeable absence of novels. Even his own production, 'Norwood,' has no place in the collection. There are few Greek or Latin books. The poetical works show signs of usage. Singularly enough, although there are several dictionaries, this can not be said of them. There are Bibles and hymn books by the score, many of them bearing inscriptions to indicate that they were presents from admirers or friends. The historical works form the greater part of the library, and appear to have been often consulted."

THE colored preacher, John Jasper, is reported to have preached his sermon on "The Sun Do Move" nearly one hundred times since he first gave it to his congregation, in 1878. He is reported as saying that he has had large offers from all over the country, and even from across the ocean, to come and give this "sermon;" that a man in London once offered him \$400. We suppose Mr. Jasper to be thoroughly sincere in his peculiar ideas, and we doubt not that along with these "scientific" views he gives to his own people much helpful exhortation and instruction bearing upon their daily life. In all this he deserves respect. But what shall we say of people who do not believe at all what he is preaching as conviction, and take him up only to furnish amusement, or as a financial venture? It reveals a curious and rather unpleasant aspect of human nature. If such motives, as we suspect, lay

behind some of these offers, it seems to us both a mocking at truth and a mocking at humanity. It suggests that sneer which Jesus thought worse than anger, and for which the punishment typified in the fire of Gehenna seemed to him none too severe.

NOT to anticipate the fuller word of criticism and review which in due time UNITY will give, we cannot delay our word of welcome to Mrs. Woolley's new story, "Love and Theology." Our readers will welcome it as the first book from the hand of one of our own staff, whose name and word, both in prose and poetry, they have long been familiar with. They will welcome the book as a prophetic venture in literature, the bold utilizing of the deeper heart material, as well as the thought material of to-day, which, now as always, gathers around religious questions and artistic and literary problems. We know enough about this book, both in its growth and completion, to say confidently that the reader will find in it a vivid reflection of the sincere gropings toward "sweetness and light" through which people are passing all around us. When the liberal thought becomes fluid enough to flow into poetic, artistic and literary moulds, then it will be gospel thought, it will have life shaping potency. Of the literary qualities of this book we do not now speak, although we know it to be toothsome. But of its ethical and religious importance, we are glad to give this prompt hint, that our readers may lose no time in securing it. Will those who read it tell us what they think of it,—not necessarily for print.

More Editorial Wanderings.

The last number of UNITY was edited on wheels. On Thursday, 15th, 8 P. M., the senior left the center of things in the west on the Chicago & Atlantic railway, and found himself twelve hours later at Akron, Ohio, the city famed for oatmeal, sewer pipes, Buckeye reapers and mowers, and last, but not least, Buchtel college. This last was the occasion of our halt of twenty-four hours. The unmistakable signs of prosperity are manifested everywhere. A trim campus with its flower beds, closely shaven lawn and sidewalks; inside the building, cleanly rooms, carpeted halls and tidy class-rooms bespoke not only prosperity, but the presence of ladies, which always dispels the barn-like dreariness and barracks-like coarseness of the colleges into which only boys are admitted. Last year there were 369 in attendance upon all the departments, about one-half of them ladies. This year there will be an increase. The faculty, with Dr. Cone at its head, consists of twenty-three gentlemen and ladies, and seems to be alive, progressive, enthusiastic and able. This college is under the management of the Universalist convention of the state of Ohio. But, as a Universalist college ought to be, it is in fact a *non-sectarian* school where "religious opinions are respected but not taught." The historical interest of the college centers about the generosity of its chief benefactor, whose name it bears. Mr. Buchtel would be best known to our western farmers as the Buckeye reaper man, but he will be known to future generations as the man who labored hard and successfully, and gave his all to the good of mankind in this college. First and last his benefactions to the college will amount to about a quarter of a million. The result already is a wholesome college doing genuine work, exerting a great influence upon the pretty city and surrounding country, and offering good privileges at very low prices. To those who are seeking an unsectarian atmosphere in which to educate their boys and girls at much less cost in money than the larger universities of the land demand, Buchtel college commends itself. Friday evening the lower chapel was filled by students and citizens to listen to a lecture on "The Cost of an Idea," by the Chicago editor.

Saturday morning we were on wheels again, editing UNITY *en route*. At 4 P. M. we arrived at Jamestown, the objective point of this ramble. We came to exchange with Doctor Townsend, of the Independent church and the "New School of Theology." A half hour later who meets us at the parsonage door but the heretical doctor himself! Somebody has

blundered. He thought it was to be a week later. Where the blunder lies we will never tell in UNITY. But here we were, Chicago and the expectant pulpit six hundred miles away, and both preachers at one end of the line. Saturday, 5 P. M., telephone, telegraph, carriage and a parishioner or two were called into hurried assistance, and in thirty-five minutes the doctor was off on a local branch road to head off the limited express on the Lake Shore road which reached Chicago at 9:55 Sunday morning.

Sunday two full congregations gathered in the handsome auditorium, which seats upwards of 500 people. The old Methodist church has been improved and renewed as much as the theology of the minister who once stood in its pulpit as a Methodist, now as an independent, representing the broader fellowship and the larger hope.

A bright Sunday-school of 175 children in ample rooms, in the vestry a new \$4000 organ, all bespoke the vitality of the new movement. The day was perfect, the welcome to the stranger was cordial. But we were all wondering whether the doctor got there in time!

Monday evening another good congregation met at the Independent church, in Jamestown, to listen to a lecture on "George Eliot, and her Writings." Five hours of Tuesday were spent at Meadville; just long enough to shake hands with a few of the returning students and to meet on the steps of the Unitarian church the first fruits in the direction of theological student, of All Souls church Post-office Mission, and to learn that on the Sunday previous he sought the editor in his own pulpit, and found instead Doctor Townsend, *who did get there on time*. The prospects are for full classes at the theological school. The hard seats are going out of the school chapel, more comfortable ones going in. The church organ is being moved down stairs and other signs of prosperity are visible.

What is the matter with the Erie railroad system? Has Jay Gould too little money? The train on his controlled lines was late as usual, and instead of being in Chicago at eight o'clock it was nearly one in the afternoon when we arrived on Wednesday; but we were in time to spend an afternoon with the brethren in social fellowship and council with Doctor Townsend, the man who preached two tender, earnest sermons in the pulpit of All Souls, and who left an impression as of one who has resources. On the evening of that day he bade us "good-bye" with the assurance that the bands of fellowship had been tightened, his confidence in UNITY, its cause and its representatives strengthened and his purpose to co-operate deepened. So ends another "wandering" of the editor.

We Appeal to the Governor.

When the final decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois that confirmed the doom of the sentenced anarchists now awaiting death in the jail of this city, fixing the 11th day of November as the time when the awful deed is to be done was made public, we think it must have sent a quiver of pain through all sensitive hearts and the sun's face was somewhat darkened. Not that the decision was a surprise or that it could possibly have been otherwise. These parties labored persistently and intelligently to arouse armed resistance to the legally-constituted authorities, they sought rebellion and planned for and encouraged the taking of life, they were active aiders and abettors to the foul deeds perpetrated upon innocent men in the line of their duty in haymarket square on the 4th of May, 1886. Of the above we have not now and never have had any doubts. The facts that they are the products of foreign tyranny, that they did not understand the genius of American institutions, that they were actuated by humanitarian impulses, that they were moved by a zealous and commendable passion for reform do greatly modify our feelings towards them. They change repugnance to pity, hate to charity, but they do not change the facts that through these and their associates the lives of innocent women and children were put in awful jeopardy, and that mob violence, the most terrible form of human violence, was set on foot by them, and

that, furthermore, if they had had their way a great city would have been devastated with blood and fire. For these and similar reasons society should take prompt and effective methods to protect itself. Stern methods are the tenderest methods. We ask for no further delays or other trials. We have no sympathy with any effort to escape or confuse the workings of the law by the employment of still more skillful attorneys like Benjamin F. Butler or Robert Ingersoll. These men have committed serious crime and were advocates of crime. They have rendered themselves liable to the severest provisions of our law. The severest provision of this law in Illinois is, alas! hanging. If it is necessary for the state to hang anybody, that necessity is now upon it. Against this law we make earnest protest with this urgent case in mind and in hand.

We have carefully read the opinion of the judges and believe it to be clear and conclusive. We have no mock sentiment to thwart the strong hand of justice or to dim the clear eye of reason. Progress comes by severe methods; the lower life must always give way to the higher. We believe in the evangelizing power of even red-handed war under certain circumstances. The present writer spent three precious years of his life in hardship and exposure as evidence of this faith, and he has never been able by any process of self-analysis to draw an ethical line between Jenkin Lloyd Jones, private in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, pastor and editor. In both cases the aim of life was the ministry of freedom, the hastening of the kingdom of God on earth on the lines of character, culture and equality. He regrets that on the 4th of May, 1886, he was temporarily out of the city so as not to be able to tender his services to the mayor, if necessary. His hand will pull the lanyard of a shotted gun pointed at solid files of living men with as clear a conscience now as then if the safety of the homes and the principles of our country demand it.

Having said this we will not be misunderstood when we protest against this hanging. In the name of the state that is strong enough to protect itself without stooping to the cruel and criminal level of the mob itself; in the name of humanity, which recognizes more and more the sanctity of all life, and that not the least nor the vilest is to be crushed except when all other resources fail; in the name of religion that leaves all retribution to that infinite justice that the gallows can neither hinder nor hasten—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord,"—and gives to the state only the right to protect itself; in the name of morality that teaches that one wrong can not be righted by the perpetration of another wrong; in the name of our children whom we would save from the brutalizing effects of this conspicuous legal murder, we protest against this hanging, and appeal to the Governor of Illinois to exercise his constitutional prerogative and put forth his hand and exercise that clemency that is the higher justice, and commute the awful sentence of the court to imprisonment for life. We do not ask for freedom or pardon. The consequences of these men's acts are too far-reaching, the danger of similar uprising in the future too imminent. We need the severe warning, the prompt rebuke, but we do ask that these poor, deluded idealists, these men seeking for the right thing on the wrong road, these men who have made themselves drunk—aye, brutal—upon the holy wine of equality, be treated with that consideration that becomes a civilized people, who remember "How a single pebble at the root mars the straightness of the pine," who realize their corporate responsibility in these matters. Let the city of Chicago that in 1886 laughed at a swaggering and non-ethical administration, let the state of Illinois, with her purblind politicians and unholy legislators, let the great United States of America, clogged with unscrupulous wealth, and at times well-nigh strangled with its monopolies and capitalistic combinations, sublime in their selfishness, remember that there are too many partners in the crime at the haymarket square to thus single out these seven to death and the rest to freedom. Let us not give this undue personal emphasis to an impersonal problem. Let us not glorify these narrow-minded reformers with the glory of martyrdom. Let us not by the arm of the state add force

to the passion that already blinds the eye of reason on all sides. It is the mock sentiment, that to-day clings to the barbaric law of Moses and demands eye for eye and tooth for tooth. It is cold judgment, severe justice, high science that demand that "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he be thirsty, give him drink, for in so doing you heap coals of fire upon his head." This is hard to do, and harder to receive, but permanent peace and safety to human life and property are possible in no other condition. The tumbrils rattled many a day through the streets of Paris with their heavy load of perpetrators of tyranny given over to the embraces of Madame Guillotine—"the Bride of Freedom," they said—but headless trunks only called for more decapitations. Let no time be wasted in trying to save these lives by legal chicanery and pettifogging; but let the unanimous elements of this country, the pulpit, the platform, and the press in the state of Illinois, appeal to the Governor for that higher justice—at least, so in all modesty we interpret that gospel which is also law. Sadly but boldly we confess our brotherhood with the seven doomed men in the jail, and, as we hope for no heaven to which they will be eternal strangers, we are willing to try to live with them here on earth until they and we are summoned by a Power not of human law to appear where violence is not known and peace and unity reign forever.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Rain.

When life's noon sun is beating
In fiery fury down,
And faith's bright color fading
Into a cheerless brown;

When paths that lie before me
Seem desolate and waste;
When joys have stopped their singing
And friends no longer haste;

When hope, the tree that sheltered
And nourished better life,
Is leaf by leaf fast falling
Beneath the noon-tide strife,

May such a heavenly blessing
As the refreshing rain
Bring back the youth that's fading
And make it bloom again.

WILLIAM S. LORD.

Union by Many Ways.

A large, significant fact emphasized by the new volume of Tolstoi's "Confessions" is the very evident drift of modern thought to an almost exclusive assertion of the ethical and non-miraculous elements of religious truth. The proof of this wiser seeing exists entirely aside from the necessary consciousness of Tolstoi, or of orthodox teachers, that they are penetrated by such an appellant energy. They may know nothing of the ultimate effects of their work even while that work may tend toward an entirely rationalistic basis, as, in fact, with many conservatives, it really does. Tolstoi, however, cannot be said to be going blindly into any philosophy of his own, but the rather is aware that the world requires a new faith in something accepted as the intensest reality. Such teaching, moreover, as now emanates from the Andover progressists, or from the orthodox pulpit in general, can not be regarded as a conscious effort toward the realization of a more essentially humanitarian ideal than is credally affirmed. Yet, Professor Hedge's Church of Humanity is a thing towards which all difference is converging, however little some of the voyagers comprehend the direction of their steps. Of course, all labor toward so beautiful an end deserves to be appreciated. While it is true that the great no-church philosophers and thinkers, together with ethical culture societies

and Unitarian churches, may lead in the movement, all that aids the necessary constructive forces should be recognized. Tolstoi's "Pure Christianity" is nothing more in itself than the "ethical basis" under another name. When certain theologians relax an old severity and adjudge a new chance for the heathen, may we not, without stretching our facts, account it as a Presbyterian step towards an inevitable ethical organization of society? The religiousness of the George agitation in New York, that is so much insisted upon by its supporters, lies in its bringing together of many hitherto divided forces, which mistook theology for religion, but now begin to see that religion, if it means anything at all, must center in moral powers, and be one with this day's good as well as to morrow's promises. Not disguising such progress, which discovers itself wherever we turn, we may be better prepared to learn the lessons of material and spiritual generosity. Not—every man for himself: but every man for all! And every man for all by being so just to himself that he could not be unjust to his fellows! Tolstoi certainly taps the root of this question. He discards the improbable theologies, the cruelties of theory, the pretense that allows a continual conflict between life and thought, and calls us up to the clearer ways which we may tread in the joy of purity. On this basis all mankind may be one. All that the church teaches in the interests of such a faith is good, and everything else is of the nature of an excrescence. Here is the heart of the social, the religious, the political, the industrial questions. We are to be so interested in union that we dare not give aid and comfort to the first or any comer in contravention of it. This or nothing. You who can write "God"—do it; you who can write "good"—do that; you who can declare for man—be zealous of your faith; you who can pronounce for "ethics"—make that the shrine of your many pilgrimages! All of you, born of man for man's noblest rounding-off, may give tribute in some way to the fact you see as chiefest among universal things. Tolstoi stands for this. So do the higher seers of our western world as they bend an anxious and not unrewarded ear to earth for the sound of the coming jubilee of the faiths!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

The Sower.

C. C.

"A sower went forth to sow."

Along the pathless prairie
The tread of human feet,—
Up rise the smoke-plumed cabins,
'Mid springing corn and wheat;
Where, like a mimic ocean,
The wind swept grasses stirred,
The golden sheaves are gathered,
The harvest song is heard.

In vigil of the spirit,
A young man, listening, heard,—
"Go forth among thy fellows,
Thy seed the living Word."
By springs of joy and sorrow,
In fields of toil and care,
By deserts of temptation,
He sowed in faith and prayer.

Nursed by the generous sunshine,
The early and late rain,
From year to year the prairie
Has waved with ripening grain:
From year to year the harvest
Of nobler thought and deed,
Of holier faith and purpose,
Has blessed the sower's seed.

O brave and faithful sower,
Not thine on earth to bind
The full sheaves of thy harvest,
The growths of heart and mind:

Moves on in widening circles
The life-embodied word,
And they shall bear thee witness,
Thy voice who never heard.

The people leave their labor,
The children cease their play,
They bring thee love and honor,
To crown thy festal day.
The heavens glow in beauty,
Lit by thy westering sun,
And earth forestalls the greeting,
"Servant of God, well done!"

F. L. HOSMER.

To P. O. M. Workers.

The following circular to applicants for Unitarian literature has been prepared by the National Post-office Mission Committee of the Women's Auxiliary Conference:

The aim of the Post-office Mission of the Unitarian Church is to reach those liberal thinkers scattered throughout the country, who, having outgrown orthodox creeds, can no longer accept the religious views prevalent around them, and who are often unaware that in the Unitarian church they can find a congenial religious atmosphere. Our effort is to reach such persons by means of an advertisement in the papers, offering Unitarian literature free to all applicants, an effort already crowned with most gratifying success.

Our desire is that these isolated liberals shall no longer stand alone, but shall realize that they belong to a large body of earnest, thoughtful, religious believers, that they shall become our "parishoners" and fellow-workers. To this end, correspondence is desirable. Literature can be sent more surely to actual needs, if we know what those needs are.

What, then, can applicants do to help both themselves and the whole work?

I. Write occasionally to the senders, stating needs, doubts, etc. It is extremely discouraging to send papers, week after week, off into space, receiving no response, feeling, as time goes on, that possibly the applicant's address is changed or that his interest has wholly ceased. A few words of kindly appreciation now and then mightily cheer and encourage the senders. Any questions we will always cheerfully answer to the best of our ability by either the written or printed word.

II. Circulate the reading matter sent freely. In many places far from any Unitarian church, a liberal center is slowly (sometimes rapidly) growing around some one earnest person, who has hastened to share his new-found faith with his friends. Thus the way is prepared for the state missionary, and, eventually, for a Unitarian church. Where a church can not be formed, a reading or Unity club, a series of Sunday afternoon or evening parlor meetings, with some simple form of worship and the reading of a good sermon, followed by discussion, or a small Sunday-school may be organized, that shall be fruitful of much good. Advice and aid in forming such circles will always gladly be given.

III. Send us names of people anywhere likely to be interested in our faith, but only those quite sure to appreciate the matter sent.

IV. Subscribe for one or more of the papers, if able, and circulate your copy. Always let us know if you are a subscriber to any of the papers sent.

V. If unable to subscribe, send postage-stamps or money occasionally, according to your ability, to the P. O. M. Committee. The expense of sending out weekly a large number of publications is a serious consideration, and all stamps received are not only a needed financial help, but encourage us, as an expression of a real interest.

VI. Buy a good book now and then, and loan it. Channing's works, for only one dollar, Channing's life, at the same price, may be instanced as each a library of good—a treasure house of noble, uplifting thought. Lists of desirable books, with prices, will be sent to applicants, who should, however, if possible, state their special needs.

VII. Borrow from the free loaning libraries. Our best de-

nominational books are loaned by mail, the receiver paying the postage only. Catalogues sent on application, and any desired information about books given.

Finally, if at any time your interest ceases, and you no longer read or care for the matter sent, have the kindness to notify us *at once*, thus saving wasted papers, stamps, time and work. Our wish is to send our literature only where heartily welcomed.

A Sketch.

Over eighteen centuries ago there lived a man whose influence on subsequent time has been greater than that of any other name which history affords; whose title has furnished a word for that which noble men and women deem dearest and most sacred in life.

Yet, strange to tell, little is historically known of the man. Among the narratives of him there have some been selected which many deem trustworthy, but these, coming from credulous men, and based upon legends (by many called traditions) which sprang up and grew years after the events they pretend to tell of, the narratives themselves are of historic value almost only as furnishing a mere medium through which his earnest life and moral beauty shone. As the western clouds are made to tell of the glories of the departed sun, so the spirit of heaven-born genius impresses itself on the dullest materials.

From these wonder-loving legends, critical men have striven to write a life, but as yet no genius has arisen capable from the reflections to satisfactorily tell of the original light. Nor may we yet know to what extent the man was the product of the times in which he lived, or to what extent he intentionally moulded subsequent events.

We hardly know more than that he lived in an obscure province of the Roman empire, and at a time when the stoic virtues had declined—when Rome, drunken with blood and bloated with her crimes, was rotting in vice; when the once heroic Greece had grown servile, and when the whole of the then civilized world was slowly dying. Then nature revolted, and men arose protesting against the abominations, and among them there was one whose heavenly spirit and whose tragic death have immortalized him for all time. Back of the myth and fable, we know there must have been an intensely earnest and pure, though somewhat narrow life. We know that faith in an imminent and loving heavenly Father dominated every fiber of his being—a faith without which there can be no real and consoling religion. With all the wrecks that may come, this is the one belief, the one faith, that will to the yearning human heart ever stand immutable.

To what extent his ecstasy caused him to view his own relations to the Father as peculiar is not clear, but certain it is he was dominated with such a belief. His death alone could scarcely be accounted for on other grounds; for we may believe that, as reported, he died the cruel death of a malefactor, and we may accept, as consonant with his spirit, that in his death pangs he forgave his persecutors—his death thus furnishing the tenderest, as well as the most dramatic spectacle the world has ever given, and one that has wrung tears from the eyes of millions.

His followers, while neglecting his noble virtues, sought to make amends by deifying the man. Long years afterward men learned to attach a fetish worship to the legendary narratives themselves, which generally in details, when they do not contradict, they copy. And many so worship them at this day. And in the ears of thousands there has wrung, and in the ears of thousands yet unborn there will wring with superstitions awe, the words, "Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?"

G. M. A.

We have just received three additional numbers of the Old South Historical leaflets, as follows:

No. 5. The Last Day of the Constitutional Convention. From Madison's Journal.

No. 6. Patrick Henry Against the Constitution. Extracts from his first speech in the Virginia Convention, 1788.

No. 7. The Federalist. By Alexander Hamilton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—In finding another's property on the highway, and exacting or accepting a reward for its return, the question occurs, to what decree does my honesty rise or fall with an occasion? If my neighbor's loss involves property worth a hundred dollars, and I grant him new possession for twenty-five dollars, am I more or less than twenty-five per cent. rogue, or does the fact of my shrewdness not affect me morally at all? It seems a case parallel to that which Mr. Blake so beautifully reviewed in a recent article. Yet it appears to be easy enough to reconcile yourself to the logic of exaction if you have grounded the whole course of your ethics upon the expectation of a future life. If it is right to be good for the sake of what is to come as a reward in the future, it is right to be good for the sake of what is to come in the shape of immediate benefit now. That is, it is right to be good in so far as the spiritual is paid for, cash down, in the physical, but not an inch beyond that limit. It is almost heedless to say that there is no basis for morals at all in such a philosophy. Under it, life suffers moral changes with each wind that blows. Yet a vast deal that goes to make up the common life of people is constructed from just that sort of a flimsy material. Moreover, the principle that one may rightly extort what he can from the belongings or labor of another, just because occasion or power made it possible, is responsible for all the crime and disturbance in the commercial spheres. What we require is a code that recognizes a higher inspiration. If you say it were worthy of the owner to pay you his reward, I reply that it were worthier still for you to refuse it. What may be an attestation of spirit with your refusal becomes an act of commerce by your acceptance. But you say, a reward may be a gift, freely bestowed by the owner. A gift to what? A gift that is conceived and fulfilled in beauty must be one of lover to lover. This man simply pays you for being honest. Your sense of integrity revolts against the implied suspicion. For you to surrender to a reward is for you to abdicate a spiritual freedom for a commercial thralldom.

H. L. T.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY:—My attention has been drawn to a letter from J. C. F. Grumbine, in the UNITY of the 10th inst., upon "Henry George and the United Labor Party." I desire to call to your notice what should be of special interest to your readers, namely, the intensely religious character of this new crusade in which Dr. McGlynn, as well as Henry George, are so prominent. Your readers can gather from the following quotations how much of this genuine religious element there is in the teaching of Mr. George:

"Envy the rich? Who that realizes that he must some day wake up in the beyond can envy those who spend their strength to gather what they can not use here and can not take away. The only thing certain to any of us is death. 'Like the swallow darting through thy hall, such, O king, is the life of man!'"

"We come from where we know not; we go—who shall say? Impenetrable darkness behind and gathering shades before. What, when our time comes, does it matter whether we have fared daintily or not, whether we have worn soft raiment or not, whether we have a great fortune or nothing at all, whether we shall have reaped honors or been despised, have been counted learned or ignorant—as compared with how we may have used that talent which has been intrusted to us for the Master's service? What shall it matter when eyeballs glaze and ears grow dull, if out of the darkness may stretch a hand, and into the silence may come a voice: 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' I shall speak of rights, I shall speak of utility, I shall speak of interest; I shall meet on their chosen ground those who say that the largest production of wealth is the greatest good, and material progress the highest aim. Nevertheless, I appreciate the truth embodied in these words of Mazzini to the working classes of Italy, and would

echo them: 'Workingmen, brothers! When Christ came and changed the face of the world, he spoke not of rights to the rich, who needed not to achieve them, nor to the poor, who would doubtless have abused them, in imitation of the rich; he spoke not of utility nor of interest to a people whom interest and utility had corrupted; he spoke of duty, he spoke of love, of sacrifice and of faith; he said that they should be first among all who had contributed most by their labor to the good of all. And the word of Christ, breathed in the ear of a society in which all true life was extinct, recalled it to existence, conquered the millions, conquered the world, caused the education of the human race to ascend one degree on the scale of progress.'—[Social Problems, chapter IX.]. And:

"The hope that rises is the heart of all religions! The poets have sung it, the seers have told it, and in its deepest pulses the heart of man throbs responsive to its truth. This, that Plutarch said, is what in all times and in all tongues has been said by the pure hearted and strong sighted, who, standing as it were upon the mountain tops of thought, and looking over the shadowy ocean, have beheld the loom of land. Men's souls, encompassed here with bodies and passions, have no communication with God, except what they can reach to in conception only by means of philosophy, as by a kind of an obscure dream. But when they are loosed from the body, and removed into the unseen, invisible, impassable and pure region, this God is then their leader and king; they then, as it were, hanging on Him wholly, and beholding without weariness, and passionately affecting that beauty which can not be expressed or uttered by men."—[Progress and Poverty.]

And Doctor McGlynn, in his lecture on "The Cross of a New Crusade," said: "It is my opinion that the Christian church would speedily gather in the whole world into the flock of Christ, if she would preach more generously and more self-sacrificingly to men and women and children whenever they will listen to her, and would carry out with her all wondrously potent influences the blessed lesson of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

In this way has this political movement assumed not only a religious aspect, but a most genuinely religious one at that.

Yours truly,

ALFRED S. HOUGHTON. M. D.

CINCINNATI, September 18.

THE UNITY CLUB.

REV. C. W. WENDTE writes to Mr. Rich as follows: "Let me say that the credit for originating, among Unitarians, what is now known as the Unity Club, is probably due to Unity church, Chicago. When I came to Chicago, in 1869, there was existing in Mr. Collyer's society a very flourishing organization known as Unity Church Fraternity, which was substantially what our Unity clubs are to-day, save that it laid more stress on charitable endeavor than is the fashion among us now. After this model and reminiscences of my former connection with the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, I found, in 1870, the "Starr King Fraternity" among the young people of the Fourth church, Chicago, and in 1871 the Chicago Christian Union (now the Athenæum). The Starr King Fraternity held sociables, studied art, etc., arranged lecture courses, gave "penny readings" among the poor, entertainments of music, recitations, etc., to the inmates of the county hospital, etc., etc.

Possibly Unity Church Fraternity may have had a prototype, but I think they are entitled to the credit of furnishing the good example to the rest of us in that early day of our history, and also the half, and the better half, of our name."

The above is an interesting illustration of the well-known fact that most good things have no beginning. Who invented the watch? Who first made the shovel? The answer is "Nobody," because so many bodies had a hand in it. We suspect the same is true of the Unity Club. It has had no beginning; in one form or another it has been coming into being for the last century. Sporadic classes for study, and spasmodic plans for organizing young people, etc., doubtless reach back all through the history of American churches.

It is simply a question of emphasis, and the selection of the dominant lines that have finally shaped the Unity Club. In its more developed type it is not an organization of young people, neither is it a philanthropic, social or an amusement organization; but it is the study side of the church, a systematic attempt to link thought and culture as a part of the religious work of the church under the directing impulse, and, if possible, guidance of the minister. The first systematic and continuous study of non-biblical authors as a part of the church work, to which all would be invited, and, so far as possible, all would be utilized without reference to age or sex, that we know of in the west, was a season's course laid out in All Souls church at Janesville, Wis., in the winter of '71 and '72, and a year or two later similar work was inaugurated at St. Paul; but we suspect that prior to either of these, Rev. E. H. Hall had regular classes for the study of art in his church at Worcester, Mass. We do not expect to find out who first made the watch; but since the question is raised we will be glad of whatever light may be thrown upon the development of some parts of it. The perfection of the dial or the construction of the case perhaps is discoverable.

We will be glad to print any information received on this dark subject.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Cabin in the Clearing and Other Poems. By Benjamin S. Parker. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 12mo., pp. 310. Cloth, plain edges, \$1.50. Full gilt \$2.00.

After the surfeit of *ballades* and *rondeaux* with which recent bards have overwhelmed us, it is pleasant to listen to the "native wood-notes wild" of a natural singer, one of the few

—"who make

Music for its own sweet sake."

The muse who inspired these songs is not the mincing, modish, fine lady of the minuet, but a hearty, buxom country lass, who foots it fealty in country dance and reel, whose haunt is the husking and the quilting-bee, and who knows a hickory from a pig-nut and an acorn from a chincapin.

Such of these poems as have from time to time been given to the world in "poet's corner" of papers and magazines have been lovingly transferred to many a scrap book; his "Indian Graves" and "'Tis Morning and the Days are Long" found a fitting niche in John James Piatt's "Union of American Poetry and Art," but it is with sincere pleasure western folk greet the appearance of "The Cabin in the Clearing and Other Poems," the first full collection of the verses of a writer whose fugitive pieces have endeared him to many a household.

"The critic comes with awful frown
To crush the artist like a gnat!"

sings our bard; but the sternest of critics under the spell of this greenwood music would forget to frown; for here is the very scent of clover and elder-bloom, the whistle of the quail, the merry chatter of wren and chipmunk, the ripple of forest streams and dance of chequered sunbeams. It is no book-knowledge of nature these lines display—the hand which penned them has been in its time dyed brown with the walnut stain dear to the hoosier boy, and stained with the juice of fox grape and blackberry. The poet has known the haunt of partridge and gray squirrel, the taste of May-apple and haw and hish paw-paw, and has caught his cadences from

"Chattering blackbirds on the trees,
Piping loud their ecstasies,
And the catbird's tangled dream
Of all melodies that make
Bird-songs glad for music's sake.

* * *
Where the hawthorne's tardy bloom
And the linden's rich perfume,
With its hint of honey cells
And the trumpet flower's red bells
Wooed the wandering pirate bee.

[Song of the Imprisoned Thrush, p. 52.]

And because this bard goes straight to nature's heart for

his inspiration, here is that "local color" for which our English critics have so often clamored, and the genuine

"Artless art that tarries long."

"The Cabin in the Clearing," "The Spelling School," "The Camp Meeting," "The Redbud," "An Old Thanksgiving," are true pioneer pictures, doubly welcome in this day when the old pioneer element in western life is already a thing of the past: the log-cabin has given place to the Queen Anne cottage; and maple sugar to the sanded, granulated fraud of commerce. These are, in the highest sense, poetry of the people; but there are not a few poems for poets also, first of these ranks "The Poet's Reed," closely followed by "An Empty Nest," "Conquerors," "She Was Not Made for Sorrow," "A Little Maid of Two"—a delightful study in natural theology, "A Christmas Thought," "The Poet's Art," "Beyond the Afternoon," "Bard and Blossom," and "The Song of the Imprisoned Thrush."

There is a glint of humor in the dialect verse, and a lyric lilt in "Pretty Mary O," "Meggy May," and "The Singing Wind," which makes one marvel why the writer did not follow this vein further,—a genuine song is as rare a thing in these degenerate days as a black swan.

In "occasional" verse he is remarkably happy as "The Whitewater Bar," "Garfield," "Morton," and certain of his sonnets evince. His sonnets, however, are such only to the extent of being poems in fourteen lines, they are not even *fourteeners*, as Charles Lamb calls the looser Shakespearean model: and this is a fact which the purists among reviewers are likely to make the author feel to his cost; the modern school is "rigidly righteous" as to the rhymes of the octave and the sextet. Pre-eminent among the memorial verses is the noble threnody on the death of Sumner, in which these lines occur:

"Hang but one broken feller on his urn,
Let one black mother only bring her young,
And while the past shall on her soul return
But teach her child to lisp with faltering tongue
The name of him, the apostle,—him who gave
His life to freedom and the suffering slave.
We can not honor him, the time is past,
He honored our humanity——"

The fine quality of the poem is evenly sustained from first to last. We can not deny UNITY readers one further quotation, from the tribute to Paul Hamilton Hayne:

"Sunshine and music are the poet's dower;
He sings, and lo! the land is wed to fame:
It may have wealth and excellence and power,
But o'er them all men write the poet's name;
'Tis Burns's land or Schiller's clime or Hayne's:
O'er every ruler's right the poet reigns."

To the names of Forcythe Willson, John James Piatt, Benjamin F. Taylor, John Finley, James W. Riley, Wallace, Harney, and Eggleston, Indiana will be proud to add the name of this new bard, who has caught and held for us in these songs something of her early "settler" life with its instinctive love of nature, homely beauty and sturdy independence of thought.

A. W. B.

The Ruling Principles of Method Applied in Education. By Antonio Rosmini Servati. Translated by Mrs. Grey. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.40.

The book is a fragment, published after the author's death, of a much larger work which the writer had planned. The larger work was to describe the education of the human being, carried through all the stages of life on the principle of natural development, here laid down and applied to infant education only. The outline of the plan of the larger work, as gleaned from the author's notes, is given in the preface. "It is clear," says Mrs. Grey, "that had life and leisure been granted him, he would have given to the world what it has never yet had, a complete method and art of education, based on the applied science of human nature, and having for its aim the full and harmonious development of the latter to the measure of the stature of the perfect man."

Fortunately, the earlier part, which is preserved to us, contains the fundamental principles, both of method and practice,

which remain the same for all periods of life, and of which the application only varies with the varying degrees of individual development. If the former are thoroughly mastered, together with their groundwork in the laws of human nature, the latter will be a comparatively easy task.

It is interesting to note how far that task has been accomplished for us by Froebel, whose Kindergarten system worked out by him in entire ignorance of Rosmini, and under conditions of birth, education, circumstances, so widely different, is yet the complete application to every detail of infant education of Rosmini's principles, or rather principles common to both because both had arrived at them by the same road—the profound study of human nature. Rosmini being a priest of the Roman church "was obliged to depart in religious instruction from the fundamental principle of both himself and Froebel—that children should never learn words representing ideas which their minds are incapable of conceiving; while Froebel, whose whole teaching was imbued with the spirit of religion and directed to lead the mind and heart to the love and adoration of God, excluded from it all dogmatic formulas given in words which the child could not understand.

The book contains three hundred and sixty-three pages. Following the preface is a short sketch of Rosmini. In an introduction the author defines his "Function of the Mind" and methods of each of these functions in performing its particular task. He limits the discussion in this book to the Expository Method, or that through which our knowledge may be imparted to others, and therefore governs teaching in general.

The following, as he sums it up, is the question he tries to answer: "What is the ruling principle of Method? or in other words, How shall we find the sure rule by which the teacher of youth shall know what things to begin with and what should follow, so that the child shall be led on, by gradations always duly adapted to his powers, from what he knows, to what he does not know and has yet to be taught?" A problem this that any thoughtful teacher would like to have satisfactorily solved.

Children notice resemblances more readily than differences. In discussing the order of procedure while teaching children classification of things, Rosmini ingeniously advocates beginning with the general and proceeding to the particular, showing by illustration how the reverse order would necessitate the correction of nearly seventy errors in the child's mind in getting the correct signification of the words—*flowers, Rosacea, roses*,—the special rose *Adelaide Como*. He adds, "If this method be continued the mind is led into error, its ideas are dim and confused, and at last it is brought to a stand, and all but stupefied." Truly, the "how" through Rosmini's eyes, becomes more important to the teacher than the "what," since mind power is the great object sought.

The book, though deeply interesting, is one for the study table rather than for vacation days. Who that has tried it will think the study of a child's mind ever an easy task. Even with Rosmini's keen insight to aid us it still remains a profound subject.

E. C. J.

THE "Old South" historical workers in Boston have already issued four leaflets in the series of 1887. They are as follows:

No. 1. Puritan Politics in England and New England, by Edward Everett Hale.

No. 2. The English Colonies in America, by De Torqueville.

No. 3. The Time of Our Political Probation. Circular letter addressed by Washington to the governors of all the states, on disbanding the army.

No. 4. The Constitution of the United States.

LEE & SHEPARD are about to issue new editions of George Lowell Austin's "Life of Longfellow" and "The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips," also of Henry Giles' "Human Life in Shakespeare," the latter has been out of print for some time. It is the interpretation of genius by genius and it ought to delight a new set of readers and quicken a younger generation.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Duluth, Minn.—The new society here is moving ahead with hope and courage. Mr. West, late of Geneva, Ill., has been engaged as permanent minister, and since the beginning of his work there (September 1), five church committees or "working sections" have gone actively into operation. They are these: Building Committee, Finance Committee, Social Section, Visiting Committee and Musical Committee. An Ethical and Charity Section, and a Unity Literary Club, will also soon be at work. The society will be a working society, as well as a hopeful and reverent and truth-loving society. Mr. West goes to the new position entirely untrammelled in thought and methods, and more cordial relations between people and minister than already exist could hardly be. Let us all wish it well, and by our sympathy and, perhaps, occasional letter, aid it in becoming a power for truth, righteousness and love in the "new northwest."

Chicago.—Mr. Utter preached last Sunday, in answer to the recent criticism on Christianity by a Chinese. A generous abstract of the sermon was published in the *Inter-Ocean*.

—A mistake at the *Tribune* office announced last Sunday morning that Mr. Jones was to preach on the Anarchists Sunday evening. So many came that he repeated his morning sermon to a good audience.

—Rev. Albert Walkley, of Manistee, was in the city this week. He looked in on UNITY office in the interest of a refreshing benefaction sustained in this city by one of his parishoners, in the shape of the Emeline Baths on West Madison street, of which we hope to give fuller accounts one of these days. Here a full bath can be had for 10 cents, a shower bath for five, with a reduction of two cents in either case where the parties bring their own towels. All of the appurtenances are of the most approved pattern. The establishment is a model of cleanliness. Upward of 44,000 baths were taken here last year, and the patronage is growing. Mr. Ruggles, this apostle of soap and towel, this efficient missionary of that which is next to godliness, because godliness is reached by going that way, is looking into the possibilities of establishing similar institutions both on the north and south sides.

—Miss Tupper and Miss Putnam, who have been laboring in our missionary field in western Iowa during the summer, passed through the city this week to resume their studies, one at Cornell and one at the Meadville Theological Seminary. Let other young ladies follow in their footsteps.

Chicago.—The Union Teachers' meeting on Monday was not well attended, since the next

Sunday is to be devoted to a review. Mr. Jones was leader, and in a general way took up the first two chapters of Luke. Mr. Utter, in his notes on lesson 4, says he would have gladly taken up the study of the teachings of Jesus, omitting the birth stories altogether. A better attitude would be the braver one of saying this is our best material. We ought to rejoice in these legendary poetical elements of these gospels. In these chapters are six of the great hymns of the Christian church. We are perhaps not accustomed to think of Luke as a great poet, and yet here are these great hymns, the "Magnificat," the "Benedictus," the "Nunc Dimittis," "Gloria in Excelsis," "Hail Mary," ("Ave Maria.") To identify these in their places in the gospel was spoken of as a useful exercise for certain classes. The debt of Luke to the Old Testament was proposed as another interesting question.

Our Indiana Missionary.—Ft. Wayne. —This place was recently visited by Missionary Jennings. An effort will be made to set the Liberal church on its feet again in this thriving city. Negotiations are pending to secure the Jewish temple. The time seems ripe for a successful movement this fall.

—Portland. —A town of 5000 inhabitants on the Grand Rapids R. R., is just passing through a gas boom. It contains one man who had incidentally, through a traveling man from Richmond, heard of Unitarianism. Through his influence Mr. Jennings was invited last Sunday morning and evening to speak in the Presbyterian church—that church being without a pastor. Good audiences were in attendance at both services. The people seemed to enjoy the new light, and say they will want more in the future.

—Winchester. —The district missionary spoke for the second time in this place last Wednesday evening. After the service the audience unanimously voted to ask Mr. Jennings to lecture there again the next week. Many handed in their names for copies of our publications. The people evidently mean to investigate Unitarianism.

—Westville was visited September 18th, where he spoke afternoon and evening in the Baptist church. The church was filled on both occasions. Arrangements for these meetings were made by a young woman who once occupied a place in Mr. Thayer's choir, in Cincinnati. She was then, and is now, a Methodist, although she confesses to a strong leaning toward the Unitarians. Unitarian services will be held from time to time in Westville.

—Richmond. —This place has just been visited. On account of the yearly meetings of the Friends, both Hicksite and Orthodox, the Unitarian movement will not be resumed probably until November, as Mr. Jennings goes to Toledo, O., through October.

Philadelphia.—A preacher of this city, still overborne by the ancient theologies, calls down "the just wrath of the Almighty God" upon the authors of the Illinois bridge disaster.

—The constitution has been celebrated here the past week with a vim beyond description. Among the preachers who have considered the subject, there are several whose deliverances are interesting, if not instructive. One of them, Doctor Corbett, who is Episcopal by faith, sees in the celebration the suggestion that "the foul mouths" of "Socialists, Anarchists and Nihilists, foreign-born traitors," "must be stopped." Doctor Tiffany, in more liberal temper, dwelling specially upon the religious aspects of the case, insisted upon the preservation of that "grand heritage of a grand people—a free church and a free state." In most instances, however, so far as published notes permit us to know, little of a remarkable tenor, either for good or bad, was uttered in the pulpits. The initial prayer of the Saturday's ceremonies at Independence Hall was allotted to Bishop Potter, and the closing utterance to Cardinal Gibbons. It is interesting enough to be noted that the body of Catholic priests present at this day's exercises absented themselves till the Episcopalian features had been concluded, and then appeared together and took their seats.

—A Methodist preacher in Camden, Lake by name, has been handling Unity church and Mr.

Haskell, of that city, and Unitarian teaching in general, without gloves. The outbreak is of little importance, except as an indication of the animosity that has been developed in Camden towards a movement that seems new and impudent to some in that community. The critic simply threshes old straw, accuses Unitarians of "the do and the don't" natural to the various beliefs they everywhere acknowledge, calls on God to have mercy on their souls, and so on, *ad nauseam*. Which simply shows how far such a man really is from comprehending the spirit that animates the liberal movements of the day. He has so occupied himself with the divergent convictions of those he impeaches that he has failed to see the higher religious unity which becomes richer rather than weaker for the variety it allows. The Camden society, faced by the narrow interpretations necessarily more rife in a small than a large town, should realize that the antagonism means to them inspiration, not failure. Camden is the place, and 1887 is the time, for just such work as they are called upon to accomplish by their free choice. Let them have well-speed for their encouragement from all friends, near or remote.

—The school of the Ethical Society is to be opened on the 22d.

—Mr. Ames is back in the city, and preached for the first time on the morning of the 18th. Evening services at his church will not be started till October. Of all the liberal churches here, I believe his is the most occupied in various works.

H. L. T.

Boston.—The fifth annual course of the Old South lectures for young people has just closed. The course has been the most interesting and successful yet given, the old meeting house being always full. The general subject for the year, "The Birth of the Nation," chosen in commemoration of the centennial of the adoption of the constitution, was a fortunate one, and much reading and study have been stimulated. The programme in detail was as follows: "How the Men of the English Commonwealth Planned Constitutions," by Prof. James K. Hosmer; "How the American Colonies grew together," John Fiske; "The Confusion after the Revolution," Davis R. Dewey; "The Convention and the Constitution," Hon. John D. Long; "James Madison and His Journal," Prof. E. B. Andrews; "How Patrick Henry Opposed the Constitution," Henry L. Sutherland; "Alexander Hamilton and the Federalist," Miss Alice E. Freeman; "Washington's Part, and the Nation's First Years," Edward Everett Hale. Mr. Belfield, of the Chicago Manual Training School, who has been the prime mover in establishing "Old South" lectures in Chicago, was present at two or three of the lectures, and went home with new inspiration. He is arranging a course of lectures on the constitution for the young people of Chicago. The subjects proposed for the Old South essays this year relate, like the lectures, to the constitution. They are as follows: I. The Albany Convention of 1754—its history and significance, with reference to previous and subsequent movement toward union in the colonies. II. Is a Congress of two houses or a Congress of one house the better—what was said about it in the Constitutional Convention, and what is to be said about it to-day?

Wichita, Kansas.—A Sunday Circle has been formed in this enterprising western city. J. R. Effinger, western secretary, goes this week to visit them. He will spend several weeks in Kansas.

Religious Books Wanted.—A society in the west, which is struggling under many difficulties to build a church for its Unitarian faith, will gratefully receive donations of books for religious study class and Sunday-school uses, hoping in due time to contribute its own share to our common cause. For particulars, address Mrs. E. T. LEONARD, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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EDITORIAL.

DOCTOR TOWNSEND said the other day to his people, "There is no greater sorrow than to feel that we have neglected or wasted a God-given opportunity."

H. TAMBS LYCHE writes us that his correspondents tell him that his post-office mission tracts, which he sends to Norway, go wandering about from house to house as long as the paper holds together.

MR. MEAD's lectures at the Plymouth church in this city, of which the Rev. Mr. Gunsaulus is pastor, have drawn large audiences. Mr. Mead is fortunate in being a missionary of breadth, culture and ethical earnestness, without being fettered by sectarian prejudices and denominational lines.

MAX MULLER speaks of India as "the country in which to study the true origin and natural growth of religion." Some one criticises this by saying: "This is true of what theologians call 'natural' religion, which is assumed to be a growth out of human consciousness; but the Christian religion is not a natural religion." On this, opinions may differ, but our verdict would be, if Christianity is not a natural religion, so much the worse for it.

J. F.

MOST of our western readers are too far away, and too much wanting in local associations, to understand the full significance of the recent merging of two Unitarian churches in Boston,—the South Congregational church and the Hollis Street church. By this arrangement, H. Bernard Carpenter, the brilliant poet-preacher, retires from his charge, where he was much beloved, and Edward Everett Hale and his colleague, Edward Hale, become pastors of the combined church, which starts out unencumbered with debt, and with a constituency large in numbers and abundant in means. From this united church great things are to be expected. The blended traditions of both societies, the merging of geographical lines, and the philanthropic and open-hearted attitude of Mr. Hale justify great expectations. But do we not have here another slight but significant indication of the trend of things? Not more churches, but better churches, America needs. The tendency to emphasize harmonies rather than differences will surely demonstrate, little by little, the foolishness of separate organizations in many a locality. To-day church union, and not theological discussion, is the thing to work for. America is growing toward a church "for the people, by the people, and of the people." Signs are not wanting that the American Catholic church is already forming under this or some other name.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Christian Register* seems greatly elated because a western church, in its recent dedicatory services, italicized in its order of exercises the words, "*to a pure and ever-growing Christianity*," because, he said, it is needed in "these days of vague generalities." Upon the taste and judgment of the local parish and minister we have no criticism to make. Individuality asserts itself in type, as it ought to, and always does; although we do not see how a responsive service, strongly devotional in its nature, can specially emphasize one line above another; but with this deliberate attempt to make a theological virtue, and to teach a general lesson, by these *italics*, we are moved to make a comment. We turn to the services to see what the "vague generalities" are which are left in *common* type. Among the

subordinate words are these: "Truth," "Righteousness," "Universal Brotherhood," "Religion," "God our heavenly Father," "Love," "Thanksgiving," "Praise," "the thought of immortality," "the consecration and education of children," the ascription of the Lord's prayer which gives to God "the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory." We cannot believe that this zealous minister meant to subordinate these words to the word "Christian," the content of which is often with him and others a matter of investigation and discussion. Rather we think this an unconscious emphasis of a nervous clutching for words in an age remarkable for its frank speech, and a growing preference in general for substance rather than form, for things rather than names. We believe the italicized words belong in the vocabulary of the devout, but we shrink from the irreverence that asks us to use the printer's art to make invidious comparisons between the word "Christian" and the great names of the nameless One. Next we will have the Lord's prayer italicized in spots, and the sermon on the Mount printed in small caps, and italics, and lower case, in proportion as emphasis is needed "in these days of vague generalities."

OUR friends the Universalists are offering a cash prize of one hundred dollars for "the best statement of Universalism." Within a limit of eight thousand words, the successful competitor must "make a statement that will show how Universalism satisfies every religious want in man, and is therefore needed by, and appeals to, all." The present attitude of the denomination toward traditional methods, or at least its recognition of the spirit of the times, is evinced in the request that the desired statement be "not an abstract theological discussion," and "not a 'proof' of Universalism from the Bible or Nature, except incidentally, but a simple and attractive statement, in answer to the questions, What is Universalism, and What is it good for?" We have never seen an advertisement for a hat-block upon which hats could be molded for all heads, but we should as soon expect a satisfactory response to such an advertisement, as to one calling for a "statement" which should satisfy all thinking brains. Yet we hope that our brethren may find a statement which can do duty as a missionary document, even if it does not prove that denominational Universalism satisfies every religious want in man.

THE *Religio-Philosophical Journal* publishes a lengthy "open letter to the Seybert Commission," by A. B. Richmond, an able and well-known criminal lawyer of Meadville, Pa. In his letter, which is clear, forcible, and evidently written in perfect candor and earnestness, Mr. Richmond narrates certain experiences which he had at the camp meeting of the Spiritualists on Cassadoga lake, N. Y. He claims to be an adept in legerdemain, and holds that the phenomena he witnessed could not be produced in the manner set forth by the Commission in its report, recently published. He says: "I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the spirit-world—if there is such a world—but I do say that I do not believe they were feats of legerdemain. It may be that the believers in spirit manifestations are in error—and I confess that I fear they are,—yet, until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their seances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict." The letter, and the report which it criticises, are worth reading as contributions to the growing literature of "Psychic Research," a branch of legitimate science, which is attracting much attention among progressive minds.

The Debilitating Adjective.

The reign of the adjective in English literature is of comparatively recent date. The earlier masters wrote with substantive and verb, and did not expect to produce their strong effects by their modifiers. All this has changed. Modern literature as well as modern conversation is full of adjectives. We fear American more than English pages are thus colored. It is no longer Niagara, but *splendid* Niagara; not mother's love, but *tender* mother's love; not our country, but our *glorious* country; not religion, but *Christian* religion; not Christianity, but *pure* Christianity. We are not among those who despise adjectives; and we doubtless are among those who indulge too freely in them. Great is the use of the adjective; but we do want to protest against this flippant and cant use of the adjective "pure" in relation to Christianity. Our first objection lies in the fact that it leads to the Phariseism, "Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are." The *Christian Register* of last week rendered morals and religion a service by reminding its readers that "There is not a single religious denomination that does not claim to teach pure Christianity. Neither the noun nor the adjective which accompanies it serves to distinguish one Christian sect from another." With what sincerity does the Catholic devotee and the Episcopalian enthusiast, as well as the Universalist and the Unitarian, insist that his pursuit if not his possession is "*pure*" Christianity; now what right has a little denomination with a limp and pale history of less than a hundred years, like the Unitarians, to claim by this adjective that that tremendous energy that has swept down through the ages, moulding nations, building cities, and shaping civilizations, is *impure* Christianity because it holds so much that the "*pure*" Christianity of the Unitarian rejects.

This suggests our second distrust of the adjective; however complimentary it is meant to be, it really denudes the great warm reality it tries to define. If we inquire at the Unitarian headquarters what "*pure*" Christianity is, we will be promptly replied, "The life and teachings of Jesus," or as our contemporary the *Register* puts it, "The religion of the Golden Rule, the Lord's prayer and the two great commandments." Good, but this religion never built cathedrals, painted the master pieces of Christian art, composed and sang the great oratorios, went on Crusades, established fast and feast days, lifted souls by the pomp of ceremonials, humbled them with anchoritic penances, tamed them with purgatorial fears and disciplined them with apostolic rites and ecclesiastical authority. The Christianity that did all this had creeds, forms, banners, armies, priests, bishops, etc., that the Unitarian does not believe in. Compared to this, the "*pure*" Christianity that excludes and denudes is but a disembodied spirit, an impotent ghost. We will respect and honor, not only the Christianity of Jesus but the Christianity of Paul, with all his theological subtleties; the Christianity of Augustine, of Chrysostom, of St. Bernard, Aye, and the Christianity of John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, as well as the Christianity of Luther, Wesley, Ballou, Channing and Parker. The Christianity that deserves our honor, gratitude and study is the Christianity that is colored like the waters of a river with the soil of the country through which it passes. Doctor Hedge has well argued that Athanasius with his Trinity taught a higher truth concerning the divine nature than Arius with his Unity. The "*pure*" Christianity, as defined by the Unitarians, does represent the underlying principles of the Christian movement, because it represents the universal elements of religion. Love, duty, humility, faith in God, and service to man, trust and prayer, which the Unitarian insists upon as "*pure*" Christianity,—are found in all religions, and consequently are the least characteristic things in Christianity.

Christianity as interpreted by history (and this would seem to be the only authoritative interpretation) is these principles clothed with institutions, rites, doctrines, creeds and ceremonials adapted to the needs and capacities of the various ages and lands in which it has dominated. This clothing, this coloring, is what has given to Christianity its dominating power. To denude Christianity of all this by the complac-

ent adjective "*pure*," is to ignore much of that which has given comfort, strength and devotion to Christendom. Is not this also pure Christianity? As pure as the limpid teachings of Jesus. For does it not represent the pure affections of pure souls? The pure purposes of pure hearts? Has it not sustained pure lives and given pure comfort, and does it not represent the most distinctive peculiarities in that form of religion which has shaped the devotions of the most civilized nations? We honor this Christian stream entire; we recognize that the universal elements of religion, which certain Unitarian friends at this time would fain compel us to call "*pure* Christianity," must clothe themselves with forms adapted to each new age. In seeking for this new clothing of form and living word we will use and honor Christianity in its synthesis; but we will not slavishly follow. What we need is, not a denuded Christianity, but a developed religion into which the great Christian stream has poured all its wealth of life, poetry, fable and truth. Whatever has helped humanity is pure. To the pure all things are pure.

The Society of Solitude.

We are apt to think that when a man retires from life in the city or village, he goes into actual solitude. We do not see that neighbors, relatives, friends, are but manifestations of that Power which speaks through every form of life. Does he leave behind him the voice of man? He goes into the midst of myriad voices, any one of which should speak more eloquently than the lips of his friend. No human tongue can speak as the leaves speak. No human lips so eloquent as the tinted lips of the lily, parted in perfumed breath. No tone of man so full of meaning as the notes of birds, the ripple of running brooks, the manifold untranslated voices of nature. Does he leave behind him the face of his friend? He comes into the company of faces more beautiful than any face of man or woman. The glad countenance of the violet or daisy, the broad genial face of the sunflower, these compensate, and more, for the faces he has left. Solitude, to the man of the spirit, is not vacant but full of intensest life. For the flitting forms of men and women, changing at the bid of some ape of fashion, he has for company the thoughts of the great and good, visions of truth and beauty, images of the ideal haunting him as dreams of the day. His neighbors are the forms of kindred life that flourish all about him. The song of the bird beats at his ears as notes from the throat of a fellow. The splash of water, the patter of raindrops on the roof, the sighing of the night wind around his dwelling, the chirp of the cricket, the hoot of the owl, the croaking of frogs, the buzz of insects,—these are but syllables in the speech of nature, through which the Great Soul speaks to his. Human voices are dull and empty, compared with the fresh glad voices of nature. The speech of man is degenerate. Flattery, sycophancy, lies, have so debased his speech that it is no longer healthy and normal. These voices of nature never speak false. In them is no deception. What they utter they are; and the understanding of the man may seize upon them as revelations of the real.

Companionable forms stand all about us. For us the trees gossip and laugh; to our ears are directed the songs of the birds and the chatter of squirrels; for our eyes the petals of the flowers unfold; for our sense is their perfume cast on the air; for our feet the grass carpets the earth; for our delectation are shady bowers, still waters, ripened fruits, clustering grapes, trees and vines and outspread fields, and hillsides lit by the slanting sun. For us earth ripens her harvests; for us the corn grows yellow on the ear; for us the sunbeam paints rosy red the apple's cheek and golden yellow the heads of grain; for us the winds fetch perfume from the south, the waters catch the kisses of the sun, the robe of Mother Earth is oft renewed, changed from the green of spring to the rainbow hues of autumn; for us all forms and forces blend themselves to make the harmony of life. And shall man stand in solitude among these forms and voices? Ah, no! All these are brothers, fellows to the man. Fresh from creation's perfect mold, they teach him purity and truth. Unsullied by the taints of

sin, they show him what himself might be. Unbought by gold, they preach to him of virtue, honor truth. They stand as teachers to his soul, and 'all their lessons are most holy writ.

Apart from men, but dwelling with God, amid all His myriad voices! Alone, but not alone. Companioned by the children of God, not yet prodigal to their Father's love. Say not that he who leaves behind the din and whirl of men, must stand alone. He leaves the images, but finds the dwelling place of God. He shuts his ears to the empty voices of babbling men, but opens his soul to the voices of God, full of divinest meaning. He goes from solitude into the company of all that is kindred to his soul. He is no longer the companion of men, but he becomes the companion of the Infinite and Eternal.

S. L.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

A September Lane.

One time we left the dusty thoroughfare,
We two, and wandered down a country lane.
The fields on either hand lay brown and bare,
Shorn of their garnered wealth of golden grain.

But the green roadside was all thickly set
With purple iron-weed and with plummy grass,
Pert oxeye daisies, homely Bouncing-Bet—
No town belle but a genuine country lass.

Wholesome and sturdy,—here and there the coil
Of the wild grapevine and convolvuli;
Wood sorrel lifted up its green trefoil
And shapely golden cup to woo the bee.

A hurrying robin shook the graceful plume
Of goldenrod as it flew swift along,
Primroses pale exhaled a faint perfume
Ethereal as a strain of distant song.

Snapdragon in the hedgerow sought to hide;
And pennyroyal, and catnip with the dull
Green leaf and dusty bloom, grew side by side.
Of simple-sweet beauty all the place was full,

Such as fond Nature strews in hidden nooks,
Careless if human eye shall ever see;
And here and there the wasted summer brooks
Over the sun-cracked rocks stole silently.

Resting a moment—Do you mind the place?—
Under a thorn-tree set with spikes blood-red,
With keen far glancing eye you sought to trace
The path, and pondered if it homeward led.

Then I, because my thoughts were often rife
With wanton questionings of the future, cried:—
"Will this long lane be like our lot in life?
For see—we know not whither it will guide,

"But blindly trace its length with lingering feet.
Ah yes, I feel our life is like the lane—
Not grand or great, but calm and homely-sweet."
And mind you how you answered me again?

"Love, if it be, we'll take them as they come—
The common blessings that may fill our lot,
And be so happy in our quiet home
The joys of greater lives shall be forgot.

"See—though the path by us be all untried,
The eternal heavens smiling o'er it bend;
And the same Power that decked the green wayside,
Will it not lead us onward to the end?"

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

CINCINNATI, O.

Religion and Politics.

We hear a good deal about politics and as much about religion of late, yet when we see a clergyman engaging in political life or interesting himself in the current problems of our civilization—those problems which remain for the people to solve by their suffrages—we are apt, unless broad in intellect, to decide such action or such conduct unwise, or at least imprudent. People seem to feel, or rather a few people seem to believe, that the province of a clergyman is the pulpit. And they go so far as not only to criticise the clergymen who are at all inclined to be public spirited or take hold of public affairs, but also to withdraw their support, even slander and misrepresent them. Note the remark, which the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost made in this city when he addressed the united labor party, and congratulated it upon the unanimous nomination of Henry George for secretary of state, that he was so hampered by the requirements of a comparatively narrow field that he would be glad if some power would excommunicate him, so that he could be free to act as he pleased. This declaration was a naked hint at the seclusive life of a clergyman and the expression of a long and pent-up dissatisfaction which has residence in the life of more than one minister. It showed that there was a desire on the part of the clergy to be broader than their pulpits, while there was, on the part of the congregation, an effort to abridge their privileges, control their ambition, circumscribe their mission, and mark out the duties of their life. Of course, such zealous and uncalled-for advice or effort is highly appreciated by the ministry. Public teachers, who are paid to teach, treasure the suggestions of their pupils and listen to their murmurings rather than to the commands of their own conscience and judgment. The truth of the whole matter is in this: Politics has become another name for jobbery, rascality, demagogism. Hence our good and pious people think that a clergyman will soil his hands, corrupt his heart and sink into a general demoralized state of being by meddling with politics.

And yet, what other means have we by which we can mold humanity in general, or guide the state, or legislate, or re-write the laws, than by the ballot, and how are men to be convinced of the wrong of bad, ignorant or careless voting? how are they to be directed in regard to correct and fair political action, if those who know what right is and who stand up before the world as paragons of manhood and truth-giving teachers, are denied the privilege of declaring the truth wherever and whenever it may be expedient or proper? If right is right in religion, it is right in politics, and a congregation who would deny their pastor a hearing outside of the church, or refuse to retain him as their minister if he, in the streets or in a hall, unmasked error and gave humanity what to him seems to be the dictates of his reason and conscience, ought to hire a fool for a teacher or change their tactics. It is generally believed that politics is a machine to be run by practitioners, whether pure or corrupt, and this opinion obtains among the more intelligent people, who declare that a decent man will hardly run for office, because offices are the gift of the ward demagogue, the saloon and the boodle leaders or mugwumps of a party. And in a particular this comparison is offensively true. And therefore, again, there is a demand for those rightminded men who will, by their eloquence and logic, change the current of public opinion and give intelligence to the political action of the masses of mankind.

But some men love half measures or compromises. As Herbert Spencer asserts in his social statics, if they were asked whether the earth turns on its axis from east to west or from west to east, they would reply, "A little of both," or "Not exactly either." They hate positive statements. And so they would like to see the clergy steal up to the polls and deposit their ballot secretly. These people would be terribly offended if they should learn that dear Reverend So-and-So tried to convince Mr. Brown that his party was in the wrong; that the party for which he cast his vote represents a nobler idea, or a more feasible and constitutional platform. I deem it,—and by saying so, I represent a majority of the ministry,—that it is a part of the everlasting duty of a clergy-

man to preach the truth fearlessly. He may choose the occasion or the opportunity for the declaration of truth, yet he is a coward whether in or out of the pulpit, for a salary or for a congregation, for precedent or for popularity, to varnish it, to attempt to reconcile it to error or make it justify the wrong. A clergyman can not afford, nor can he, without injury to himself, straddle two horses going two different directions. And it was against this tendency among the rabbis and hypocrisy of the pharisees and sadducees that Jesus hurled many rebukes and paid a glowing tribute to the fishermen who had abandoned their boats and nets and had dared to take up the cross and follow him. Religion means duty to one another and to God—and in a collective sense to individuals constituting a state, a society or a nation. Woe be to the man who refuses to speak in season thoughts which he knows may help to decide the destiny of humanity. And woe be to the high priests of this nineteenth century who for self-aggrandizement live for Mammon and not for God. The pulpit should stand for the seat of truth, and from it in earth as from the very throne of deity, if throne we may suppose God has, should issue justice without disguise.

"Then I said—'O Lord, I am Thine,
And wait but the word from Thee;
But why are Thy looks divine
So searchingly turned on me?'"

"Then he spake, and with kind command,
His words as the dew came down—
'Brother, the day is at hand,
Lay hold on the Cross and the Crown!'"
J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

The Compensations of the Country.

(From a paper read before a Farmers' Institute held at River Falls, Wis., December 1, 1886, on "What Can the Farm Do For the Girl.")

. . . I take it for granted that the baby girl in the country belongs to the same species as the baby girl anywhere else, and is capable of like development. That the baby girl is to be trained in directions which will increase her happiness as a woman. That happiness for woman, as well as for man, lies in the direction of greatest helpfulness, not in the path of greatest helplessness. That greatest helpfulness results from fullest development of the physical, mental, and moral nature of the individual.

Emerson in his essay on compensation says: "Every excess causes a defect. Every defect an excess. Every sweet has its sour, every evil its good. Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty in its abuse. For everything you have missed you have gained something else, and for everything you gain you lose something." If Emerson's doctrine is a true one, and I believe it is, what are the compensations that a home on the farm renders to the growing girl? Can this home build up, round out, and complete the character which will result in a happy womanhood? Let us first see what she loses from her environments when compared with her more fortunate city sister. She loses the stir, the impulse to step faster because of the throng which presses all around one, the education which comes with scarcely an effort through the channel of the eye and the ear, from the busy, crowded streets, the familiarity with men and things, choice of companions, co-operative study and work, ripe thoughts from the living lips of wise men, inspiring music, the master play, the art gallery; yes, all these and many things more does our country girl miss which tell in the growth of her city sister. And yet, for all that, I do not regret that the first sixteen years of my life were spent on the farm, far from all these educational means. For all that, I count it a loss which cannot be made good if a few weeks of each summer's vacation are not mine at the old homestead, and for all the delight the city has for me, I expect to spend, if anywhere, a peaceful and contented old age where I spent my youth.

In place of the city sights and sounds, with its bustle and endless change, the country girl has the blue sky, the fleecy

cloud, the glowing sunset, the majestic storm, the miracle of budding leaf and flower, the mystery of the burning bush of autumn, the ice and snow crystals of winter, the hum of insects and the sweet carol of birds.

She may not have the delightful companionship of chosen friends of her own age, but the possibility of hurtful companionship is made less, and tender home ties may nowhere else be so closely bound. To me at the old home, nothing could compensate as I see it, for the constant companionship of my mother, made possible by her freedom from the demands of society. The walks with her in meadow and wood, the fairy lore of a distant land that she then taught me; her descriptions of the picturesque scenery of her native home beyond the sea; its castles and its cottages; its peat beds and its fairs, so interwoven with stories of her own home life there, were all so vivid to me, that sometimes now, it seems to me, I must have once breathed the mountain air of Wales, though I was born in the forest wilds of Wisconsin, and have never crossed the briny sea.

No evening service in a finely equipped church could awaken more true devotion than the Sunday evening circle in our early home, when seated around the large table with father and mother as teachers, and brothers and sisters as classmates, I learned to read in the language of the distant fatherland the entertaining Bible. I needed no better incentive than my father's hand on my head and his "Well done, my girl," from his lips. A compensation for the concert we missed came afterward in the dear old Welsh hymns which our father and mother sang for us, the notes of which recalled now in our vacation days, will bring tears to the eyes of any one of the old circle.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.

The strength which one receives from an anchorage in one's youth to one place, to a few familiar haunts, is frequently dwelt upon by George Eliot, whose early home was in the country. We need but to read the table of contents in a collection of Whittier's poems, or those of the Cary sisters, to recall how these simple sights and experiences of country life inspired their pure thought and noble song.

Incomparable are the advantages of a country girl for physical development. Pure air, fresh, unadulterated food, outdoor work and pastimes, better conditions for sleep, should make her superior to her city sister in the great essential of a sound body.

* * * * *

Not all the correctives I have tried to hint at are enough to prevent occasional unrest and weariness. The preacher, the merchant, the lawyer and teacher would grow rusty and crusty if they never took a vacation. The necessity which comes to all workful lives for occasional periods of rest and change of scene is less recognized by farmers than it should be. The woman's sphere in the home is necessarily most narrow and confining, and she it is, who from lack of it grows cross, hopeless, morbid, insane. That a woman's home and work are on a farm is no reason that the city and its attractions should be a blank to her. Here comes in the beautiful law of reciprocity. Her country home is a haven of comfort, rest and enjoyment to her city friend and the city home of her friend becomes a complement of her own, supplying the change and recreation which she needs.

A healthy body, habits of industry, a business tact, a strong attachment to home, a cultured mind, a helpful spirit, a loving, reverent soul, these all may the farm bring to the girl. Need I suggest what the girl thus developed may bring to the farm? You who have a loving daughter that is the light and life of your home, know what she does bring to the farm, with all her frailties, now. You who have a patient, faithful wife, a tender, self-sacrificing mother, know what she will bring to the farm home of the future when one worthy of her shall ask her to share and bless it.—*Ellen C. Lloyd Jones.*

Call it the "Voice of God" or human wisdom, did not the teachings of Moses come out of the expectation and discontent of his people? Were not the prophets impelled by strife and failures to look for further revelations of the still Unknown Being they feign would worship? Was not the blessed Jesus, however human or divine, a witness for the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemaker? Did not Shakespeare find his Othellos and Desdemonas, Dickens his Oliver Twists, Little Nells, Gradgrinds and Pickwicks? Victor Hugo had the whole surging French nation in his heart, out of which to write his books. Emerson was a voice for the million. He knew and loved those who sat at his feet. Mr. Alcott knew he was talking for the world, and Miss Alcott is aware that Mrs. Jo is like other mothers and her boys like other boys. Newton was not the only man who wondered why things should fall. Not alone Copernicus watched the skies, and others besides Columbus looked longingly over the seas. The secrets of retort and crucible have been sought by midnight laborer as well as by alchemist in his laboratory. Impressions in soil and rock, and varieties and classes in nature are found by the lonely wanderer as well as by the commissioned and attended explorer. Distances, weights and momentums are calculated by workmen as by architect. Signs, cycles and space are studied by sailors as by scholars. Thus discoveries proceed, theology loiters, and truth grows; while errors slowly disappear as dust when shaken from the petals of a rose or brushed from statues of stone.

R. A. C.

Ignatius Donnelly's Comet.

Prof. Alexander Winchell, in the September *Forum*, dissects a book called "Ragnarok," by Ignatius Donnelly. This book is a sort of pseudo-scientific romance, intended to prove that the superficial accumulation which the geologists call "drift" was brought to the earth by a comet. Professor Winchell says of the book: "It is worth reading; at least, if one wishes chiefly to be amused by an extraordinary association of facts and legends and conclusions. If one never saw a square plug fit a round hole, here is a rare opportunity. Literature has never been the field of equal jugglery. He arrays so much that is true in science, and genuine in legend, and wise in proverb, and excellent in style, that if he means his book for a scientific romance, it is one of the most successful ever set afloat; while, if he means it as a sober argument for a striking theory, it stands by the side of 'Paradise Found' as a phenomenal aggregation of varied learning sundered from its conclusions. Is it harmless to inculcate fable with such gravity that a majority of readers accept it for fact? Does science receive no prejudice from an exposition as attractive and baseless as a romance, but dressed in the conventional garb of genuine science?"

When the professor gets through with the book, it remains as a romance, but is annihilated as a work of science. Many other popular books might well be submitted to the furnace fires of similar analysis, and their false and harmful character shown. Mr. Donnelly is not the only one who romances in the guise of science.

S. L.

Use and Abuse of the Bible.

Between 3000 and 2000 years ago, a sacred literature sprang up among the Hebrew people; it grew to be a collection of 39 books,—legend, law, history, poetry, prophecy, philosophy. It flooded the mind of the nation like a fertilizing stream; it shone in their firmament like a sun; it gradually acquired a mysterious authority as the Word of God—the only Oracle—the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But then it became a stumbling-block; for this false theory of scripture as a finality closed the minds of the people to further light and chained them to the past. When a new prophet arose, charged with fresh inspiration, and calling them to *advance*, they stood still in their tracks. "Abraham was our father; Moses our law-giver; God has said his last word long ago."

So the new prophet was killed and Judaism stiffened into an arrested development.

But the new life was not killed; and it produced more sacred books, with a new mixture of history, legend, gospel, prophecy, sublime morality and divine humanity. The New Testament went the way of the Old. From being a fountain of light and comfort, it became a rigid authority, a fetter upon the mind, a padlock upon the lips, and a quarry of building material for dogmatists. There are millions who go to it not merely for the spiritual nourishment which both Testaments and all noble literature supply, but for literal truth mathematically expressed; taking for God's exact law and word their own interpretations of the English translation of the Greek translation of the Aramaic speech of Jesus, as it survived in the memory of his anonymous reporters. A wonderful and glorious survival indeed,—radiant with a light which no clouds can quench; but still a light reflected and transmitted through a medium quite fallible and imperfect; namely, the ambiguous language of man.

"The letter killeth; the spirit giveth life." And the spirit ever speaks through the letter,

"As sunbeams stream through liberal space."

The spirit of truth within us must be the interpreter of every record, and must help us to winnow the wheat from the chaff. The Word of God—the truth, the reason, the wisdom, by which men and angels live—abideth forever. That word is in the ancient books; it is in the modern mind; it is hidden in our hearts; it is old as eternity; it is young as the morning.—Charles C. Ames, in the 1887 "Year Book" of his church.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Great Book.

Similar to the feelings raised when first seeing the mountains or the sea, are those inspired by the reading of a great book. As in the first case, nature has become elevated in our minds, so in the latter, has human nature. Is it not Emerson who says, "Reading a great work, we are for the time being the noble hero?" Victor Hugo mentions how a high literary production shows us mankind as worthier than we had supposed, we partaking of that worth. Thinking in this direction, cannot we decide upon the test of a great book? It will leave us thinking more nobly of men, and somewhat more devoted to the true than we were before.

I had heard so much of Tolstoi's tragic "Anna Karenina," and of the harrowing effect it would leave on the mind, I was loth to read it. Yet the middle weeks of August will ever be memorable to me as having made the acquaintance of that wonderful book. I should not think of calling it harrowing, but that the first statement with regard to it should be: It gives one of the greatest ethical teachings with more power than almost any modern novel.

Can any one point to any book that shows more clearly the power of the individual, exclusive of circumstances, to make or mar life? In almost all works of fiction, circumstances play an important part in the moulding of destinies. But here we seem to see the two souls, independently, almost, slowly evolving, one toward purity and peace, the other toward sin and sorrow. The novelist has placed them in fine juxtaposition, and our hearts are so linked with both, that when we read of Levin, we share with childish freedom his simple joys, and when we read of Anna, we know the passion and the unrest. Even when Levin is disappointed in love, or contemplates suicide, there is such an absence of bitterness and gnawing remorse we cannot feel wholly unhappy for him; we can turn to his palliatives with abandon, swing the scythe all day with the peasants, eat the dry bread, drink from the rusty dipper the brook water warmed by the sun and tasting of the floating grass, crying, "There was never so sweet a draught!" Every little detail of his home life we take an interest in. (We shouldn't think of calling these particulars inartistic.)

This is all because here is an earnest soul striving for the

good. We care a great deal more about his succeeding in his quest than we do about his marrying Kitty. In most novels we should have been shocked at the husband's finding his wife so different from his ideal, but here it only adds a vivid, poetic touch to the picture of Levin's development. The book ends with a ringing word of hope, and, even after reading of Anna's pitiful fate, one closes it with that stirring word sounding clearest.

But Anna! What a fascinating, sad heart! Strong must be the hand that could lead her along that career. The real novelist loves his characters, and we almost fancy Tolstoi himself weeping, as day by day that brilliant, delicate mind succumbed to the dread fate. She makes us all her lovers from the first. In that interview with Dolly, when, glowing with health and beauty and affection, she tells how she could forgive the mortal offence that wronged woman was suffering, we see the exaltation of her nature. In the reaction of that nature from the passion that is alluring her, when she decides to return at once to her home, where her little boy shall keep her safe, how we sympathize with her! But alas! the fatal step has already been taken. It is the *first* step that ruins, "the little rift within the lute." How plainly we are shown that in this book. No amount of good resolutions afterward availed. Indeed, did she not very soon pass to the place where resolutions are impossible? Some one has remarked how Goethe taught the same truth in the "*Elective Affinities*",—the significance of just that answering look or hand clasp. Tolstoi does not leave us in any doubt that Anna knew her sin from the first. He lets us see, also, how the mind that thus chooses sin knows that it can not escape punishment. Anna took no means toward reinstating herself in the society whose laws she had violated. How impotent all such efforts would appear to the self-torturing mind! And we may not regret Anna's pain. It would be insensibility to suffering where sin has been committed that we should regret. Frightful would have been the condition and the lesson, had any of the results of her sin been less than the writer's faithful hand has here depicted.

Yet the picture, realistic as it is, leaves in the mind a poetic memory, second only to that of Francesca in Dante's "*Inferno*."

A. M. G.

Another Lesson from Miss Phelps.

The best lessons taught by the writer, poet or preacher, are often of an incidental character, and quite apart from his conscious object and intention. Miss Phelps makes the problem of man's spiritual existence after death the subject of her latest volume, "*Between the Gates*,"* as of two preceding works with similar titles, and different readers will find the lesson she aims to teach in this respect of differing degrees of use and value. For myself, I find the incidental lesson on the moral weight and significance of words of sufficient importance to justify the existence of the book, quite aside from the graver topics with which it deals, and its literary and artistic merit. "*Between the Gates*", is the story of a disembodied spirit, known on earth as Dr. Esmerald Thorne, a busy and successful physician, and in philosophy a strict scientist, as that term is construed in the teachings of modern materialism. Late in life he experienced the one ideal passion of his life in the love of a woman—one of those strong, delicate womanly creatures Miss Phelps loves to portray—who afterward became his wife. Three years of married life passed, full of poetic inspiration and happiness, bringing to them one beautiful child, a boy. But great as this happiness was, it could not undo the work of years and change the quick, impetuous, domineering character of the successful doctor into one of constant thoughtfulness and courtesy, such as befits the married lover and the gentleman at his own fireside. Loving his wife more than ever, and with a chivalrous devotion that converted her into mingled goddess and saint, Esmerald Thorne admits that, dear as his happiness was, he came in time to "get used to it." The cares of a hurried professional career crept inside the home,

and having been a nervous, exacting man before marriage, he remained the same after. One evening he reaches home unusually worn and out of sorts, in that irascible frame of mind which the slightest circumstance provokes to intemperate speech. He is annoyed at his wife, for compelling him, through her loving habit of waiting for him, to come home at all, when he could ill spare the time. He is in a rage against some of his fellow-practitioners who have different ideas from his about the construction of the new hospital. He is angry because he is served with quails for supper instead of a nutritious roast. He has lost money on Stock street; and upbraids his wife because she will not take his word for it that the teething boy up-stairs is not really sick, only fretful. Other women trust his word implicitly in such matters—why can not she? And so he hurries out of the house, to take the reins of a restive horse, which dashes down the street with him in a mad runaway, upsetting and instantly killing him.

Shorn of the flesh, yet filled with agonized remorse for the sins committed in it, Esmerald Thorne looks back on his life, and admits that he was always an irritable man—one of those who was "quick" with servants, and who often spoke with scornful impatience to his nearest friends, who excused it on the ground that that was one of the Doctor's "peculiarities." The habit began when he was a boy, a bright, precocious youth, and his mother's idol, who petted and deferred to him even in his babyhood. His father was an irritable man before him, and he, the son, had early conceived the idea that this kind of fault was the natural prerogative of masculinity. What a frequent hint for reflection is here. Esmerald Thorne's is not the only household where the quick, authoritative tone which bespeaks instant attention on the part of all the female members, is that naturally permissible to masculine lips. With women, Esmerald Thorne's tone was necessarily that of the master, since, until he met his wife, he had known only sick women, who clung to and depended on him like children. Helen seemed the first well woman he had ever seen, and above and around her absolute physical well-being glowed a kind of moral radiance. And he loved her—loved her truly, with strong, manly passion, and a romantic fondness. The account of his despair and remorse when, being dead, he finds it impossible to atone for the crime of that last leave-taking, reads, as I heard some one say, like the description of a Protestant purgatory. All the repentant husband's being is strained and tortured with the single desire to return to earth and make things right with Helen; but this, according to Miss Phelps' knowledge of the laws of our coming existence, is denied him. Hating interference and authority when alive, Esmerald Thorne rebels against it no less when dead. Heaven's joys and mysteries are naught to him until he can see his wife and obtain her forgiveness. But this is not to be; and slowly and painfully this arrogant, self-seeking spirit learns the difficult virtue of humble obedience. The work of regeneration then begun, his wish to atone takes on a more unselfish form,—that of a desire to be made a visiting ministrant to the human homes of earth, there to teach the "sacred graces of human speech,—the preciousness and poignancy of words." He would "emphasize the opportunity of those who love each other—set the whole force of a man's experience and a spirit's power to make an irritable scene in loving homes as degrading as a blow." To such an apparently humble, but glorious, ambition had all the talent, experience and fame of the renowned physician come at last.

Speaking of the effect which mere words may have on a sensitive soul, Doctor Thorne says of himself he might as well have struck his wife as have compelled her to submit to this kind of "moral pummeling," doubting if he would have proved a less amiable fellow had he "worn cowhide boots and kicked her." For him, a man of learning and judgment, a loving and careful husband, and withal a supposed gentleman, the sin had been as great. "I, with what I was pleased to term my high organization and special training—I, like any brutal kind, had berated my wife—had belabored her with the bludgeons that bruise the life out of women's souls."

Not women's souls only! Often the most sensitive, as the most loving, nature in the household's is the man's, and the

*BETWEEN THE GATES. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston. \$1.25.

"moral pommeling" comes from another source. By many, irritability would be set down as a fault more native to women than to men; but I have no interest in computing differences of that kind, feeling sure that no fault nor virtue is the exclusive birthright of either sex. The power to feel constitutes the basis of character in both man and woman, and great and inexcusable as Jesus made the offending of "these little ones" is the sin of wounding the heart that loves us. Unhappily, the instinct of cruelty remains after we have, in very shame, dropped its old barbarous means of expression. The tongue is an abiding possession after the lash and whipping post have been abolished. That instrument of keenest torture and malice awaits our training into the practice of those daily amenities of human speech which enter everywhere into the converse of truly-enlightened and cultivated souls. Esmerald Thorne had to die before he discovered how grave a fault, and merciless in its results, his of swift, intemperate speech was; but the rest of us, instructed by his example, whether we accept the main facts of his narrative or not, may learn it sooner, and need not wait for his excuse for repenting of and mending it.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

"CONSCIOUS MOTHERHOOD," by Miss Emma Marwedel, is the initiatory volume of the great work on which she has been practically engaged for the last five years, "The introduction of children to the forms and poetry of nature," by their own inventive work in drawing during their earliest years in the kindergarten and primary school. This volume is the most adequate response to Froebel's great discovery of method that has been written, and shows the author to be altogether his superior disciple in philosophic insight, artistic genius, and the enthusiasm of humanity. Every mother, every father, as well as every radical statesman, will find it a most inspiring manual. Her chapters on the statistics of crime, insanity, idiocy, etc., are most appalling, and show that her ideality does not shut her eyes to the morose facts that stare us in the face from all parts of our own country. It seems to me that the book will make a new era and give a new character to our civilization. It is published by the Inter-State Co., 30 Franklin street, Boston, and also in Chicago, and for \$1.50 will be sent postpaid to any address. It is a book of 563 pages.

ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.

"EARTH outgrows the mythic fancies
Sung beside her in her youth;
And those *debonnaire* romances
Sound but dull beside the truth.
Phœbus' chariot-course is run;
Look up, brothers, to the sun!
Truth is fair; shall we forego it?
Do we right to sigh for wrong?
God himself is the best poet,
And the real is His song."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY:—As, perhaps, there are those who would be pleased to hear something of the progress of liberal sentiment in my post-office parish, I would first say, for the gratification and encouragement of my co-workers in the cause of liberal Christianity, that the present outlook is altogether favorable. I could command a large territory did my financial means justify it, but I find very much to encourage me. Besides numerous large packages of Unitarian literature, which I obtain from the American Unitarian Association, I am receiving almost every week packages of tracts, *Registers*, *Reviews* and *UNITIES*, from the ladies—of Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and other points. These, in turn, I am continuing to distribute in my own locality, and to send off, as well, to other localities. There are large numbers of liberal thinkers in and around Jamestown who enjoy this kind of literature, among the number a young, promising and intelligent physician, upon whose mind I think I am making deep impressions. I have a lady correspondent at Moberly, Mo., to whom I sent another package last week, who rejoices in the Unitarian be-

lief. There is also another lady at Frankton, Ind., an Adventist, with whom I am exchanging tracts and papers, and of whom I have some faint hopes. May God speed the good work.

JAMESTOWN, O.

BEVERLY SHELLEY.

THE HOME.

Boys and Homes.

Every now and then one reads, in the best papers, false sentiments about boys and their relations to their homes. They are spoken of as if they are wholly devoid of the sense of responsibility that even the ordinarily trained boy ought to possess; as if the ingenuity of every member of the family need be taxed to devise means for keeping them, especially in the evening, in the home where certainly one might suppose they ought to expect to be at seasonable hours. I think a great deal of harm is done by articles suggesting to sisters how to keep their brothers at home in the evening, or to mothers offering hints for making home attractive to their sons. It would be far better to propose to the boys themselves methods for helping to make home a pleasant place!

Not long ago, a little lad of twelve was trying to persuade his mother to allow him to play on the street with his mates after dark. When other arguments had failed, he said, "But home is so dull! The ——" (naming a paper his mother valued) "says, no wonder boys don't care to stay home in the evening, so little is done for them to amuse them, and that's why some boys get into rough company." The mother lifted the boy's face toward her own, and looked deep down into his eyes. Said she, "My child, what kind of a boy would he be who made a dull home the excuse for joining rough companions?" "Not a good one, of course," said the truthful little lad, blushing.

Why can not those writers who are so anxious for the welfare of our boys speak the truth? Why write as if there were really some excuse for their entering into evil ways? There is no reason why a boy should feel less than a girl his obligations to the home. If the home is dull, why urge upon the daughter alone to enliven it? Why not urge upon both son and daughter? Some homes are dull. Fathers and mothers have strenuous labors and cares. When evening comes they require rest. Who should enliven such homes? The weary mother, or just the daughter? Why should not the son set his young brain to work to "make things pleasant?" There is a suggestion of weakness in that mother, who, having done her duties faithfully through the day, and with every faculty used to its utmost limit, yet compels herself to overwork for the sake of keeping her son from spending his evenings with evil associates. Why has she not trained him concerning his duties to the home? And in those zealous writers of advice to mothers and daughters one detects a lack of earnest thought, deep thought, upon this subject. Let the appeals be made to the boys themselves. Few boys are so devoid of a sense of honor but that a few honest words to them would set the matter before them in its true light. No honorable boy would accept from mother and sister offices that really were his own to perform. Say to the boys that it is their trust to help make the home a cheerful place in the evening,—that father and mother, busy for them all day, have a *right* to sometimes expect entertainment from them, finding in their society and plans relaxation from cares that often press too heavily. No true boy, who can be made to feel the truth of this, will ever need to have his mother or sister advised as to means of keeping him in the house evenings.

The trouble seems to be that boys are not taught to feel their responsibility in this direction. They need to be approached as if they had more character and sense of duty. The best thing I have lately read, written for the benefit of boys, was by Mr. Blake, about manly boys. I wish that gentleman would speak further. I read his words to two boys I know, and a certain expression of the eyes told me that they had an effect. Perhaps Mr. Blake will tell his view of boys' duties toward the home.

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The winter's work of the Unity Club of All Souls Church has fairly begun. Last Sunday the pastor preached, in accordance with a suggestion made some months ago by the Unity Club Bureau, "On the Importance of the Intellectual Life," and on Monday evening the parlors of the church overflowed with upwards of a hundred people at the first session of the Emerson Section, where Mr. Gannett led the conversation on "How to get into Emerson and what you find when you get there." The talk was a memorable one to those who heard it, and the enthusiasm looking towards future study was great in the club. —The Third Church has just put out its annual for 1887-88; a very neat pamphlet of 36 pages, which shows the careful hands of diligent workers everywhere. Every meeting of the church, with the exception of the Sunday morning services, from September 29 to June 29, is put down. The work of the church is divided into four sections, social, charitable, Sunday-school and missionary. The Unity Club is to confine its study entirely to Unitarian history and doctrine. The studies are arranged for fourteen evenings, five of them given to Unitarianism in the Bible, three to Unity with three manifestations, three to the mediatorial view of Unitarianism, and three to the humanitarian view. There is a Longfellow class that is to study Ivanhoe and Rienzi, a musical club which is to have a Schubert, Rubenstein and Mozart evening, a young people's club to attend to the good time. The annual contains a directory of the parish and associate organizations. If one wants to see how a church may be put to work, let him send for one of these annuals to James Vila Blake, corner Monroe and Laflin streets.

—The subject at the noon teachers' meeting was the temptation of Jesus, Mr. Blake leading. He began by calling attention to the change of significance of the rite of baptism in the Christian church. At first it implied a confession of the Messiahship of Jesus. Then it came to mean the washing away of sins. So firm became this belief that many postponed their baptism to as late a date as possible, that it might wash away the more sins. This motive is assigned to Constantine, who is reputed to have kept a priest near him in case of an emergency, so that his baptism might pass him into heaven clean. Mr. Blake also noticed the change in the thought of Satan, from being an angel of the Lord, used to test the virtue of his children, to an adversary who had dominion over the unregenerate world. Of the story of the temptation, Mr. Blake said it must be understood as veritable history, allegorical or poetical representation of an inward experience, or a mythical growth springing out of the loving hearts of the

people and accepted as true by the writer of Luke. Two pleasant episodes occurred during the session. One, an exhibition by Mr. B. B. Wiley, of the Third church, of some beautifully mounted flowers from the neighborhood of Jerusalem; some ancient coin, that was perhaps the widow's mite; also the reading of a letter from one who was once a resident of Chicago, and now living in Jerusalem, awaiting the literal fulfilment of every Messianic promise in the Bible. The second was the entering of Mr. Batchelor with the old time smile and cheer. His presence was very welcome, and his clear word in the discussion was helpful as always.

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association met on Thursday, Sept. 29, at the church of the Messiah, the president, Mrs. S. W. Conger, in the chair. The attendance was unusually large for the first meeting, more than a hundred ladies being present. Lunch was served at half-past twelve, after which the meeting was called to order, the minutes of the last meeting read and accepted. The following resolutions were offered by Mrs. Woolley:

WHEREAS, Since our last meeting our sister, Mrs. E. John Fry, has passed away from our midst, we in loving remembrance offer the following:

Resolved, That in her gentleness, humility, and transparent goodness, we recognize a character of rare worth and beauty.

Resolved, That we extend to her sorrowing relatives our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained.

And of our sister, Mrs. Charles F. Weber, it is also with tender memory

Resolved, That from her sincere and noble character we derive a high and inspiring example, and that we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

Mrs. Jones reported happily on current religious events for the month. She spoke of the accession of Dr. Townsend, of Jamestown, N. Y., to our ranks; of the absorption of the *New Theology Herald* by UNITY; of the growth of liberal sentiment in England; of the manufacture and use of soap in the Holy Land, and the rise in corner lots in Jerusalem, as hopeful indications of progress. Mrs. E. A. West, of the Third church, then read an able and instructive paper on temperance work in Unitarian churches. She spoke first of the imperative need of temperance agitation, as seen in the eighteen miles of saloon front in the city of Chicago; of the fifteen millions spent annually in drink, besides the time wasted in dissipation, and the enfeebled constitutions of children born of intemperate parents, of the fact attested by the officers of the Women's Reformatory at Sherborn, Mass., that ninety-seven in a hundred of the inmates were addicted to drink; of the frequency with which judges call attention to the fact that the great proportion of crime is committed under the influence of intoxicants. She then gave some account of the formation of the Church Temperance Society at the National Unitarian Conference at Saratoga, and of its anniversary meeting at Tremont Temple, Boston, with extracts from the valuable addresses delivered on that occasion by Governor Long, Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. M. J. Savage, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, and Rev. J. L. Jones. Previous to the formation of the Church Temperance Society two churches had formed societies: those of Dorchester, Mass., and St. Paul, Minnesota. Thirty such societies have since been formed. Letters from Rev. C. A. Staples and Rev. Lyman Clark gave an account of temperance educational work done in their churches. Mrs. West also gave some facts relative to the use and effects of alcohol in medical practice, giving the opinion of eminent physicians that alcoholic spirits were unnecessary, and even harmful, and closed by referring to the benefits resulting from temperance agitation. Mrs. Butler, of Oak Park, followed in a paper on temperance work in Universalist churches, in which she showed

that the ministry of that church had from the first been strenuous advocates of temperance, and had done good work for the cause; Pierpont, Ballou, Chapin, Miner, and others having been prominent and arduous laborers in the field. She also gave an interesting account of work for temperance in which the ladies of Oak Park Universalist church had joined with the W. C. T. U. in establishing a reading room where boys of the street were entertained and instructed in the most helpful way on nearly every evening in the week. Quotations from Channing's famous address on temperance were read by Miss Brown, after which a spirited discussion followed, in which Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Conger, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Effinger, Mrs. West, Mrs. Galvin, and Miss Leavens took part. The association then adjourned to meet on the last Thursday in October, at the Third church. The meeting was full of interest and inspiration and all felt that the year's work had been most auspiciously begun.

Philadelphia.—With October 1st, the First church was opened, and the Spring Garden society added evening to morning services. This placed all the liberal organizations upon the active footing again, save Mr. Weston's, which is to resume its meetings later in the month. Clifford is to speak for Chadwick on the 9th.

—Unity church, Camden, is preparing for a fair in December, the income from which is designed for the building fund.

—Adler, Salter, Sheldon and Weston have been in consultation here the better part of a week upon matters attending the direction of the Ethical movement.

—Whatever may be thought of the significance of liberal organization in itself, the fact that Mr. Mangasarian's secession to the Unitarian from the Presbyterian church, the formation of the Camden Society, and the successful entrance of the society for ethical culture upon this new field, have marked the three or four years gone, virtually doubling the organized force of liberals, is a notable thing not wisely to be passed by.

—A great stir has been made in this city by certain irate Presbyterians who imagined some offense in the way the religious position of the Centennial Ceremonies in Independence square were arranged. It is the Popery, in particular, as discovered in Cardinal Gibbon's presence and prayer, that raised the alarm of these critics. Yet Chairman Kasson has explained that Presbyterians were in no way discriminated against, but that the matters as prepared were thought fair enough to all. The fact is, the Presbyterian would not have complained had some Methodist or Baptist been chosen in place of the cardinal. Indeed, they express themselves as feeling that the Catholic church is inimical to the liberty celebrated, and should therefore not be recognized in such ceremonies.

—The personal liberty party lately sprung into existence here, is organizing ward leagues which are likely to express their indignation, so far as possible, in political action.

—Mr. Haskell delivered an address on "Agnosticism" at Unity church, Camden, September 21, which was generous and inclusive, and deserved a larger hearing than it received there. I believe the Wednesday evening meetings are hereafter to be a feature in the church's programme.

H. L. T.

Boston.—The conference of Unitarian ministers at Princeton, Mass., creates a scarcity of the brethren this week at the A. U. A. rooms. A new edition of J. F. Clarke's tract entitled, "Why am I a Unitarian?" is now ready for gratuitous distribution by our A. U. A. secretary.

—On the first Sunday in October Rev. E. E. Hale will commence his pastorate over the joint body made up by his own society and the Hollis Street society. By Doctor Hale's removal from his old church a large territory at the south part of the city will be left without liberal preaching, except that of one Universalist church, and there is talk among our denomination of starting a modest new "People's church" within that district.

—Our trio of western missionaries—Rev. Messrs.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

[NUMBER 7

EDITORIAL.

SEE our announcement column for corrections and additions to the programme of the approaching Sunday-school and Unity Club Institute.

THE following business note received at this office explains itself: "Kindly send a copy of sermon 'Blessed be Drudgery' to one who has as yet seen 'drudgery' only in a *profane* light!"

A PREACHER remarked one Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution-boxes."—*Exchange*.

SOLON LAUER, who has been associated with Doctor Townsend, of Jamestown, N. Y., as editor of the *New Theology Herald*, has moved to Chicago, and has taken up his work as a member of the UNITY staff.

PROF. JOHN FISKE, in a letter to the *World*, says: "As regards Mr. Donnelly's theories about Shakespeare, I have only to say that if a man really likes to amuse himself with such stuff, I can see no objection. It keeps him busy, and is far less dangerous than if he were to meddle with questions about labor and capital."

The *Christian Life* estimates that "\$5,000,000 have been placed in the hands of Mr. Moody for Christian work, first and last." This money has been chiefly given for the purpose of keeping people out of hell. When will people be as willing to give as much "to keep hell out of the people?"—to borrow the startling antithesis of Mr. Calthrop.

CANNON FARRAR says that "drink, vice and mammon worship are bringing about by natural laws their own inevitable retribution, and unless remedies be found in our earnestness and in our self-denial, and in our promotion by every possible means of the common good of all, then the Huns and Vandals who shall shipwreck our civilization are being bred, not in the steppes of Asia, but in the slums of great cities."

ALLUSION is made elsewhere to the bust of Emerson in church. Why does not some Boston art-dealer, co-operating with Morse or some other sculptor in sympathy with the liberal faith, make available plaster casts, of uniform size, suitable for brackets and niches in churches and vestries, of the four major prophets of the liberal faith—Emerson, Channing, Parker and Martineau? We believe there would be call enough to warrant the venture.

REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, Secretary of the A. U. A., is soon to start on a visiting tour among the Unitarian churches of the Rocky mountain and Pacific slope regions. Rev. George Batchelor is already making a circuit of our churches in the northwest, and we believe it is his purpose to visit most of the churches of the Mississippi valley as a representative of the A. U. A. The visit of these gentlemen will do good to the churches, but we expect the churches will do them quite as much good. They will find wherever they go very little appetite for theological disputations, great readiness for the ethical unities that ripen into missionary zeal and co-operation on a non-doctrinal basis. We think the result of these gentlemen's visits will enable them to go back to the east and confidently affirm that they found no atheistic Unitarian

churches out west, and that "one-half of the Unitarians out here are not skeptics." This good thing suggests the next good thing to do,—a tour of the eastern churches by some representative of our western work. Such a missionary tour would greatly augment the financial and spiritual missionary resources of our cause east and west. The west and the east need to exchange commodities, compare notes and go into heartier partnership for the regeneration of the world.

To Sunday-schools that are not already at work upon a course of lessons for the winter, we suggest the use of the short series called "The Christmas Poem and the Christmas Fact," by W. C. Gannett, price 5 cents. It is full of interesting "Bible Fairy Stories" which clustered about the birth of Jesus, and has just the tender and thoughtful word for the children that will deepen and make real to them the truth and joy of the Christmas season. The school beginning on them soon will find themselves delightfully prepared for the glad Christmas times.

A CORRESPONDENT in last week's *Christian Register* is shocked because a church in Minnesota has placed a bust of Emerson by the side of the pulpit. He says, "Doubtless the parish would object to seeing a painting or an image of Christ in such a place. They would be likely to say that it seemed too much like the idolatry of the Roman Catholic church." For the consolation of this correspondent we would say that there is a Unitarian church in Chicago, conservative enough to have Muncacsy's "Christ before Pilate" at the pulpit end of the church and a copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper" at the other, and it would like to hang in the church a picture of the blessed Madonna, if it could procure a good one, the Sistine, for instance. Perhaps this correspondent would like to encourage this conservatism in the Unitarian church by forwarding to it a copy of this great picture.

IN the New York *Independent* of September 29, 1887, Prof. Frederic Wright, D.D., of Oberlin Theological Seminary, in his reminiscences of "Alaska Missions," gives us this "Creed of Jake," with high commendation. "Jake" was their faithful Indian guide, and was converted by Doctor Corlies, of Philadelphia; not by preaching dogmas to him, but by nursing him through a long spell of sickness.

This is the creed:

1. God is the boss of us fellers, and of every man—all.
2. God loves us fellers, and every man—all.
3. I feel in heart that I love God; my brother, my sister, and every man—all.
4. I wish every feller loved Jesus: then all good: no bad: no fight.

This creed of the untutored savage puts to shame the metaphysical speculations which have been inflicted upon the Christian church by well meaning but mistaken theologians.

A CORRESPONDENT in a St. Louis paper raises the alarm concerning the injudicious purchase of books in Sunday-school libraries again. He tells of a superintendent who to his horror had found that the book seller had insinuated the works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Miss Braddon, George Sand, even Ouida and Zola, into the Sunday-school library that was under careless administration;—but worse yet,—we allow the correspondent to tell the rest of the story in his own anxious words:

"But that isn't all or the worst of it," continued the superintendent. "Not long ago one of the teachers came to me and said her faith in orthodoxy had been very much shaken, and she did not know that she could conscientiously remain longer in the school. Several of her class were also

losing their confidence in the old creed. She said this result had been reached by reading one of the books in the Sunday-school library. It was 'Bluffton,' and was the account of how a young Presbyterian minister had been converted to rationalism and had finally taken his congregation with him over to liberalism. I hunted up the work and read it. The author is the Rev. Minot J. Savage, the prominent and eloquent Boston Unitarian clergyman. The book is a remarkable one, and even made me feel uncomfortable, as hide-bound in Calvinism as I supposed I was. Investigation showed me that a score of our older scholars and several of the teachers had been very much impressed by the story and had been talking the subject over. The book is all the more effective because it is a faithful portrayal, as I understand, of Mr. Savage's personal experience. How the book got into our library I don't know, but I suppose the selections were made by some clerk in the publishing house of whom we purchased. He saw the book was by a minister and naturally presumed it was eminently fit. Right in our own city I have learned that 'Bluffton' is in half a dozen libraries and is doing deadly work to orthodoxy. Of course this sort of thing must stop. We may be placing antidotes to all our instruction in the scholar's hands. Sensational and immoral novels and infidel publications are certainly not in place in orthodox Sunday-schools. I suppose there are hundreds of superintendents in this country who are as ignorant and careless as I was, and that these objectionable books are being sent out to scores of schools this fall. It is really alarming, and you can readily understand how anxious I am to rectify the evil, as far as I can, in our school. I wish I could send a note of warning to other superintendents."

The Ideal.

Our ideals are more real than what we call the actual. Science is rapidly growing into such proportions that it considers the unattained possibilities of the Sermon on the Mount facts of as much importance in political science as the statistics of illiteracy. The problem of crime and criminals can not be solved until the criminal's dreams of excellence are taken into account, as well as his ignoble failures. An idealist is not an impractical soul, intoxicated with a heavenly ether that incapacitates him for homely duties, and blinds him to the light of clear reason and deliberate judgment. Indeed, these hard realities feed the ideal. Out of the shadows of sorrow and sin does the ideal life ever spring. Bruises teach the fledgling that dexterity of wing which eventually lifts it above the brambles and rocks. The stolid reality of to-day forms the stiff but fertile soil out of which the permanent ideals of the immortal life are to grow.

It follows, then, that the true measure of our life at any given time is the measure of our ideals. The outcome of our lives, individually and collectively, is not determined by what we have or what we are, but by what we want to be, and the loyalty with which we struggle toward that ideal. So long, then, as the human soul reaches after the unrealized, so long is it growing; but if the vision ever fades, then life flags and powers droop. This is the only thought of old age that is depressing,—the fear that possibly the hard experiences, the frequent disappointments, the loneliness and the hopes deferred will eventually make the heart sick, put out the fires of enthusiasm, and weaken our grasp upon life's ideals. Gray hairs are an ornament; stiffened limbs prepare the mind for the autumn feast that ought to follow a busy harvest; enfeebled eyesight is not so bad when the garnered mind hath less need of gleaners. But, oh, to have the world grow old and gray faster than we do! To have our faith in man totter as our limbs begin to tremble! To have the lime settle into the tissues of our heart and make that brittle as well as our bones! Oh, to have our loves changed to ashes! To have our eyes grow blind to things noble, to truth and to beauty—"To end our lives in days of withered prayer"—to borrow a phrase from Miss Cobbe, *this* is the old age that is infinitely sad. Outward things may perish without a pang, as they will;—only so we be rich in those inward things that grow more real as the material scaffolding falls away. We do stand on a narrow ledge of mortal time, where our minds may well grow dizzy with the thought of a fleeting world. It is true in a sense that we are spirits that are to be

"Melted into thin air;
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which inherit shall dissolve,
And, like the unsubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

But there is that inward granite which in nature we call *law*, which in philosophy we call *truth*, which in morals we call *right*, and in religion we call *God*,—that endures for ever and for ever. And the ideals of the soul are the thoughts of God which we learn to think after Him.

"The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken,
The word by seers or sybils told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost."

Fifty Years Ago.

As our political centennials are closing, American literature has entered on a semi centennial season. Bryant, Irving, Cooper, Channing, came earlier; but each year now from 1886 to 1890 is the fiftieth since some star-to-day well known in our firmament of letters began to shine. The men born in the first decade of the century,—Bancroft (1800), Emerson (1803), Hawthorne (1804), Longfellow (1807), Whittier (1808), Holmes (1809), were publishing their first fruits as young authors in 1836 to 1840. 1836 gave us Emerson's "Nature," Whittier's "Mogg Megone," and Holmes's first handful of his verses. 1837 heard Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales." 1838 brought from Prescott (born 1796) his "Ferdinand and Isabella." Longfellow's "Voices of the Night" was published in 1839. Bancroft (born 1800) set out the first volumes of his history, and Edgar Poe (born 1811) his first collected stories, in 1840.

Among them all no book is likely to keep the dew upon it so long as the little "Nature," of which it took twelve years to sell the first five hundred copies. The year after this appeared, Emerson, then a young man of thirty-four, gave an address at Harvard College, which Doctor Holmes calls "our Intellectual Declaration of Independence." Its subject was "the American Scholar." The memory of its graceful cheer still lingers with the elder scholars of the country. The next year, 1838, and, again at Cambridge, he gave an address before the Divinity School, which might be called our *Religious Declaration of Independence*. It made a great commotion in the Unitarian circles of New England, which then were settling down, after their twenty years' struggle for spiritual freedom, in the belief that Christ was the author, and they the finishers, of faith. Upon this complacent mood Emerson's word broke, like a beautiful morning, with the assurance that there was a *soul* in man, source of all Bibles and all Christs, and unexhausted still,—a Soul that *none* of the churches preached.

Fifty years ago. To-day we read "the American Scholar" and wonder at "the breathless aisles" which listened so to it. The words are noble and are true, but to-day are the oxygen of the common air. The Divinity School address is now a Unitarian tract,—although *that* reads as fresh and morning-like as ever. So the pacing years have brought a semi-centennial upon us,—one that may worthily be noticed in our literary and religious circles. With this thought in mind, the programmes, printed on our Unity Club page this week and next, were prepared to assist a class at Hinsdale in the study of the two addresses, and they may be of service to some other class like-minded.

W. C. G.

A Wayside Prophet.

While riding in a buggy through the country in northern Ohio a few days ago, we noticed that fences and bridges were adorned with various mottoes, painted in large letters, and calculated to arrest the eye of the spiritually indifferent. On the fence at a certain cross-road was printed "Prepare to meet thy God," and "Eternal life is free." On the stone abutment of a bridge appeared the startling injunction, "Repent or go to hell." Other mottoes at different places were,

"Repent, you wicked sinner," "Watch and pray," and "Let your light shine." On inquiry we learned that this is the work of a zealous old gentleman, who drives about in a canvas covered wagon, spreading, as he believes, the gospel of righteousness. There can be no doubt that some soul is startled occasionally out of its lethargy by a sight of one of these sentences. The farmer, driving his load of produce to the city, thinking of nothing but the state of the market, may be suddenly reminded that there are things above the sale of corn and potatoes. The butcher, driving his cattle to the slaughter-house, may suddenly recollect that souls, as well as bodies, must have food. The careless pedestrian, sauntering along, thoughtless of any save material wants, may be disagreeably confronted by the thought of spiritual needs. The comfortable man of the world, satisfied with his surroundings in time, may be reminded of an existence in eternity, wherein worldly goods confer no comfort. The sensualist, the drunkard, the robber and oppressor may be sometimes brought up standing by one of these wayside sermons. Scoffing will not obliterate the impression. The letters burn on the brain. Like an accusing spirit they follow the man, and will not down at his bidding. When he would laugh, they silence his mirth. He sees them in the bottom of the "social glass." They transform the faces of his former boon companions, and make them hideous. The seed sown by the wayside has taken root, and sometime must bear fruit in character. Such a work may these sentences on fence and stone perform. And if but one soul be made better, the patient painter will be rewarded.

Many may laugh at his zealous attempts to reform the world by printing his gospel on a board by the roadside; but is it more sensible to print it in a book? This man has put his message where he who runs may read. It will not be silenced, nor could any prophet scream louder. The flowers by the roadside speak the same, but men can not hear their voices. Cloud and sunlight, brook and meadow paint the same words, but men are blind to these,—they do not heed them. And so this wayside prophet goes forth to paint in characters which still mean something to human eyes (though even these are fast becoming meaningless) the gospel of righteousness. Do not call him over zealous, nor enthusiast. He recognizes the needs of the hour, and the blindness of men, and he conforms his conduct to these. When men can read the higher scriptures, his brush will not be needed. But when that time comes many pens will lose employment, and the hum of printing presses will be diminished. S. L.

A Peep at the Exposition.

Entering the Chicago Exposition, we were naturally drawn to the Woman's Department. After climbing the stairs we encountered a button-hole machine, which seemed to be doing admirable work, though, as button-holes were never a formidable undertaking to us, we were not particularly interested in this specialty; the woman, however, with feet on the treadle, demanded a halt and an inspection while she expatiated on its merits, of which we had no doubt, for our faith in sewing machines, indeed machinery of all kinds, is almost unbounded; but as we started to pass on she leaned over confidentially, and, holding out a little round box, remarked, "Here is something I make myself, so I can recommend it. It is a cream for the face and hands; will remove tan, freckles, pimples, or anything of the kind. Really, madam, you will find it quite harmless and valuable." We thanked her and turned once more, when she continued in a still more insinuating tone,—*"It will also remove wrinkles;"* but we assured her that our wrinkles had come to stay, while our little daughter marched on with nose tossed in the air, exclaiming, *"The idea! how impertinent to insinuate that you have wrinkles!"*

The Woman's Department was disappointing, as it always is—made up, as of necessity it must be, of the poor odds and ends of woman's work. The home cannot be transferred to an exposition; a mother's watchful care, a wife's loving co-operation, a sister's tender helpfulness cannot be placed on exhibition. The best work of woman is so subtle, so all-pervading, that it cannot be gathered together and placed in a show case any more than you can gather the ray of light that forms the

life-giving sunshine, and so this department was disappointing though we were not disappointed, for how could it be otherwise? Woman's work as work we found, as it should be, placed in competition with other worker's work of its kind. In the Art Gallery she is represented by forty one artists and sixty-one pictures, the poorest of no mean merit, and all comparing favorably with the work of brother artists.

Looking out a number in our catalogue, a farmer came up and inquired, "Can you tell me what that is?" pointing to a picture, then turning to Miss Cheritree's "Return of the Flock" he exclaimed, "How natural! I've seen it hundreds of times. Seems as though the sheep were moving." His admiration of the animals was so evident that we remarked, "There is a Rosa Bonheur here." "A what?" he inquired. "A Rosa Bonheur; come this way." He left the sheep a little reluctantly, evidently expecting a floral piece. Well, if he didn't know Rosa Bonheur, he did know that bull—"Just perfect, ma'm, just perfect! Isn't it wonderful how the mind and hand of man can do these things," he said, and we left him lost in admiration—not of woman's work, but of the artist's work.

We have not space for mention of the really fine paintings on exhibition this year. There is Eastman Johnson's "Culprit," which needs no hint from the catalogue to tell its story. Brown's inimitable "Boys," Miss Stewart's "Relic of the Past," only to be met with in the south. Simmons's "Old Man and Child," and his wife's "Breton Children." One can never forget Harberger's "Poet and the Publisher"—pure business and clear frenzy. Bourge's "Cold Day," which made one long to invest in mittens for the street waifs. The human face can here be studied on canvas with every phase of feeling delineated; marine paintings many and excellent, landscapes full of peace and plenty. Altogether it is the finest collection we have ever seen in the Exposition.

* * *

Faith and Works.

Prof. Max Müller, in a recent address, said:

"I may claim that in the discharge of my duties for forty years (as professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford) I have devoted as much time as any man living to the study of the sacred books of the East. And I venture to tell this meeting what I have found to be the one key-note—the one diapason, so to speak—of all these so-called sacred books, whether it be the Veda of the Brahmins, the Puranas of Siva and Vishnu, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zendayesta of the Buddhists,—the one diapason, the one refrain that you will find through all, is salvation by works. They all say that salvation must be purchased, must be bought with a price; and that the sole purchase money must be our own works and deservings. Our own holy Bible, our sacred book of the East, is from beginning to end a protest against this doctrine. Good works are, indeed, enjoined upon us in that sacred book of the East far more strongly than in any other sacred book of the East; but they are only the outcome of a grateful heart—they are only a thank-offering, the fruits of our faith. They are never the ransom-money of the true disciples of Christ. Let us not shut our eyes to what is excellent and true, and of good report in these sacred books, but let us teach Hindus, Buddhists, Mohammedans, that there is only one sacred Book of the East that can be their mainstay in that awful hour when they pass all alone into the unseen world."

When the welfare of the soul is made to depend upon something else (no matter what) than downright effort toward upright life, the spiritual energies weaken by disuse. Faith may grow strong, but the soul's best faculties will grow weak. Christ may appear larger, as bearer of the burdens of a world; but the souls of men, no longer struggling for that which has been purchased for them by another, will dwindle and grow small. If the opinion of Professor Müller were not biased by previous theological education, his statement would place the Bible far below the Oriental scriptures in point of ethical value. We can but feel that this Orientalist has given fresh study to other bibles, and traditional acceptance to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. Is not Micah's "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," a native strain in Hebrew prophecy? And did not Jesus strike the central note of his gospel when he said, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, but he that doeth the will of my Father?" What means the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the Sermon on the Mount?

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Insight.

The doubt of man is uttered loud,
With reason bold, in language proud;
His insight is the spirit's word,
Whose still, small voice the few have heard.

It has no logic to persuade,
Nor lofty theories to aid;
It soars above the schools' pretense,
Itself its only eloquence.

"I am," it breathes, "and Thou must be,
Both of one vast immensity,
The one in all, the all in one,
Never to end, never begun.

"Of one with heaven's most distant star,
The grain of sand, the prism's bar;
The life of love, the death of hate,
The destiny of small and great.

"We live, and live, and ever live!
We give, and give, and ever give!
Till the vast, teeming circle ranged,
And I and Thou no more estranged,—

"Till I and Thou no more are known
In the fixed wholeness of the One."
Above, beyond the schools' pretense
This, insight's simple eloquence."

SARAH E. BURTON.

Was It Honest?

In UNITY of August 6, we had an editorial under the above title which has awakened some discussion, and already has been referred to briefly in our columns by different correspondents. The principle discussed is an important one, and we make room gladly, therefore, for the two following communications, printed in their order of reception. We wish we could go on with the subject. Indeed, it was our intention at first to follow these communications with a discussion somewhat at length, perhaps in two or three articles; but we must defer it for the present. We, however, earnestly invite thought to the matter; and we will simply put these questions: If a manufacturer has to hire workers, there are two questions he can ask himself; one is, How little can I get them for? the other is, How much can I pay them and leave myself a fair margin of payment for my time, my work, my knowledge, and my risk? Now we ask,

1.—Are these questions always identical?

2.—If not, which is the right, just and noble question? J. V. B.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Is it dishonest to take advantage of another's ignorance?

Is it dishonest to buy a corner lot for a thousand dollars and sell it for two or five or ten thousand? Is it dishonest for a numismatist to take an old coin for its face value and sell it for its market value?

I am in a horse car and hand the conductor a dollar. He gives me in change an old cent which I recognize at once as rare—worth perhaps several dollars, (no matter how much—more than a cent at any rate). The conductor doesn't know its value, but I do. Is it dishonest for me to say nothing and keep it? If he gives me too much (making a mistake in counting), all would agree that it would be dishonest in me to take it; but isn't there an essential difference in the two cases?

To come nearer to the case in hand: Suppose I should buy up a library of a widow (poor or rich, it makes no difference), her husband's library. I buy it in the lot. I send it home and find in it one rare book which would sell for a large sum; more perhaps than I paid for the lot. Is it dishonest for me to keep it and say nothing to her of its market value?

And even if I know when I buy the library that such a book is in it, and the widow did not suspect its value, if I pay what she asks, is it a dishonest act?

Suppose I deal in stocks. I learn from private sources that the value of a certain property is more than the selling price of the stock would indicate; am I dishonest if I buy that stock at the asking price, even though I may be sure that the special information which I have concerning it will soon be public property and the price of the stock be advanced in consequence?

In short, may not the question, "Is it honest?" apply to many transactions which daily pass unquestioned?

Is not the sagacity of merchants in every line of business dependent on the *knowledge* which they have?

Say I am a dealer in rubber, or coffee, or oil, or tobacco. I learn in advance of my neighbors in my line of business, something about the crop or the supply which leads me to expect an advance in price, and I quietly buy up all I can of the commodity, knowing very well that if they knew what I know they would not sell at present prices. Is it dishonest in me to take advantage of their ignorance?

And is not that the whole question? If it *is* the question (and I think it is), I am afraid that many business transactions which are not criticised would be open to it.

I do not say that you are not right; and it may delight your heart to see that the pregnancy of your thought is recognized. I believe you meant and mean just that—to arraign the methods of business in the Court of Conscience. And if, on a fair trial, the case cited in UNITY can be adjudged "dishonest," "ignoble," "mean," "base" and "fraudulent," (and to my mind the first term includes all the others), then I think all the others cases which I have supposed must be placed in the same category.

I do not admire the attitude of the poor man whose act you placed against the acts of the scholars.

He purchased his book of a merchant who got all he could out of him for it, and there seems something pitifully morbid in the act of the poor fellow returning to give back what was really his. Fair dealing doesn't require that we should give our neighbor *more* than his due; and the bargain was fairly made.

G. B. F.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your issue of Aug. 6th contained an article with the heading, "Was it Honest?" which questions business methods and principles, and draws inferences from given business incidents which, in my judgment, are not warranted in reason and common sense. Having waited a reasonable length of time for some professional writer to show the fallacy of the position assumed in the article referred to, without seeing anything on the subject, I feel constrained to reply to the article as best I may, from a business standpoint.

If we were to follow the kind of honesty recommended by the writer, we should put the world back a thousand years, make the grossest injustice the rule of life, and offer a premium on ignorance.

The honest possessor of property, or anything valuable, has the right to determine the terms upon which he will dispose of it. Take the case mentioned by the writer of the article. The keeper of a second-hand book stall, in the course of business, has become the possessor of an old book which cost him but a trifle, and he decides that it is worth to him ten cents, and sells it for that sum, making a satisfactory profit on the transaction. The purchaser happens to know an old book crank who will give a large sum for it. The whole question seems to be, who shall reap the benefits of knowledge? If not the possessor of it, who has, mayhap, come into possession through years of patient, plodding study, and the consumption of much midnight oil, who should? To illustrate: A minister has qualified himself to write instructive sermons through years of study, observation and heart culture, and he finds a congregation that is able and willing to pay \$100 for each sermon delivered on Sunday morning. Another minister, equally able in every way, only succeeds in disposition of his sermons at \$10 each. Has he not the right so to sell them? Who shall say nay? "They are worth \$100 each, and you shall not commit the injustice of giving that congregation a sermon worth \$100 for the paltry sum of \$10." Does the fact that his wares are sermons cut any figure? In

the book sale referred to, it was the information that brought the money, not the book.

A doctor cuts off a man's leg, and gets \$250 for it. It was done in an hour. What brought the money? Not the hour's labor, but the knowledge of human anatomy.

An attorney is consulted by a client. One hour is spent in the consultation, and a fee of \$100 is received. Information was imparted in the transaction, and brought the fee. Was it honest? The aged bibliophile with his gray hair and spectacles possessed information, and that was what brought the money. He had honestly come into possession of that information. Should he freely give to a sluggard what has cost him years of work, and thus foster laziness? Such a course would have been in direct opposition to the rules recommended by the charity organizations which, as we understand them, require that objects of charity, even, shall be compelled to honestly earn what they receive.

The writer of the article referred to strenuously opposes the rule of values that "a thing is worth what it will fetch."

Was the old book referred to worth \$500, simply because it sold for that sum? Very likely, some of the friends and heirs of the purchaser, when they heard of the transaction, said, "We will have a servitor appointed for grandfather—he has softening of the brain; he actually threw away \$500 on an old worthless pamphlet, bought at a second-hand book store for ten cents; there will not be one cent of his large fortune left to bury him with if he is permitted to go on at this rate throwing away his money." Take the case of the dishonest knave (the writer of this article puts him in another category) who sold a customer, who had confidence in him, a book for three shillings more than it was worth, and then feeling conscience-stricken after sleeping on it, undertook to mend matters by dividing his ill-gotten gains with the wealthy merchant from whom he bought the book. I think the case bears the stamp of improbability, as such a knave and fool would never have had money enough to have bought a book upon which he could have made three shillings in addition to a fair profit. Let us see the papers in the case.

To my mind, the article, to put it mildly, savors of a sentimentality that would condemn to total destruction all fishes that live upon each other, and compel us to eat the poor trash that obtain their food by sucking up mud from the bottom of the stream; that would destroy all birds of prey, because they destroy the weaklings and thus make progress possible; that would override the laws of the Almighty that decree "the survival of the fittest."

Is it "dignified" for a man to know? I say it is dignified to know; and so long as the necessity to live is upon us, it is as dignified to obtain a living by our knowledge as by handlabor.

In neither of the cases cited did any one "get something for nothing." The facts do not warrant any such conclusion, and "repeating it over and over again" will not make it true. "A man is not heard for his much speaking." How much worse is it to get a book for \$7 that may be sold for \$30, than to get a jack-knife or a stew-pan from a friend in the business, who will sell at wholesale price to us, and thus cheat some unknown retail dealer out of his legitimate profits? If there was dishonesty in one transaction, there would be in the other.

Is every person who shops all over a city hunting for "bargains," because their necessities and purses are of unequal length "mean," "base," "ignoble?" No. It is commendable to obtain by fair means the most we can for our money, because it means health, comfort, information and power for ourselves and families.

Emerson says, as we believe with great force and truthfulness, "it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time." But let us suppose that the looked-for millenium has arrived, when no man will sell a thing for more than it is worth, or receive it for less than it is worth. Mr. A. has a horse for which he has no use, and desires to dispose of it. He is young, sound, gentle and speedy. He meets Mr. B., who desires to purchase such a horse as is owned by Mr. A., and inquires the price. \$150 is named by Mr. A. as the value of his horse. Mr. B. says the horse is

worth \$250, and I will give you that for him; but Mr. A. is conscientious and refuses to take more than a thing is worth. Mr. B. is equally conscientious, and refuses to receive a thing for less than it is worth, and as they are unable to agree, they part—Mr. A. to continue to keep a thing which he does not want, and Mr. B. to go without a thing which he does want—that each may indulge a monumental conceit in regard to their judgment of values. What a millenium that will be! It is a satisfaction to us to know that we shall not live to enjoy it.

BUSINESS.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Fifty Years of Emerson.

"THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR." (1837.)

"THE DIVINITY SCHOOL ADDRESS." (1838.)

All in the class are supposed to read each essay before the meeting and to memorize some great line from the portion taken for the evening's study. To make the reading careful, better write out a brief analysis of the essay.

The page references are to the recent "Riverside" Edition of Emerson's Works. As editions vary, it is a good plan to number the paragraphs. Both the essays to be studied are in Vol. I. The recent editions of the "Poems" contain sixty pages of poems not found in earlier editions: where such poems are referred to, the page is named.

General references on Emerson and the Transcendental Movement in New England:—

Cabot's Memoir of Emerson, by far the best.

Cooke's Memoir of Emerson.

Holmes's Memoir of Emerson.

Genius and Character of Emerson. (The Concord Lectures for 1884.)

Conway's "Emerson at Home and Abroad."

Frothingham's "Transcendentalism in New England."

Emerson's own essays: "Transcendentalism," (Vol. I.); "New England Reformers," (Vol. III.); "Historic Notes," and "Chardon St. Convention." (Vol. X.)

The Theodore Parker, George Ripley, Alcott, Thoreau and Margaret Fuller books.

Essays on Emerson by Morley, Matthew Arnold, Grimm, Lowell (in "Study Windows,"), Whipple, Stedman, Burroughs, Bartol, Harris, Mead, and others.

"The American Scholar." (1837.)

"This Address was our Intellectual Declaration of Independence."—(Doctor Holmes.)

"An event without any former parallel in our literary annals. What crowded and breathless aisles, what windows clustering with eager heads, what enthusiasm of approval, what grim silence of foregone dissent!"—(Lowell.)

FIRST EVENING, pages 83-100 (paragraphs 1-29).

Introductory Poem. "The Song of Nature," read aloud, with interpretation.

Paper. "American Literature Fifty Years Ago."

Great Sentences. A quick, round-the-classes exercise. Each from memory give the noblest sentence he finds in these eighteen pages.

Analysis of Essay. Its three parts. Two of the class read their outlines of the essay, the others comparing their own.

Discussion on "Self-Education, the Upbuilding of a Man":—

(1) The three teachers. Has he not left out one? Which is the head teacher? Is a rounded, complete man becoming more possible or less possible?

(2) The human passion for unity. (Here he speaks of nature as the source of man's science; as source of his poetry, see "Literary Ethics," pp. 162-4, in this same volume.) What is Emerson's constant doctrine of the highest unity?

(3) World-books,—spite of what he says, are there none? Bibliolatry: public idol books? any private ones? (Lowell's poem, "Bibliolatres.") Book-gluttony, and its remedy. (Bacon's essay "Of Studies.") Too busy reading to think of.

too busy thinking to read. What, according to Emerson, is the sole use of a book? "I see that Plato has some of my thoughts." What have been the three most creative, epoch-making books to you in your life? Tell the truth about it!

(4) The "unconscious cerebration," the mental chemistry, that transmutes experience into wisdom,—what can you say about it? Does your experience confirm p. 97 (paragraph 24)?

(5) How many words, probably, in your daily vocabulary? Shakespeare was Shakespeare with how many words?

(6) Are our leaders in America usually "self-educated" men? Are "practical" men and women the best thinkers? And reverse that question.

Closing Poem. "Culture."

References.

Kindred essays by Emerson on the Scholar,—*"Literary Ethics,"* Vol. I. *"The Man of Letters,"* Vol. X. *"The Scholar,"* Vol. X. *"Literary Ethics,"* given the next year (1838), echoes the leading thought of this Address, and is it not a nobler essay?

Kindred poems,—*"The Sphinx,"* poem—preface to essay on *"Wealth,"* Vol. VI. (not in *"Poems"*); *"At Home"* (p. 280); *"Books"* (p. 274.)

SECOND EVENING, pages 101-115 (paragraphs 30-43).

Introductory Poem. "Musketaquid."

Paper. "Concord: One Little Town and its Great Men."

Great Sentences. The noblest sentence each one finds in these fifteen pages,—from memory.

Discussion on "Self-Reliance:"—

(1.) Self-reliance a constant emphasis of Emerson; does he exaggerate it? Is it the mother of all virtues and of the best service? "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist." Is lack of self-trust the mark of the American? What, on the other hand, is the great New Testament emphasis? Has Emerson an equal sense of this? Are "individualism" and "otherism"—each for all—opposites? Which of the two is the growing emphasis to-day? Do you understand his "reason" for self-trust (paragraphs 35, 36)?

(2.) One's potentialities. With conscious, sub-conscious, unconscious powers, do we "know ourselves?" Is it true—or too good to be true—that every one is a poet, a genius, a hero, *in posse*? "Our chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can?"

(3.) Hero-worship,—has Emerson rightly read the secret of it?

(4.) The Hero-Scholar: note his stern self-discipline, his lofty functions; for this is autobiographic of Emerson's own ideal. Did he make his ideal real? Seer, prophet, poet, philosopher, scholar, reformer, saint,—what name best fits him?

(5.) "The milk in the pan:" is literature growing poetic and religious, then? The poet as the *seer* of the world. Do the book-keepers know of the "eternal law" exemplified in ledgers? (See *"Compensation"* in Vol. II. p. 111.)

(6.) The best age to be born in? Is ours an age of "introversion," and of "revolution?" Have the "auspicious signs" of 1837 come true?

(7.) Can you understand the impression caused by this Address, the "breathless aisles," etc.,—Lowell's and Holmes's words above? "Declaration of Independence" from what?

Scripture Passages. Are there any passages in this essay noble enough for pulpit-reading? What is the quality that makes a "Scripture" passage?

Closing Poem. "The Titmouse."

References.

Kindred essays by Emerson,—*"Literary Ethics,"* Vol. I., *"Self-Reliance,"* Vol. II. Thirty years later (1867) Emerson again addressed the Phi Beta Kappa Society,—the rich essay called the *"Progress of Culture,"* in Vol. VIII.

More of Concord in the poems,—*"My Garden"* (Walden Pond); *"Two Rivers,"* *"Hamatreya,"* *"Concord Hymn,"* *"Dirge."* Also in chaps. 1 and 2 of *"Nature,"* Vol. I., and in the other *"Nature,"* Vol. III., p. 166.

Other poems on self-reliance and heroism,—*"The Fable,"* *"Give All to Love,"* *"Sursum Corda,"* *"Voluntaries"* III., IV., V.; *"Heroism,"* *"Character,"* *"Power"* (p. 242); *"Heaven"* (p. 297).

Unity Club Day at the First Annual Sunday-school Institute.

The idea of a Western Sunday-school *Institute*, under the auspices of the W. U. S. S. S., is a happy one, and implies more practical, thorough study and work in all directions, and will be of especial value to Sunday-school teachers. And the Unity Club session will also mean institute work for that new, lively, and growing organization. What is the Unity Club for? how is its work done? who will tell us how to study Browning, the masters in art, or Emerson? these are the questions eastern people are constantly asking. Probably the west has got beyond these preliminary and commonplace questions; possibly, some are among inquirers for light; and if so, it will be a grand opportunity for officers and committees of Unity Clubs, and all interested members, to get help by attending the Chicago Institute, to be held in the Third church, Rev. J. V. Blake, pastor, Nov. 8-10. Unity Clubs should be organized where not already in existence, in order to be represented at the Chicago meeting, and to join the Bureau. Every church should have a Unity Club, as it should a Sunday-school, or a charity organization. There are several weeks to elapse before the institute meets; but it will take all that time for the clubs to get organized, or re-organized, for the season's work; and, at least, on the intellectual side of club work, the western men will have something most excellent in the proposed exhibition of eight types of Unity Club studies, to present to clubs new and old. The topics are, Emerson, Social Politics, Art, Travel, Philosophy, Browning, Great Novels, Miscellaneous. What a feast for the gods will be here! And besides these studies, we shall learn something of the undeveloped sides of Unity Club work, which we suspect will give us even grander conceptions of the Club, and its work in the churches, and in the community, as a social and a religious factor. Perhaps we are too far away from the Unity Club hub to catch the inspiration of its life and work, and may not indulge sufficiently in hope and confidence in its importance in the churches, but with the prophets and apostles of all good and growing things, right on the spot, there will be no failure in club representation at the Institute, and no lack of purpose and of point in the spirit and work of the meeting.

A. J. R.

THE HOME.

Proverb Sermons.—III.

Proverb.—Look not a gift horse in the mouth.

But why not? Proverbs I think are a kind of moral scripture, for they come out of the human heart when long enough it has applied itself to life; which is to say that they have a sacred source and a sacred object. Therefore it is not well to flout any proverb, but to search into it, for it is like to be truth and wisdom good for us to follow. Nor, I think, have I met any which are only worldly-wise, crafty or selfish. Wherefore I shall not be like to err if I take my text freely on trust, and ask simply why we should not look a gift horse in the mouth,—believing that truly it is so, since the human heart has said it in a proverb, though in a way a little both rough and humorous.

To look a horse in the mouth is to look for his age by means of his teeth, which is to search narrowly into his value,—how strong he may be, how long likely to live, and what he will fetch in the market. Now, if he be a gift horse, then

to go straightway to his mouth is to be busy more with the value of the gift than with the good will of the giver. For to run to the horse's mouth is to run apart from the friend who has given the horse, which no man will do if he think more of the stem of love than of any fruit that buds on it. Therefore the proverb is a homely form for this precept, that we should be busy with gratefulness for the giving and not with looking for the value of the gift. The proverb is a part of the scripture of gratitude, wherever that be found written.

What virtue is richer or more comely than gratitude, or better to moor to if one wish to be steadied amid tossing waves? A man may be honest and hateful; for he may give every one his due and pay what he owes while he begrudges it. But if a man be of grateful spirit, I see not how he can be very perverse in any way, nor how his frailties, though they be many, can be hateful or cruel ones. Shakespeare has a good saying—"Thanks, the exchequer of the poor,"—which fastens close to Jesus's parable of the widow's mite; for though thanks be a poor man's payment, not all the riches of the rich can pay so much.

Ungratefulness is the sin of a soul which yet is in a mean and little state, not having come to good size and shape. Persons who get kenneled, if so I may speak, in this state suffer a long puppy-hood; for often I have marked that young dogs, when they have lost their first floss and grace, have an ugly, awkward, shorn and (whatever be their blood) currish season, before they get the ease, motion and mantle of full growth. Now, though the body goes straight along its way to become adult, the soul may stay half made, or even very little made, a long time; then it will be ungrateful for good things given, snapping at them currishly and swallowing them too greedily to taste the flavor of love in them. Now this I say not as first I thought it; for at first I said to myself—Ingratitude is the sin of a mean soul. But I like not to admit any mean soul, but only unmade persons. Now if an unfinished house could help finish itself, and would not, then its half made state would be a mean state. So an unmade soul which works not to finish itself is in a mean state, and ungratefulness is a trait of it. There are faults of large states of soul, like sins of ambition, of over-generosity, of education or love of learning, or of whatever other noble trait may be mentioned; for all may be turned awry; but ingratitude is the sin of a little and mean state which has nothing noble in it, but is all groveling and base.

Now what, in a word, is this mean state of soul? It is this—to be locked up in self, as a puppy not yet has grown into duty to his master nor to a sense of having a charge nor indeed to ought but his sleep, his play, his milk and his bone. Is it not plain that the mean state of a soul is its being turned wholly to itself? For here it stands in the midst of immensity spread on the earth, and of infinity in the heavens and in man; yet it chooses to be busy with just itself, turning from the immensity to a very little portion. Surely this is a great meanness.

Now of this mean and paltry state of the soul there are two sorts. The first sort is simply selfishness. This always makes a man ungrateful; for it will lead him straightway to the mouth of the gift horse to see what his value is, and by this he will judge of the gift, thinking how much he has gotten, and what it will bring him at a sale if he wish. But when he has looked into the mouth of the gift and settled its price, whatever feeling he may have for the giver I know not how to name and mayhap our language lacks a noun for it; for surely it is not gratefulness, but a kind of payment which he has measured by the teeth. True gratitude is a leap of the heart to meet the heart that lies in the gift. A shrewd observer has said that "every one takes pleasure in returning small obligations, many go so far as to acknowledge moderate ones, but there is hardly any one who does not repay great obligations with ingratitude." If this be so (though a sadness to think it is), this is because of looking the gift in the mouth, which is the same as pricing the favor and not the heart in the favor. He who receives knows not how to return the benefit with love, and he will not render an equal bounty, because that would

deprive himself; thus great benefits he is content to receive with great selfishness. Also when selfishness puts out gratitude, this will be shown by the forgetting of past good turns if any ill turn be done. But as Confucius's disciples said of him that "if he saw one good in a man he forgot a hundred evils," so, conversely, the eye of a grateful disposition soon will cease to see an ill done us against the light of many past kindnesses. If, having received benefits, we are not helped thereby to bear with the hurt, of what effect are they?

The second sort of meanness is vanity, conceit, foolish pride and vainglory, which the apostle has called well the thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think. For humility is not to set ourselves at naught, to make light of ourselves, or abase ourselves, as some think, but with pure justice of mind to set oneself in one's true place. Does anything more affect a man's thoughts through and through than his way of esteeming himself? For if he think of himself too highly, he will esteem others too little, which is blindness both to justice and to gratitude! and if he be wholly well pleased with what he has in his mind, he will miss the wisdom and knowledge spread around him, which is to be ignorant. Now if a man by reason of his own vainglory be unjust, blind to greatness, and ignorant (a sorry lot of bad things to be heaped in one person), how can he give sweet and tender gratitude? If he have no humility, but float high on his own thoughts of himself, it is hard to see how he can be grateful; for he will think the favors he gives very fine and precious by reason of his own fine state; but what he has from others, he will think not so worthy, and no more than he deserves, if indeed so much. Therefore, it is sure he will exact much gratitude but render little.

Some will have it that obligation is a kind of shame. At least, if not in words they declare such a rule, yet they act by it, and seem unhappy to be beholden to any one, as if they had gone into prison or restraint. But in this point a double wisdom is needed; for sometimes to accept obligation is noble, and sometimes base. To be ashamed of obligation to a friend is very ungenerous. Seneca said well that hurry to repay a benefit is a kind of ingratitude; and a preacher has written that "the grateful person being still the most severe exactor of himself, not only confesses but proclaims his debt"—which is true, and also a high saying; for if it be a beauty, grace or goodness in our friend to benefit us, not only we are ungrateful if we feel it not in our hearts, but if we bear it not in our mouths to the spread of his good name, we are thievish. Either take no favor from a friend (which surely is not good friendship), or be glad under it.

(Concluded next week.)

Didn't Like the Kite.

A flock of wild geese flying over Waterbury, Conn., the other day, saw one of the kites which the Waterbury boys were flying. This particular kite was up very high and the geese objected to it. They circled about it two or three times, and then four of their number, seemingly delegated for the purpose, attacked the kite and tore it into shreds, and then went on their way.—*New York Sun*.

HE preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverend feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as is the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

Longfellow.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Wichita, Kan.—It is nearly 800 miles from Chicago, as the road runs. And here a Unity Sunday Circle was formed at the close of the afternoon service, October 2. A president, secretary and treasurer, and an executive committee were chosen, and several resolutions were passed. It was voted that the proceedings be reported in UNITY, from which you will probably hear later. The western secretary, J. R. Effinger, was present by invitation, and will return to them on Sunday, October 9. The congregations were unexpectedly good, numbering about 50. The singing was hearty, and the *esprit de corps* of the people was delightful to witness. This interest had been carefully fostered for months by the P. O. Mission from our Chicago headquarters and from Geneseo, and the results so far are most encouraging. Wichita is already the largest city in Kansas, according to my informant, and growing "at the rate of a thousand a month." It is claimed that it lies in "the garden spot of the world," and that Kansas is destined to be the richest state in the union. It is none too soon to begin our work there.

Chicago.—Freiberg's opera house on Twenty-second street, between State street and Wabash avenue, was the scene last Sunday afternoon of an event important and novel,—nothing less than the inaugural meeting of the first African Unitarian society in the world. Rev. Bird Wilkins, a young colored preacher, who came to Chicago about two years ago as pastor of the Bethesda Baptist church, has worked his way out of the popular theology, and carried the bulk of his congregation with him. A few weeks ago some dissension was stirred up in that church by the efforts of influential Baptists on the outside, and Mr. Wilkins wisely chose the independent course of resigning his pastorate. Three-fourths of the members of his church have followed him, and the attendance last Sunday afternoon included over a hundred of his own people, with a sprinkling of sympathizing friends from the various Unitarian churches of the city. The principal address was delivered by Rev. James Vila Blake, who stated with depth and comprehensiveness, as well as earnestness and simplicity, the leading principles of the new faith to which the people before him are aspiring. Rev. David Uter followed with a few well chosen words of sound advice, after which Mr. Wilkins read the articles of fellowship of the new church, which were stated in language taken substantially from the resolutions passed last May by the Western Unitarian Conference. He also read letters of sympathy and encouragement from Mrs. Prudence Crandall, Rev. Thomas G. Milsted and others. The outlook of the new movement seems most encouraging, and it starts out with the full

sympathy and co-operation of the Unitarians of Chicago. We shall hope to give further news of Mr. Wilkins and his church ere long.

—Union Teachers' Meeting, Monday noon. Subject, "Jesus Entering on His Ministry." Mr. Jones, leader. Luke iv, 14-30. The synagogues were simple buildings, erected so as to look toward Jerusalem. The organization of the congregation was very simple. The priests never had anything to do with the synagogues; they were confined to the temple at Jerusalem. The passage from Isaiah read by Jesus in the synagogue seems not just the same as it now stands in the Old Testament, but still it is plain what passage is meant. Noticeable that Jesus stopped just where he did; for if he had read on he would have read, "And the day of the vengeance of our God." But Jesus never preached this. It seems as if he stopped short of this clause because he did not wish to read it, not liking it. Attention was called to the Pauline, pro-Gentile character of this story, for it was the assertion of Jesus that a Gentile man and woman had been preferred by the prophet to Hebrews that seemed to stir up the small riot that followed. The principle that a prophet is not known in his own country must not be pushed far; a very great and true prophet is revered by those close about him.

Arcadia, Wis.—The October session of the Wisconsin Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Churches closed on Thursday evening, October 6. In addition to the ministers of the state of Wisconsin, there were present S. M. Crothers, of St. Paul, H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, H. D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, George Batchelor, of Boston, and J. R. Effinger, of Chicago. The opening sermon was by H. M. Simmons, on Tuesday evening. Wednesday forenoon was given up to business, including reports from the churches and the field at large. The agent of the American Unitarian Association and the secretary of the Western Conference were called on, and responded briefly. They struck hands cordially, and even slept in the same bed without falling out. There were sermons by Batchelor and Crocker, and essays by Forbush, Earl, Stevens and Crothers. Unavoidably we were delayed in reaching the conference, and were hurried away in the midst of Mr. Stevens's interesting essay, missing Crothers and Crocker. But it was good to be there for a day. It was evident that painstaking, earnest work is going on in Wisconsin. The two leading ministers work together admirably, throwing their united strength into the new movements and the weaker churches. One side incident of the conference was the planning of a meeting in St. Paul on the 17th of next month, to mature plans for the organization of a Minnesota Conference. So let it be! Let us educate a state consciousness of responsibility for organized aggressive work wherever we can. The opportunity before us is full of encouragement. Shall we rise to meet it?
J. R. E.

Chicago Preachers.—The last Sunday issue of the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Standard* contains extended sketches of Doctor Thomas, Doctor Noble and James Vila Blake, of the Third Unitarian church, accompanied by counterfeit representations of their faces. Of Doctor Thomas it says: "His peculiar views on the inspiration of the Bible and future punishment brought him into a conflict with his superiors in the church, which terminated in 1881 with the historical Thomas heresy trial. Doctor Thomas held that there was no eternal punishment for unbelievers, that Christ was not crucified to save man, and that the Scriptures contained various errors. The trial, which lasted several weeks, ended with his expulsion from the Methodist church and the formation of a strong religious society, styling itself the People's church. . . . Commencing his career as an ardent Abolitionist, he has ever had a helpful hand for the poor and struggling, and this noble devotion to the cause of humanity and justice is probably the keystone of his success as a man, a minister and a lecturer."

Of our fellow worker, Mr. Blake, it says: "He graduated from Harvard in 1862 with

the degree of bachelor of arts. The day after his graduation he entered the service of Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, as one of his private secretaries, and remained with him until July, 1863, when he entered the divinity school at Harvard. . . . Mr. Blake is equally well known as an author as he is as a clergyman, having written and published a volume of lyrical poems, a book of essays and a series of clever articles on manual training. He is an ardent enthusiast on all matters pertaining to education, and works faithfully and incessantly to effect practical changes in the somewhat impractical curriculum of our public schools." These merited words of praise somewhat atone for the libelous character of the portraits.

Boston.—The Unitarian missionary to Japan purposes to meet the Japanese civilization as the peer in some respects of the highest European civilization, to own the value of Japanese arts, literature, morality and habits of inquiry. He will offer respectfully to that nation, as he would to a competitive school of religion in America, whatever he thinks is superior in Christian beliefs, hopes and morality over the faiths he finds held by the educated or the ignorant classes of Japan. This may prove to be the most successful method for a mission to any advanced people. —Our very useful body, called the Union of Sunday-school Superintendents and Teachers, will hold its first sociable meeting a week hence. The delegates and guests have a pleasant gathering in the parlor of our First church, which is followed by a sociable collation. Then in the chapel the large audience listens to several essays and a discussion. Social and religious services open and close the exercises. The present is the fifth year of the life of the Union, and its vigor still increases. The Sunday-school methods of our city and suburbs are made more intelligent and uniform by this frequent contact of devoted workers.

Merrill, Wis.—Rev. A. N. Somers writes: "Things look favorable for the organization of a society within a few weeks. I find here a dozen Unitarians who are anxious for a society, and a large number deeply interested in anything that is liberal and tolerant." Mr. Somers, formerly of Jamestown, N. Y., has gone to Merrill for the purpose of opening a field for Unitarian work at that place.

The Illinois Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies will meet at Hinsdale, Ill., on October 25, 26, and be the guests of the little church lately formed there. The conference will be twenty-five years old and its host seven months' old,—but big enough to give a warm welcome to all its ancestry. Further announcement next week.

Jamestown, N. Y.—Sunday, October 2, Doctor Townsend's people observed with appropriate services the second anniversary of their church organization. Dr. Townsend preached morning and evening to large congregations.

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States assembles at Washington on December 8. Among the speakers will be Chief-Justice Waite, Associate-Justice Strong, of the Supreme Court; Bishop Cox, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; President McCosh, of Princeton; Senator Joseph R. Hawley and Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Church.

Tarsus.—Some New York gentlemen with Dr. Howard Crosby at their head, are moving to build a monument to St. Paul in this ancient city. It is to take the shape of a training school for orphans. \$2500 have already been raised. This is a practical and radical recognition of the worth of one who seemed to glory in his bachelorhood.

St. Joseph, Mo.—A word from this point says, "We are slowly gaining ground." It is pleasant to think that the pastor, C. E. Roberts, is soon to have his brother, Rev. J. E. Roberts, as his nearest ministerial brother and exchange at Kansas City. We shall expect the Roberts family to hold high the banner of liberal thought in the Missouri valley.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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[NUMBER 8.]

EDITORIAL.

IN the conduct of the intellect, Emerson says, "the ground position is, that the intellect grows by moral obedience."

THE illustrated London *News*, republished in New York for October 15, contains a pretty picture of Lea Hurst, the present home of Florence Nightingale, in Derbyshire, England. Miss Nightingale is now sixty-seven years of age, and though impaired in health still continues her studies of charitable institutions, upon the conduct of which she is one of the best authorities living.

Miss C. J. Bartlett recently preached a sermon to All Souls church, of Sioux Falls, Dakota, over which she ministers, upon "Creeds: Their Use and Abuse," which has been published as a broadside, and from which we clip a suggestive sentence:

"Yes, one of the central and inspiring articles of his faith is in the spiritual evolution of humanity—that the spirit of God is abroad in the hearts of men to-day as much, yea, more than ever in the past time; that ever the light of God's holy truth is shining through wider and wider rifts in the clouds of men's ignorance and fear and brutality."

THE newly amended scientific temperance instruction law in Michigan took effect September 9. It provides that instruction shall be given in physiology and hygiene with special reference to narcotics and their effect upon the human system. The instruction shall be given by text-books where the pupil is able to read, and as thoroughly as any other studies pursued in the school. This is a move in the right direction. The welfare of the body has too long been placed below the education of the mind. In view of the revelations of science with respect to the relations of health to morals, we consider this measure to be of the highest importance.

A HINDOO convert to Christianity, in an address before the Evangelical Alliance, uttered these words:

"The elementary branches of an English education ring the death knell of the Hindoo shastas. The student soon sees that on a globe 8000 miles in diameter, there can not be a mountain 128,000 miles high, as these books affirm. With the whole surface of the earth mapped down, and with the various waters properly located and designated, there is no room for the seas (the 'sea of candy' and the 'sea of honey') of the Hindoo mythology; nor is that forest likely to be found very soon whose falling and decaying fruit produces a river larger than the Indus or the Ganges, the perfume of which can be perceived for thousands of miles."

A certain Presbyterian clergyman, quoting the above in a sermon, asks: "Why is it that there are in the Bible no absurdities like these, to be swept away by advancing knowledge?" We can conceive that a devout Hindoo, *not* converted to Christianity, might find in our Bible and in current theology much to which the "death knell" has been rung by even "the elementary branches of an English education."

WE clip the following from the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*:

"The scheme to put God in the United States Constitution—which may be called an effort to put God on paper instead of putting goodness in the soul—has little vitality, but Rev. Dr. Gregg, of Park Street church, Boston, lately preached a sermon in its favor, of which a paragraph will show the quality:

"If we interpret the Constitution according to its plain reading, it is assuredly a non-religious document. The true God has no standing in it. It offers no more protection to the religion of Jesus Christ than to the religion of Buddha. The oath which the President takes in assuming office

has no mention of God in it, although an appeal to God is the very essence of an oath. The absence of the religious character was noted from the very beginning, and was the subject of consideration by God-fearing patriots. What is our duty as Christian citizens in regard to the non-religious character of the Constitution? We should do that which our fathers failed to do; we should crown our God and Christianity in the very first sentence of the Constitution. We should make it read: 'We, the people, in the name of God, accepting the Son as our ruler,' etc."

Park Street church is the place where the clergy had a prayer meeting in Theodore Parker's day, and one of the brethren prayed that the Lord "would put a hook in his jaws, or if need be, remove him out of the way." About the time the good Father puts hooks in the jaws of such men as Theodore Parker, we may look for God in the Constitution, but not before."

THE *Christian at Work* says:

"In the columns of the able, and we may say admirable organ of the Unitarians, the *Christian Register*, we find a correspondent repudiating the claim that Unitarianism is founded on the sacred Scriptures. These are his utterances:

"Unitarianism no longer bases itself on the Word of Scripture; but the Word of Scripture in the past has been, for many of us, one of its corner stones, and is now and always will be a powerful contributor to its religious life, is the best stepping-stone from other fields into our ranks, and on all these accounts is deserving of having its real meaning brought out by us distinct and clear."

Our contemporary declares that the Catholic church holds the Scriptures in the same way; and it congratulates its Roman Catholic and Unitarian friends on the fact that they both use the Scriptures as a stepping-stone. It fails to state, however, that for the authority of an infallible Book the Catholic church substitutes the authority of an infallible council or Pope; while the Unitarian knows no *infallible* authority of any sort, but rests its doctrine in the soul's perception, which, though fallible, is the only torch by which our mortal feet can be safely guided.

THE September number of the *Antiochian* is before us and contains some extracts of Professor Orton's address at the funeral of Albert Lester Kellogg, one of the faithful Antioch friends and trustees who with Artemus Carter and many others, now of blessed memory, held up the hands of Horace Mann. For many years Mr. Kellogg has been a resident of Yellow Springs. We let Professor Orton speak for us the words that will not only be grateful to the friends of Antioch but helpful to all our readers:

"He had been successful in business. . . . Two children were growing up beneath his roof. Their education must be provided for. A new college, on a new basis, viz., an anti sectarian basis, was just being established in Southern Ohio. At the head of it stood that princely orator, scholar, statesman, educator, Horace Mann, head and shoulders above all the teachers of his time."

"This was the opportunity that our friend was waiting for, and which he could not fail to accept at whatever cost. He followed Horace Mann to Yellow Springs, to Antioch College. . . . His heart was bound up in the college, and he experienced his full share of sorrow over the irreparable loss by the untimely death of Antioch's first and great president."

"He has gone in and out among us with kindness and helpfulness and good will for all. He has stood loyally by every good work that has been going forward in the state and nation, watchful and observant of public affairs and strengthening the entire community by his steadfast courage."

"The halls of yonder college can testify most eloquently to this persistent love of knowledge on the part of our friend. Term after term and year after year, in one or another of the lecture-rooms of the college, even after they had passed through their three score years, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg would find their places as regular and faithful and prompt in their attendance as any members of the classes that were required to be there. What an encouragement to the young people that sat beside them there!"

"Duty is the strongest and sweetest word in the language."
"It was the same love of righteousness that colored all his religious

thought, that led him to break with the narrow and arbitrary theological school in which he was brought up, and to find a broader and more reasonable faith.

"He believed in a power in the world that makes for righteousness. The world is a good world; the evils of life are mainly remedial evils; the light that is shining now will shine more and more to a perfect day. These were the happy optimistic views that our friend delighted to cherish, and in the light of which he went bravely and cheerfully forward to his journey's end."

THE Pacific Coast Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, will hold its fourth annual session at Oakland, Cal., on November 20-23. The day sessions will be held at Odd Fellow's hall, northwest corner of Eleventh and Franklin streets, the evening sessions in the larger Hamilton hall. The Oakland church extends a cordial invitation to all delegates, and will provide suitable homes for all. The opening sermon will be preached by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, of Boston. Hon. Horace Davis will preside, and will read a paper on our mission to the Japanese, whose discussion will be opened by Rev. A. M. Knapp, the newly appointed missionary of the Unitarian body, now on his way to Japan. Rev. A. W. Jackson will speak on "Books and Morals;" Rev. B. F. McDaniel on "The Religious Sentiment;" Rev. T. L. Eliot on "Marriage and Divorce, and its Legislation;" Doctor Stebbins on "The Future of California Society;" Rev. E. M. Wheelock on "The Evolution of Providence;" Rev. C. P. Massey on "Our Unitarian Need;" and addresses and papers may be expected from Judge M. A. Luce, C. A. Murdock, C. W. Wendte, George H. Greer, and, it is hoped, from Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston.

THE conservatives in the Congregational church evidently do not have the whole of public sentiment on their side. Doctor Parker, of London, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, recently addressed an immense congregation in Tremont Temple, Boston. At this meeting Mr. Joseph Cook offered prayer, in which he besought the Lord to keep error out of the schools of instruction. Doctor Parker in the course of his address rebuked the partisan spirit which expresses itself even in prayer. Whether or not the audience perceived the application of the rebuke to the prayer just made by Mr. Cook, it evinced sympathy with the sentiment by loud applause. Doctor Parker declared that hardly a Congregational clergyman in England now teaches the doctrine of endless punishment, and when he affirmed that "the Lord's mercy will be found to be larger than the devil's malignity" his words were greeted with tremendous applause. The intolerance which finds such free expression in the councils of orthodoxy has evidently not found its way very largely among the people. When a certain doctrine or line of church policy is in danger there can always be found zealous controversialists to defend conservatism. But the quick feelings of the great public heart respond to the sentiment of a larger freedom. Ecclesiastical councils are the last and strongest bulwarks of conservatism, yet even these are fast crumbling before the sweeping tide of public sentiment.

THE New York *Independent* prints, on its first page, a somewhat startling article by Maurice Thompson, in which the Russian Count Tolstoi, whose writings are attracting so much attention, is declared to be nothing short of a socialist, a crank, and worse than all, an infidel. The following extracts will show the general tenor of the article; from which it is evident that although a man teach the very doctrines of Christ himself, if he be not in accord with the strict canons of orthodoxy, he may be denounced as a pernicious teacher:

"Lately criticism has gone to the extent of making a Christian hero of a man who openly denies the divinity of Christ, rejects the orthodox view of the atonement, and substitutes a refined socialism for the faith, hope and charity of the Word of God. . . . If the Bible is true, Christ is the very Son of God, born of Mary, as told in the simple story, and he it was who died that men might live. The divinity of Christ is vital to Christianity. Without divinity Christ could make no atonement for man. The sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer are meaningless if Christ was a mere man with only a genius for sweetness and light. . . . Tolstoi is not only a socialistic crank, but as well a man whose teachings are subtly infidel and wholly subversive of government, of property rights, of courts of

justice, and of personal liberty and safety. . . . Moreover, he rejects the personality of God the Father, and cares nothing for the Holy Ghost. . . . Tolstoi's religion and philosophy is being spread broadcast among us, with the sanction and approval of high critical authority and labeled as containing the true spirit of Christ."

Secular Press Comment.

It is interesting to note the comment of the secular press upon the recent meeting of the American Board at Springfield. The press is the great reflector of public sentiment, and as theological weather vanes the following paragraphs are significant:

What hangs upon the action of the American Board is not the advance or retardment of what is called liberal theology. The movement of thought in this age is as indifferent to the vote of church councils as an ironclad to a peashooter. What is at stake is simply the future of the board itself.—*Springfield Republican*.

Fifty years ago the Congregationalists lost their heads over a misstatement of the doctrine of the Trinity in unity, and prepared the way for the party of Unitarian Congregationalists. It looks as if a similar folly were about to be inaugurated among the same people to-day.—*Boston Herald*.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions seems to be demonstrating that there is need of considerable missionary work at home, beginning among the members of the board itself. Not only bitter, but even personal, discussion, full of insinuations, have been lugged into a debate upon the question as to whether or not man passes through a probationary state after death. It is clear that theologians who indulge in such senseless argument concerning something so utterly beyond human demonstration are fit subjects for a little probation in this sphere before they cross over to the unknown and unknowable.—*Omaha Herald*.

The conservatives should use the power which is theirs by force of numbers as not abusing it, and should remember that there is no more effective conquering than that of conciliation, especially among the children of the same household of faith. If the liberals think that the conservatives have manifested any illiberality or intolerance, let them show how liberal they can be toward what they deem illiberality, and how tolerant they can be of what seems to them intolerance. If the change in policy and methods which is sought is of God, it will come in due time, and meantime, the thing for every constituent and friend of the American Board to do is to banish non-essentials, and vie with each other in carrying onward and forward the standard of the cross.—*Springfield Union*.

The future probation opinions of the present Andover theologians and their friends demand recognition by this venerable board of missions. When the issue is joined, if the vote was confined to New England alone, there is reason to fear that Andover would carry its point, since these states, the former home of the theology of Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, Dwight and Emmons, have now measurably lost sight of the old paths. At the present time the religious thought of New England is largely permeated with Unitarianism, pure and mixed with rationalism, Universalism and agnosticism, while the Boston mental science healers are going back to the old pantheism, and to the foggy mysticism of India, for both philosophy and religion. But the majority of Congregationalists in the middle and western states still, we believe, hold to the faith of their fathers, and no doubt will stand by the board as against Andover.—*The Interior (Pres.)*.

Robert Browning.

While so many people who might be in better business have been reviving of late in our Unitarian circles, the meaningless and, to a great extent, the baseless sarcasm at the writings of Robert Browning and those who are trying to profit by the same, it is refreshing to come upon the deliberate word of so careful and competent a judge as Rev. Francis Tiffany on so significant an occasion as the opening of the Ministers' Institute recently held at Princeton, Mass. We have had no time or desire to try to answer the jeers that would indicate the non-religiousness of an interest in Browning, but we are glad to make room for the words of our Massachusetts brother, who refers to Browning as:

"A poet,—the most religious poet, indeed, since Dante, and yet a man abreast with all the science of the day,—no material philosophy has ever had power to bring him down from that free flight through the empyrean. He feels his birthright through the very dower of wings. Of him we may proudly say,—

'Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.'

"I speak, of course, of Robert Browning, a teacher at whose feet it would be of priceless advantage for us ministers to sit,—nay, to engage in Jacob's wrestle with, till the morning breaks, and we wring the blessing. His is 'the electric power to emancipate our spirits through making us believe in

the grand diapason of our entire divine human organ, all the stops pulled out; through making us believe, not in its intellect alone, but in its passionate yearnings, its devouring affections, its splendid audacities of spiritual courage.

"Take, for example, his magnificent poem of David seeking to charm away with song the melancholy and madness that have overwhelmed the mind of Saul. It is the glorification of the essence of human tenderness and redeeming mercy, as the Jacob's ladder of ascent to what is kindred with, yet infinitely higher than themselves. First, the youthful harpist chants in lyric rapture all that bounteous life has given of power, glory, joy, splendor of service, to the broken-hearted king. But the day is past for these to recall more than a surface light-gleam on the gloomy deep of the monarch's mind. And so despair sets in on the baffled consoler's heart, the despair our own breasts so piteously know when our yearning to succor and help goes to pieces on the shoals of human impotence. No help in man, is there help in God? Sure of his own love, is there no refuge of surety in a diviner love, which is also infinite power? Shall the created surpass the Creator at the crowning point? No answer does he find to this last, short of the everlasting 'No!' of a soul revolting from the impious contradiction of the thought. But it is enough. The bands of despair are broken, and his spirit leaps in exultation:—

'I believe it! 'tis thou, God, that givest, 'tis I who receive;
In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.
Would I fain, in my impotent yearning, do all for this man,
And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
See the King! I would help him, but cannot, the wishes fall through.
Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor, to enrich;
To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would,—knowing which,
I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wilt Thou! so wilt Thou!"

Where Are We?

The "American Board Extra" of the Springfield *Republican* is before us, containing sixteen compact pages of the proceedings and speeches, thirteen solid columns of the names of the distinguished attendants, D. D.s and LL. D.s without number, presidents of colleges, professors and editors of fame,—and still the burden of that hot week of discussion and controversy related to an obscure theological doctrine, upon which no light of scientific evidence or experimental proof has ever been thrown or can be thrown, and the weight of the Board of Foreign Missions is thrown overwhelmingly upon the side of an antique, cruel and infamous doctrine. A doctrine that implies that the power that gave being to the teeming millions of struggling, stumbling human souls, has so limited their scope and prolonged their existence that inevitably an overwhelming majority of the human souls that have lived and are now upon the earth must be doomed to endless woe, because, perchance, they have not heard of the name and fame of Jesus. And to most of them, through no fault of their own, this knowledge has been impossible. We rub our eyes to assure ourselves that we are awake. We ask ourselves if we are living in an age both of science and philanthropy. And still these men are right. They are honest, consistent interpreters of a system based upon a book, and pledged to creeds that can be changed only by discarding them. If any body wants to know the conditions upon which the great Congregational body of America will send a messenger of good tidings to benighted realms, let him read the following:

MEMORANDUM FOR CANDIDATES.

A perusal of the following brief outline of doctrine may perhaps be helpful to candidates in stating their doctrinal views.

OUTLINE OF DOCTRINE.

1. The existence of one God, infinite in all perfections, revealed as Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
2. The divine authority and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.
3. The divine purposes and providence extending to all persons and all events, yet so that individual human freedom and responsibility abide unimpaired.
4. The universal sinfulness of man, by nature destitute of holiness and alienated from God, and so exposed to righteous divine condemnation except through redeeming and regenerating grace.
5. The incarnation of the son of God, and his propitiatory sacrifice upon the cross, the just for the unjust, as the only ground of forgiveness of sin.
6. The resurrection and mediatorial intercession and reign of the glorified Lord and Savior.
7. Salvation provided for all men on condition of repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.
8. The work of the Holy Spirit in the regeneration and sanctification of men.

9. The institution of the visible church, whose sealing ordinances are baptism, to be administered to believers and their infant children, and the Lord's Supper.

10. The observance of the Lord's day, the Christian Sabbath, as a day of holy rest and worship.

11. The immortality of the soul, the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust, and the final judgment, the issues of which will be determined by the deeds done in the body; so that the wicked will go into punishment, and the righteous into life, both of which will be without end.

NOTE.—Should there be doubts in relation to any of these doctrines, will the candidate please mention the fact in replying to the second question of the manual, in order that opportunity may be given, should it seem desirable, for further correspondence or conference upon the matter.

E. K. ALDEN, Home Secretary.

The Meeting of the American Board.

The recent annual meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions, at Springfield, Mass., (Oct. 4-8,) is of such interest as a "sign of the times," that we give a somewhat extended report of the same, and of the issues in debate.

The Board was established in 1810. It has grown in wealth and resources, and in the extent of its missionary activities through all these years, until now it disburses annually nearly \$600,000. Its revenue is collected mainly from the orthodox Congregational churches, though some contributions come from Presbyterians. The Board is a close corporation of 220 members, filling its own vacancies. It holds, therefore, a very peculiar position in a Congregational body. While drawing its revenue from the churches, the latter have no direct franchise in the Board. This plan of organization seems to have been adopted for greater security of doctrine, the organization having originated at a time when there was great apprehension from the "new departures" in religious thought, and a corresponding reaction in favor of the established creed. It started also in a company of students in the Andover theological school, a school established but a little before with the special aim of maintaining the old Calvinistic theology, and whose professors, as Mr. Ingersoll once humorously expressed it, were enjoined to make solemn promises every five years that "They would learn nothing new!" Through all these years the Board has carried on its constantly increasing work, and carried it on probably to the general acceptance of the churches supporting it. But if the Andover school, with all its guards, could not keep out the "new orthodoxy," still less could the more popular organizations of the churches do so. Close corporations, however, change less easily. The early traditions are continued through this self-perpetuating policy. And thus there has recently come an open clash between the Board and a very considerable part of its supporting constituency. The administration of the Board is in the hands of a Prudential Committee of ten, and a Secretary. Some three years ago this committee began to discriminate in its appointment of young men as missionaries, rejecting such as seemed to have been touched by the "new orthodoxy," and more especially declaring itself against any theory that involved a future probation. It was not enough that the candidate should disavow actual belief in such probation for the heathen; he was not to hold it as a bare hypothesis. In short, he was required to *know* that to those who died out of Christ, God would open no door of salvation hereafter. To the statement of one woman applicant that she "left the heathen in the hands of God," which, in a finite being, would seem a very proper thing to do, the Secretary of the Board is reported to have replied that this was not "adequate!" More positive knowledge was required on her part as to what God would do with them hereafter. Such agnosticism was intolerable to the Home Secretary!

According to the Secretary's report for the past year, one hundred and one persons have been presented to the committee for appointment, of whom seventy-one have been accepted. Of the thirty not appointed, the reasons for rejection are confessed to have been doctrinal in the case of seven; one was advised to give more time to his opinion upon the conscious existence of the wicked after death, in the light of Scripture; two were poisoned with a belief in the final salvation of all

men; one had doubts as to the personality of God; and three had become infected with the hypothesis of a future probation. The meeting at Des Moines a year ago had shown as never before the attitude of the Board towards the movement of freer thought in the fellowship. The discussion at that time helped to define the issues involved, and to clarify thought on both sides. The conservative party triumphed. A resolution, however, was adopted, which was calculated to meet the grievance felt by the minority. This resolution recommended to the Prudential Committee to consider the expediency of calling a council of the churches in difficult cases turning upon doctrinal views of candidates for the missionary service, and instructed the Committee to report upon said resolution at the next meeting of the Board. This, if passed, would take away the present aspect of a theological court on the part of the Board, and would be in conformity with the usage of the churches in the matter of ordination and installation in the ministry at home. It would remove what to many, and justly, as it seems to us, appears to be an anomaly in the congregational polity; a close corporation sitting in judgment upon the doctrinal views of young men offering themselves as ministers in the missionary field, and rejecting persons who would be accepted as ministers in many of the pulpits at home. The report of the Prudential Committee on this resolution, therefore, was to be significant. It would show whether that Committee was to yield its assumed functions, as a court of orthodoxy, in favor of the free councils of the churches, or was more determined than ever to retain them. The result was what might have been anticipated from the temper and tone of the meeting at Des Moines, and the temper and tone of most of the stronger journals of the body the past year. The Committee reported adversely upon the resolution. The report went before the meeting, and after earnest discussion, the recommendation of the committee was indorsed by a very large majority (110 to 19). This was a special report of the Prudential Committee, and the indorsement of it scored a victory for the conservative element in the Board. The next day came the report of the committee appointed to pass upon the Home Secretary's general report for the year, which had already been read before the meeting. Here again the issue—what in a double sense may be called the burning issue—came to the front. A majority and minority report were presented, the former by Doctor Boardman, of Chicago theological seminary, the latter by Professor Fisher, of Yale theological school. It was five to two. The five heartily indorsed the general report of the secretary, and sustained the action of the Prudential Committee in all its efforts to keep out "heresy" from the foreign field. The two dissented from sections of the report, and especially from the assumption of the Prudential Committee to be a court of final authority in pronouncing upon the theological soundness or unsoundness of candidates for the foreign field.

Upon these two reports there followed a long and earnest discussion; not always close to the issues involved, but in the main clear, forcible and interesting. There were strong men on both sides, men of logic and with the eloquence of passion. At the close the majority report was adopted by a vote of 95 to 43 (for the minority), 29 not voting. This was probably the most representative vote on the main issues involved, and marked some gain of the liberal party as compared with its showing one year ago at Des Moines. But it was a decided victory for the conservatives, so far as victory can be said ever to lie in a count of votes when the great questions of religion and the soul are under discussion. These questions do not long remain settled by the votes of any council or synod. Truth is not a corpse on which men sit and hold inquest, but a living thing constantly presenting new aspects and developments. One thing more remained to be done. The committee on nominations for the ensuing year presented a majority and minority report. Here again the conservative side carried the day. Just before this the committee on the election of new members presented thirteen names—not one of them, it is said, representing the liberal side! It is said that on Tuesday morning, before the opening of the Springfield

meeting, there was a secret conference to which those, and those only, who were known to be opposed to a more liberal policy of the Board were invited and received by tickets, and at which the plan of action afterwards carried out was adopted. If so, it is by no means the first time in history that the methods of the political caucus have been adopted by ecclesiastical bodies, and it will probably not be the last. Your ecclesiastic as well as your politician has a genius for "fixing things" and seeing in the success of his carefully laid schemes the voice of the people or the voice of God. None so loudly devout as they who doubt the sufficiency of the human soul, and think that truth has no power to commend itself to men.

And thus closed this important meeting of the American Board at Springfield. It was a victory for the old school within the fellowship, but a victory that time is sure to reverse. It has served to emphasize more than ever the divergent thought in the Congregational fold, and which indeed exists in all the great fellowships. It marks the tide of more liberal ideas setting in upon the shores of inherited creeds. It has provoked discussions anew, beginning in the meeting, reported over the land, renewed by many a fireside and carried on upon many lips—a discussion that, instead of closing the questions at issue, will only more and more open them to the light of intelligent and free judgment.

F. L. H.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Woman's Medical College.

The "Woman's Medical College of Chicago" is an institution with a history, and a very interesting one, too, embodying the tale of many obstacles, all bravely overcome. At first it did not even own a home, and during the opening course of lectures, given in 1871, moved so often that this might have been called the session on wheels. And once, after the great fire, it was forced to take refuge in a barn! This must have been a droll experience, for, of course, the arrangements were extremely primitive. The lecture-room contained only a bare kitchen table at the end where the professors sat, and two rows of chairs for the students; and the museum consisted of a few tumors, badly preserved, and very obtrusive as to odor. But now better times are come, and the college is well established in a building on Lincoln street, opposite Cook county hospital. There are four floors. On the first is the free dispensary, and on the second the general lecture-room. There is another lecture-room in the third story, and a chemical laboratory besides; and the fourth contains that chamber of mysteries, the dissecting-room. The nearness of the Cook county hospital is a great advantage, for the students are allowed to witness the surgical operations there, and to hear the clinical lectures. Then, at the Hospital for Women and Children, they have the opportunity of studying the diseases of the inmates, and at the Illinois Eye and Ear Infirmary they learn how to treat the organs of sight and hearing. So they have plenty of chances to acquire the practical application of the science they have chosen.

The faculty has elected Dr. William H. Byford for its president, and that is quite as it should be, since he was one of the founders of the college, and has been its good friend always. He is professor of gynecology, in which branch he is renowned as a specialist, and about which he has written several books. And next comes Dr. Charles Warrington Earle. The students must enjoy his clinics, for he has to do with the diseases of children; and it is the prettiest thing to see him treat "these little people," as he loves to call them. He is very sympathetic, and very funny, also, and seasons the dry facts in his lectures with bits of jest which quite convulse the class. Doctor Earle is treasurer of the faculty, and a very warm friend of the college. Then there is Dr. Daniel R. Brower, with his long title—"Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System and Clinical Medicine." He is well known as a legal expert, and has been connected with various insane asylums. He has a particular talent for instructing. I attended one of his lectures the other day, and, though I had

never considered the subject at all absorbing, I quite forgot myself in hearing about the convolutions of the brain, and the fissure of Sylvius, and which part of the brain it is that does our seeing for us, and which has the control of our arms and legs. Dr. Isaac N. Danforth is the professor of renal diseases, and is a fine pathologist. He is particularly interested in the lady medical missionaries! Mrs. Danforth is as anxious as her husband that the college shall succeed, and has written articles for the papers, and aided the cause in various ways. I must not forget Dr. David Graham, the professor of surgery, who has been connected with the college a long time, and who has held posts of honor in many medical organizations,—even the presidency of the Chicago Medical Society; nor Dr. Henry M. Lyman, the professor of practice of medicine, who was once rather skeptical about lady physicians, but has become a thorough convert now. Nor Dr. E. Fletcher Ingals, the fastidious professor, who always looks as if he had stepped directly out of a bandbox, but who, nevertheless, lectures admirably about diseases of the chest and throat, and has written a book upon the same. But after all, I think the college should be proudest of the lady members of its staff, for they are all its children, except Dr. Mary Thompson, and *she* was one of its founders. She it was, too, who established the Hospital for Women and Children, of which she is now the surgeon; and she is one of the leading lady physicians of the country. Then there are the four graduates of the institution,—Dr. Sarah Stevenson, Dr. Marie J. Mergler, Dr. Mary E. Bates and Dr. Eliza H. Root. Doctor Stevenson is a fine lecturer, and a very brilliant woman altogether. Doctor Mergler, who went, after graduating, to study in Zurich, is regarded as an expert in gynecology, in which branch she instructs the students of her *alma mater*. She is the secretary of the faculty, too. She is an especial favorite with the girls, and so, too, is Doctor Bates, who is the youngest member of the faculty, and who lectures upon anatomy with an animation which makes it quite interesting. Doctor Root is professor of hygiene and medical jurisprudence, and has a position on the staff of the Woman's Hospital.

Putting aside those who are *actively* connected, the college has plenty of good friends. There is Dr. Rosa Engert, who has established an annual prize of \$50 to the student who passes the best examination in microscopy. Doctor Dyas and his noble wife, who aided Dr. Mary Thompson in the founding of the Hospital for Women and Children, have always done much to further the cause. Mrs. Grace Chandler, of Detroit, has established a perpetual scholarship, that medical missionaries may be educated. Is it not beautiful to be able to do such things? There is *nothing* I would enjoy better than to play the fairy god-mother to a college like this,—bestow a library on it, endow a chair, or do anything that would enlarge its capacity for usefulness.

Dr. Mary Reynolds, the first woman who ever secured a position in a Wisconsin insane asylum, is a graduate of this college. So, too, is Dr. Delia Howe, who has charge of the female patients in the Kankakee asylum, and who, when she held a similar post in Jefferson, was instrumental in introducing many reforms there. It is *our* students, by the way, who so valiantly assailed the hospitals of Cook county, and made it possible for women to hold positions in them. These were monopolized by men, until four members of the class of 1879 boldly presented themselves to be examined for places in the Jefferson insane asylum. It was an ordeal, of course, and the young men laughed at them dreadfully; but they had their triumph, for they did best of all, and one of them received an appointment. She didn't get the *place*; through some political intrigue it was given to a male relative of one of the Cook county officials,—a stupid young man, who wasn't even required to pass an examination. But the ice was broken, and since then women have repeatedly secured positions.

Students who wish merely to take up special branches are very welcome at the college. They are beginning to come in, for girls are getting interested in such things now, and their

parents are learning that chemistry is more useful than crayon work, physiology more important than French, and that not even the study of art is so productive of good results as the study of anatomy.

NELLY BOOTH SIMMONS.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Divinity School Address (1838).

"In how many churches, by how many prophets, tell me, is man made sensible that he is an infirmit soul; that the earth and heavens are passing into his mind; that he is drinking for ever the soul of God?" (The Address, p. 134.)

"Which caused a profound sensation in religious circles." (Doctor Holmes.)

"The Unitarian ministers debated whether Emerson was a Christian; some said he was not; some that he was an atheist, while others earnestly defended him. And still others called him pantheist." (Cooke.)

FIRST EVENING.—Pages 119–127 (paragraphs 1–11.)

Introductory Poem. "Worship," read aloud, with interpretation.

Paper. "Ralph Waldo Emerson at thirty-five,—a life sketch." (Include the occasion of the Address and its incidents.)

Great Sentences. Each one give from memory the sentence he likes best in these nine pages.

Analysis of Essay. Its three parts. Two of the class read their outlines, the rest comparing their own.

Discussion on "The sentiment of virtue is the essence of all religion." (p. 121.)

(1.) What are his five "classes of facts in which the moral sentiment is conspicuous?"

(2.) "These laws execute themselves." Do his four illustrations illustrate that? For other illustrations see essays on "Worship," (vol. vi., 206–220), and "Spiritual Laws," (vol. ii.).

(3.) "The sublime creed." To understand it better, read the essay on "The Over-Soul," (vol. ii.).

(4.) "This sentiment is divine and deifying. It is the beatitude of man. It makes him illimitable." Is the sentiment of virtue the essence of all religion?

(5.) It successively creates all forms of worship." The difference between theology and religion.

(6.) "An intuition," and never "second-hand." The difference between "truth for authority" and "authority for truth,"—between "intuition" and "tuition."

Scripture Passages. What passages in these nine pages worthy of pulpit reading? Select Bible passages to go with them. Is it the *beauty* of the sentences, or the morning quality about the thought, that makes new readings of the essay such delight?

Closing Poem. "Astræa," with interpretation.

References.

By permission of Mr. Emerson's family and the publishers, this Address has been printed as a tract, No. 8, in the "Unity Mission" series. Published at UNITY office, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. Price, 5 cents; ten for 25 cents. Before long another tract, combining great passages selected from Emerson's works, will be printed.

By all means read in Cabot's Memoir, chapters vii. and ix. The kindred essays by Emerson, illustrating this Address (both evenings on it), are among his very noblest:—"Worship," (vol. vi.); "Sovereignty of Ethics," "Character" and "The Preacher," all three in vol. x.

Kindred poems:—"The World-Soul;" "Wood Notes" (the close of the second); "Brahma."

Incidents connected with the Address:—

For his "prayer without pronouns," before it,—see the Unity Mission tract, p. 11.

For the omitted passage,—see Concord Lectures, p. 159.

For the commotion caused by the Address, 'Professor Norton, Professor Ware, Emerson's letters, etc.,' see Cabot's Memoir, pp. 330–344, 685–694, and Cooke's Life, pp. 66–76.

SECOND EVENING, pages 127-148 (paragraphs 12-35).

Introductory Poem. "The Problem," read with interpretation.

Paper. "The Semi-Centennial of the Address: the Transcendental Movement and its Results."

Great Sentences. Each one from memory give the sentence he finds noblest in these twenty-two pages.

Discussion on "The Errors of the Prevailing Christianity, and the Remedy."

(1) Emerson's first criticism,—is it as true for to-day? His estimate of Jesus,—is it below your own, or above? Is Jesus degraded, or exalted, by insulation?

(2) "The soul knows no persons." *Person* and *individual*,—is there any difference? If so, which does Emerson mean? Why was Dr. Ware alarmed?

(3) "Miracle and Monster." "Why should one ask me an opinion about miracles?" he once said: "look into the diamond eyes of that child, and see her hair of sunshine. What is a Jewish or a Christian miracle beside it?" "The commonplace of miracle." (Lowell's "Cathedral.") Tennyson's "Flower in the crannied wall."

(4) The second criticism. His test question for the churches,—what church can best stand that test to-day? Yours?

(5) "Decay and almost death of faith:" is our time a November, or rather an April, of faith?

(6) Emerson's remedy for these defects. His definition of true Christianity,—would Jesus have put it so? The "immanence" of God—what does it mean? Priests by nature, priests without the office,—do you know any such?

(7) "The new Teacher" and his full-circle gospel. In an age like ours is another "Christ" likely to appear,—will the Teacher be again one individual? (See "Character" in vol. iii., 111-113.) Was he one eighteen centuries ago? Try now to sum up Emerson's contribution to that growing gospel,—his leading thoughts about the Over-Soul, Nature, Man, Society.

(8.) *Why* the commotion caused by this address fifty years ago? To-day it is a Unitarian tract; yet is its mission ending, or but just begun?

Scripture Passages. Select for pulpit-readings from these twenty-two pages, and match them from the Bible.

Closing Poems. "Bethlehem Star" (p. 276). "At Rome" (p. 301).

ST. LOUIS, MO.—On the Sunday preceding the beginning of our Unity Club work, Miss Safford spoke on the "Religious Value of Culture." On the Thursday evening following was the first meeting of the Longfellow Section. There is to be a series of papers in this section on the Mission of Poetry. Dr. R. H. Brown read the first of these papers at this meeting; his paper was enjoyed so much by the club that they requested it for publication, and it appeared in Sunday's *Journal*. The subject for the evening was the "Poet's Home." Short poems were read, followed by an interesting conversation about the city of Cambridge and the Charles river. This last led to a discussion of the favorite rivers of the different poets, as revealed in their poetry. The leader of this section has prepared programmes for fifteen evenings. One evening being given to a dramatic representation of "Courtship of Miles Standish," another to the story of "Evangeline," three to the "Golden Legend," etc. The leader is under great obligation to "Gannett's Outline for the Study of Longfellow" in preparing the year's work. The Longfellow section alternates with a Shakespeare section, which is to study "Macbeth" and the "Merchant of Venice."

E. E. G.

THE "Lincoln Life," in the forthcoming November *Century*, has to do with the period after Lincoln's election, and before his inauguration. In this installment will be given to the world for the first time fourteen letters of President Lincoln. These are written to men like General Scott, Mr. Seward, Mr. Raymond, Mr. Gilmer and others.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Fair God: A Tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By Lew Wallace. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This book has occupied the field of literature for some time, the copy before us being one of the thirty-second edition, and though the reading of it has been delayed, yet we find that the volume stands the test prescribed by Emerson and ranks among the books one *wants* to read.

In this story the author, better known, perhaps, from his famous production "Ben Hur," has seized upon a tragical period in the history of the Aztec race, and given us another demonstration of his power as a dramatic writer. For the sake of the attractiveness which a story gains thereby the author *assumes* the attitude of a translator of manuscript attributed to a writer who lived at the time of the events described. With the charm of elaboration which distinguishes the story-teller from the mere historian, we are made acquainted with the ancient civilization, which, even at that early day, in many ways surpassed that from which the conquerors came. Human ambition, love and passion are vividly set before us. The nature of the sad-faced monarch, Montezuma, is exhibited from every point of view; the just and tender side, as well as the stern and unrelenting. For instance, in the trial scene, in Book III., where the accused man is one who has lately risked his own life to save that of the monarch, the gratitude of the latter overcomes every other emotion. Even the knowledge that the man was the follower of the banished Guatamozin had no effect to lessen his regard for his preserver. A stern sense of justice leads him to a public acknowledgment of the act and to declare judgment in favor of the accused as against the noble chief of high rank who is accuser. This is a powerful passage. According to the story, the familiar tradition and prophetic belief which prevailed at that time regarding the promised return of the wise, good and powerful deity who brought peace, plenty and universal happiness to the valley, was now about to be fulfilled. Rumors of the appearance of fair-haired men circulated through the country. They were thought to be descendants of the Fair God, and endowed with his mysterious power. It was said to be a part of the tradition that the royal line of Aztecs was to end with Montezuma. The monarch was consumed with dread and superstition.

The progress of the conquerors towards the capital, the attendant victories and final conquest over the weak and vacillating sovereign, the mingled emotions of the people as they saw their monarch relinquish his rights in favor of the strangers,—are all most graphically and picturesquely described. Love and romance, with noble self-sacrifice and perilous daring, find expression in the lives of the young chiefs and the noble princesses. The characterization of the lovers shows the poetical power of the writer's pen. The historical points in the story are entirely faithful to authentic accounts of the conquest, and the book may be accepted as a valuable addition to existing volumes on the subject.

A. F. B.

The New Christianity. An Appeal to the Clergy and to All Men in Behalf of its Life of Charity. By John Ellis, M. D., author of "The Wine Question in the Light of the New Dispensation," "Deterioration of the Puritan Stock," etc., etc. New York: Published by the author.

This book is by a Swedenborgian doctor, not a doctor of divinity, but of medicine, as would appear by his published title. The writer seems to have a hobby, or rather a connected series of hobbies, which he can not forget or let alone for a moment if he speaks at all. His chief or central hobby is intemperance, or the use of intoxicants, upon which question he takes the extreme position that it is sinful to use fermented wine for communion purposes, and also that a part of intemperance consists in the use even of tea and coffee. Of course tobacco and opium, and many other drugs, come in for a share of his unsparing denunciation. But he does not stop here; fine wheaten flour is, to his penetrating vision, a fertile source of many of the ills that our flesh is heir to.

and among the ills to which our flesh is not heir naturally, our author enlarges particularly upon the matter of tight lacing among the female portion of our population. This book is of a sort that can do little good. It will be read with not only cordial approval, but with intense feeling by a certain class of persons who sympathize with its sentiments, but they will only be confirmed in opinions and feelings that already sway their lives; the book will convince nobody. Those who might profit by its facts and its counsel will be so soon disgusted by the extreme positions of the author that they will not read. Religiously, the book is written from the Swedenborgian standpoint.

Picture Pages for Little People. By the Sunday-school Association, Essex Hall, Essex street, Strand, London, W. C.

This is an attractive little English book of about 86 pages, containing 42 good full-page pictures. On the page opposite to each picture is a short story explaining it. The stories are told in the simple style so entertaining to little people, and often are instructive. The book is printed in good plain type, on cream-tinted paper, and would be a very welcome gift to every little one.

GEORGE H. ELLIS, publisher, Boston, has in press a 16mo book of 137 pages, entitled "Science and Immortality." The work is a reproduction of the discussion by many eminent scientists on "What Science says about Immortality," which attracted such wide attention in the *Christian Register* of April 7. The contributions have been carefully revised by their authors, and the work has been enriched by additional contributions from Prof. A. Graham Bell; Gen. A. W. Greely, of the United States Signal Service; Prof. Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California; and Prof. Edward C. Pickering, of Harvard Observatory. In addition to the "Symposium," there are included biographical notes, giving a brief outline of the scientific career of the writers.

THE HOME.

Proverb Sermons.—III.

(Concluded.)

The other side of the double wisdom is to observe that gratitude demands a raising of itself to a great height, even into a measure of love; for obligation to one whom we value not is a loss of freedom. I remember well (for it sunk deep into me) what was said to me by a wise elder friend, while yet I was young as a preacher and teacher, namely, that never I should accept great gifts. "For," said he, "from friends they are needless, because much love will pack in little gifts; and if a public man receive rich favors, he parts with so much of his liberty as must weigh down the value of them." This wisdom the more grounded in me that afterwards I saw considerable example of it; for I met a good man who had given a lad his education, and afterwards the lad went to one side of a public question and his benefactor to the other, each by his own conscience and reason. Then did I hear the good man grumble at the ingratitude of the youth whom he had educated; which, I say, was a warning example to me of the wisdom of my elder friend after the dear voice of it had withdrawn into the sky. Therefore, in this point I would differ from the proverb, and even go straight against it; for I would look the gift horse in the mouth, not to see whether he be young and good enough, but to make sure that he be not so young, strong and fiery that he will run away with me altogether and throw me from my seat of freedom.

I have a caution for wise conduct to set down here; and, indeed, it were strange if knowledge of gratitude led to no better safety and wiser walk in life than without it we could have. For as it were but a vain astronomy, and of little account, which measured, weighed, and mapped the stars, but gave no man use of the heavens to track his way over the deep, so has gratitude but half its office if it show us no way over the deep of life into ports of love and friendship. Therefore take this rule of sailing by the star of gratitude,—In choosing of friends beware of any ungrateful person; yea, and watch narrowly, for in this matter a little sign means much. Where-

fore, if thou hast observed that a person repays not a benefit with his heart, or, which is worse, if thou hast seen him shortly forget it, or afterward, which is the worst, beheld him give back some ill turn, though it be no more than a slighting word or unheedingful act, then, I say, beware of him and have him not for a friend. For if so he return a benefit, it must be because either he is selfish or he is vain, and like enough both, for these two go twinned like painted wings, seeming aerial but lifting nothing. Such a one surely will fail thee if thou venture with him; for either, being selfish, he will think only of his own interest—which bars love; or being vain, he will think every benefit his by right of desert—which bars love. But this I have said before. Yet I warn thee again, if thou see one ungrateful to another, though it be never so little, hold off from him; and if thy heart has begun to go to him, turn it away; for he will fail thee or hurt thee or trick thee as surely as night follows day. And if thou fall once into the darkness of his heart, it is night without a dawn; for ingratitude is a bottomless pit. A man's first care in life is to keep himself right; but after this what so weighty business has he as to choose his loves well? And if, for this, there be any sign or guide so good as gratefulness or so warning as ungratefulness, I have not found them; and truly I have learned this as a man barefoot might obtain a golden treasure hid among thorns, with many wounds. Also I pray thee observe nicely whether a man show much gratefulness for small good turns; for this is a main sign, and very notable. Though it is said wisely that "it needs a great nature to bear the weight of a great gratitude," yet it is wiser still to think a soul is small and ungrateful which has not a lively gratitude for little things, since love is love and of great price, though it go forth in a small sign or but in a breath, as a word.

So much of gratitude to men; but now also we have to speak of gratitude to God. Gratitude to God!—what a theme that is! To preach of it forever were to do no worse than to take up every hap of daily life to show whence it comes and what it means—surely a useful thing and full of matter. Gratefulness to God makes the good haps, how lowly soever, into warm joys; whereupon these good things are found to be as many as the sands of the sea in number. A friend writes me, "You used to contend that there was far more of joy than sorrow in life; I wonder if you would say so now." Ay, that would I! And never more than now; for never have I seen better that a thankful spirit makes all joys very great joys, and a humble spirit, which goes with thankfulness, so takes sorrows that they turn to peace. Now if one turn happy things into great joys in God, and sorrows into peace in God, what is this but to turn the whole world into hope and light? If a life be very full of sorrows or overcast with some deep dusk so that it seem night-like, gratitude to God is like going out into the night under the sky; for then if there be but one star, it holds the eye more than all the dark space. But there are hosts of stars, so that the eye wherever it turn is but a quiver for their darts. Then thereto comes reason, teaching that in the infinity of space every line whatever shooting out betwixt the stars is but a track to a star beyond our vision; whereupon the heavens blaze at every point, and all the sky is at noon. Truly Herbert's prayer is good,—"Thou that hast given so much to me, give one thing more, a grateful heart;" which is but as if a man blind, or of dim and blurred vision, but by report or by faint shapes catching at the glories about him, should pray that he might see well.

Here an end. As concerning gratitude I have spoken to thee out of my very heart, so I pray thee take my words into thine; for thus thou canst bless me with gratitude for a joy among the greatest joys, namely, that I serve a fellow being. For these truths touch life very nearly. In sum—Give gratitude without stint, for this is thy duty to others and thine own rightness in thyself.

Lift thy gratitude on high to God, for this makes all joys great joys, as all streams become vast in the sea.

If thou see any one thankless, howsoever little, beware of him; open not thyself to him. But if thou see one grateful, and in especial for little things, thou mayest "grapple him to thy soul with hooks of steel."

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Geneva, Ill.—The society has decided to have "lay services." Their financial energies are to be directed towards a parsonage. T. P. Byrnes, recently of the Meadville Theological school, preached there last Sunday, and made such a good impression that, notwithstanding the plan for lay services, he was engaged to preach for three Sundays.

Greeley, Col.—Rev. N. S. Hogeland's relation as pastor terminates here November 1, at his own request. He leaves the society in a very prosperous condition. The Sunday-school has been reorganized, and its superintendent is a well known business man, who is also a graduate of Ann Arbor. His assistant is one of the ablest primary teachers in the public schools. Mr. Horton's graded plan of study has been adopted, and is considered a move in the right direction.

La Porte, Ind.—A Unity Club has been formed in La Porte for the study of Emerson, taking the essay on "Domestic Life" for the first topic; has a very fine class and starts out with the most encouraging prospects; several have joined from other churches. The Free Kindergarten Association, of La Porte, have one school in active operation, and are devising means for the support of another in a different quarter of the city. A *Lend a Hand Club* has been organized among the young people of the Unitarian Church and their friends, to assist the above association in its work.

Philadelphia.—The opposition manifested towards Unity church, Camden, by the orthodox clergymen of that place, is something quite pretentious. By sermon, speech and letter, from the pulpits and through the newspapers, a very bitter animosity is expressed, though always ignorantly. Mr. Haskell has replied directly to certain of these strictures in one thoroughly dignified sermon, and has in various ways indirectly made clarifying affirmations. The consequence of the assaults has been at once seen in an increased attendance upon the Sunday services.

—Moncure Conway is to address the Contemporary Club at its November meeting upon some subject touching the form of our government and the wise changes that might be asked for it.

—A supper recently given at Unity church, Camden, was attended by informal remarks from May, Mangasarian and Haskell, as clergymen, from Mr. Galvin, connected with the Germantown society, from Thomas B. Harned, prominently identified with the Camden movement, and from Mr. Sharp, whose wife directs Unity's Kindergarten, but who is himself orthodox in sentiment. The excitement aroused among the Camden ministers

was pleasantly alluded to by several. After the supper the Ethical Association held its regular monthly meeting in the parlors above.

—Weston has been invited to speak in Chadwick's church in April next on "The Ethics of George Eliot."

—*Unity Journal* is to be the name of the monthly sheet projected from the Camden church. The first issue will probably appear within a fortnight. Editorially it will be in charge of Mr. Haskell and perhaps one other. Two young members of the church, Collingham and Kettler, will probably attend to the business requirements of the venture. Mr. Haskell's sermon in reply to some of his Camden minister-critics will be the principal feature of the initial number.

H. L. T.

Chicago.—The noon teachers' meeting was led last Monday by Mr. Blake, the lesson being on Luke iv., 31 to 44. He began upon the geography of the lesson. Capernaum was a prosperous little city, the center of a group of several that have passed out of existence, among which were Bethsaida and Chorazine. These might be called the "Jesus Circuit," with headquarters at Capernaum. He next dwelt upon the significance of the expression, "He taught as one having authority," not as one relying upon authority. Others depended upon priests, traditions, he upon himself.

Then came a discussion of the healing power of Jesus, the power of spirit over matter, and of spirit over spirit, which is ever in danger of being underestimated, and of the recent theories as to the power of mind over body. Did Jesus have in the universal belief in unclean spirits and demoniacal possessions, or did he accommodate himself to that belief without attempting to correct it? The class seemed inclined to the former opinion. There is no evidence that Jesus did not share in the common, scientific and philosophic conception of the times. Among those present were Rev. Bird Wilkins, of the new liberal movement among the colored people, and Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, of Sioux Falls, Dak.

Boston Notes.—The trenches dug in our streets to receive telegraph wires reveal the earlier and later filling in of soil upon the edges of our original peninsula. The lines of beach of 1630 are now in the heart of the city. On our western side the ancient marshes are now fast being converted to solid soil or into blocks of brown stone fronts.

—It is definitely agreed upon to try Sunday evening theater meetings at the south end near the location of Rev. Mr. Hale's late church. Series of sermons by Messrs. Hale, Herford and Savage will cover the entire winter. Abundant music will be provided,—singing of effective hymns will be a marked feature. The detail arrangements will be undertaken by the new young men's "Channing Club."

—The more enthusiastic admirers of the ways of "Toynbee Hall" facilities are dreaming of a plan of inviting Rev. C. A. Bartol to become a preacher to the multitude, and of transforming his meeting house and spacious grounds into a popular hall and gymnasium and garden.

—Our "parting guest," the prominent English clergyman, Rev. James Green, will sail for home this week with very pleasant impressions of the religious independence and earnestness of all our denominations.

—Art and ingenuity combined have produced in the "Garland Stoves and Ranges" an article of household utility, which for elegance, durability, economy and convenience is unexcelled. The "Garland Stoves and Ranges" cost no more than is often asked for worthless imitations with which the market is flooded.

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FIRST ANNUAL INSTITUTE

OF THE

Western Unitarian S. S. Society.

It has been for a long time felt that the crowded week of our Western Anniversaries has given little chance for the adequate discussion of Sunday-school and Unity Club work among our western churches. The directors of the above society have concluded to make a beginning in a wiser way and to hold, this fall, the first of a series of annual institutes. The meetings are to be held with the Third church, where all visiting attendants will be cordially entertained. Below we give a tentative programme, printing only the names of those who have accepted. All the parts have been assigned, but the correspondence is not yet complete. The directors are confident that the programme will be carried out essentially as given below. A full and revised edition of the programme will be printed and circulated as soon as possible.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

8 P. M., J. Vila Blake in charge. Opening sermon, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, Mich.

Wednesday, November 9.

9 A. M., J. L. Jones in charge. S. S. Institute work. Questions and discussions.

2 P. M., in charge of C. H. Kerr, Chicago. Unity Club Session. 30 minutes Essay, "Unity Clubs, their methods; the Bureau, etc." Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass.

Four types of Unity Clubs. 15 minute outlines of study courses and methods.

a. Emerson. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.

b. Social Politics. J. Vila Blake, Chicago.

c. Art History. W. R. French, of the Chicago Art Institute.

d. Travels, etc.

8 P. M., Musical Evening, led by Prof. W. L. Tomlins. J. Vila Blake in charge.

Thursday, November 10.

9 A. M., in charge of Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, Chicago. Old Testament work.

a. "The mythical element and its use in Sunday-schools." F. W. N. Hugenholz, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

b. "The ethical element." Dr. H. W. Thayer.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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EDITORIAL.

FELIX ADLER pleads for a workshop in connection with the school for just the same reasons that a chemical laboratory is connected with every college.

CORNELL University starts out this year with a freshman class of 400 students, supposed to be the largest class that ever entered an American college at one time.

THOREAU says that whoever can discern truth has received his commission from a higher source than the chiefest justice in the world who can discern only law. He it is that delivers sentence. He finds himself constituted judge of the judge.

IN view of certain bibulous events which have occurred in Boston, the *Unitarian Record* suggests with some anxiety that this city may yet be known as the "Tub" rather than the "Hub." There is too much of the "tub" in all of our cities.

MAYOR ROCHE has lessened the number of licensed saloons in Chicago by a hundred, but there are thirty-eight hundred of them still left. We take heart in the thought that we are headed in the right direction, even though we make slow progress.

A QUERIST in the *Christian Union* thinks that religious truths have come into the world in the past rather through the poets, the seers, the idealists, and the prophets, than from the philosophers, the reasoners, the creed-makers, and the theological dogmatists. May this not be also true in the present?

IT is estimated that in 1850 the church members in America gave one and one-tenth mills to the dollar to missions; in 1860 they gave nine-tenths of a mill; in 1870 eight-tenths, in 1880 six and one-half tenths. Thus in thirty years the missionary potency of the converted dollar has been reduced nearly one-half.

LAST month the *School Journal* suggested a public school exhibit as a feasible attraction to the county fair. Why has not this become more general? Should not the school-house yield products as interesting as the garden to farming men and women; and are not bright boys and girls as attractive as fast horses? The county fair is a power in rural districts, but it is not always a power for good. Farmers have brains; let them be cultivated.

A CHICAGO daily, the other day, printed welcomes to President Cleveland in twenty different languages, thus voicing in their vernacular the citizens of Chicago. Doubtless there were many more who did not find their mother tongue represented. This suggests the gravity and the promise of the problems we have in hand. International communities must have interdenominational sympathies; in the merging of races creeds will get badly mixed.

MRS. LOUISA S. ROUNDS, president of the Illinois W. C. T. U., has recently declared that she was tired of hearing the old, threadbare cry, the long-harped-on tune of "woman's rights" preached by the godless women who had been leaders in the cause. She says she is first a Christian and then a temperance woman, and has heard too much about Emerson, Mill and Spencer. Evidently she does not care about having any devils exorcised except it be in the right name.

THIS sentence from Beecher's speech on his withdrawing from the New York Congregational Union should be kept

going the rounds until it is fully realized that with the advent of evolution into the thought of man the old Biblio-centric theology was doomed and the new re-theology based upon the eternal growth and the ever inflowing life, began:

"I am an Evolutionist, and that strikes at the root of all orthodox theology, such as the fall of man in Adam, and the inheritance by the posterity of his guilt, and, by consequence, of any such view of atonement as has been constructed to meet this fabulous disaster. Men have not fallen as a race, men have come up; no great disaster met the race at its start."

AN orthodox exchange comments upon the statement of Doctor Atwood, that "there is no way of escaping the retributions of God. They are joined with the sin as effect with cause. It is a tremendous fact; but it is beneficent." Our contemporary asks:

"What shall we say to the poor penitent who, upon a bed of death, asks us what he must do to be saved? What, according to the above view, can we say but, Dear friend, you are in a pitiable case; you have lived many years in sin and are dying in sin; the only thing for you to do is to put on as brave a face as you can, and understand that there is no escape for you; you must suffer full retribution; you are on the way to the prison, and you can not hope to come out thence till you have paid the uttermost farthing of a debt which you have been all these years accumulating."

We cannot think of a better answer.

AT a recent installation in Brooklyn, Robert Collyer said in his sermon: "My old mother was a Baptist right down to the water, and she took great comfort in the 'green pastures and beside the still waters' in which she had been immersed. I was baptized in the Episcopal church, and I am strongly drawn to it yet. I tell Bishop Potter he is my bishop and he cannot disown me. I was brought up in an old-fashioned Congregational Sunday-school. I was a Methodist for ten years, and Methodism was a good nurse and spanked me well, and I go back to her for good bread and milk. So you see I have gone all around and I can't say that I am all right and that they are all wrong. But I stay at home in the Unitarian church and visit the others."

THE *Northwestern Christian Advocate* evinces a most commendable spirit in the following:

"Some good brethren are distressed about the question of wine at the communion table. Shall it be 'fermented' or 'unfermented'? We opine from the length and vigor of the present discussion that the settlement on the basis of the original material used at the first institution is still a long way off. In the meantime may we not suggest a compromise on water? The advantages are obvious. It could offend no one; we should be able to guarantee its honesty, and it is hardly conceivable that our Lord puts any emphasis on a particular element. He made water wine for hospitality's sake, and he would doubtless have made wine water if it had even suggested an occasion for contention. There is something repulsive in the thought of controversy about such trivialities. The end of the communion is not bread and wine, but love and Christ. We have to get pretty low to think of either being limited by grape juice, fermented or unfermented."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE gave the closing lecture in the Old South series this year. His subject was George Washington. This must have interested the bright girls and boys in his audience:

Washington rode much, boated, danced and had other exercises of the kind. As to the apple tree story, no doubt it was absolutely true, only the apple tree was a cherry tree. [Laughter.] The boy had to earn his own living. It was natural for one fond of mathematics and of the open air to turn to surveying. The notes Washington took in this expedition had been preserved, and were very interesting. Among them were two poems to a certain beauty. The worst, on the whole, the lecturer ever saw. One of them began, "Oh, ye gods, why should my poor resistless heart?" In the second "Cupid's dart" was made to rhyme with "feel the smart." Yet this was the boy who later came to be called so justly "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

THE *Union Signal* has recently published a letter from Mrs. Livermore concerning the Bible doctrines of women preachers. She says that in her early and doubting days she sought the help of Professor Boise, then teaching Greek in the Chicago University. She says:

"He helped me to the right interpretation of the Scripture texts, regarded as hostile to woman's enfranchisement, and proved to me that Paul did not oppose woman's emancipation, nor her preaching the gospel. 'If Paul were in the world to-day, and held the views which were his when he wrote his Epistles, he might accept the position of president of the American Woman's Suffrage Association for any evidence there is to the contrary in his writings,' were the concluding words of Professor Boise."

Her husband, Rev. D. P. Livermore, also arrived at the same conclusion, and is the author of a helpful tract on the subject. This is well. But what if Paul would not look with favor on a woman in the pulpit, is that any valid reason why Mary A. Livermore and her associates should hide their lights under a bushel?

THE *School Journal* has the courage to say a good word for the much abused and often misinterpreted "crank." It says:

"Every member of the old Continental Congress, and every signer of the Declaration of Independence was a crank, in the opinion of George III. George Washington, and Benjamin Franklin were first class cranks, judged by the aristocrats of the old world. Socrates was a wicked crank in the opinion of a majority of his fellow-citizens; so was John Bunyan, and John Milton, and Savonarola, and Columbus, and a host of equally honored names, of whom the world was not worthy. Comenius was the first crank, who dared to publish an illustrated school-book, and Pestalozzi was the first of his race who had the courage to teach boys in accordance with the principles of Baconian philosophy. Your sleek, proper man, who takes off his hat and begs leave to apologize to the world for his thoughts, is a hypocrite of the first class. He isn't a crank, for he hasn't either brains or heart enough to be one. Every progressive teacher will be called a crank. Let him denounce mechanical teaching of spelling, unpractical arithmetic, senseless grammar nonsense, and unnatural reading, and the whispered word goes round, 'Don't you think he's a little cranky?' The educational world has occasion to return hearty thanks for the existence of this maligned class. *Thank God for cranks!*"

PUCK turns the stream of its satire upon one of the evil practices of the modern lecture bureau,—that of putting forward people who have nothing of real value to offer the public, but who have been brought into a temporary notoriety by some sensational act or accident:

"The lecture field will welcome during the coming season a number of new and brilliant minds. We are able to announce the names of a few of these newly discovered stars, and the manner in which they were found. The Pettis County *Bugle* says:

"Mrs. Mary C. Beggs, of this city, has just completed a crazy-quilt containing 14,862 pieces of silk and 149,694 stitches. Mrs. Beggs is in her ninety-eighth year, has eleven sound teeth and eats without glasses. She will soon start out on an extensive lecturing tour.—*New Jersey Herald*.

"Professor Tramp, who recently rode all the way from San Francisco to New York on the trucks of a freight car, has prepared an illustrated lecture which he will deliver at reasonable rates.

"Miss Sarah Jane Pillsbury, better known by her *nom de plume* of 'Ivy Leaf,' who has had two poems published in the *Kansas City Stock Yards Journal* and one in the *Soap Manufacturers' Record*, will this fall enter the lecture field with three lectures entitled: 'True Ethics of Poetry,' 'Longfellow's Lack of Poetic Inspiration,' and 'Faults and Failings of Shakespeare and Browning.' Miss Pillsbury will, at each lecture, read and have for sale a volume of her own poetry."

THE ever inventive and consequently suggestive John Page Hopps writes an interesting letter to the *Inquirer* (London) concerning readings in public worship from non-biblical sources. We quote the following:

For many years, worshipping with very varied audiences, I have read "Lessons" from books other than the Bible, and feel absolutely sure that only good has come of it. We need to remember that liberty increases responsibility, and calls for special care. In these alternative "Lessons" we shall sink and not soar unless we take pains to secure readings which, by the depth of their seriousness, the fineness of their feeling, and the greatness of their thought, prove their inspiration by their power to win the conscience, and to touch the heart. My own experiences began with the use of "The Imitation of Christ," identified with the name of Thomas à Kempis, and, since then, I have found much help in "The Koran" (new translation by E. H. Palmer), "The Meditations of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," the ancient religious books of India, some of the great Roman writers, and our own Dr. Rowland Williams. In all cases, the first great need is selection; the second is classification. If anyone tried to read "Lessons" from "The Imitation of Christ," or from "The Meditations," without selection and classification, he would

soon get into trouble. It took me nearly six months to dig from that one little book the twenty-four "Lessons" which find a place in my book, "Readings for Public Worship and the Home;" and I am fully persuaded that if we are to read "Lessons" for genuine edification, and not merely as a survival of Bibliotry, we must select and classify even when we read from the Bible. But even they do that to some extent, who think it necessary to keep to the Bible, but who persistently ignore hundreds of chapters and read only a safe few. Discontented with that, as both indolent and wasteful, I have given a serious portion of two years to the framing of over one hundred Bible lessons, selected and classified, and thus far have found them distinctly tend to interest and edification. The passages for each lesson had, as a rule, to be taken from various books and brought together; but it is astonishing to find how these widely scattered, but really kindred, passages, when brought together, combine to illumine and press home some great thought or theme.

THE platform of the United Labor Party, adopted at Syracuse last August, is good reading for those who see in this organization only the turbulent workings of revolutionary forces. It asks that municipalities should supply their inhabitants with water, light and heat, establish a postal telegraph and savings bank system, reduce the machinery of courts and elevate and protect the voting system "since the ballot is the only means by which redress of grievances is to be sought." They further add:

"We do not aim at securing any forced equality in the distribution of wealth. We do not propose that the state shall attempt to control production, conduct distribution, or in any wise interfere with the freedom of the individual to use his labor or capital in any way that may seem proper to him and that will not interfere with the equal rights of others. Nor do we propose that the state shall take possession of land and either work it or rent it out. What we propose is not the disturbing of any man in his holding or title, but by abolishing all taxes on industry or its products, to leave to the producer the full fruits of his exertion and by the taxation of land values, exclusive of improvements, to devote to the common use and benefit those values, which, arising not from the exertion of the individual, but from the growth of society, belong justly to the community as a whole. This increased taxation of land, not according to its area, but according to its value, must, while relieving the working farmer and small home-stead owner of the undue burdens now imposed upon them, make it unprofitable to hold land for speculation, and thus throw open abundant opportunities for the employment of labor and the building up of homes."

There must needs be much earnest thinking and wise legislation along these lines in the next twenty-five years.

The Unity Hat.

We have never sent the UNITY hat around in vain. Whether it was in behalf of the colored people in the south, a cyclone church in Minnesota, Post-office Mission in Kansas or the building of a church in Chicago, the response has always been generous and prompt. Now our hat goes around in behalf of the new church movement in Sioux Falls, Dakota, the first and only Unitarian church in the territory; a church that heroically faces the large possibilities that await a free and progressive movement for religion in a new country; a church, too, that has sprung largely out of the heart and brain of woman. Sioux Falls is the home of Rev. Eliza T. Wilkes, under whose fostering care the movement came into being. The first pastor of the church is Miss Carrie Bartlett. The church building was begun last spring, and is modeled after the pretty Unity church of Topeka, Kansas. The local friends have contributed \$3000, the Loan Building Fund has put in \$2500. Last May Mrs. Wilkes was in the east and raised \$1069 more, in the parishes of Revs. Herford, Savage, Dole, Collyer, Camp and others. Now the church awaits the final \$500, without which it will not be completed; for they are pledged to avoid the paralysis of debt. Mrs. Wilkes is now in Chicago in the interests of this fund. Last Sunday she stood with the pastor of All Souls church in the pulpit, and although the rainy day made the audience small, the contribution of \$87 was made on the spot, and that church will make it \$100. It is hoped and expected that the older and abler churches of our city will give in proportion. But we want UNITY to have an interest in this church. It is a child of its inspiration. The money at All Souls church came from at least half as many people as there were dollars. We do not expect one UNITY reader to send us \$100 for Sioux Falls, but we do expect that inside of a fortnight a hundred readers will send us a dollar or more each. Let those of our readers who have many

privileges thus enrich their capacity for enjoying them by remembering those who have few. Let those who have not the privileges of a liberal church partially satisfy the hunger of soul by helping to establish this outpost in the prairie territory, and thereby hasten the time when their turn will come. In our announcement column we open this week our acknowledgment account. Any money sent to the senior editor of this paper will be promptly acknowledged in that column and duly forwarded. Friends east and west, let us hear from you. These fraternal touches have in them values other than financial. They give a sense of comradeship and nurse the family feeling. The roll is open.

100 x \$1 = \$100.

The Sunday Question.

A Christian convention for securing Sabbath observance is to be held in Elgin, November 8 and 9. The call is signed by many ministers and others, including most of the pastors of Elgin Association, by Bishop Mallilieu, of the Methodist church, all the presiding elders of Rock River Conference, and by business men of Chicago and other points. The convention is called for the purpose of securing united action for the recovery and preservation of the Sabbath day. The meeting is not called too soon nor without sufficient reason. Our railroads, newspapers, factories and stores have trespassed more and more upon the holy day. Places of amusement, theaters, base ball parks and the like are more boldly defying the laws of the land. It is time that the churches of the country united in calling for the due enforcement of the law. This they can do if they will; if they will only unite heartily in the doing of it.

The above notice, clipped from an exchange, shows that the Sunday problem still weighs heavily upon the mind of the church. That it is a serious problem no one should deny. On the one hand we must recognize the necessity of rest and recreation in the midst of our busy nineteenth century life. We are living too hard and too fast. We need to stop occasionally, and draw breath and let the recuperative forces have a chance to work. This, from the standpoint of physical health, is a weighty argument for a periodical rest from labor.

A still greater argument lies in the spiritual necessities of our nature. The man who spends the whole of his time in the midst of business cares,—studying how to buy for one price and sell for another,—is not living the whole of his life. There is a world of spiritual realities whose merest boundary is not crossed by such a man. The soul has its needs, as well as the body, and woe unto him who neglects the greater for the less. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" These are deep words, and full of meaning. Shall not the soul have one day in seven? This is a vital question.

On the other hand, to arbitrarily adopt the rule of setting aside all secular affairs on every Sunday would produce endless confusion. Our complex civilization can not be subjected to the same rule as a people wandering in a desert, apart from the rest of the world. The wheels of modern life are too many, and too many interests revolve with them, to allow of stopping for twenty-four hours every seventh day. Railroads, telegraphs, steamships in mid-ocean, sail vessels propelled by the winds of God,—all these argue the impossibility of adopting any strictly arbitrary rule. We need not believe that the God of ever-active nature has made any law to block the wheels of civilization. The question cannot be discussed from the old standpoint. It must be brought before the bar of reason, illumined by the Spirit.

We shall find that every arbitrary law is based on a principle which can be applied flexibly. It is not the seventh day or the first day, but *some* day that should be devoted to the claims of the soul. It is not the seventh portion of time, but a *just* portion, which God demands from man. A man who must work seven days of the week may give a part of his evenings to the higher life. The soul's hunger is not periodical, like the hunger of the body, but it is as real, until blunted by long denial. Every man may find some time to feed the soul. No man should live by bread alone.

Whether the interests of the spiritual life can be best served by arbitrary Sunday laws, or by teaching the sacredness of daily life and the ever present need of spiritual food, is the real question at issue. How best to secure co-operation in rest and renewal as well as in work and investments. S. L.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Merciful Man.

In straight and simple lines his pathway ran.
Little of books he knew. The strife-frenzied world
Beyond his circling hills roared on unheard.
And, so he died—the gnarled, old, workworn man!

His unshaped thought had been—"Alone I've lived;
Alone I'll wander to that life beyond.
Others have friends—wife—children,—When I come
To that strange land, O who will welcome me?"

No grieving tears fell when he passed away.
A hireling's hands arrayed him for the tomb.
A neighbor lingered decently, as fell
The clods above him in the twilight gray.

Yet, as they fell, along a pathway sped—
Beneath celestial blooms his boyhood knew—
The earth-freed spirit; and about him flew
The little joyous birds his hands had fed.

And when before a gateway, flower-bespanned,
He humbly paused, nor dared to pass or turn,
A dog he once befriended bounded forth
And with a joyous whine caressed his hand,

And walked before him, showing him the way.
The old horse he had loved—he too came forth,
And pressed his head against his master's breast
Uttering a welcome in his glad some neigh.

And all about him pressed a loving throng
Of birds and beasts most gentle-eyed and kind.
(Since this new world held neither pain nor fear.)—
And all about him rang a joyous song:

"Oh, soul so merciful, we welcome thee!
Unto all life thou hast been ever kind.
Unto the deathless Life we welcome thee!
Pass on, beloved, and thy rewarding see!"

In trembling, thrilling hope he forward pressed.
Before him swung a portal grandly fair,
And the young mother he had never known
Flew forth and caught him to her yearning breast.

EMILY HEWITT LELAND.

Hillside Home, October, 1887.

The Man of God.

When the sincere man receives the truth of God into his soul, knowing it is God's truth, then it takes such a hold of him as nothing else can do. It makes the weak strong, the timid brave; men of slow tongue become full of power and persuasion. There is a new soul in the man, which takes him, as it were, by the hair of his head, and sets him down where the idea he wishes for demands. It takes the man away from the hall of comfort, the society of his friends,—makes him austere and lonely; cruel to himself, if need be; sleepless in his vigilance, unfaltering in his toil; never resting from his work. It takes the rose out of the cheek, turns the man in on himself, and gives him more of truth. Then, in a poetic fancy the man sees visions, has wondrous revelations; every mountain thunders; God burns in every bush, flames out in the crimson cloud, speaks in the wind, descends with every dove, is All-in-all. The soul, deep-wrought in its intense struggle, gives outness to its thought; and on the trees and stars, the fields, the floods, the corn ripe for the sickle, on men and women, it sees its burden writ. The spirit within constrains the man. It is like wine that hath no vent. He is full of the God. While he muses the fire burns; his bosom will scarce hold his heart. He must speak or he dies, though the earth quake at his word.—*Theodore Parker.*

Immortality.

"Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man."

"O, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven."

No doubt George Eliot has in the well known little poem, whence I have quoted, touched—and made give forth their very best tones—the noblest, divinest strings Nature has strung in our human hearts. Ay, *so to live* is the purest, sweetest heaven we can conceive. We would gladly, O so gladly, fling away an eternity of personal existence in the brightest heavenly courts to let our life sink into and swell a little that Blessing Power which streams through All, and causes all good and joy; to know that our life should exist forever "in pulses stirred to generosity, in deeds of daring rectitude;" to be "to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony."

If to-day, by giving up all the remainder of my personal life in time and eternity, I could be allowed and enabled to focus all that is best in me upon some great, central thought, till it flamed out into a song,—a song that would be dear to common human hearts and cheer and inspire and strengthen them,—it surely would not take many minutes to decide for personal annihilation, for transformation into that song, for such absolute absorption into the Divine; and surely I should plunge into nothingness—my song written—with a joy such as in itself, it seems, would burst the bands of personality. Surely this is the highest, purest heaven we can conceive. Compared with this all else I know of seems low and mean. "Eternal personal existence?" Why? Could there be hope in it of another good such as I had tasted? Hope of greater good no one has conceived. Why then continue my personal existence after I have reached the highest, its culminating point, and all my personality has trembled with complete satisfaction? Personal annihilation under such circumstances would contain no single element of regret,—pure unlimited joy alone. And the moment's joy would amply, amply repay us for all preceding struggles and hardships. We should die confessing that God had blessed us as fully as our hearts could desire. May not this, therefore, be the only "life to come?" If so, there will still be abundant motive for the highest and noblest living, and abundant reward, if only before death we thoroughly succeed.

Indeed for those who struggle as they may and do *not* reach that "purest heaven," the world would in that case seem a rather hard and sad one; and we could hardly help mentioning to God that a little more kindness to these, a few more years or lives given them to reach the goal, would hardly be more than one could expect of a god. As for all the rest of mankind, who never even feel this high aspiration—not to speak of its sublime fulfillment—well, they would have to make the best of a poor thing, I suppose; and there being no Divine Justice and Mercy for them, they would have to work the harder to make human justice and mercy Divine. But one could hardly help looking sour and cold at a god, who, for instance, to *this* woman who for years has toiled, struggled and suffered amidst *terrible* difficulties, with such humble, sweet faithfulness to God and man and duty, might have given some noble reward, such as *we* would like her to have,—*might* have done so, but did not; cut her life off in the midst of her sufferings and hardships. One would like to suggest to such a god the propriety of building a little bright and happy heaven for *this* woman (and her like) "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb." With all reverence for Him who has made all things, one would like to suggest to him such a thing, if he had not done it. One wants a god to be generous to those who serve him well and obey him the best they can.

But of course there may be many heavens. There may be immortality for all souls; prolonged life until by struggle and fiery trials they are made ready for that "purest heaven" George Eliot describes, and which yet may be the final end of all and to be striven for; other immortality being only opportunities for the gaining of *this* final absorption in the power for good, in the "music which is the gladness of the world." And, I repeat, he is a mean soul to whom such end were not goal shining and charming enough. Yes, conceive life as an everlasting circular process: from God, through individualized life, back into God; souls born out of everlasting being into personality and led by a Divine vision through all the vicissitudes and struggles of our common life up to likeness and sameness and oneness with God as the wave is one with the sea;—conceive it thus, and all is beautiful, all is perfect. Indeed we can conceive of nothing *more* beautiful; at least I know of no conception that surpasses it. Buddhism is made beautiful by that conception: the living again and again until the soul is all cleansed and is all love, and then the final plunge into the Divine Life, Nirvana. The soul seems to be climbing a mountain, high and higher, that it may reach the glory which rests on its summit; at last it is there; a moment we see it glorified, the next moment we see only the glory, the soul has melted into it and adds to its beauty forevermore. *It is the highest we can conceive.* The mind of man can see no further, thinks no further. However we may try, we can not conceive an individual life-course lasting beyond that glorifying moment, because, however we conceive it, it becomes *smaller* than in that moment of Divine re-absorption. And we could not conceive of individual life reaching that climax afterwards to decrease. No, when we follow an individual life-track so far, there is a dazzling light and no paths beyond, only a sea of light, the glory of God and no personal glories.

But because our mind can not see further, because our vision ends there, dare we call it the end? May there not within that sea of light be individual paths we *now* can not descry? Shall we say that our mind and conceptions measures the entire power and plan of God?—that we have sought out all the possibilities of existence, and have discovered the point beyond which God's power to bless ceases,—the high water mark of His ability to "make good the life of man?" Shall we not rather say: Beyond the highest bliss I can conceive, it may yet be in God's power to give greater bliss; beyond the highest, fullest, noblest life I can think, there may be higher, fuller, nobler life still; beyond the best that eye has seen or ear has heard, or that even hitherto has entered into the heart of man, there may be a Better still? The following words of George Eliot herself,—amongst all her noble words, I almost think the most significant and noble; a sort of marginal note to all she ever wrote or said; to her work what the spire is to the church, the last upward shooting thought which at once becomes the most important part,—are to the point: "All the while I gather a sort of strength from the certainty that there must be limits or negatives in my own moral powers and life experience which may screen from me many possibilities of blessedness for our suffering human nature. The most melancholy thought surely would be that we in our own persons had measured and exhausted the sources of spiritual good."

I can not conceive how, if I might sing my song to-day as I would, God could find such work and life and joy for me after that, that much prolonged existence would not become more and more of a burden and weariness, because the best would *have been*;—eternal existence unbearable. But might not that very feat give me new powers and show me new opportunities I do not hear and do not see to-day, and hence make still greater blessedness possible? We know such has been our experience hitherto; the end we strove for and thought of as a sufficient and fitting end, proved, when reached, but a low hill, whence we looked forward and upward to higher, fairer hills, *it* had hid from our sight before. So it has been with us more than once; may it not be so again—and again? When my little song is sung, perhaps I

shall see other tasks worth individual living, other "ends," even fairer heavens still. Buddhism holds a suggestive thought for us here. When Buddha, after innumerable individual lives, with their appointed good works and gradual rising to higher and higher nobility and blessedness, was at last ready to take that last final plunge back into the divine life whence he came, he halted, bethought him, and said, "No, please, one more individual life first, for I've something to be done, I must do." Perhaps he did wisely. And if I wish to be "to other souls the cup of strength in some great agony," were it not almost a healthier sentiment—given the freedom "to wish,"—to want to be also for ever a hand to present it, and a face to accompany it with sympathy, and a heart to tremble forever with fellow-feeling? I mean: Is not, after all, the desire for personal immortality a healthier desire than that for impersonal immortality? May it not in *every* respect be as noble and even nobler? Is there not in the desire for impersonal immortality a little bit of selfish impatience and weariness? Impatience and weariness over the slowness with which our stubborn self becomes good, God-like, and therefore the desire that *that* struggle were over and only the good in us, the good impulses, might live on? A divine impatience with our slow selves, if you will. We would be "the cup of strength," but not that poor heart whose poorness so often spoils the beauty and blessedness of the act, or hinders it. And does not personal immortality also imply a grander faith, a worthier trust in God? And if so, it is of course nearest the truth; for our grandest faith in God's goodness must surely still fall below the faith He deserves; the "things prepared by Him for us," will surely astonish even those who believe the best of Him.

No, the end of all individual life is surely not its cessation. "You" and "I" are more than things who ought to be ashamed of being "something," and to hurry all we could to become nothing or everything. I think "*you*" are more than all the good in you,—of more value than it. I think "*you*" are something more than the sum of good and evil in you. And I think that which "*you*" are, besides these two factors in you, is the most sacred and valuable part of you. And that "*youness*," I think, will live just as long as goodness; and we should not despise it, but worship it, as of all things existing the most precious and beautiful. Your *personality*, I mean. I think personality is a more precious thing than goodness, though comparisons here are odious. And the end of all life and living can hardly be just to return to the beginning. God must have some rational *purpose* in his creation; the end must be *more* than the beginning, for it can not all be "vanity and vexation of spirit," to result at last in Nothing. If we are at last all to return into God, God at least must be made better for our having passed through individual existence. Still, it remains true that George Eliot has painted for us the very highest heaven it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. And therefore I yet say, speaking with all the wisdom and foresight God has granted us: I will sell my immortality at once for "power to sing my little song, and now and then to make glad my brothers, whom I may meet in the worldly throng." But, as *matter of fact*, I think God will give the song (or something better), and keep alive and exalt the singer as well.

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Our Reading.

Most men do not know that any nation but the Hebrews have had a scripture. A man, any man, will go considerably out of his way to pick up a silver dollar; but here are golden words, which the wisest men of antiquity have uttered, and whose worth the wise of every succeeding age have assured us of;—and yet we learn to read only as far as Easy Reading, the primers and class-books, and when we leave school, the "Little Reading" and story books, which are for boys and beginners; and our reading, our conversation and thinking are all on a very low level, worthy only of pigmies and mannikins. We are under-bred and low lived and illiterate; and in this respect, I confess, I do not make any very broad distinction between the illiterateness of my townsman who can-

not read at all and the illiterateness of him who has learned to read only what is for children and feeble intellects. We are a race of tit-men, and soar but little higher in our intellectual flights than the columns of the daily paper. It is not all books that are as dull as their readers. The at present unutterable things we may find somewhere uttered. These same questions that disturb and puzzle and confound us have in their turn occurred to all the wise men; not one has been omitted; and each has answered them, according to his ability, by his words and his life. Moreover, with wisdom we shall learn liberality. The solitary hired man on a farm in the outskirts of Concord, who has had his second birth and peculiar religious experience, and is driven, as he believes, into silent gravity and exclusiveness by his faith, may think it is not true; but Zoroaster, thousands of years ago, traveled the same road and had the same experience; but he, being wise, knew it to be universal, and treated his neighbors accordingly, and is even said to have invented and established worship among men. Let him humbly commune with Zoroaster, then; and through the liberalizing influence of all the worthies, with Jesus Christ himself, and let "our church" go by the board.—*Henry D. Thoreau.*

The Value of the Beautiful.

FROM AN ADDRESS TO THE UNITY CLUB AT SIOUX CITY.

That man can not live by bread alone has stood the test of time as a spiritual figure. It is equally applicable to mental and moral themes. The ceaseless cramming of the brain with facts and principles, or that pursuit of business which deprives one of healthful leisure and recreation, leads as certainly to mental and moral as to dietetic dyspepsia. The all-absorbing race for wealth incident to our new country, where brains or lineage are alone no passport to social recognition, to a great extent precludes the devoting of much time to any æsthetic pursuit. It in fact creates a false utilitarian atmosphere unfavorable to such development in those whose tastes and powers might otherwise lead them to a higher plane through systematic study of the refining arts.

But it is not of this obvious line of thought that I wish to speak, broad as is the field and abundant as the gleanings might be. I desire to speak, rather, of a principle or law of the beautiful, which lies away down deeper than our own consciousness, and far back of ourselves or of our human ancestors. It is a principle so deeply implanted that we can not entirely rid ourselves of it if we would. This attribute beauty has always been present both in the organic and inorganic world. Even before there was a man to behold it, brilliancy of color and gracefulness of form were as universal as to-day. When silurian seas were writing their record, when God alone spoke in the voices of the elements, and not one conscious ear interpreted the utterance, when no differentiated brain appreciated the imperfect retinal image, then as now the atoms obeyed the laws of their loves and built up the symmetrical crystal, then as now the molecules decked the scene with all the splendors of form and color now beheld among the countless denizens of ocean. All this could not have been merely a design to gratify the eye of a yet-to-be-created man and administer to a depraved and vitiated taste. It must have subserved some ever present use, a use that in all cases may not be clear to us, but still a powerful force, determining, under the laws of selection and survival, the future plane of existence of the organisms of which it was an attribute.

In like manner all art can be traced from its rude beginning to its present perfection. Architecture and landscape gardening, sculpture and painting, music and poetry, stand as so many materializations of an idea implanted "in the beginning," and nurtured through all time. The spider-crab, decking himself with bright algæ; the savage, painting his face with clay; the belle, arraying herself for the ball, and the student laboriously elaborating the principles of a fine art, are, in common, manifestations of the idea of the love of the beautiful, behind which lies the knowledge of its power.

Under the changed condition of our complicated civilization, natural laws and tendencies may be for a time perverted.

More powerful influences may temporarily suppress them. So we have developed in our midst a widespread sentiment in favor of the immediately practical. Men are willing to spend fortunes upon the education of the young, but they demand the rigid exclusion of those things which do not lead directly to dollars and cents. They regard all else as puerile or effeminate, belittling alike to body and brain. Wealth being the end sought, their thoughts stop with its acquisition. Did they but carry their reasoning further—and so far as it goes it is by no means wholly to be condemned,—they would see that the wealth for which they are striving is but the means of acquiring in some form the very objects despised, and which they are finally very illy prepared to enjoy. We see them reaching out to acquire beautiful horses, beautiful carriages, beautiful houses, located on beautiful grounds, beautiful pictures, or often pictures in beautiful frames, because unable to discriminate, and more frequently still beautiful library rooms well stocked with mediocre books, but all in beautiful bindings. They may be unable to appreciate the best of that which they have, but they never lose the clear intuitive idea that the possession of these things gives personal importance to the owner.

We may regard it as settled that the devoting of some portion of our leisure to the cultivation of any of the refining arts is working in harmony with the unchanged and unchanging laws of our existence, and that those who would suppress the inward promptings are but placing their feeble wills athwart the divine plan.

Did we take up any fine art other than poetry, and pursue it systematically, the result achieved would be similar, but under conditions presented, poetry alone is available. Architecture and landscape gardening from their very nature demand more of wealth and leisure than all here can afford, and the daylight hours are essential to their pursuit. Sculpture and painting require long courses of technical training in their devotees before they can be pursued to advantage in hours of recreation. Music, like some of the others, depends largely upon inherited special faculties which many of us do not possess. Poetry alone, dealing with the arbitrary signs of language, has a universality of adaptation which brings it within the range of all without special training other than that possessed by all. The concrete developed products of beauty are represented in the fine arts, and of these poetry is the universal one and the one adapted to our use. It is therefore appropriate that the Unity club, as no unimportant factor in the educational interests of this "The Corn Palace City," should devote an alternate weekly evening to the systematic study of our most representative American poet, and gather for its members some greater portion of the sweetness stored by one of nature's noblest workers.

DR. R. H. BROWN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Ellsworth Zouave at Camp Sheridan.

EDITORS UNITY:—I have visited Camp Sheridan, of Chicago, and was much pleased with the display of skill and precision of the encampment. We might as well accept the situation, and realize the fact that we must have soldiers with us, for, until the millenium comes, they will always be necessary. The prizes awarded to the different companies and bands, proportioned to their comparative excellence, aggregated about \$40,000. I had a large experience during the war as a drill officer, and taught the manual of arms, regimental, battalion and company movements to over 40,000 soldiers, and I therefore was much interested to see what changes and improvements had been introduced. The first thing to attract my attention was the greater simplicity in the manual of arms, mainly owing to the introduction since the war of breech-loading rifles. When there is another war (which I hope will be far distant), if any of us old soldiers are alive, we will find fighting much more convenient for us,—in fact, too convenient. The "beginning of the end" of all wars is commenced with the invention of dynamite, breech-

loaders, "peacemaker" boats, etc. We are not likely to see the end in our day, therefore my advice to all parents who have sons is to encourage them to join some good military organization and continue in it for at least one year. It is a very necessary part of their education, and will do them good, mentally and physically. To use a slang phrase, "it will put a head on them," and a good, strong and graceful body under it.

It was my good fortune, 27 years ago, to belong to that celebrated company, the United States Zouave Cadets, of Chicago, under command of E. E. Ellsworth. The extent of the movements in our drill can be realized, to some extent, when I state that there were nearly 900 movements (or different positions), and that it consumed over four hours' time to go through it all; but it was not the extent and perfection of the drill and discipline which made our company so celebrated, but the moral and strict temperance rules under which we were governed and controlled. We belong to a nation which, thank God, is at peace with all the world, and if there ever was a nation founded upon the principles of peace, justice, and good will to all mankind, it is ours; but notwithstanding that, we may at any day need the services of every young man in the country, to save it from destruction. Up to the time of the centennial we had already been engaged in war, either internal or foreign, fully one-quarter, or twenty-five years of the time. Where is the bold prophet who will dare to say we may not need soldiers again?

JOHN CONANT LONG.

EDITORS OF UNITY: If Jesus' idea of religion be correct, viz.:—supreme allegiance to the Good and fraternal love of our fellows, then the Ethical Culturists should be included in Christian fellowship. Though they cast out devils not in Jesus' name; yet "he that is not against us is for us." Theological opinions are the leaves on the tree of religion, which are cast off in the fruit-bearing season of each year, to be followed by more in the spring, a season which, though beautiful, produces "nothing but leaves."

PERRY MARSHALL, Pastor Unity church.

Stowe, Vt. Oct. 13.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Connecticut. A Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy. By Alexander Johnston. Cloth, pp. 400. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

This is one of the series called American Commonwealths. It is accurately called "A Study of a Commonwealth-Democracy." The preface says: "This volume is not meant to deal mainly with the antiquarian history of Connecticut, with the achievements of Connecticut men and women, or with those biographical details which so often throw the most instructive side-lights on local history. . . . Its purpose is to present certain features in the development of Connecticut which have influenced the general development of the state system in this country, and of the United States." The writer states that Connecticut, by her peculiar free town system, by her constitution of 1639, by a remarkable union of local autonomy and central power in that state, and by the marked influence of the Connecticut delegates in the convention of 1787,—exercised a very great influence on the federative ideas and structure, which developed into the union of states. The book has 20 chapters, treating of the physical geography of Connecticut, the first settlements of Connecticut, the Saybrook attempt and its failure, ecclesiastical affairs, 1636-1791, financial affairs, 1640-1763, the stamp act and the revolution, the adoption of the federal constitution, industrial development, Connecticut in the war for the Union, and many other points of interest. There is an appendix, giving the constitution of 1639 at length, in its antique form and spelling, also a bibliography of the subject, a list of the governors of Connecticut with their dates, and an index. The book is well made, the type clear and of good size, as in all this series.

Miss Ludington's Sister. By Edward Bellamy. Ticknor Paper Series. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The latest issue in the Ticknor Paper Series is a reprint of "Miss Ludington's Sister," a characteristic story by Edward Bellamy. It may not be one of the best of the series, but it is interesting reading and will find new readers in this form. These books are printed in clear type, on good paper, and are sold for fifty cents apiece.

E. E. M.

Jack Hall; or, The Adventures of an American Boy. By Robert Grant. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co.

The opening chapters in Jack Hall's adventures seem to denote a story too much like "Tom Sawyer" to be attractive to mothers, but the style improves as it goes on. Jack is a real boy, full of mischief and inclined to shirk work and lessons, but he leaves school in the last chapter third in his class and ready for hard work at college. The book contains enthusiastic descriptions of base ball and rowing contests.

E. E. M.

THE HOME.

One Halloween.

The old fashioned, rambling house was the accretion of many years and many occupants. First and central in this architectural collection was the capacious log kitchen, with its immense fireplace, almost as large as the alcove of a city front chamber, enclosing within its jams not only the long crane with its numerous pothooks of various lengths, but also the mouth of the great brick oven with its fascination of blaze, long slender rods of "live coal" and its "after glow" of hot gingerbread and apple turnovers. As the family increased and needs and means grew, so grew the house. A large "family room," back of the fireplace in the rear of the kitchen, came next; and when the street was widened and properly located and the adjacent land laid out in village lots, double parlors were thrown out in front; it fell into other hands and a pretentious dining hall with a great circular topped window was sent athwart the garden; so room after room and closet and chimney and fireplace was added here and there, as the caprice or the comfort of various owners suggested, until the old house became that curious and interesting conglomeration that only such a building can be. It represented almost every phase of architecture, in a bungling way, somewhere. Every room had an individuality about it peculiarly its own. Nowhere was there a repetition, not even in windows and doors.

The parlors, with their carpets, modern fireplaces and general primness, had little to attract us, in comparison with that kitchen, where the crackling blaze of hickory logs threw a glow of warmth and light all through the room and out the shadeless windows into the garden beyond. There are few such kitchens in "these degenerate days"—a great square room, with its smooth, white pine floor, its great brick hearth, a large closet on one side of the fireplace, a deep recess on the other, with a door leading to the aforesaid family room; at the opposite end a cook stove, for which a brick flue had been built, a door leading to the dining room on one side of the stove, and one leading to the attic over the kitchen on the other. On the side toward the wash house was a window; on the opposite side, opening upon a porch, from which a path led to the door-like gate, was another window and a door.

On winter evenings the kitchen was a child's paradise. Could anything be more enchanting? Especially if father and mother abandoned the parlor and came out and told stories of their childhood. Mother's stories were of the old ancestral English home, built three hundred years ago; its thick walls and strongly made doors; its court enclosed by high, solid brick walls with a postern gate, built for defence as well as refuge, its queer furniture and old pewter plate. Father's were of American pioneer life and its hardships. And so our garden and fence made for us a walled-in court or a stockade, as we imagined ourselves pressed upon by a

Robin Hood or surprised by Indians. If company kept our parents away from this enchanting spot, Mike and Biddy would tell tales of that wonderland, "auld Ireland." Of course we believed implicitly every word of their remarkable experiences, and I've no doubt but that notwithstanding they were often manufactured for the occasion, they more than half believed them too.

One Halloween we sat up a little late, listening to the wonderful tales of what had happened on this night in green Erin, how Biddy's sisters had each had their first vision of their future husband at midnight Halloween, and Mike assured Biddy she would be sure to have the same good luck "this very night." We had cracked and eaten nuts enough to give us visions of the past, present or future. The cabbage, beets, etc., had been garnered during the day, and the boys carefully barred out of the garden by the ever watchful Mike. He chuckled now and then as he heard their boisterousness on the streets, and exclaimed exultantly, "Och, ye spalpeens, ye! I faxed ye airy. Ye don't get in here wid yer nonsense," which sally was sure to draw an admiring glance and responsive giggle from Biddy. The guests departed, the family retired, leaving the two up to talk "just a bit o' dear ould Ireland, of course," and for the face of Biddy's "future."

About midnight the family were awakened by a succession of shrieks. Scrambling into a garment, "the misther" rushed to the rescue. As he opened the family room door he found himself enveloped in a cloud of smoke, soot and ashes. The porch door flew open, a figure shot out, bringing the door to with a bang after it. Standing in transfixed amazement, trying to collect his wits and fathom the mystery—was it a nightmare or a reality? The cloud began to settle, and the old chimney, true to its purpose, drew up the smoke. Then came the revelation. Backed up against the stove stood Biddy, with clasped hands, distended eyes and open mouth, filling the air with shrieks. Round and round the room, with all the speed wings and legs could make, with neck stretched to its utmost, sped a goose, adding its voice to Biddy's in a fearful duet. At the window by the outside door, on a background of midnight darkness, was the blanched face of poor Mike, with hair erect, eyes and mouth wide open, and shaking as though in an ague fit. At the opposite window, on the same black, fathomless background, were three juvenile faces, wreathed in mirth and mischief. There is no use my trying to produce a pen picture of those faces. They would bring Brown or Eastman Johnson a mint of money, transferred to canvas.

Mike's very precaution was the source of his defeat. The carefully cleaned garden, the early barred gate, the well understood feeling of perfect security was an irresistible temptation. Like many victorious invaders before them, they came down the water way; to be sure it was deep and cold and long, but the difficulty only added zest to the effort. Then the reconnoitre. There sat Biddy and Mike, so comfortable and cozy; the chimney was wide and low. One of the boys knew a sturdy old gander he could get. He could easily climb to the roof and drop the old fellow down. It would be such fun. And it was—to the boys.

Of course we small people were very curious next morning. We had gone to bed quite sure that with the rising sun we should be enlightened as to Biddy's future fate,—who *he* was. We never alluded to that night in Biddy's presence but once. Her nose flew up, her eyes flashed, her back stiffened. We knew the symptoms and retreated in good order. Poor Mike! He was glad soon to seek new quarters, for if Biddy bridled at our alluding to that night, what didn't she do at sight of Mike, who came slinking in next morning, the personification of meekness. "Indade, mum," said Biddy savagely, in reply to an attempted apology for the forlorn fellow, "to run out and pull the door too after 'im, and haul it, too, yes, and haul it too,—for I tried to open it,—lavin me, a poor, lone woman, shut in to be devoured by that dreadful baste, a'rushin' round and a'squackin' loike a roarin' lion! Oche, the brute!" And Biddy marched round the kitchen at her work with the air of a youthful captain on dress parade. There was nothing weak about her.

S. C. LL. J.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Brocton, Mass.—The Old South lecture system of Boston is spreading. An important course of lectures on the American Revolution is arranged for at this place.

Washington, D. C., has been selected as the site for the great Roman Catholic College of America. About a million dollars have already been raised for the project. We look with hearty interest to the success of the undertaking. A great Catholic institution within sight of the noble capitol building of a great republic can not but add thereby to its catholicity.

Moline, Ill.—Rev. Henry D. Stevens, of Indianapolis, has accepted a call to the Unitarian church of Moline, and will at once remove with his family to the chosen field. We give Mr. Stevens cordial welcome to the brotherhood of earnest ministers in the state of Illinois and wish for him abundant success. He takes a young charge that has proven its right to be by its energy and persistency and practical wisdom. The society is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mr. Stevens.

Philadelphia.—The Young People's section of the Ethical Society has been organized, with S. F. Weston as president, Miss Demmon as secretary, and Hugo L. Hund as treasurer. Meetings are to be held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. As the section has appointed a Philanthropic Committee to work with the like committee of the society at large, it may be seen that its programme is not a narrow one in any respect.

—The liberal societies of this section are planning a class for the study of the fundamentals in religious literature. It is to be a fixture, controlled by a board of trustees, and to meet twice in each month, probably the second and fourth Fridays. It is likely that Mr. Ames will be the presiding officer. A meeting on the 28th, at the rooms of the Spring Garden Society, will perfect its organization. Whether the Christian Bible specifically or some more general study is to be taken up at the start, I believe, is not yet fully decided upon.

—I think Mr. Haskell and Mr. Ames, the latter in some address, participated in the dedication of the new Universalist church at Hammononton, N. J. Universalists like Bisbee and Shrigley in this city are willing to fellowship Unitarians, but there is one other minister who, with many privates, can be fairly deemed adverse to such a step, wherever taken.

—"M. P.," the press literary critic, uses this phrase in regard to Emerson: "Saving alone the supreme and sacred instance of Christ, the life of no great man so powerfully and profitably reminds us we can make our own sublime as does that

of Ralph Waldo Emerson." Which is tantamount to saying something more, had the writer of the sentence but paused to think of it, as perhaps he did. But the word is gratifying, as going forth in one of our great dailies to a constituency not generally open to such intimations, if they come from known radical sources.

—I was in error in regard to the date of Clifford's address for Chadwick, which should have been stated as the 23d.

—The first number of *Unity Journal*, just issued, and dated October, contains Mr. Haskell's sermon in reply to one of his Camden critics, and other articles, relating to the local and general work of the Unitarian church.

—The Unitarian speakers of this section have arranged for a series of union meetings for the winter. They have also planned a series of exchanges, by which it is intended on one Sunday out of each two months to have all the liberal pulpits occupied by speakers from other congregations.

—Mr. Mangasarian's society has started on its third year.

—The Spring Garden Society's busy Unity Club have mapped out a characteristic scheme of work for the winter, which includes pretty nearly all things in the line of mental and social entertainment.

H. L. T.

Chicago.—All Souls Church.—Rev. S. S. Hunting was in the pulpit last Sunday with the pastor and Mrs. Wilkes. Mr. Hunting is on his way to Philadelphia to attend the Woman Suffrage Association meetings in that city, and is as earnest and true as ever. The Sunday before the ever youthful and indefatigable Mrs. Cogswell, of North Platte fame, was in the congregation, on her way to North Platte. She is minister extraordinary to Nebraska, and we will look for news and vitality all along the line now that she is again west of the Missouri.

—Union Teachers' Meeting on Monday noon. Mr. Utter was leader. Lesson, the 5th chapter of Luke. We should make the children familiar with the geography and scenery of this incident. It is a picturesque incident with which the chapter opens, and very natural—the pushing off from the shore. As to the draught of fishes, of course it might be an opportune happening, but it is no less plain that Luke means it for a miracle. The command to tell no one of the healing of the leper shows the dogmatic intent of Luke; this is Luke's way of explaining that Jesus did all the great works and yet had not the reputation in his life time which from the works we should expect. The passage about the fasting, that the disciples naturally would not fast while the Master was with them but would fast after his removal, is a touch of the aftertime. After Jesus' death the Christians fasted, yet found no example for it in Jesus' life or words. So this grew up as the way of accounting for the omission.

Boston Notes.—Rev. J. F. Clarke finds his health so well recovered as to sustain easily his weekly church work.

—Rev. H. B. Carpenter, of Boston, is supplying the pulpit in Buffalo, N. Y.

—The sentence of fine upon Rev. Mr. Davis for preaching upon the Common was sustained upon his late court appeal.

—Frosts have spared our garden flowers till this week, when our city Flower Missions closed.

—Dr. John Parker, of London—orthodox—so well championed the popular new theology party in our Congregational churches as to provoke Rev. Mr. Cook to answer some of his aspersions upon the orthodox beliefs and acts. He assumed fully and aroused frequent applause by thus assuming the Unitarian view of the Andover controversy, viz., that the professors should not strain the plain meaning of the ancient creed, but if they disagree from it they should come out and leave it. As for the non-missionary tenet of no probation after death—he preached that the Father holds in his loving hands all heathen souls the moment after death as in the moment before death. He stated that scarcely a prominent orthodox minister in Boston could go as heathen missionary under the present ruling of the American Board.

—The latest industrial church branch is a class for teaching girls to set types. A well taught girl can immediately earn eight dollars per week and can fast increase her wages.

Kansas.—The recent accession of Rev. J. W. Caldwell, of Uniontown, to the Unitarian ministry, opens new possibilities of work in southern Kansas. Mr. Caldwell was a minister of the Christian church. He was offered an appointment in Kansas as district missionary of his denomination, the state being divided into districts and assigned to as many different workers. Feeling that he could no longer work in harmony with the Christian denomination, he declined to accept the trust offered him, and sought and obtained fellowship in the Unitarian ranks. He has many friends who are in sympathy with his new position, and are willing to stand by him. In Uniontown, where the doors of the Union church were closed against him, he has established a congregation, and organized a Sunday-school of forty-five members. On the evening that I preached for him, a weekday evening at that,—one hundred and thirty of the four hundred inhabitants of the village came out to hear me, when at the same hour a special preaching service was held in the Union church, and special efforts were made to weaken our attendance. Mr. Caldwell is a self-sacrificing man, deeply in earnest, with a strong missionary instinct, who "likes to undertake a hard job," as he puts it, and who proposes to hold on where he is, and help evangelize all the country about him. He accompanied me to

Fort Scott, seventeen miles from his home, where, making headquarters at the hotel, we spent two days canvassing the city, and arranging for an evening meeting. At this meeting one of the most noteworthy incidents was a brief conversation with an orthodox woman. When asked if she would be interested in Unitarian services, if they should be started, she replied: "That depends on circumstances; I should like to talk with you further." And then she went on to say: "I am a member of an orthodox church, but I have been reading Unitarian literature, sent to me by some ladies of Boston, which quite satisfies my soul. I want to know if Unitarians are as good as their literature. Let me find once a church in which their high and beautiful principles are embodied in individual lives, and I'd leave twenty orthodox churches, if I belonged to as many, in order to join it!"

"—Knowest thou what argument

Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent?"

We found in the county recorder's office the record of a good building lot, said to be worth \$4000, deeded to the Unitarian society, but no society—its friends scattered and much discouraged, one of them holding in trust a tax-title to the Unitarian lot, for the church which it is hoped will some day be reorganized. There are signs of prosperity in the city, with its population of 15,000. It is the seat of a Normal School of some three hundred students, and there is every reason why we should be represented there by a live, liberal church. Word comes from Mr. Caldwell that he preached there on Sunday, Oct. 16th, and that he returns to preach again Nov. 6th.

From Ft. Scott, over the K. N. & D.,—a branch of the Missouri Pacific system,—a ride of 130 miles, through a fine section of the state, brought me to the capital,

Topeka. The Sunday morning congregation here, in the Unitarian church, was good in quality and in numbers, showing evidences of growing life and interest. In the afternoon quite a different congregation met my eyes in the state reform school for boys, situated outside the city limits. Nearly 200 boys, ranging from eight to eighteen or twenty years of age were before me. It was a heart-moving spectacle, and if the preacher's word only went home to them as did his sympathy we may hope that "some seed fell on good ground." The superintendent, Mr. Buck, is a genuine man, a gentleman admirably fitted for his work, and aided by that best of all helpers, a wife in hearty sympathy with him in all that he does. Topeka is making rapid strides in substantial growth. Its

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

THE delay in this week's issue of UNITY was unavoidable, on account of a general strike among compositors.

"A COLUMBIA of thought and art is the last and endless end of Columbus' adventures," says Emerson.

RED JACKET once said: "The Great Spirit taught the white man to talk on paper, because he knew he could not remember things. The Indian never forgets. He don't need books. He keeps everything in his heart."

A SISTER who knows hard work in the mission field herself, writes: "Here is my dollar for the Unity hat; wish I could make it ten. I want at least a window pane in that church in Dakota. I want also to send my warmest congratulations to Sister Wilkes and a blessing to the child of inspiration."

THE meeting at the Central Music Hall last Sunday evening in the interests of the Illinois Industrial School for Boys was addressed by Judge Jamieson, Doctor Boardman, Professor Swing, Doctor Thomas and J. Ll. Jones. Over a thousand dollars was subscribed and contributed to the support of the school.

THE *Christian Life*, published in London, speaking of two-hundred and thirty-nine excursionists being arrested and fined for wholesale slaughter of birds at the Farne island, through the activities of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," adds: "With too many of the upper classes, to be killing something appears to be synonymous with amusement." Yes, but to us there appears to be something wrong about the adjective. Are such classes "upper"?

THERE are so many people who are willing to advise an editor, and who are kind enough to tell us how to "make UNITY attractive to the masses," that it is refreshing to find one who is pleased with it, even though we do not succeed in putting a quart of milk into our pint measure every week. A correspondent writes: "Number Nine is before me, and I have marked five of the items on the first page as especially fine. Some of them I shall use as texts."

A PRESBYTERIAN church has been built and paid for in the central part of Illinois by women. The church is in a prosperous condition, but it has not male members enough to make the legal board of officers as required by the canons of the Presbyterian church, and the Bloomington Presbytery is much puzzled to know what to do with it. Probably the last thing they will think of is the first thing they ought to do, viz., to reconstruct their laws so as to recognize the rightful claims of woman.

THE Unitarians of Boston are about to hold a farewell meeting on the occasion of Rev. A. N. Knapp's departure to Japan as missionary of the A. U. A. This mission of Mr. Knapp's possesses great interest. For the first time in the history of Christian missions, we suspect we see a missionary going to treat with a so-called pagan nation as equals, expecting to be taught as well as to teach. He goes to interchange spiritual commodities. We have reason to believe that he will be received in the same spirit. America has much to teach Japan, doubtless Japan has something to teach America also. An exchange tells us that a Chair of Sanitary Engineers has been established in the Imperial University of Japan, and that this is the only chair of the kind in the world.

THE first volume of the *Massachusetts Quarterly Review*, in a bound copy that was once in the library of Theodore Parker and then the property of the faithful Hannah Stevenson, has found its way to our table. The editor's address to the public in the initial number for December, 1847, was written by Ralph Waldo Emerson. His words then still ring with prophetic reassurance in faithless ears: "In the rapid decay of what was called religion, timid and unthinking people fancy a decay of the hope of man; but the moral and religious sentiment meet us everywhere, alike in markets as in churches. A God starts up behind cotton bales also."

CHARLES H. KERR & Co. have just issued in neat pamphlet form a secular edition, without the Sunday-school and Unitarian imprint, of the three series of Ethical Lessons that stand at the head of the Western Sunday-school Society's publications, namely, *Corner Stones of Character*, by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells; *Home Life*, by Mrs. Susan I. Lesley and Mrs. Elizabeth L. Head, and *School Life*, by Mrs. F. B. Ames. This edition is published for day school work. A hundred copies of them go at once into one school in one of our western cities. Once more we take pleasure in commending them to the attention of teachers. They have been used with marked success as the basis of the general exercises at the opening of the day or the last ten minutes before going home. Try them.

As the eleventh day of November draws near, the shadows of the gallows upon which it is decreed that seven men should hang in this city, become more consciously felt. Felix Adler, Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, Rabbi Hirsch, William Salter, James Vila Blake, and the pastor of All Souls church have recently made their protest against the death penalty, and have pleaded for the commuting of the sentence. In the Third Unitarian church of this city, last Sunday, over a hundred people signed the petition to the Governor, and Rev. J. Vila Blake, J. N. Wanzer and Judge Russell officially carried the petition to Springfield to present the same to the Governor. The *Conservator*, in this city, recently expressed in an epigrammatic form the practical wisdom which ought to persuade, even where the humanitarian and religious argument fails. It says: "Let the anarchists live that their cause may die."

THE difference between the cautious "progressive orthodoxy" of the liberal element in the Congregational church and the theology of outspoken Unitarianism is well illustrated in the reply made by the *Christian Union* to a correspondent of a liberal and inquiring turn of mind:

Question.—What can be said to one whose rest in the faith of the Incarnation is disturbed by the claims made for Buddha and other incarnations of divinity through the past centuries? Our Supreme God is the Father of all these countless millions, and does it not rather incline a catholic mind toward a form of Unitarianism? Shall we deny all anterior incarnations and truths revealed, as claimed, from the Invisible to the children of men?

Answer.—Incarnation and inspiration are quite distinct. We see no reason to doubt that God's Spirit has dwelt within and influenced the good, the wise and the true of all eras, epochs and races, and that every man who has testified to the truth and inspired to a higher and nobler life has been illuminated by that Light which lighteth every man. But one needs only to glance at the stories of Buddhistic incarnation to be satisfied that there has been but one incarnation in the

world's history; that there is but One in whom God tabernacled, making himself manifest to humanity in the flesh. Why the story of this incarnation has not spread more rapidly over the world is one of the mysteries of history. We can only say that it is the plain duty of every man who believes in this incarnation to fight to the death every apathy, apostasy and division among Christians which hinders the more rapid diffusion of its glad tidings.

We print in our Unity Club column to-day an official appeal to our Unity Clubs asking their interest and co-operation in the work of the National Bureau. To this appeal we wish to add our word. Friends, do you realize how easy it is to appropriate the labors of others and to thrive upon other people's thoughts and toil without giving any return? The Unity Club in every locality has had peculiar opportunities to profit by the labor and experience of other clubs and club workers. Most of them this winter are following programmes which have been more or less elaborated in this co-operative way. The organization of the National Bureau has already given much new stimulus to this tool-making and help-multiplying activity. Outline studies on *Ireland* and Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities* are the last leaflets. The latter numbers twelve in the series. Others are in course of preparation. We hope that our western clubs will be prompt in making themselves members of this National Bureau. Indeed, we do not see how they can honestly withhold the \$5 that will link them to their fellows. Please don't forget it.

A CONFERENCE of representatives of progressive theology was held in one of the parlors of the Palmer House, Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday. A number of prominent Universalists, Unitarians and Independents were present, and various plans for co-operation were discussed at length. There were some differences of opinion as to methods, but an essential unity of spirit and aim. A Ministers' Alliance was organized, with the following officers:

Prof. David Swing, President; Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Vice-President; Rev. Thomas G. Milsted, Secretary. An Executive Committee of five was elected, consisting of Dr. H. W. Thomas, of Chicago; Dr. J. G. Townsend, of Jamestown, N. Y.; Rev. David Utter and Rev. Charles Conklin, of Chicago; and Rev. A. N. Alcott, of Elgin. Further plans are to be evolved, and much good is hoped for from the movement. Among the members of the Alliance are Dr. H. W. Thomas, Rev. J. T. Sunderland, Rev. George Batchelor, Rev. Theodore W. Haven, Rev. Oscar Clute, Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, and Solon Lauer. It is expected that many others, not present at the meeting, will join the Alliance.

A BRIGHT omen was the announcement in our Sunday papers this week that Dr. D. K. Pearsons had concluded to administer his own will, and within the last week he has given away to the Presbyterian Hospital property valued at \$25,000 to the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago \$30,000, to the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions \$20,000, to the Chicago Theological Seminary, Presbyterian, \$50,000, to the Union Park Theological Seminary, Congregational, \$50,000; making in all \$175,000. In all this the wife's name is intimately associated, and these good people have done nothing but what they intended to have done when they were dead; they have simply executed their own wills, thereby reducing the tension of their cares, adding to the potency of their dollars and multiplying their joys. This is a timely and commendable example to Chicago capitalists. There is a congestion of soul causing sickness and misery in many a home because there is a plethora of the pocket book. Nothing but such generosity as Doctor Pearson's will brighten many lives. We know not how many of these congested souls are on the side of liberal thought, but we know there is money enough some where to help Mrs. Wilkes finish her church in Sioux Falls, to send several thousand copies of UNITY a year out on its missionary errands, to make the treasurer of the Western Conference glad by enabling him to pay bills whenever accrued in the cause of freedom, fellowship and character in religion through-

out the west. There is money enough in Chicago to establish here a training school for the liberal ministry that will give equipment and inspiration to the fifty young men and women that are ready for a training that is fearless, hospitable, confident and forward looking; a training that supplants the discussion of old doctrines with the study of new problems, and replaces the labored interpretation of texts with the larger and more inspiring interpretation of history. May Doctor Pearson's example be followed, may the old Arabian parable be verified. A fig tree looking upon figs becometh fertile.

OUR Universalist co-laborers have just held their national convention in the city of New York. Judging from the reports, they had a full and hopeful meeting. The interest of this session, as of several preceding ones, centered upon the creed question. A special committee consisting of Rev. C. W. Tomlinson, W. H. Ryder and E. C. Switzer, after two years' deliberation, reported in favor of a new "Profession of Faith," four articles long. The debate upon the same lasted for three hours. Dr. Atwood, of the Clinton university, Dr. Capen, of Tufts college, Dr. Ryder and others strongly favored the change, but the venerable brethren, headed by Dr. Miner, as persistently pleaded for the old, and the convention had to do what they have done for several sessions, refer the same to the next meeting. We give below the proposed substitute to be considered. Definite and theological as it is in its phraseology, Dr. Miner was opposed to it because, among other reasons, "It does not give the least intimation that the several doctrines enumerated are taken from the Bible," and it does not "state that it was a 'Christian' religion that it stood for:"

1. I believe that the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a revelation from God to mankind.
2. I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; in Jesus Christ His Son, who is the Revealer of God and Savior of the world from sin; and in His Holy Spirit, the Comforter, through which all disciples of Christ are united in one spiritual body.
3. I believe in the necessity of personal holiness; in the forgiveness of sins; in the certainty of retribution; in the immortality of the human soul; and in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind.
4. I believe that the opportunities, obligations and rewards of religion are in their nature eternal, and that I ought to strive earnestly for salvation by repenting of my sins and diligently using the means of grace which God has provided.

Ramabai Circles.

An appeal has recently come to the women of America, which is equally strong in its delineation of the wrongs to be righted and in the common sense methods of attacking that wrong. Unitarians have never interested themselves much in foreign missions, and there have been good reasons in times past for this apathy. First, they have had all they could possibly do at home to maintain their own footing and assist in the home missions which seemed of first importance. Another reason could be found in their distrust of prevailing methods in such work. Still another and perhaps the most deciding one is seen in the answer of a Unitarian minister to one who inquired of him why we did not send missionaries to Africa. Knowing that his little flock in a country town were hard taxed to keep themselves alive and help in humble home ways, he replied placidly, "You know it is God's Africa." Unitarians have always believed that the so-called heathen were God's heathen, and that until some way could be found of helping them into light without distressing them with doubts of the eternal safety of their fathers and grandfathers, they had better be left in His care alone. Now, however, an appeal for our help in a foreign mission has reached us with such force and justice of claim that it ought not to be disregarded.

The condition of women in India has long moved the sympathies of travelers and missionaries, and it has been plainly shown that missionary efforts, as usually carried on, are inadequate for any extended or deepening influence. They have failed utterly in reaching the high caste woman, from whom most could be expected and whose influence would inevitably

affect her sisters in other conditions. No reform ever amounted to much until it had some strength from within. Only a monk could have brought about the reformation. Missionaries have had to begin with attacking the most cherished convictions of the Hindu women, to whom their religion is quite as dear as is Christianity to the Christian. Ramabai, the remarkable Hindu woman, who is now in this country pleading the cause of her country women, has herself become a Christian and sees plainly that only education can bring about intelligent acceptance of the higher theism of the Brahmo Somaj or of Christianity. The great need is for educational homes for the child widows, of whom there are nearly eighty thousand under nine years of age, and whose wretched condition can only be understood by reading detailed accounts. Ramabai will establish at least one such home on her return to India, and her plans are made with a reasonableness of scope and detail that can not but enlist confidence and great hope. It is impossible to relate in the space of a short article any of the wonderfully interesting facts in the life of Ramabai herself or of the work which she is trying to do, but every one can read them for himself in the book she has written. It is entitled "The High Caste Hindu Woman," and can be had by addressing the Pundita Ramabai, 1400 North 21st street, Philadelphia.

Ramabai expects the school to become self-supporting in the space of ten years, and asks help only for that time. A central organization has been formed to help her, with Rev. E. E. Hale, Rev. Phillips Brooks and others at the head. Branch circles are to be formed wherever possible. The one at Cornell university has already a large membership, and several students are preparing to go to India. The little society at Sioux Falls, though yet they have not a roof to cover them, has one which will send seventy-five dollars to her aid. The Ramabai Circles are to exist ten years, present conditions continuing, and membership obtained by paying one dollar a year to the secretary. Such a circle has been formed among us under the auspices of the Chicago Women's Unitarian Association. Fifty-three members are already enrolled, and it is earnestly hoped that more names will be sent in. Names will be received at any time by the secretary, Mrs. E. E. Marean, 3619 Ellis avenue, or orders taken for the book,—price, \$1.35, including postage.

New Theology and Old Religion.

Under the above heading Dr. Lyman Abbott replies in the *Christian Union* to some inquiries of an anxious brother whose theology is evidently not completely adjusted to its environment.

"Shall you remain in the church of your fathers and of your own personal preferences, preaching the new theology? or, shall you go out from it, either to an independent ministry or to some denomination whose creed is of a more flexible, if not of a more liberal character? Your problem is one which is shared by many in our time, and I therefore answer it through the columns of the *Christian Union*. Many years ago my father said to me 'I am sure that nine-tenths of the theological controversies which have agitated the church have been mere debates about words, and I am inclined to think the other tenth has been also.' This seemed to me a pretty strong statement at the time, but further observation and reflection have tended to confirm it."

Doctor Abbott then examines the intellectual position of different classes of thinkers and shows that the chief, if not the whole difference is verbal and superficial. And of the four examples which he cites he says that whether they will be efficient preachers of the gospel depends far less upon their doctrine than upon their spirit; far less upon what they believe than upon the way in which they believe it. He says:

"Such differences ought never to prevent co-operation, and would not if we did not constantly fall into the mistake of thinking that Doctrine is Truth, and that the world is to be saved, not by the love of God, but by our own opinion about Him. The world needs neither New Theology nor Old Theology, but God, and he who can bring the heart of man and the heart of God together is doing the work of the world's Savior, however imperfect may be the philosophy which he holds. Make it your object, not to present a correct doctrine of sin, but to induce each member of your congregation to cry out 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' not to pre-

sent to them a correct psychology of Christ, or a correct theory of the incarnation or atonement, but to make each hearer cry out 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief!' Some of your brethren will undoubtedly criticize you, look askance upon you, charge you with heresy; they did that to the Master, to the apostle Paul, to Luther and Wesley, to Doctor Finney, and Lyman Beecher and Doctor Bushnell; they have done it to every man who has brought to humanity the water of life in any kind of new vessel. No matter; go quietly on your way, ministering to the needs of men by the medicine of God—love."

The above is very good on general principles, but it is evidently intended as oil for the troubled waters of the progressive party in the Congregational church. As such, it will not have more than a temporary effect. The waves of thought, stirred by the late tempest of controversy, will not be still at the bidding of any, even a master in the church. The old truths are seeking new forms of expression, and the old errors are fading away. Peace is well, but peace at the cost of principle is not desirable. The progress of truth must not be checked in the interests of party harmony. The world of thought has its strifes and conflicts, as well as the world of physical life; and through struggle for existence comes survival of the fittest. Peace is well, but sometimes strife is better. In a time when new truths are pressing for recognition upon the great brain of the world, to ignore or stifle them is treason to the race. Doctor Abbott is a peace maker, but in his efforts to secure harmony for the present he is playing traitor to the future. The higher truths will come. No hand-mop of present expediency will stay the incoming tide. S. L.

New Theology Herald.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

A large number of the subscriptions which were transferred from the *New Theology Herald* to *UNITY* expire about this time. We trust that our friends are so well pleased with *UNITY* that their subscription will be at once renewed. *UNITY* is now the channel through which the editors of the *Herald* speak to the public; and the wider its circulation, the larger will be the field reached by the ideas and principles of the New Theology for which the *Herald* stood. *UNITY* is a growing paper. To encourage and aid its growth is to assist the progress of a broad and spiritual faith. As an inducement for prompt renewal, the publishers offer to those of the *Herald* subscribers who remit during November the premiums given to new subscribers. (See first page of *UNITY*.) Subscribers in Jamestown or vicinity may hand their money to Doctor Townsend.

Signed: J. G. TOWNSEND.
SOLON LAUER.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

What Can Unitarianism Do for the Heathen?

The following symposium explains itself. It is opportune to the current discussions which are now agitating the orthodox press. Unitarians can, if they will, carry to the Orient the practical efficiency and scientific clearness of the Occident; they can meet the heathen as brethren, and exchange commodities of spirit with them. Unitarians can take delight in the beauties of their scripture as the preliminary conditions of awakening in them an appreciation of the beauties of our own; Unitarians can or should, whenever necessary, subordinate names to things, and in that way find the heathen already half-persuaded to the abiding truths of the holiest gospel; Unitarians can carry to the heathen the slow but only sure methods of education. They can try to embody the Christianity that when formulated in phrases has but little potency; but in Christ-like deeds is irresistible. Unitarians can teach the heathen the nobility of the life that now is, the beauty of this world, the dignity of the human nature to which they belong; and in that way ally them more intimately to the eternal life than can be done in any other way. But we cease that our brethren may speak.

From PROF. C. C. EVERETT, of Harvard Divinity School.

The answer to the question "What can Unitarianism do for the heathen?" would exclude, I suppose, such civilizing and educating agencies as could be used by those professing neither Unitarianism nor any other form of religious belief; and would include only distinctly religious results. Further, it would be hardly fair to point to the work of the Apostles, because, though they were Unitarians, their Unitarianism was not the same type as the Unitarianism of the present day. In direct answer I can only say that, in my judgment, there is a possibility that any man who possesses a profound religious conviction can have this conviction to some extent purified and enlarged; and I believe, further, that this could be done more easily along the line of Unitarianism than along that of any other non-ritualistic form of Christian faith. Of course, everything would depend upon the kind of Unitarian who should represent this belief.

From PROF. GEORGE L. CARY, of Meadville Theological School.

Whatever people can be made, through our instrumentality, to feel, with the English poet laureate, that

"All men find their own in all men's good,
And all men join in noble brotherhood,"

already has half of the best of our intellectual possessions. By ever emphasizing our belief in the brotherly unity of the human family, we may do something toward breaking down the barriers of prejudice and hate which now separate peoples of different faiths. Unitarianism, speaking of man to men, whether they be pure heathen or heathen-Christian, has this prime message: "All ye are brethren."

The other unity which we have to proclaim to all sorts of heathen is the essential oneness, amid almost infinite multiplicity of manifestation, of the creating and sustaining Power of the universe—nay, even of the universe itself. Some of the heathens before the Christian era thought of the earth as a living being: let us restore to the heathen of to-day this thought, enlarged to take in all created things as

"parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

From REV. A. A. LIVERMORE, D. D., Meadville Theological School.

Unitarianism can do for the heathen what it does for us all. It can give them a Heavenly Father in the place of polytheism and idolatry. It can teach them that the mind and spirit of this Father is in immediate contact with their mind and spirit, and is the Holy Spirit and inspiration that prompts to all life and goodness. It can give them a Saviour, Jesus Christ, who lived, worked, taught and died to free men from the clogs of sin, and uplift them into sonship to God and a divine life. It can give them a Bible, in which the fullest revelations of the character of God, and his dealings with mankind, is made known, and the purest moral and religious lessons are taught on the conduct of life, the glorious examples of prophets, apostles, martyrs and saints are given, and especially the refulgent life of Jesus, that shines like a sun in our firmament, and bids mankind strive for like spotless holiness. It can plant the faith of immortality so deep in these benighted nations that death will be swallowed up of life. Unitarian Christianity can dignify human nature, teach the inconceivable value of every soul, and its dearness and nearness to God; can destroy heathenish castes and contempt of woman, and effect the unity of the race. But, further, Christian Unitarianism in behalf of institutions can establish the church, create worship instead of idolatry, hallow a day of rest, in place of infanticide put Sunday-schools, and confirm all good principles, lofty faiths and noble aspirations, by the power of education, holy association and riveted habits. And lastly, Unitarian civilization can go hand in hand with Unitarian religion and morals. She can give homes, the security of law, the culture of art, science and literature, free popular education, colleges and universities, and all the charms and refinements of the humanities, phil-

anthropies and amenities that rule in our most favored communities. This is what Unitarianism can do, and ought to do, and what she will do eventually, when she has the courage of her convictions, and the sharp edge of will to cut, scimiter like, through obstructions and fears and doubts. This is the work that Dall has done for thirty-one years; this is the work which we hope Knapp will do, and believe he will. And this is the work which noble-souled men, now in Cambridge and in Meadville, are fledging their wings to rise and do—in some high ecstasy of self-sacrifice and Pauline enterprise, to convert and civilize and Christianize the great heathen world.

From REV. J. BRADLEY GILMAN, of Concord, N. H.

I can not do anything about the "Unitarianism and the Heathen." I am working at it in a practical way here. This place is full of heathen.

From REV. F. L. HOSMER, Cleveland, O.

"What Unitarianism can do for the heathen," is fortunately not wholly a matter of conjecture, but has been in some measure already answered by Mr. Dall's manifold ministry in India. It has the advantage of meeting the extra-Christian peoples as Paul met the Athenians on Mar's Hill, recognizing in their forms of worship an expression of the religious nature of man, and in what "certain of their own poets have said," the utterances of the universal heart. Starting from this broad and just basis, Unitarianism can gradually graft the best thought and life of our present Christianity upon the thought and life of outside faiths, which also are rooted in the soil of a common humanity. It can emphasize the one salvation by character, which of itself is calculated to unify diverse systems and creeds; the thought of the apostle when he said that "in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." But whatever Unitarianism *can* do for the "heathen," at present it becomes Unitarians to be modest on this score. They have found their field thus far, with slight exceptions, at home and not abroad; and wisely so, perhaps. When one reads the report of the recent meeting of the American Board, he feels that the missionary work is not yet all beyond the sea, nor even among the unchurched and illiterate of our own land.

From a sermon by REV. M. J. SAVAGE, Boston.

We need to consider that one of two things is true. There is no such thing as the world's being "sort of" lost, "kind of" lost, almost lost, partly lost. One of two things is true; and we need, and the modern world needs, to face it. Half-way Unitarians need to face it. So-called liberal orthodox people need to face it. Either this world is lost and under the curse and wrath of God, or it is not. One of the two is true. Either every man, woman, and child in it is doomed, and justly doomed, to endless misery, or they are not. They are not half-way doomed to endless misery, partly doomed, partly under God's wrath, partly lost, half one thing and half the other. Either this theory is true or it is not true. If it be not true, then the whole scheme of doctrine which constitutes the plan of salvation is something we no longer need. There is no one of the old doctrines of orthodoxy that is not part of the plan for delivering man from the ruin that came upon him from the fall. Now, if there has been no fall, if man is not thus ruined, if God does not look on him this way, and is not going to treat him in this fashion, then there is no reason why this doctrine should be still insisted on as necessary, nor that it should be indefinitely and half-way held. There is no necessity for it, unless the human race is fallen and ruined. What we need to do to-day is to turn square round and accept the other alternative, if we do not accept this. If this is a race that has been developing for thousands of years, beginning on the borders of the animal world and climbing slowly up to our present position; if, under the providence of God, we are going on in the process of education and development,—that is one thing. If we believe it, let us give our money, our thought, our means, the

lavish outpouring of our efforts, to the accomplishment of the kind of work that is needed. Only consider the loss of time, of money, of love, of effort, poured out into what are practically useless channels, provided that be not the condition of the human race. If all the ingenuity, all the thought, the money, and the work could be directed to facing the real facts of the condition of man and helping him upward in the pathway of progress towards the real God, who has led him to the present hour, think of the gain, the immense advance, that might be made! Let us see what I believe to be the one necessity of the modern world,—the need of having a working theory of life as real to us as theirs was to them. Let us have a living thought of God, a living thought of his universe, a living thought of the nature of man, his needs, and his destiny. Let us have something that shall satisfy the brain, so that we can respect ourselves intellectually; that shall be motive for the heart, that we may feel there is something worth living for. Let us face the real facts of the universe consistently, earnestly, flinging away the old ideas, if we do not hold them any more. Let us front the new universe, and catch the first rays of God's new sunrise. Let us take hold of the work we are called upon to do to-day, and not content ourselves with criticising the fathers, while we are not half so grand, so consistent, so manly, so true as they.

From REV. J. C. LEARNED, St. Louis, Mo.

Unitarianism can continue to do what it has always been doing for the heathen. It can defend them against unjust aspersions; resist everywhere the irrational and inhuman and diabolical theory that they have been damned to hopeless torment by the million ever since the race began; and deny that they need a belief in orthodox doctrines to be saved. In this way it may exert, as it has exerted, an influence even upon the American Board for Foreign Missions; leading it at length to send out men who hesitate to doom to everlasting perdition all the past generations and all the living multitudes who, through no fault of theirs, have never heard the name of Jesus Christ.

The best work of Unitarians is the work waiting at home—at its own doors; more than it can fitly do. It is by no means ignorant of or indifferent to the interests of the heathen abroad; but it should get as many as possible of the heathen and idolatrous at home into its churches and under its influence. Its business is not to damn men for error, but to teach and save them from their sins.

A woman suggests that the best thing to establish among the heathen would be a *Post Office Mission*. I endorse this view, and recommend it to Rev. Mr. Knapp's earnest attention for Japan! Let the Japanese or any other nation have Unitarian views in their own tongue for the asking. It is a modern tool for doing missionary work with, but it is proving the best one yet invented, and is wholly in accordance with the spirit and measures of an enlightened age.

From REV. J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Syracuse, N. Y.

The heathen has been made to believe that his future salvation, or his future eternal happiness, hangs upon an acceptance of Christianity as expressed and defined in the creed presented to him, and that by a refusal to receive it he would be doomed to a future of hell or eternal punishment. The schism which has been made in the Congregationalist church about future probation, has created in that church two bitter classes—the one in favor of, the other opposed to, future probation; and the question is not to be settled in conventions or by court, but only before the tribunal of reason. Until the Congregationalists settle the question the poor savage will live in doubt about his own destiny, halting between two presumptions, reluctant to anchor in either of the two conclusions, and drifting as it were toward an end which, like death, will close one door to open another. Into what will the door open, is the inquiry. In the meantime this hesitation, this entering of that new force into theology, this division of

opinion about essentials, this coming together of two great opponents in a field held intact by orthodoxy, is the *opportunity* of liberals, of Universalists and Unitarians. Have we not a version of duty, an interpretation of Christianity, more potent, more real, more divine than the theology of fear? Can we not bring to the savage a gospel more acceptable to him, because more natural and rational than dogmatism or sectarianism—the gospel of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God? Will we do it? To strike the iron when it is ready to beat and mould is the opportunity of the workman.

From REV. MARY A. SAFFORD, Sioux City, Iowa.

Unitarianism can do for superstitious heathen just what it is doing for superstitious Christians, in teaching rational and humane views of God and man and duty. In showing that men are saved by truth, righteousness and love, whether they are called Christians, Buddhists or Confucians, it can help to break down partition walls and promote that purity of life which is everywhere the world's greatest need.

From REV. GEORGE A. THAYER, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Unitarians ought most effectively to reach those thoughtful, speculative races of the east, like the Hindus, the Japanese, and the Chinese, whom popular Christianity has failed to move; for we lay the emphasis of our teaching upon the morals of religion, upon the right conduct of life as the essence of faith, and upon the nature of God as consisting essentially in righteousness. Buddhism, the preponderant religion among the above-mentioned races, is in most respects practically identical with ethical Christianity, and hence the Unitarian preacher touches at once common ground with a host of oriental believers. But Unitarian theism also offers a remedy for that morbid idea which is so widespread through Asia, and which is also becoming a disease of European civilization, viz.: *pessimism*,—the conviction that existence here and hereafter is a curse. Unitarianism is essentially optimism, faith in the unbounded, conquering justice and goodness of God, and its philosophy is the antipodes of Trinitarianism, which holds that God's power is divided with the devil, that the earth is under a curse, and that immortality offers only despair to the vast majority of souls. In contrast with the dogmas of despair, Unitarian Christianity might seem to be a new gospel; a veritable glad tidings of great joy to all people.

Illinois Conference of Unitarian and Other Independent Societies.

It was a happy, friendly, warm-hearted time that the "Illinois Conference of Unitarian and other Independent Societies" had at their Hinsdale gathering on Oct. 25 and 26, their thirteenth annual meeting and their twenty-seventh session. Two new churches and two new "Sunday circles" are the growth of the year in Illinois; and as Hinsdale is one of the twin churches, both hosts and guests had the gladness of a christening-hour upon them. But few places outside of Chicago were represented,—that was disappointment,—but neighbors from that city came in force, and, with the interested townspeople, made the little church feel full. Of ministers the roll showed Batchelor from Boston, Forbush of Milwaukee, Judy of Davenport, Mrs. Wilkes of Sioux Falls, Byrnes late from Meadville, for the present at Geneva, Ill., Buckley from Battle Creek, Mich., Bradley of Quincy, Covell of Buda, Gannett, Milsted, Blake and Jones from Illinois, and Mr. Effinger, the Secretary of the Western Conference. Among the other guests was Mrs. Gunning, representing the Ethical society of Keokuk, Ia.

Tuesday evening Rev. George Batchelor, the agent of the American Unitarian Association, opened the Conference with a sermon on "the Evolution of Christianity." It was a fine, broad, outlook and onward-looking statement, but in applying it to Unitarians the speaker seemed a little burdened with the old anxiety about historic continuities and names.

and a little forgot, we thought, that the conditions of an organized success are not the same thing as the sources of spiritual power. Wednesday morning brought its early quiet hour of upward thought together; and then Judge Tiffany, of Hinsdale, gave the welcome of the parish, while Jenkin Jones responded for the conference, and laid its hand of benediction on the new-born church. Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, minister of the People's Church, Chicago, gave the first address of the day on a theme very close to his heart "The Possible American Church" that shall unite all our divided liberal forces in one loving family of work and worship—the Church of the Father and the Brother. As for further creed, "I will tell you what I would do, for one," he said: "I would have every member bring his own pet article. I would have a grave dug wide and deep. I would lay each article in the coffin, and, lowering them to their last resting-place, would have the mourners sing 'Asleep in Jesus,' and leave them forever and ever."

"Sunday Circles," that is, the little house-to-house church organized by a half-dozen earnest men and women without hall, without minister and almost without cost, claimed the next hour. Mr. Effinger explained its working methods,—Mr. Judy, speaking from Iowa experience, the spirit which would make those methods successful. At noon, in the pretty home-room down stairs brightened with chrysanthemums and barberries and evergreen, the Conference became a festival and the mothers and daughters of the parish made a graceful "coming out" as hostesses.

Two papers in the afternoon, by Mr. Forbush and Mr. Bradley. The first spoke on "Agnosticism," with such appreciative reverence for its attitude of reverence that he planted a new meaning for the dark word in not a few of the listening minds. Mr. Bradley announced his theme as "What I Found in the Woods." It proved to be a child snared between some bars and moaning in its lonely danger the one word "Mamma." The finder had sought the woods lonely, faith-lost, snared, himself, from reading Spencer and Darwin—their grand thought of the world he must needs accept, but was its grandeur to be the desolation of his heart? The child's moan in the woods gave the hint that saved him,—the hint that the soul's instinctive yearning for "the Father" was itself one of the facts of nature, itself an item and an instance of the "survival of the fittest." Mr. Bradley is a new-comer to the west, and his word will be a real help to us, judging by this sign of its poetry and truth. At the evening session Mr. Covell entered plea for the good pastor,—it took him to make the good preacher; and then, with Mr. Blake to watch the watch and supply the interludes, Mrs. Wilkes led the way back to the morning theme, and half a dozen speakers followed, discussing that "possible American Church."

One of the best moments in the meetings was the "shame" speech by Mr. Blake *a propos* of the offer of Mr. Effinger, the former secretary, to release the conference from the large arrears of salary still due him. To accept the offer, said Mr. Judy, would be to relinquish the claim that "Unitarianism means a hundred cents to the dollar every time." So the conference then and there began the work of reparation by raising \$84.50 of the amount and appointing Mr. Blake and Mr. Jones a committee to search into and report on the details of the debt.

The following resolutions were adopted:

1. That this Conference sends its hearty greeting to the two new parishes organized this year at Moline and Hinsdale, and as hearty a greeting to the two little Sunday Circles organized at Princeton and Buffalo Prairie. The Conference believes that they will strengthen it, and trusts that it will strengthen them.
2. That this Conference offers the hand of sympathy and co-operation to all in the state working, in their various ways, to advance the interests of truth and righteousness and love. We believe that the time has come to unite such workers in a religious fellowship founded on things deeper than the best words and names,—a fellowship that shall embrace the Broad Church elements in the different Churches, with the religiousness of the many now unchurched, and begin to make real the ideal Church of the future.
3. That the Illinois Conference at this, its annual meeting, renews its word of last June—that the next missionary step forward should be the development of the Unity Sunday Circle, the little church cradled in a

home parlor, before even the hall is reached; that it believes this next missionary agency may become a worthy second to the Post Office Mission; that it therefore requests the Directors of the Western Unitarian Conference, and those of the Woman's Western Conference, to take this matter into their special consideration as a thing to push *this year*; and that Mr. Covell, J. R. Effinger and Mrs. C. J. Richardson be our Conference Committee to practically carry out, so far as possible, the above suggestions, in the state of Illinois.

4. That the treasurer pay the balance in the treasury to Mr. Covell for such services as he has rendered or may render as secretary, up to Jan. 1, 1888.

5. That our secretary be employed from Jan. 1, 1888, at the minimum rate of \$400 a year, to be increased to a maximum of \$750 a year, if the subscriptions and other resources of the Conference warrant.

6. That the Conference hopes that the twenty Unitarian churches and "Sunday Circles" of the state, namely, Alton, Bloomington, Buda, Buffalo Prairie, Chicago—its First Church, Unity Church, Third Church, and All Souls Church,—Geneseo, Geneva, Hinsdale, Mattoon, Moline, Monmouth, Princeton, Quincy, Sheffield, Shelbyville, Tremont, Warren, will contribute to our missionary treasury proportionately to their means,—if it be only the five dollars that will keep warm the sense of a working comradeship; and to this end will themselves communicate with our treasurer.

7. That the Directors of the Conference request the co-operation of the American Unitarian Association in the support of the state missionary work.

8. That J. L. Jones, of Chicago, Prof. S. A. Forbes, of Champaign, and our secretary, be appointed a committee to arrange for a series of lectures and sermons to be given during the winter at Champaign the seat of the Illinois State University; and that to this end they solicit the co-operation of the ministers of the state, and that of the American Unitarian Association.

9. That the thanks of the Conference be tendered to Unity church and the ladies of Hinsdale for their cordial welcome and generous hospitality. We congratulate them on the hopeful outlook, and wish them a rooted and a growing success.

The following persons were elected officers: President, Mayor Roche, of Chicago; Vice-President, James Van Inwagen, of Hinsdale; Secretary, Rev. Chester Covell, of Buda; Treasurer, Mrs. W. C. Dow, of Chicago (473 Orchard St.); Secretary of the Post Office Mission, Mrs. M. J. Miller, of Geneseo; Post Office Mission Committee, Mrs. M. J. Miller, Chester Covell, Mrs. O. J. Richardson, Mrs. E. E. Marean, Miss Belle Tiffany; Directors for three years, Chester Covell, Mrs. W. C. Dow, J. L. Jones; Director for two years, Mrs. C. B. Dupee.

G.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Clubs and the Bureau.

AN IMMEDIATE NEED.

There is a backwardness about joining the bureau which is working injury to the cause. The bureau costs something to keep it in running order, and the membership fee of five dollars is not much for each club; but fifty or a hundred clubs delaying, depletes the treasury, and some private pocket has had to meet the current expenses. Printing bills, traveling expenses, for speakers, and various other outgoes, can not be met long in this way. We know that the delay in joining the bureau, or in forwarding the fee, is not intentional, and many clubs have not started for the season. Some may ask what return they are to get for the money thus bestowed. But we won't be too eager to get all back in dollars; it is to come in a copy or two of each publication, to the club, in the privilege of purchasing plans of study wisely and gratuitously prepared by able men and women, and much more in the larger benefits of association, fellowship and membership in a movement which is to be a blessing to club and church and to the entire denomination. Send to Rev. E. R. Butler, Treasurer, 10 Warrenton street, Boston.

Robert Browning.

"The development of a soul; little else is worth study."

Methods. They only find Robert Browning who work deliberately. The third reading finds what the first misses. Let all try to make the poems their own before the evening, and bring their failures as frankly as their successes. The aim is to study, not to create literature, so let papers be short

and earnest, enriched by helps from any sources. Open each evening with quotations from the poems to be studied, given by each in turn, the entire exercise taking about ten or fifteen minutes. Come with questions from the home reading. Bring in outside contributions to the subject from other writers or sources of information.

Helps. Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning. By Mrs. Sutherland Orr.

Stories from Robert Browning. By Frederic May Holland.

Browning Society Papers. London.

Outline Studies of Robert Browning. By the Chicago Browning Society. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

Prof. Corson's Introduction to Browning's Poetry.

Notes to "Select Poems of Robert Browning." By Prof. Rolfe and Miss Hersey.

See also essays on Browning in "Obiter Dicta," Stedman's "Victorian Poets," George W. Cooke's "Poets and Problems" and Prof. Dowden's "Studies in Literature."

Editions. Library Edition, complete, 6 volumes, \$10.00. Each volume separately, \$1.75. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. Browning's own selections from his works. Red Line edition, two volumes in one, \$1.25. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

I.

Art.

1. Quotations.
2. Paper. Fra Lippo Lippi.
3. Paper. Andrea del Sarto.
4. Reading. Pictor Ignotus.

Supplementary reading and helps for conversation.

- a The Guardian Angel.
- b With Francis Furini.
- c With Genard de Laresse.
- d Old Pictures in Florence.

II.

Music.

1. Quotations.
2. Paper. A Toccata of Galuppi's.
3. Paper. Abt. Vogler.

Supplementary Reading.

- a Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha.
- b With Charles Avison.

III.

Life.

1. Quotations.
2. Paper. Cleon.
3. Paper. Rabbi Ben Ezra.
4. Reading. Prospice.

Supplementary Reading.

- a Apparent Failure.
- b An Epistle.

IV.

Religion.

1. Quotations.
2. Paper. Caliban.
3. Paper. Saul.
4. Readings.

Supplementary Reading.

- a Fears and Scruples.
- b Epilogue to Dramatis Personæ.
- c La Saisiaz.
- d Ferishtah's Fancies.

ume by Whittier, the poet says: "With the possible exception of Lowell and Matthew Arnold, he was the ablest critical essayist of his time; and the place he has left will not be readily filled. Scarcely inferior to Macaulay in brilliance of diction and graphic portraiture, he was freer from prejudice and passion, and more loyal to the truth of fact and history. He was a thoroughly honest man. He wrote with conscience always at his elbow, and never sacrificed his real convictions for the sake of epigram and antithesis." The critical papers in this volume have the titles, "American Literature," "Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style," "Emerson and Carlyle," "Emerson as a Poet" and "Character and Genius of Thomas Starr King." The paper on American literature is in reality a little volume of itself, filling 138 pages. It is a rapid critical review of American literature from 1776 to 1876, the first century of our republic. Probably it is not possible to find in a like space so able and suggestive a guide to our literature as in this paper. There is always a great dignity to Whipple's critical writings, which no one can fail to feel. He seems always earnestly imbued with a sense of the elevation of his task, which must be performed with justice, "setting down naught in malice," and with a keener eye for merits than for faults. May it not be said fairly that whoever exposes a fault benefits craftsmen, but whoever discloses an excellence benefits the whole world?

THE HOME.

Three Friends.

A TRANSLATION FROM HERDER.

Trust no one as friend before you have proved him such. At the board of hospitality you will find more apparent friends than at the door of a prison.

A certain man had three friends, two of whom he loved dearly; the third, who was most disposed to wish him well, was regarded with indifference. Once, being summoned to court where he was severely but unjustly accused, he turned to his friends and said: "Who among you will bear witness for me? I have been harshly accused, and the king is wroth." The first excused himself immediately, saying that he could not go with him, having other engagements. The second accompanied him to the door of the court house; then, fearing the anger of the judge, turned and retraced his steps. The third, upon whom he had least counted, entered, and testified to the innocence of the accused so joyfully that the judge acquitted him with a fee.

A man has three friends upon earth. How do they conduct themselves in the hour of death, when God calls him to the final judgment? Money, his best friend, leaves him first and goes not with him. His relatives and friends accompany him to the door of the grave, retrace their steps, and return to their homes. The third friend, whom he most frequently slights in this life, is his charitable deeds. They alone accompany him to the judgment seat; they go before him, plead for him, and secure for him mercy and grace.

ROSA E. ROEDER.

THE custom of giving girls in the early teens quarterly or monthly allowances for their small current expenses, instead of making all purchases for them, is growing in favor, and is an excellent idea. There is no better way to teach girls correct and methodical business habits, and girls ought to know the value of money and the best way of spending it, for a great part of every man's prosperity depends upon the practical financial ability of his wife.—*New Northwest*.

Everywhere the new thought is at work, creating the religious belief of the future—a belief which, when it shall come, will be the most practical of beliefs, lifting the human mind into a surer and serener trust, laying upon the human conscience a more effective sense of responsibility for the world's welfare, summoning states to a finer justice, trade to a stricter honesty, and welding society to a more genuine brotherhood.—*W. J. Potter*.

THE STUDY TABLE.

American Literature and Other Papers. By Edwin Percy Whipple, with Introductory Note by John Greenleaf Whittier. Cloth, pp. 300. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Nothing needs be said of the nature and value of the critical works of E. P. Whipple. In the introduction to this vol-

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association met on Thursday, Oct. 27, at the Third church. A large number of ladies were in attendance. It was a missionary day in the association. A paper on the "Reasons why Unitarians have not heretofore been active in the cause of Foreign Missions" was read by Mrs. Effinger. Mrs. Marean followed with a deeply interesting paper on the Pundita Ramabai and the "high caste widows of India," after which a proposition to form a Ramabai circle to aid the Pundita in her work of establishing a school for these child widows was enthusiastically received, a large proportion of those present giving their names as members of the circle. The sum of \$45 was reported as received by the secretary of the circle, Mrs. E. E. Marean. The association adjourned to meet on the 17th of November at All Souls church, when a sermon on "The Gospel of Industry" will be preached by Rev. Florence Kollock, of Englewood.

Boston Notes.—Our Female Orphan Asylum held its annual exhibition on Tuesday. The exercises consisted in very good singing and school recitations and a pupils' dining-room tableau before a feast. The institution started in the year 1800, and, after one removal of its location, now finds itself on a valuable piece of real estate, with one large dwelling house, in the heart of the city. —Unity Clubs are joining the National Bureau. The Bureau is preparing manuals on American history, to be written by Edwin D. Mead; on church work, on art, on music, on Unity methods, and on good amusements, to be written by specialists. These manuals will be published in uniform 10-cent pamphlets, as fast as the club subscriptions paid into the Bureau treasury will permit.

—The "lecture talks" at Channing hall for Sunday-school teachers and others will begin on Thursday afternoon next. The teachers will be: Rev. A. P. Peabody, on "Methods of Teaching Bible Lore;" Mrs. K. G. Wells, with blackboard lessons; Rev. C. F. Dole, on "Early Bible Studies;" Rev. F. Tiffany, on "Ethics;" Miss Lucy Wheelock, on Primary Class Work;" Larkin Duntun, L.L.D., on "Principles of Teaching;" Rev. T. R. Slicer, on "Early Christian History." Each lecture talk will be preceded by a ten-minute praise meeting.

Philadelphia.—The first of the union meetings was held on the evening of the 16th, and Clifford, Ames, May and Mangassarian spoke. The latter was this time the host. The next meeting, to occur in November, will convene in the First church. The attendance on the occasion just past was very large. Clifford, in the course of

his brief but noble address, expressed his regret that Weston, of the Ethical Society, had not been a sharer with others upon that platform in the fellowship there enjoyed. The subject in hand related to "Religion and Life."

—The address delivered by Mr. Shrigley, at the Universalist dedication at Hammonton, has been commended for its liberal spirit. Although himself a Universalist, as that term is theologically adopted, the speaker is a man of broad sympathies to whom his creed means something larger than is commonly granted to it.

—Great excitement has been aroused here over the municipal campaign, because of the fact that the Sunday question has been introduced as an element for consideration. The Personal Liberty Leagues have practically endorsed the Democratic nominees, although the Democratic candidates have, I believe, expressed no opinion upon the issues which the Personal Liberty people have brought forward.

—Unity Journal has met with instant recognition here among liberals. The Camden Post, though orthodox in its leanings, has given it a fair acknowledgment. H. L. T.

Minnesota.—The first meeting of the Minnesota Unitarian Conference will be held in St. Paul and Minneapolis on the 16th and 17th of November. Public meeting on the evening of the 16th in St. Paul, and on the 17th in Minneapolis.

Beatrice, Neb.—Since Mary T. Leggett has taken charge of the work here, some two months ago a Sunday-school of some thirty members has been formed. Prof. Samuel Green, recently of Swarthmore college, leads a vital science class, using Simmons's "Unending Genesis" as a textbook. Wednesday evening there is a religious study class. Sunday evening large audiences gather at Odd Fellow's Hall. The new society hopes to be in its own church home early next year. Blessings on the brave band and its efficient leader.

Unity Journal—is the title of a neatly printed eight-page organ of Unity church, Camden, N. J. The first number contains a sermon by the pastor, Rev. N. A. Haskell, and many items of more than local interest.

Emeline Baths.—These baths, located at 63 West Madison street, and sustained chiefly by the philanthropic Charles S. Ruggles, of Manistee, gave during the first year 14,138 shower baths and 30,336 tub baths, at a cost to the bather of five cents for the shower bath and ten cents for the tub bath. To raise the patronage to the maximum of the possibilities of present plant, which is about 375,000 baths a year, would be to change a charity into a self-supporting institution.

Uniontown Kas.—We are crowded for room. Through the courtesy of the School Board we have the free use of an otherwise unoccupied room in the school building, which comfortably seats about 150.

Our Sunday-school numbers about forty and is increasing. Any school having books or other literature to spare will do much good by forwarding it to us.

We organized a post-office mission the 23d, with ten members.

I went to Ft. Scott the 23rd and held one service in the evening, and arranged to return again in November. I have very encouraging word from there since returning home.

Persons desiring to help in this work can send literature. I have more inquiries for sermons than I can supply.

J. W. CALDWELL.

FIRST ANNUAL INSTITUTE

OF THE

Western Unitarian S. S. Society.

It has been for a long time felt that the crowded week of our Western Anniversaries has given little chance for the adequate discussion of Sunday-school and Unity Club work among our western churches. The directors of the above society have concluded to make a beginning in a wiser way and to hold, this fall, the first of a series of annual in-

stitutes. The meetings are to be held with the Third church, where all visiting attendants will be cordially entertained. Below we give a tentative programme, printing only the names of those who have accepted. All the parts have been assigned, but the correspondence is not yet complete. The directors are confident that the programme will be carried out essentially as given below. A full and revised edition of the programme will be printed and circulated as soon as possible.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, Nov. 8.

8 P. M., J. Vila Blake in charge. Opening sermon, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, Mich.

Wednesday, November 9.

9 A. M., J. L. Jones in charge. S. S. Institute work. Questions and discussions.

2 P. M., in charge of C. H. Kerr, Chicago. Unity Club Session. 30 minutes Essay, "Unity Clubs, their methods; the Bureau, etc." Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass.

Four types of Unity Clubs. 15 minute outlines of study courses and methods.

a. Emerson. J. C. Learned, St. Louis, Mo.

b. Social Politics. J. Vila Blake, Chicago.

c. Art History. W. R. French, of the Chicago Art Institute.

d. Travels, etc.

8 P. M., Musical Evening, led by Prof. W. L. Tomlins. J. Vila Blake in charge.

Thursday, November 10.

9 A. M., in charge of Rabbi E. G. Hirsch, Chicago. Old Testament work.

a. "The mythical element and its use in Sunday-schools." F. W. N. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, Mich.

b. "The ethical element." Dr. H. W. Thomas.

c. "The evolution of Religion in the Old Testament." J. C. Learned, of St. Louis, Mo.

2 P. M., in charge of Mrs. E. T. Leonard.

Primary Sunday-school work. Kindergarten methods, etc. Three Illustrative Lessons. Mrs. S. W. Conger, Chicago; Mrs. Emma A. Beebe, of Geneva, Ill.; Mrs. Alice Putnam, of the Chicago Kindergarten Training School.

8 P. M., in charge of David Utter. Unity Club Session. 30 min. essay, "The undeveloped sides of Unity Club work." A. J. Beavis, of Iowa City, Iowa.

Four types of Unity Club Study.

e. Philosophy. L. G. Wheeler, Chicago.

f. Browning. Mrs. Celia P. Woolley, Chicago.

g. Novels.

h. Studies in American Literature. Mrs. L. B. Mitchell, Chicago.

Friday, November 11.

9 A. M., in charge of ———.

a. S. S. ethical studies in stories for little ones. W. M. Salter, Chicago.

b. Conduct lessons for middle classes.

c. Citizen and neighbor studies for older classes. Andrew Crawford, Chicago.

The interest and attendance of Sunday-school and club workers in all our western churches are earnestly requested. Send names of those who are to attend as early as possible.

E. T. LEONARD,
Sec'y W. U. S. S. Society.

It is a pleasure to recommend a good article; one which we know will give satisfaction and good service. The "Garland Stoves and Ranges" are undoubtedly the best that can be produced while their truly artistic features win favorable comment wherever they are seen. We are sorry to say that they are closely imitated. Our readers should bear this in mind.

WORTH YOUR ATTENTION. Mark this! Don't lose it! It will bring you gold! We will send you free something new, that just costs money for all workers. As wonderful as the electric light, as genuine as pure gold, it will prove of lifelong value and importance to you. Both sexes, all ages. \$5 a day and upwards easily earned by any worker; many are making several hundred dollars per month. You can do it. No special ability required. We bear expense of starting you in business. It will bring you in more cash right away than anything else in the world. Any one anywhere can do the work, and live at home also. Better write at once; then knowing all, should you conclude that you don't care to engage, why no harm is done. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 12, 1887.

[NUMBER 10.]

EDITORIAL.

THE address of Rev. George Batchelor, western representative of the A. U. A., will be for the month of November care of Rev. Enoch Powell, Topeka, Kan.

"It gets very easy to live a virtue that at first cost us a terrible struggle, and then we live it instinctively." So says E. P. Powell in his new book. So testifies the experience of all of us.

REV. MR. CROOKER, in a pamphlet entitled "The Root of the Temperance Problem," thus finds the root: "A man is not safe both as regards his personal destiny and the welfare of society until he is temperate from the choice of his own will,—not because he can not get liquor, but because he does not want it."

E. P. POWELL's new book, "Our Heredity from God," will be more fully noticed by a contributor to these columns, but we hasten to bid it welcome. It seems to us to come nearer being the hand-book on evolution adapted to the wants of those who not only are looking for a clear summary of the evidences of evolution in the physical world, but are anxious to know its bearings upon morals and religion, than anything we know of. It is an admirable text-book for Unity Club classes who will move through it with sufficient deliberation to do collateral reading and studying.

THIS is one way of doing it:—The small branch of the W. C. T. U. in Oak Park have for two years occupied two large rooms, open nightly, and made attractive by papers, magazines and games. The attendance gradually increased until the rooms were filled by young men and boys, many of whom were in the habit of spending their evenings very differently. Like all good seed well gardened, it increased, grew strong and branched. A social was held,—a sort of "donation party," to which each brought a book, and the nucleus of a library was the result. Then the night school need became apparent, and a kindergarten teacher volunteered for Monday evenings, largely given to spelling. And then a lady volunteered for Tuesday evenings for Bible stories and history. Wednesday evening was set aside for social time and games. A demand for bookkeeping was made. Though the ladies thought arithmetic more necessary first, it must be bookkeeping, and a gentleman gave them Thursday evening for that. This made the arithmetic class a very apparent necessity, and Saturday was set aside for it. Friday evening was left for a miscellaneous night. One Friday evening, however, the younger ones having no special business, became particularly restless, and the lady in charge turned them over to one of the young men, and she sat down to the organ for a rest. The noise ceased and they gathered about her in delight. The result was that Friday evening became the musical evening, and proved a marked success, which indeed the whole thing has proven.

THE Unitarian church of Charleston, S. C., has just celebrated the centennial of its church building, the Rev. E. C. L. Browne preaching an historical discourse. From a local paper we quote the following vigorous paragraph from the sermon: "Most churches start out with a dogma or theological position to maintain and propagate, and the necessity of watchfulness here leads them often to forget weightier matters, to forget how foreign this is from the habit and example of Him whose name they claim as a watchword. We are come of a

different line. We are convinced that if we can assist men and women to live honestly, kindly and truly, and in the meantime to think honestly and openly, we are doing the best service towards introducing the Kingdom which Jesus loved, and we can trust the results of such thinking to the control of such living. The century of our church, and the centuries of the Christian Church, confirm this conviction. Let us not fall from this high position. Let not the ordinary habit of churches—let not any insistence upon dogma; nor any exaltation of the importance of right thinking and true views—obscure in our minds this greater thought, that truthfulness is always true and righteousness is always right. This is what the Spirit saith to the churches. If the 'Second Independent Church' can cultivate righteousness of life better than the other churches do, it may leave to those others all dogmatic and measuring lines, all authority over thought, and trust to be recognized, somewhere and sometime, by all the names that have the honor and praise of God in them."

OUR co-worker, John S. Brown, of Lawrence, Kan., writes thus: I believe that Count Tolstoi has done a great and a much needed work by emphasizing in his late work, "My Religion," the five unique, radical, rational and practical precepts of Jesus. These precepts can not escape our notice if we observe that each of the five is introduced by the words "Ye have heard that it was said," etc., "but I say unto you." It is astonishing that those who call themselves Christians should lay just as much stress on the teachings of Moses, of David, of Paul and James and John, as they do on the precepts of Jesus. And yet it is not so astonishing when we reflect that the Bible, from its first to its last words, is regarded as infallible in its teachings. If the Bible in its totality stands on the same plane of infallibility, why should we read Christ's sermon on the Mount with any greater care than we read the epistles of Paul or John? If the latter are infallibly inspired, their authority cannot be less than the precepts of Jesus. This deadly error of Bible infallibility has had the effect of leading people away from the plain and simple truths as spoken by him who calls himself the "Son of Man." No one can carefully read "My Religion" without being persuaded that Christ's words are more weighty and have more authority than the words of any other man, however inspired he may be.

Tolstoi's withdrawal from the Greek Church will give a fresh impulse to our rational Protestant principles. We of the Unitarian and progressive faith should not be slow to welcome the writings of so advanced a scholar and teacher. We shall look forward with interest to his new "Translation of the Gospels" and to his "Criticism of Dogmatic Theology." We hope these promised works will be speedily finished and published.

A CONGREGATIONALIST minister in the neighborhood of Jamestown boasted in a local paper, "That there was not one member of his church influenced by or in sympathy with the doctrines of the New Theology." This led Doctor Townsend to ask, in print, of this confident pastor, some searching questions, among which are the following: "Can this be true? Do the good Congregationalists of Frewsburg all believe that the heathen, who have never heard of Christ, perish everlastingly; that all the people who listen to me will burn alive forever, in a literal or spiritual fire; that the mother who looks into the eyes of her little baby sees a total depravity which came from the fall of the first man and woman tempted

by a learned snake ; that God made the earth in six literal days, about 6,000 years ago ; that the man-made Augustinian and Calvinistic theology is good enough for them? Go to your good people and in a quiet hour ask them if they do not see things differently from the way they used to look at them ; if they do not sometime read Mr. Emerson's great sermon of the Over Soul and find their hearts leaping to its lyric, inspired utterances! ask them if they do not think that conduct is higher than creed, and that he who has the Christ-like life does walk with the Master, albeit he does not profess His name! Ask the mother who has laid under the flowers the form of her child who, though of accountable years, sealed her lips and made no sign, ask her if that child has gone down to the bottomless hell! Ask some of the old fathers if they do not feel that God's love is larger than human sinfulness! Ask the younger men if their vivid greating years have not shown them a church larger than the folds made by man. Ask your more thoughtful people if they wonder why the latest criticism upon the Bible is withheld from them ; that Dorner is not put in their hand who, though greatest of orthodox scholars, says that the endless hell cannot be built upon the New Testament word everlasting! Ask them if they had been in Boston where the Congregationalists so loudly applauded the New Theology utterances of Joseph Parker, they would not have applauded too! O, preacher, do you not see that a change has come on the thought of men, and the glad utterances of the New Theology are welcomed in all the churches? When you preach and look into the eyes of your people, remember the soul listens, and will feed in the long run only on that which is bread of life."

Justice and Business—A Query.

Conducting business on present principles, it seems impossible to adopt apart from it a pure social life. The same person can not altogether be the one man and the other, at different times. In our counting rooms we buy and sell, without regard to the moral element. Sentiment is in these places disavowed. We aim to get material cheap, and to dispose of it on the highest rating the market will permit. If a neighbor can be prevailed upon to sell on ruinous terms, we are not deterred from buying by any knowledge we possess of the inevitable issue of his sacrifice, or of the grievous need which compelled him to make it. "Job lots," which are two-edged weapons to all who handle them, are yet eagerly sought after by people who never realize their dangers. Men glory if they get material or labor at a merely nominal sum. What boots it if our victim is at a disadvantage when we bargain with him? The harder pressed he is, the lower he must set his price, and as his pocket empties, ours fills. There is a deliberate cruelty in the doctrine that "business is business," which is never obvious to any one who has not experienced what it may be made to mean. Business is robbery, very often, when men proclaim it business of the most innocent nature. Men who ask for time, and overstep it; who agree to certain discounts, and in figuring a settlement, exceed the legitimate figures; who substitute one grade of goods for another; who avoid the obligations of full measure and productive purity; who have all sorts of prices for all sorts of men, as though the buyer stood there to be appraised in place of the goods, are unconscious of their offense unless they are detected in its perpetration, while even in that case, the result is to them a worldly humiliation, or a subject of mirth, rather than an inward recognition of retributive guilt. Are we never to bring our commercial work into alliance with the decried moral laws? Why should we be afraid to make business one with sentiment? I speak not of the mush that often goes under this latter name, but of the basic justice through whose obfuscation we at present suffer untold sorrows. Supposing the whole system altered in accordance with a higher ideal of what our material work should be, and supposing that at the same time men were unchanged, what would again result but failure as sad as before? Therefore, guard well against the drift to a law-made virtue! Give us

men. Then will the men generate the system. And give us men by such a radical utterance of the spirit as shall invade every nook and corner of life. Dare to say to objectors: "Where you least suppose sentiment to be demanded, there it is, by the very fact of your closure against it, most needed." Insist that business is not an end, but a means. The end is character. The very wheels that our ingenuity fashioned, and our industry turns, deserve to be made a tribute to that spirit through which they arose. Coming from spirit, they should live in it unparted forever. How can we insure so essential a revolution? By proving the *soul* to men. By a look *through* things of our daily life. We must withdraw the salesman's lies, the manufacturer's adulterations, the willingness to profit by another's misfortune, the method by which wages are kept down and prices kept up, the soulless system by which the profits of industry are divided. We have to prove to leaders and workers alike that, after all, money is a paltry thing when one is housed and fed, and the world of the spirit has at last enfolded us. It is not honest in any of us to stop half way in the development of character. If our daily occupation for one moment robs us of a priceless honor,—for a breath abstracts us from the pure ways of love and trust,—we are poor indeed, and no tinselled business "success" can atone for it. And no man can be left out of our settlement. While one is wronged, though all others were freed, we are without exception offenders, and commanded to repentance. Can not business, too, be love and beauty, and thus become one with the picture the artist creates, or the song the poet sings? Why need we always speak of commerce as a thing *material*, in the secondary sense in which that word is used? Once transferred to truth, why may it not be spiritual with the best that man conceives and adores.

H. L. T.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Choice.

As from earth's broad expanse
All things draw sustenance,
Their life to nourish;
Filling their thirsty veins
From the same sod and rains,
Unlike to flourish:

So, food from lowly clay
And high heaven, day by day,
We are receiving;
And, as we choose and take,
Color and form we make,
Our own fate weaving.

Oft in some marshy bed,
'Mid foulest vapors bred,
Lilies are blowing;
And royal roses grace
Many an humble place,
Regally glowing.

What though no eyes behold
The lily's white and gold,
None praise her sweetness?
Still fragrantly she blooms
And modestly assumes
Her own completeness.

Nor cares the exiled rose
Her garden realm to lose,
Herself adorning
With every beauteous grace,
She makes her dwelling-place
Fair as the morning.

E'en though a desert wide
Stretches on every side,
Barren, unheeding,

Green the oasis grows,
Singing the water flows
Fair meadows feeding.

So live the good and great,
Unharm'd by any fate,
All things refusing
That from the spirit's grace
Its fairness may efface,
Nobleness choosing.

MERCIE M. THIRDS.

Another View of It.

EDITORS OF UNITY:—The editorial of Mr. Blake's, "Was it Honest?" together with the comments thereon, opens up a subject of much interest; but I trust I shall not be thought hypercritical when objection is made to the form of the question as being incomplete. It seems to me that if the question demands a categorical answer its terms should be further defined. The form of the question as given is relative, and hence in order to arrive at a satisfactory analysis it is obviously necessary to determine first its relations. For the sake of this necessity, then, I ask to be allowed to question the question. Was it honest, judged by what standard? A common reply to this would be, honest judged by the commonly accepted ideas of right and wrong. But how various are the opinions of men on questions of right and wrong is evidenced by the results of our constant observation. It is common for men to regard their own opinions as absolutely right, and that of their disagreeing neighbors as absolutely wrong. And when in a spirit of comparative philosophy we regard this diversity, we sometimes feel we cannot be sure that satisfaction, much less absoluteness, can be attained anywhere. We see the same contradictions when we examine history—one civilization giving us entirely different views from those of another. So it appears that the commonly accepted ideas of right and wrong will afford us no adequate standard. In my opinion, in order to reach satisfactory results, we should approach moral questions with the clear comprehension of the fact that morals, like mathematics, are both pure and applied. In pure mathematics the geometer sees only ideal forms, and his deductions therefrom are absolute. But when he comes to apply his deductions to the outward forms of the artisan the absoluteness vanishes, and in its stead appears only an approximation, dependent on its near approach to truth on the care and skill of the workmen. In pure morals the idealist deals only with an ideal society, but the wise statesman or the practical moralist applies only so much of the ideal as the state of society will bear. We thus see that the answer of a question from purely moral grounds may be quite different from that obtained from the basis of a sound and practical policy. We should then, in judging a question, first demand its precise relations. Let us state the original case. A man, knowing it to be very valuable, purchases a book from a bookseller for a very small price, the bookseller being ignorant of its real value, the purchaser retaining to himself alone the whole of the gain. The question submitted is, Was it honest?

Now the question as stated may simply have relations to pure morals, or it may only have relations to business, or it may have mixed relations. Let us in turn give to the question these different relations, and then analyze each case for a solution. Suppose the question to take this form, Was it honest according to pure morals? Idealists agree that in pure morals, or in an ideal state of society, men would love each other as they would themselves. But under such conditions it is plain there could be no selfishness. Now in the case cited the purchaser acted selfishly; hence we conclude that the answer must be negative.

It will be observed here that the practicability, or even the future practicability, of an ideal state is not discussed. It may be that some form of selfishness will always be essential. It may be, as the writer signing himself "Business" has intimated, that such a state of society would impinge against

itself. But somehow I have faith that that constant adaptability of nature which we see around us in all of the lower forms will not desert the world in its higher forms of civilization; that as there are laws of adaptability in our forms of selfishness, so there will be the same in the high ideals of truth and goodness.

But again, suppose we state the question thus: Was it honest according to business ethics? Business as we find it is based upon self-interests, and business ethics as we now have them require no more than that we shall make no misrepresentations, and that we shall comply with all of our engagements. Now in the case cited there were no misrepresentations made and no failure of engagements. Hence the transaction comes strictly within the order of business ethics, and the answer must be in the affirmative. I again make an explanation. I am not here discussing the perfection or imperfection of business methods and business ethics, but simply treating them as we find them established.

Lastly, we may give to the question mixed relations, and ask, Was it honest when we consider it the world's duty gradually to approximate to pure morals in its growing civilization, but at the same time distinctly holding in view the practical truth that the introduction of high ideals is like the introduction of exotics, to be done with great caution? Questions of this form never admit of absolute answers, and satisfactory approximations are frequently difficult. In the present case, however, I would say that a satisfactory approximation may readily be attained. If the bookseller made his profit on the book, I see no reason why he should be further reimbursed, but I think clearly the purchaser would be under obligations to use reasonable diligence in ascertaining where the sacrifice existed, and when found, to compromise the gain with the sacrificing party, reserving a proper share of the gain for his own knowledge, without which the value would not have appeared. Should he fail to find a sacrificing party after reasonable diligence, then I should say that he should be allowed to enjoy the whole of the gain as the fruit of his knowledge.

The question is somewhat shifted in the issue of Oct. 15, and though of much practical interest its consideration will not be entered on here.

G. M. A.

The God of Science.

To me the thought grows continually richer and more fruitful that the very highest manifestations of humanity, even thought, conscience, will, and love itself, are to God what the merest muscular contractions or unconscious organic processes are to us,—that modes of being infinitely above these pertain to him. It was a great insight of Spinoza that thought and extension, the divine attributes to which he reduced all others known to man, should be reckoned as only two out of an infinite number of attributes, otherwise unrevealed. Modes of being as much higher than thought or will or love as these are higher than the mere cohesion that holds the molecules of a stone together, must belong to the infinity of God. Yet these human powers must be, not reversed or extinguished, but realized in him in absolute plenitude. Impossible as it is to draw a line between the Infinite and the finite consciousness, the truth of Nature is marred and broken if either is ignored—if either the Many is sacrificed to the One or the One to the Many. Science, which aims ever to do justice to both, must, I believe, come ever to a fuller and fuller recognition of them both in our human thought.

Born out of a fathomless mystery, surrounded and engulfed in mystery all our days, returning to a mystery like that whence we came, the great thought of God is a flash of light in thick darkness. The mystery of Nature is not evaded by atheism, which only shuts its eyes to what theism but dimly sees. In the silence of lonely thought, in the hard experiences of life, it is to some of us a renewal of strength to recognize that there is that in Nature which commands the reverence and fealty even of moral being. Our own innermost life is shared with the All. Nature is no stepmother to her children. Whis-

pers and hints of the love she bears us reach our hearts in our own best aspirations and endeavors. Dreams and visions of the poet, true to the soul as are the rigorous demonstrations of science to the intellect, awaken a consciousness of the unity between our own restricted life and the Universal Life that overlaps it all. Well did the ancients speak of the earth as "Mother." Between the heart of Nature and the heart of Man is a unity so profound that the mere thought of it is music of sweetness unsurpassed. The song is of a Love feebly shadowed forth by human ties,—of a oneness infinitely higher even than that of love,—and of a destiny too vast ever to be revealed in advance of the great reality. Science will never seal up the fountain-head of this inward melody, but rather open new channels for its blessedness through the whole mind of man. I care nothing for the name of the great Eternal Fact of Being. Call it Nature, or God, or what you will; it is, and will be forever, the ultimate goal of all that is best in humanity. It is the study of this infinite Reality, not "unknowable," but truly known to the extent of our knowledge of universal nature, that gives origin to the Idea of God; and perish what may from the world's perfected thought, I believe that this Idea of God, the grandest product of the human brain, will survive forever.—*F. E. Abbott.*

Robert Browning on Immortality.

Like a true poet he speaks from the soul. Some very interesting views of the subject occur in several poems, incidentally to the themes, from the various standpoints of the life represented, of which the following are noteworthy.

In *Natural Theology in the Island*, Caliban, although a groveling, brutal and superstitious being, yet manifests longings for continuous life. He thinks Setebos, who, he imagines, made and bosses the world, could not tolerate an instant

"That either creature counted on its life,
To-morrow, and next day, and all the days to come."

He feels keenly the inexorable grip of fate in the reaction of his passions and selfishness. He thinks Setebos is necessarily cruel, but he hopes, some day, the Quiet, the supreme God he imagines dwelling beyond the stars in the blue ether, will conquer Setebos, or the latter will as good as die. Then the creatures will have a better chance to live all the days to come.

In *The Statue and the Bust*, we find the idea of probation after death, or purgatory. The two characters, the lady and her lover, the duke, having wasted their lives, look to the tomb under the aisle as their doom:

"Dreary days which the dead must spend,
Down in their darkness, under the aisle;"

a thought fitting the time and story. The relator imagines

"they sit and ponder
What a gift life was, ages ago,
Six steps out of the chapel yonder."

There they wait the trump of doom.

Apparent Failure shows that there is immortality, even for the most wretched human beings. No matter how perverted their aims were, or how, by violence and passion, they were torn from earthly life; it was not a *cas* failure, because it was not the end of life. The three miserable suicides were *God-made*, poor men; and what God blessed once can not prove accurst. The poet's

"hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched,
That after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched."

In *Amphibian* the idea of another element, a finer one of the spirit sort, comes to one seeking refreshment and pleasure in the water. A gauzy-winged insect flutters over the bather, and the analogy is at once suggested whether a soul which early slipped its sheath watches one in the world!

"Does she look, pity, wonder at one?"

Pursuing the thought, he says:

"Whatever they are, we seem;
Imagine the thing they know;
All deeds they do we dream;
Can Heaven be else but so?"

The movement in *Abt Vogt* transports one into spirits realms in thought. Not only does he feel that

"What was shall live,"

but he declares

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist."

Pre-existence and the future state are confidently assumed as possible to consciousness at times. The mad lover, in *Cristina*, asserts that there are moments, sure though seldom, when the spirit's true endowments stand out plainly from its false ones, when one feels clearly

"Ages past the soul existed, here an age 'tis resting merely;
And hence fleets again for ages; while the true end, sole and single,
It stops here, for is, this love way, with some other soul to mingle."

Beautiful *Evelyn Hope*, though dead, inspires a pure soul with noble love, sure of its reward, though delayed it may be for many lives yet. But the time will surely come at last when he will meet her in the new life, talk to her, and find out the secret of that body and soul so pure and gay in lower earth in the years long still.

"Such love is too beautiful not to be true."

In *Prospice* we have a very prevalent orthodox notion of future life; a refuge from pain and suffering and a reunion with the loved and lost. One brave soul, near the end of his life on earth, braces himself up to meet death fearlessly—the best and last fight; after that he expects the change into peace out of pain, and then

"O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again."

A Grammarian's Funeral gives us the typical scholar at the period when learning revived in Europe. He represents that thirst for knowledge which leads to high life and noble aims:

"O such a life as he resolved to live
When he had learned it."

Some said to him "taste life," but he said "actual life comes next."

"Others mistrusted and said, 'But time escapes!
Live now or never!'"

He said, 'What's time? Leave Now for dogs and apes,
Man has forever!'"

Cleon presents a high development of Paganism. The mind is capable of appreciating art, and sees perfect harmony in all nature, but can not find the soul—can not seize spirit as a self-sustaining entity apart from matter. The longing for evidence of immortality is intense. Cleon shudders at the thought that when his works, in other men's mouths, shall mock him: he, the feeling, thinking, acting man, who loved his life so much, shall sleep in his urn, and exclaims:

"It is so horrible,
I dare at times imagine to my need
Some future state revealed to us by Zeus
Unlimited in capability
For joy, as this is in desire for joy;

But no!

Zeus has not yet revealed it; and alas
He must have done so, were it possible!"

The Christian idea shows a marked contrast in *A Death in the Desert*. St. John speaks of his dying condition as the soul retreating from his brain, whence it was wont to feel and use the world, and says: "Yet I myself remain; I feel myself; and there is nothing lost." He taught that the soul was a trinity composing one being—functions of the body, animal life, was one part; the intellectual functions, knowledge, the second part; and the absolute being in the sense of will power, the third part, the last constituting man's self whether the other assist or no. He was conscious of his complete individuality independent of his body.

The venerable *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, sees everything in perfect peace and harmony. Man is vastly more than the developed brute. Flesh and soul work for each other. Age reaps the harvest of youth's striving. He is able to face the future now that he has proved the past. He waited age, he will wait

death, nor be afraid. He proclaims:

"Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be."

To him death is only the completion of earthly life.

The subject of immortality is specially discussed in *La Saisiaz*. One who thought he had the doctrine of future life pretty well settled in his mind suddenly finds his notions disturbed by the death of a dear friend. Deeply moved he proceeds to re-examine his position, resolutely holding on to terra firma. Does the soul survive the body? He wants to know the truth, if possible; he would not shrink to learn the worst, so it were but truth. Man's weakness is no bar to truth; his is but man's truest answer;—were God to respond it would not be knowledge, it would be surmise. He will ask and have an answer. Is it a fact, or is it a fancy, that the soul's eclipse is not the soul's extinction? He finds that question and answer presuppose two points: that the thing itself which questions answers,—is, it knows; as it also knows the thing outside of itself; call this God, call that Soul,—facts beyond need of proof. All else is surmise. Cause before and effect behind him are blanks; he is the midway point into which is crammed all experience, out of which crowd many conjectures, but as knowledge comes this only:—Things may be as they seem, or may not be, but, without and above things there are; man himself is what he knows not, though he knows he is, and since he is, he can recognize what to him is pain and pleasure. If other mortals are or are not, what pleases or pains them, that is surmise. His own experience is knowledge. He has lived to learn that there is no reconciling wisdom with distress, goodness with evil, and power with failure in the aim, if (speaking for himself only) you bar him from assuming earth to be a probation place. Pleasure and pain do not tally in our sense. Still, without what seems such mortal's pleasure and pain his life were lost—the sole chance to prove, though at his peril, what is good, what is evil, to learn life's lesson to the extent of his needs; and solve the problem. Judge every good or evil issue, nor mistake one for the other, in the final balance which to strike the soul was born and life allotted for thy summing up—thine, no other mortal's world. This world's work he finds like other work, good and bad, here and there. Heaven and earth the spirit's ministrants, excellently adapted all—must we die to taste how sweet were life, if, death allowed? Life seems incomplete. Goodness, wisdom and power all bounded. He can speak only for himself; he vindicates no way of God's to man; each heart must tell its own story uncommented on. His results in: "Only grant a second life and I will count the worst of this as the best of that to be." Could he be assured that some day he will meet his friend, worst were best, defeat were triumph, utter loss were utmost gain. Can it be, must it, will it?—Silence! out of fact's domain. Nor yet within his sentient self the knowledge hides. Aspiration, reminiscence, plausibility of trust, none of these he needs. Before his Soul as umpire, Fancy conducts Reason through earth, heaven and hell,—the soul is compelled to live its allotted life on earth and fated to be rewarded or punished in the next life eternally for deeds done in the body. Once lay down the law that heaven or hell depends upon man's earthly deeds as surely as depends the straight line on his making point meet point without incline, thenceforth neither good nor evil does man doing what he must. Liberty of doing evil gives his doing good a grace. Man both sees and praises the best and follows the worst, because he disbelieves in the heart of him that verdict which for truth his head receives. Certain laws exist which to hear means to obey: therefore not without purpose these man must, while those man may keep. Break through this and all is empty air—not so firm like his first fact to stand on: "God is and Soul is," and by hypothesis, let the soul passing probation in earthly life, exercise thought on fact, and from fact deducing fit surmise, ask itself, and of itself have solely answer. "Does the scope earth affords of fact to judge by, warrant future fear or hope?" Thus have they come back full circle to the point where they began. He therefore hopes—no more nor less than hopes—because he can not

fathom how in any instance a change of life's apparent laws could be without involving the abrogation of all;

"Whereas, life and laws apparent reinstated—all we know
All we know not—o'er our heaven again cloud closes, until, lo—
Hope, the arrow, just as constant, comes to pierce its gloom, compelled
By a power and by a purpose which, if no one else beheld,
I behold in life."

In other words, it is impossible to demonstrate to the senses the existence of an entity void of all qualities of matter, because man can manifest himself through his body only, and each body differing from all the others, there is no uniform mode of manifestation possible. Still without these differences individuality were impossible, a meaningless chaos. While the individual undergoes endless change of experience (his identity remaining the same) the power of choice makes him human, leading to consciousness of himself as a being distinct from his body, and identical with universal being. The soul can know itself only in its own way: by revelation of itself to itself.

W. HOLY.

THE UNITY CLUB.

George Eliot.

THE SPANISH GYPSY.

In opening the evening's study, a short quotation is to be given by each one in turn, repeated from memory if possible, the entire exercise taking about ten or fifteen minutes. Let the papers be short, allowing perhaps twenty minutes for each. The rest of the two hours is to be devoted to conversation. Come with questions suggested by the collateral home reading. Discuss points in the study or in the paper. Bring in outside contributions to the subject from other writers. The readings for the fourth evening should be carefully prepared.

I.

1. Quotations from Biography of George Eliot.
2. Biographical Sketch.
3. Outline and aim of "The Spanish Gypsy."

II.

1. Quotations. The finest bit of poetry.
2. The Moors in Spain.
3. Character Studies.
 - a Fedalma.
 - b Don Silva.

III.

1. Quotations. Noblest Moral Sentiment.
2. Paper. The Gypsy Race.
3. Character Studies.
 - a Zarca.
 - b Minor Characters.

IV.

Readings.

Book 1.

Scene between Fedalma and Don Silva "Exit the Duke." Scene between Fedalma and Zarca.

Book 3.

Begin with scene between Fedalma and Hinda and read through the book.

Book 4.

Begin with the scene "Morning—Placa Santiago—Zarca speaks." Read through the death of Zarca.

Book 5.

Scene between Fedalma and Don Silva.

DEAR UNITY:—In your issue of Oct. 1, Mr. Wendte is quoted as saying, "What is now known as the Unity Club is probably due to Unity church, Chicago." He also thinks that though this early association was called "Unity Church Fraternity," it furnished "the half, and the better half" of the name, Unity Club. You express the opinion that these things are growths, and had no beginning that can be definitely traced.

Since these Unity Clubs have had so extraordinary a devel-

opment in our churches, and since there is a movement on foot for banding them together into some national organization, it becomes a matter of interest to know who was first in the field both with the *thing* and the *name*.

After seeing Mr. Wendte's statement in your columns, my interest in the general matter led me to look up the antiquity of our own club, for I had always supposed that the church of the Unity had the right to sit at the head of the table as being the oldest member of this now flourishing family. Mr. W. H. Baldwin knows *almost* everything, so to him I confidently applied. The result is that he has placed in my hands the records of the formation and early work of our club.

If any one proposes to challenge our right of primogeniture, let him come forward and make good his claim. Otherwise we will wear whatever honors (modestly of course) pertaining to this distinction.

Official word from Unity church, Chicago, fixes the birth of Unity Church Fraternity as "the fall or early winter of 1866." Our Unity Club (so christened at the start) was born in the parlors of Mr. Wm. H. Baldwin, on the evening of Jan. 4, 1865, a preliminary meeting having been held at the house of the Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth, on the evening of Dec. 7, 1864. The records give the credit of the first suggestion of such a club to Mr. Hepworth.

With the exception of brief periods of "suspended animation," when the church was without a minister, the club has maintained a flourishing life "unto this day."

I will not now enter on the question as to the purposes of the club or the methods of its work. Should this ever become a matter of any importance to other clubs, the facts can easily be furnished. Meantime I only care to make this contribution towards the settlement of the question as to the *origin* of the *name* and the *thing*.

M. J. SAVAGE.

Boston, Oct. 26, 1887.

The Institute of Religious Study in Philadelphia, of which Mr. Ames is Principal, with whom, on the Board of Instruction, Mr. May and Mr. Mangasarian are associated, was formally started on its career on the evening of the 27th. An address from Mr. Ames outlined the course of study probably to be pursued. Remarks were made by Mangasarian, Clifford, Haskell, May and several who were repeatedly referred to as the "laity." The advent of the new scheme is auspicious. The subjects in order are: "The World's Childhood," "Supernatural Appearances and Events," "Ancient Astronomy as Related to Religion," "Sacrificial Observances," "Deification of Great Men," "Angels and Devils," "Miracles," "Origin of Moral Codes, Great Lawgivers," "Prophets and Inspiration," "Priests and Ceremonies," "Symbolism," "Picture Language," "Myth-Making," "Sacred Books—How they Acquired Authority," "Nationalization and Differentiation of Religions and Worships."

Rev. George Willis Cooke will lecture as usual during the coming season. He will give his attention mainly to his course of six lectures on "Women in Literature, or the Intellectual, Educational, and Literary Advancement of Women from the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria." He has also a course of three lectures on the life and poetry of Robert Browning, the special topics being, "Browning as a Man and a Poet," "Browning's Dramatic Genius," and "The Religious Teachings of Robert Browning." Mr. Cooke's address is Dedham, Mass.

THE STUDY TABLE.

English Masterpiece Course. By Alfred H. Welsh (Ohio State University), author of "Development of English Literature and Language," "Essentials of English," "Complete Rhetoric," "Essentials of Geometry," "Man and His Relations." John C. Buckbee & Co., Chicago, Publishers. Price, 90 cents.

This book contains 200 pages of printed matter, besides five pages of appendix. Fifty-five authors, from Chaucer to

Tennyson, are treated, and the appendix contains a price list and name of publishers of one hundred masterpieces from these several authors. The book is substantially bound, and is printed on fine thick paper, the work having been done at the Riverside press. It contains a preface and an introductory essay on literature and culture. The method of treatment is to give the *characteristics*, and *criticism*, and sometimes the *sources* of the works of authors, in a series of references to books, magazines and other periodicals, the chapter, page and number of volume being given, wherever the author or his masterpiece is mentioned. Under *characteristics* of Chaucer, for example, there are eighty-seven references to books and magazines, where paragraphs, and sometimes several pages each, are to be found, treating the subject. But while the very best authorities and selections are made in each case, the work of individual study and the exercise of individual judgment are left for the student. This book would be a most excellent guide and reference index to the study of literature for schools, Unity clubs and home study, and in preparing papers, essays or lectures on literary periods and authors. A. J. R.

EDWARD L. FALES, of St. Paul, Minn., publishes, in dark-green cloth covers, a collection of 124 12mo pages of his verse, which shows in pleasing proportion moral earnestness, strength and grace of thought and delicacy and smoothness of expression. There are forty-seven pieces in the book, and the general title is "Songs and Legends." The longest poem is "Anpetusapa: a Legend of St. Anthony Falls," occupying twenty-one pages. Mr. Fales employs nine or ten measures, including the sonnet, in which we consider him very successful. It is a delight to come across such sonnets as the following in any new book of verse, and particularly in that of a new writer:

TO SLEEP.

Sweet minister! what have I left undone?
That I should do, whereby I might command
Thy soothing presence and thy mesmeric hand
To quell the torrent of my thoughts for one
Long hour, one restful hour that, once begun,
Should seem eternal peace, where neither grand
Nor petty cares might come? An hour so spanned
Would bridge the weary waves that restless run
Between my stirring spirit and the morn.
The patient night doth watch too silently,
And my uneasy brain is madly torn
By every circling atom's minstrelsy.
O gentle sleep! On thy soft pinions borne
Through shadow-land, come, minister to me!

E. R. C.

Homeric Language and Verse. By Thomas D. Seymour. Cloth, pp. 100. Boston: Ginn & Co.

The preface of this little book says, "This introduction is not designed to lay stress on Homeric language as contrasted with Homeric poetry, but is intended to relieve the commentary of explanations of dialectic forms and metrical peculiarities, and to call the student's attention to the most noteworthy characteristics of Homeric style and syntax." It is divided in four divisions, namely: 1. Homeric Style; 2. Homeric Syntax; 3. Homeric Dialect; 4. Homeric Verse. In the first division, "Homeric Style," the author treats of translations, change of subject, direct discourse, principal clauses, order of words, epithets, synonymous expressions, epexegesis, stereotyped expressions, and also of certain Homeric forms and rhetorical figures. The other divisions treat of various matters of grammatical interest, and of hexameter verse, caesural pauses and quantity. There are three indexes: An index of Greek words, an index of subjects and an index of passages illustrated or referred to. The style of the book is terse and systematic.

The Earth in Space. A Manual of Astronomical Geography. By Edward P. Jackson, A. M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This is a beautiful little book, setting forth in simple language and with admirable illustrations the most common facts relating to the earth, the sun, the moon, the seasons,

length of days, etc. The illustrations are admirable. Questions are added, called "Exercises." There is an appendix treating briefly such subjects as "The Diameter of the Earth," "The Sun's Distance," "The Distances of Other Planets and the Fixed Stars," "The Sun's and Moon's Diameters," "The Densities of the Earth and Other Heavenly Bodies," etc. It is not only a good and attractive little work to study, but also a convenient little manual to have by one.

The Illustrated London News comes to us filled with news and fine illustrations in connection with the state of Ireland and of England, too,—it is a continual object lesson on these things so hard for our young to understand. The number for October 22 contains numerous engravings. An English view of the trial yacht race. Our Homeless Poor in St. James's Park at Mid Day, the British Mission to Morocco, and Sketches on the River Congo. A Sleeping Beauty represents a handsome tiger at rest, while Christening Sunday presents infancy surrounded by admirers. The price of the number being only ten cents places it within the reach of all. Every newsdealer has it. The office of publication is in the Potter Building, New York city.

THE HOME.

History of Our Home Calendar.

All the way from Texas comes a package to UNITY, showing what five UNITY children, living on a ranch down there, have been doing. A ranch is a big cattle-farm. There is no good school near by, so the children go to school to Mother in the home. And this calendar is one of the things they did in their home-school. What a peep it gives into a bright, happy, earnest home! It makes us wonder if some other mothers and children might not like to do just the same thing,—make a "Home Calendar" altogether. This is the way our wise ranch-mother tells the story:

"A year and a half ago we bought a 'Louise M. Alcott Calendar.' We read each day's quotations in the family. Finding so many of them beyond the comprehension of children, I thought we would make one ourselves. Our family consists of five girls. My idea was for them to make the selections, bring them to me copied, with the author's name at the right side. When I copied them in the book I added at the left side the name of the one who made the selection. I was very particular that each should understand fully the meaning of the quotation, and much preferred their finding the selections themselves to their getting them through suggestions from others. Their ages at the time of beginning the Calendar were as follows: Bess, ten years; Kate, eight years; Annie Lee, six years; Mary, four years; Sydney Alice, two years. I found it a most excellent exercise for them. We have just completed it. A few of the quotations inserted by myself are in advance of their years; but I inserted them purposely for them to grow towards."

The children hunted their quotations in the books and papers they were reading,—*Every Other Saturday*, *Harper's Young People*, *Unity*, *Morning Stars*, their Readers, etc. Here is one which "Bess" selected,—can you find it in Miss Alcott?

June 22. "You laugh at me when I say I want to be a lady, but I mean a true gentlewoman in mind and manners, and I try to do it as far as I know how. I can't explain exactly, but I want to be above the little meannesses and follies and faults that spoil so many women. I'm far from it now, but I do my best, and hope in time to be what mother is."—*Miss Alcott*.

"Kate" found this, but she doesn't know who said it. Who can tell her?

Sept. 28. "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it nor neglect it; for I shall not pass this way again."—*Unknown*.

Here is what "Annie Lee" selects for April 18:—

A CHILD'S DESIRE.

I want to give something *my own*
To help the right along,
To show that I would truly live
And shun the thought of wrong.

So thought a little girl who gave
Her mite in Sunday-school,—
A thoughtful child, who wished to live
By Jesus' Golden Rule.

She tried to see what of her own
She might give through the day;
And if she found the better part,
Let little readers say.

She kept the little baby boy
As happy as could be;
So Mamma had an hour to rest,
From fretful baby free.

She found the paper Papa sought,
And read him all the news,
Until he told her she was just
The fairy he would choose.

She mended little brother's kite
And helped his top to spin,
Though on her table laid a book
She wanted to begin.

For Grandma she was brightest eyes,
And picked up stitches dropped;
And ere she left her, with a kiss
Her grateful praises stopped.

So through the day she found a chance
To give *her own* away,—
Her *time*, her *work*, her *skill*, her *love*,—
And made a happy day.

—*Every Other Sunday*.

"Mary, four years old," chooses for October 4; and what she chooses is this:

"'Yes,' the violet went on, 'most of us flowers have the mission of beauty and comfort to give in this world; but God has given us *all* something to do, and although I am only a little violet, I am going to try and do my part in the world's work the best I can.'"—*Every Other Sunday*.

But Sydney Alice, who can't read, because she is only two, has to turn author, and give her own ideas. On June 4, out of her own head, she says:

"Little sisters, do not slap each other. The little birds do not slap."

That is very good for Sydney Alice. And we will end by quoting something which "Papa" says, on May 23, to one of his five girls:—

"You are getting old enough to see that it takes work, work, work to accomplish anything; and, my little girl, that is what you and everybody else were made for,—to work, work, work, and accomplish something. You can already do lots of nice things, make a good cake, do nice needle-work, write a good letter. You could not do these things from the beginning. The first time it wasn't easy. You had to keep trying. That was *fun*, and so will all your work be, if you go at it determined to succeed, and to keep trying until you do succeed. Never undertake anything until you are thoroughly determined to finish it; and if the first finish don't suit *you*,—not some one else, but *you*,—then do it over and over again until it does."

Now, why don't *you* five children in Chicago, or St. Paul, or Kansas City, go to work and make a Calendar for 1888? You need not all be in one family, you know; you might be in one school; only you had better arrange with a mamma or two to help you. And you need not all be girls, or all boys; three girls and two boys would be a good mixing. And you had better not be all of one age, or all have blue eyes.

W. C. G.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Western Secretary in the Field.

The journey from Chicago to Rock Rapids, Iowa, a distance of five hundred and forty-two miles, was accomplished in twenty-two hours. Two hours out from Chicago we encountered a wrecked freight train, the cars piled one upon another in wildest confusion; the result of a criminal attempt to wreck a passenger train the evening before, by tying a telegraph pole across the track. The passenger being late, the freight went out ahead and received the deadly blow. Fortunately the track was clear and we were not delayed. Our train glided smoothly on until we had crossed the Mississippi and left Davenport behind, and were getting settled for the night. Just then came a stop and cry of another wreck ahead of us and on fire. Sure enough a half dozen freight cars in a great mass of flame were roaring and crackling directly in front of our locomotive. A hasty toilet, a transfer around the burning mass to a train in waiting on the other side, and Cedar Rapids was reached some time after midnight. Here another sleeper was attached and we got to bed again. Morning found us away out on the prairies of north-western Iowa, with snow drifts along the gullies a foot deep. But we soon lost sight of the snow and had before us only the long swelling slopes of bare upland, stretching out like a billowy ocean suddenly congealed in its stormy turmoil.

Rock Rapids was reached in due time, and revealed a gratifying interest in the Unitarian Society organized one year ago. The Sunday congregations were good both morning and evening, and the Sunday-school well conducted. The church is not yet ready to take the responsibility of a settled pastor, and must for some time be served by such supplies as they may be able to get. They were urged to take up the work in Sunday Circle fashion, and do their best in conducting services for themselves. The moral effort necessary to keep alive such meetings is the very thing that is needed to deepen the religious life of the people, and make them feel that the church work is their work. Rock Rapids is a growing town in one of the finest sections of Iowa, and will one day, I trust, be a strong center of liberal religious influence in that region. By the courtesy of mine host, C. T. Puchett, I was driven sixteen miles across the magnificent country to

Luverne. Here the new parish, the growth of a single year, is in fine condition, under the pastoral care of Mrs. E. T. Wilkes, whose home is in Dakota, thirty miles away. She comes to Luverne every Saturday and returns on Monday evening. She speaks to a full hall, and is beloved for her faithfulness out of the pulpit, as well as her ability in it. She has been recently en-

gaged for another year, and no friend of the cause could wish better things for Luverne than seem sure to come to them through her ministry. Tuesday evening found me at

Sioux Falls, where Miss C. J. Bartlett, minister of All Souls Church, is happy in her work, and in the love and confidence of her people. The little church in which services are now held is full to overflowing. The Sunday evening previous, Miss Bartlett had addressed a crowded temperance meeting in the opera house, and the city papers pronounced hers the speech of the evening. She was asked to repeat it later, in the Methodist church. The secretary preached in the little church on Wednesday evening, to a good audience. He inspected and highly approved the new church edifice, which is now so near completion, and recalled with pleasure the initial service of All Souls, held one year ago in Mr. Wilkes' law office, on a week day evening, at which about twenty-five or thirty people were present. Now behold a live, working church, with a brave woman-pastor, and a home almost ready to receive them. A ride of three hours and a half brought me to

Sioux City, where Miss Safford and her companion-worker, Miss Gordon, hold the fort. Here Miss Safford is repeating her good work among the young people of Humboldt, and building up her church through culture and holy endeavor. The society is united and happy under her leadership. Eastward by the night train three hundred and twenty-seven miles, brought me to

Warren, in northern Illinois, where, amid the haze of the soft Indian summer Sunday, we went up to hold the first service in a fine new hall, the use of which has been tendered free to the society, by Mr. N. B. Richardson. The congregations were good, and there was an atmosphere of new courage and confidence among them. The prospect brightens with the months, and the right man or woman planted in this center might radiate to Nora, Freeport, Galena and all the country round about, kindling a revival of the religion, of reason, and common sense.

At 5.23 in the afternoon, after a second service, the preacher boarded a fast train, and spent the next four hours scribbling these notes, until the lights of Chicago flashed in at the car windows, rounding up a ten days trip of nine hundred and sixty-six miles, having preached five times, visited many families and gained valuable information in regard to the missionary field. J. R. E.

Chicago.—Mr. Utter led the teachers' meeting last Monday. The lesson concerned itself with the first seventeen verses of the sixth chapter of Luke, but the whole discussion turned to the Sabbath question, and Jesus's position upon the same. Did Jesus quote the Hebrew precedents to his critics because he believed them authoritative and final in his own case, or because he considered it effective argument, to silence his captious opponents. The general conclusion of the class was, that the seventh-day rest was based deeply in the necessities of human nature; that Martineau was right when he said that "Sunday is the center of our civilization," but that it must rest on natural not arbitrary authority. Mr. Utter read most interesting and instructive extracts from Barclay's Talmud, showing the absurd lengths to which the law was refined by the Rabbis, and the parallel between these and the Connecticut Blue Laws was noticed.

Boston Notes.—The Ministers' Lending Library at the A. U. A. rooms is gaining in circulation. A small yearly fee keeps the books in repair, and Rev. N. P. Gilman, its custodian, is ready to give advice in selecting reading matter. The shelves hold some special costly volumes, which are not readily found elsewhere.

—The Sunday-school Society has imported copies of an English pamphlet story of Theodore Parker's life, interspersed with many strong and stirring hymns. It is intended for a Sunday-school exercise. Price, ten cents

—Rev. J. H. Winkley, of Bulfinch place chapel, has for several years past made teachers for his

infant classes of his bright Sunday-school girls, ten to thirteen years old. On Friday afternoon these teachers meet him and study a uniform lesson. On Sunday they sit before a group of five little children and help them sing and give them the weekly lesson. The teachers probably gain more by the exercise than if they were attached to an older class; and the little ones are most happy as they nestle lovingly around their juvenile instructors. Brother Winkley thinks this departure from usual modes makes one of his successes.

Lawrence, Kan.—Our venerable co-laborer, John H. Brown, writes: I am glad that so many are girding themselves for the work. I would be glad to see a short, pungent sermon in every number of the UNITY. It is vastly encouraging that the editors of the *New Theology Herald* have united with the UNITY. There are many preachers in the Methodist church who are broad and liberal, and who are with us in spirit though not in name. One sees in reading Tolstoi's "My Religion" that he is rational as well as radical. I hope he will not neglect his translation of the gospel, and his "Criticism of Dogmatic Theology" for his new interest in the *cobbler's bench*. "My Religion" is being widely read, and will be appreciated in orthodox circles as well as by Unitarians. I am informed that there are millions of people in Russia of his way of thinking. I have just been reading James' "Primitive Christianity." It is written with care and gives a true account of the origin of Christianity,—its aims and methods of propagandism. Bierbower's "Morals of Christ" is an excellent work. I preached a sermon founded on that a few Sundays since. A brother Methodist minister who heard it pronounced it *evangelical*. We have begun our year's work in our church in Lawrence in a hopeful spirit. Professor Marsh, of our State University, has organized a Bible class in our Sunday school which promises good results.

Gilmanton, Wis.—The Unitarian Society at this place is still upon its feet; in other words, the usual number of people occupy seats in the church every Sunday. Their minister has been somewhat aggressive of late. Three weeks ago he went to Mondovi, a little town containing three orthodox churches, and arranged to deliver two lectures in one of the halls in the place, on Monday and Tuesday evenings of the following week. On the first evening there was an audience of about 200, and on the latter, of about 150. At the close, Mr. Earl was engaged to deliver a series of eight discourses on Sunday afternoons, commencing October 30. The prospect seems good for permanent work and the formation of a Unitarian society. Mr. Earl intends to make a move at Alma, the county seat, before long.

NATHANIEL THE HERMIT.

Moline.—Under the impulse of a settled pastor this parish is moving rapidly towards the building of a church. A building committee has been appointed, plans are being matured and the work will be begun early in the spring.

The Antiochian for October says that Antioch College "is fast gaining its former prestige. New students still coming in, the prospect is for a fuller school than for years before."

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SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE

FIRST ANNUAL NUMBER OF

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

[NUMBER 12.]

EDITORIAL.

TWENTY-ONE different schools were represented at the meetings, either by correspondence or representative attendance.

THIRTY-ONE questions were sent in from Sunday-schools, to be answered at the first working session of the institute. Several, being similar, were combined as one.

WE give this entire number to the proceedings of the First Annual Sunday-school Institute. The range of thought and work covered in its meetings is sure to claim the interest of all our readers.

SEVERAL questions which were read at the close of the session were necessarily left unanswered, owing to the lateness of the hour. These will receive special replies by personal correspondence.

TIME would not permit as full discussion and replies to the questions as we would be glad to give our readers. We ask them to bear in mind that this has been the *first* annual institute, and therefore largely experimental. We have only begun to learn how to do it. Next time we shall know better how to bring out more satisfactory results, especially from the first working session given to questions and answers. We want this part of the meetings to bear real helpfulness to those who are not able to be present, while at the same time we realize, more fully than they, how much of the inspiration of such meetings can never be reproduced on paper, and must therefore be lost to the non-attendant.

THE last question received before the meetings, was the last to be presented in order on the question morning. It was one which had arisen from discussion at a teachers' meeting when the lesson included the Sermon on the Mount. Q. To what extent should the righteousness of force be taught in the Sunday-school? The question is one of peculiar interest, and had there been time would have called forth some searching discussion of a strongly ethical character, both as to the righteousness and the unrighteousness of the use of force,—when and how to apply it,—and the necessity of being able to meet and measure physical force with spiritual force of equal power, that effectual, progressive results may be obtained. The fullness of the subject-matter which lay behind the question, together with its being the hour for adjournment, necessitated the passing it without discussion. But that is a good kind of question to send next time.

General Survey of the Five Sunday-school Sessions at the Chicago Institute.

If there was any doubt in any mind beforehand as to the success of such a meeting as was called for November 8 11, the results are not doubtful. The benefits of such a gathering are freely acknowledged; and those who participated feel sure that hereafter the officers of the Western Sunday-school Society will need to have no hesitation in laying out their autumn programme.

There were thirteen societies represented by persons present, and eight by friendly correspondence. There were

twelve ministers in charge of churches, in attendance. This for a beginning amply fulfills all reasonable expectation. And though the audiences were not large (they were doubtless diminished by the intense popular excitement of a most exciting week), yet they were gratifyingly constant and interested. Some of us can well remember, when in the western conferences, if we had from fifty to one hundred present through all the regular sessions, we had good meetings and went home happy.

It met the expressed want of our teachers and ministers, as a Sunday-school Institute. It had nothing to do with raising money or revising the constitution. Not a question of fellowship was raised; not a resolution was passed. But all came as helpers and learners, exchanging methods and giving good will. Rev. Reed Stuart's sermon was spoken of as a religious poem. The questions and answers of Wednesday morning were a rapid succession of rifle shots. The session was too short for the work (we were repeatedly told that the coffee was growing cold) but many a difficult problem of Sunday-school work had light flashed upon it.

Wednesday evening the Institute was transformed into a singing school by Professor Tomlins, and we were shown how the musical factor of our Sunday-schools may minister to religion. The culminating session of the Institute, however, without disparagement of any, was Thursday morning. It was conducted by Rabbi Hirsch. The theme was the Old Testament in the Sunday-school,—how to use its mythical, ethical and historical elements. Good as anything might be which was offered by the essayists (and we cannot speak too highly of Mr. Hugenholtz' paper), yet when the members of the Institute realized what an opportunity they had before them of sitting at the feet of Doctor Hirsch, by general consent they appealed to him for his scholarly views upon the interpretation and use of the Hebrew Scriptures. Even Doctor Thomas, whom many wished to hear on his own topic, spent most of his time in drawing out Doctor Hirsch on points of biblical criticism. Nor was the assembly satisfied until it had obtained an expression from the Rabbi as to his thought of the New Testament and of Jesus of Nazareth. Whatever differences of opinion there may have been, the spirit of the whole session was that of a brotherhood of earnest hearts and untrammelled minds, conferring together in the interests of truth and duty.

The illustrative lessons given in the afternoon of the same day, to show how the kindergarten method is applicable in our primary Sunday-school work, were very excellent and entertaining. Mrs. Putnam dwelt upon the principles of Froebel, while Mrs. Conger showed how any two simplest questions of Mr. Utter's leaflets might be developed into a half hour of fascination and instruction for the child. Mrs. Beebe told us how a piece of bread might be made to remind the least of the little ones of the goodness of God and the service of man.

Even on Friday morning, dark as the day was to many hearts, and dark as it must remain in the history of our Republic, a good number came together to complete the exercises of the programme. There was general regret at the absence of Mr. Salter; for the leaders of the ethical societies are diligently devising methods of juvenile instruction, which can not

fail to be of interest and value to us. But there was no loss of time, though a somewhat wider range of topics than was set down. Mr. Blake and Mr. Jones found fit opportunity to touch certain social questions with great effectiveness. The paper of the morning was by Rev. Florence Kollock, an earnest and clear voice on methods of teaching conduct to growing boys and girls.

From first to last many a brief but helpful utterance was heard, worth reporting and not to be forgotten, but for which no room is left us here. All separated with burning desire to act upon and carry out the wise suggestions made, and with grateful sense of the cordial and abundant hospitality of the Third Unitarian church.

J. C. L.

The Sunday School Institute—Detailed Report of the Meeting.

I. OPENING SERMON.

The spirit and general lessons of these significant meetings are left for editorial comment in UNITY columns. The scribe in this report will undertake only to give an outline of the meetings. Throughout they were of absorbing interest, better attended, and more practical in their outcome than was expected.

The opening sermon was given Tuesday evening, Nov. 8, by Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit. Mr. Blake gave the word of welcome. Mr. Jones read a responsive service with the people, and Doctor Thomas led in prayer. Mr. Stuart's sermon was on the child and child-training. He deplored the tendency to make the child a mere receptacle of facts, and regretted the rarity of truly educated souls. Facts are of no use unless the soul can grind them out again. Children are filled with the information found in books, but are left ignorant of that from which the books issued. The best teachers are they who teach the child to do without them. The youth needs to be awakened more than drilled. The need of new method is apparent in the low levels on which society and the state still live and act. We meet force with force, and demand life for life, punish murder with murder.

II. THE QUESTION MORNING.

Wednesday morning was given to questions and answers, Mr. Jones directing. He recalled the organization of the Sunday-school Society fourteen years ago, in the face of opposition and distrust, and predicted that something lasting and excellent would come out of this beginning. The first questions were introduced by a short paper from Miss E. E. Gordon, of Sioux City, Iowa.

Question: Shall the so-called liberal doctrines of our church be taught in the Sunday-schools? If so, at what stage of the child's intellectual development shall we begin?

Answers: If you do not give the child your own belief, they will take some one's else. Answer the question when the child asks it. Tell the children only what you know. Make doctrine subordinate.

Q. Is it wise to have little children take part in Sunday-school concerts? Does it not make them bold and take away the timidity of childhood, and make them miniature men and women?

A. Depends on the child. Take the ones that do not want to. The prevailing opinion seemed against the practice. All were agreed in condemning the display and money-making business.

Q. Is it right to have more children in the Sunday-school than can receive the best work of the teacher?

A. A good teacher with class of twenty-five is better than poor teacher with class of three or four. Never make a new class unless you have a new teacher. Not too many children but too few teachers. Children should not go to more than one Sunday-school; it destroys the usefulness of both schools if they do. A good teacher can always find room for all her pupils.

Q. Why do not the boys sing?

A. Boys do sing. When a boy's voice is changing he feels

that he is not sure of it, and does not want to sing. Boys think it is only girls that sing, and so don't. Mr. Hugenholtz said that with him the boys sang second part or alto.

Q. Where are our teachers to come from?

A. We ought to have men teachers as well as women. Can not get the boys to come unless their fathers do.

Q. What is there for maps, pictures or charts illustrating moral questions?

It was reported that 120 pictures 8 x 12, mounted, could be bought for \$25, from the works of the old masters. It would be a great help to have the lessons illustrated. The pictures could be kept loosely in covers and have a handle, so when passed around they would not get soiled.

Q. How shall we keep older scholars in school?

A. It is necessary to have a good example set them. Let the parents come and then the children will.

Elevate the quality of work. Teach more ethics. Get acquainted with the pupils. Love is as strong an influence as labor. Do not let them wear out their interest in church work before they are old enough to begin it. Let the parents become interested in religious study classes, Unity club work, etc. Have librarians who know the books.

Q. How can grown people be made to see the importance of the Sunday-schools so they will sustain them?

A. If the children are enthusiastic the parents will come. First of all, demand attention and regularity. Go to see why the child does not come. Do not allow children in lesson hour to talk about personal affairs. Give them questions to look up and be sure and call for the answers next Sunday.

Q. How shall we interest boys from twelve to eighteen?

A. First, form in children early habits of regularity in church service. Love the children and make them feel that you do. Inquire about the chief interest of the week.

Q. Should Sunday-school study and class work be devoted mainly to a literary and secular knowledge of the Bible; or should the moral lessons and spiritual teachings be made dominant?

A. Mr. Learned showed how neither could be carried on successfully without the other.

Q. How to train children in morality without the ineffable silliness characterizing Sunday-school text-book?

A. The saying was quoted, "If you want a child to walk the right way, go that way yourself."

Q. Is Sunday-school instruction alone sufficient to train thorough teachers? Are teachers' meetings a sufficient help to supply what the religious education may have lacked?

A. Mr. Hugenholtz said that some like to teach but are incompetent. He has religious instruction for the teachers during the week, and week night lessons for the children. He has four classes, two of boys and two of girls. Thorough work done in these classes.

Q. How to train teachers for older classes?

A. Mr. Jones told about his confirmation class on Saturday. He teaches for two hours. They bring note books. He would, when necessary, teach negations until they are splendid affirmations.

Q. To what extent should the common school system of preparation and instruction be followed in the Sunday-school?

A. Mrs. Conger said the standard in public schools was good. She had questioned high school girls and boys, and asked them how much time they gave to the preparation of a lesson. Thirty minutes was the most any of them gave. We ought to give Sunday-school lessons the same respect that we show to our public school lessons. If we try it in a good way, they will prepare themselves as in public schools.

Q. How to get children to help teachers teach?

A. We ought to get the boys and girls to bring their questions from their own wants, and they will help us in our work. Need not confine ourselves to lesson in hand, but follow out the thought in the lesson from an ethical point of view.

Q. How to get good Sunday-school lessons from pupil whose father and mother are indifferent to Sunday-school work?

A. If the father tells the child one thing and the teacher another, this is a difficult case. Is it right to contradict a father's teaching? Yes, if gently and respectfully.

Q. To what extent can the one-topic system of text-book lessons, or plan of study, be made applicable to a mixed Sunday-school?

A. Theoretically, the graded system is preferable. Practically, the uniform topic is most available.

Q. Is a general summary of the subject for any Sunday desirable at the close of the school hour, for the whole Sunday-school?

A. A general word upon the lesson is better before coming to class work than afterwards. Mr. Blake gives a sermon of five or ten minutes to the children, and takes the text from the service. Mr. Learned said that every three or four Sunday he has each teacher give the leading thought taught in the lesson of that day, before the whole school, at the close of class work. The number of the questions and the interest in the answers filled to overflowing a long and animated session, until noon.

III. UNITY CLUB.

Wednesday afternoon and Thursday evening sessions were given to the discussion of Unity Club work, an account of which is given by another hand.

IV. THE MUSICAL EVENING.

Wednesday evening was devoted wholly to music, under the direction of Professor W. L. Tomlins. The direction of this accomplished teacher turned out to be nothing less than an hour of solid tuition, with equal pleasure and benefit to the audience. Mr. Tomlins laid down various rules and principles of religious, and especially of congregational singing; but all the principles resolved themselves to this, that the singing will be good in tone and manner when it comes from sincere devotion in the heart. If there be real prayer or real thanksgiving, or real worship in the heart, then the singing will utter these qualities, and music truly expressive of these feelings is good music. It was shown how the presence of real emotion in the heart naturally throws the whole body, including the throat, into the right muscular state, and the proper flexibility for singing, and also fills the lungs with air. These principles were illustrated by Mr. Tomlin's singing of the Portuguese Hymn, both as it ought to be sung and as it ought not to be sung; and then the congregation were drilled in the same song, to lead them to sing it in a way which was a vital utterance of the thought and emotion of it. Then Mr. Tomlins, by means of the chorus which he brought with him, produced the music of the Christmas Service, in "Unity Festivals," and also some pieces of music in "Unity Services and Songs," which have been called difficult portions. Both the Christmas music, and the other pieces impressed us anew with their dignity and worshipful quality. After this, the evening was closed by the joining of the congregation and chorus in reading and singing the eighth service, entitled, "Fellowship," in "Unity Services and Songs." On this evening, as well as throughout all the meetings, it was kept in mind that we were holding an *Institute*, and the real teaching and drill that gave the evening its character made us all feel that we had received a certain benefit not to be obtained from listening only to a performance of the music.

V. THE OLD TESTAMENT SESSION.

Thursday morning attracted the largest audience, the attendance reaching about a hundred,—Rabbi Hirsch in charge of the meeting. After singing a hymn, with Rev. Mr. Hugenholtz at the organ, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, offered a few words of prayer. The leader in a fitting way introduced the subject of the morning. He spoke of the significance of the Old Testament as a part of the religious treasures of the race, voicing, not the childish but the child-like thought of a people concerning religion. He quoted Hegel as saying that a myth is the truest of all things, as it suggests not what is, but what ought to be. In presenting

the essayist, Mr. Hugenholtz, of Grand Rapids, he spoke of him as the pupil of Kuenen, who with his associates were the giants that had opened the brazen gates of Hebron. The paper of Mr. Hugenholtz is published in full, in this number of *UNITY*, and we will not anticipate it, but only indicate the impulse it gave to the discussion, and if possible arouse a healthy interest on the part of all our readers concerning a paper that deserves wide circulation and careful study, not only among Sunday-school teachers but all students of the Bible and lovers of truth. Mr. Hugenholtz reminded his hearers that the best way of studying the Old Testament was never the easiest way. He pleaded for the use of the mythical element, by frankly recognizing it as such, and illustrated the method of such use by the story of Jacob's wrestlings with the Lord. He would not make saints of the old heroes; would tell their faults as well as their virtues.

The conversation following was introduced by Mr. Hirsch. He would not save the letter at the expense of the spirit. There are two general methods by which myths are interpreted, the literal and the critical. The literal method has itself two forms: first, the orthodox method, which takes the story literally and miraculously as it stands; second, the rationalistic method, the technical term for clinging to the letter of the story, but explaining it away as a natural circumstance. The critical method explains the story as the narrative expression of an idea, or legendary additions growing around some sacred fact. Mr. Jones called for a working definition of a myth. Mr. Hirsch would exemplify, not define. He would illustrate by a well-known concrete example, *e. g.*, George Washington's hatchet—his truthful character giving rise to the truth-telling story.

Mr. Hugenholtz said a myth was a personification of a natural phenomenon, or the personification of human ideas.

When Doctor Thomas, who was next on the programme, was called to speak on the ethical element in the Old Testament, he spoke briefly of the universality of the ethical element, saying that we were all essentially agreed on its value, and on the Old Testament resources for moral instruction. The perplexities came in the department of thought in which Rabbi Hirsch was a master, and so he insisted on further questioning of the leader. In a conversational way Rabbi Hirsch indicated the historical beginnings in the Old Testament. In the eighth century B. C. we are on historic grounds. The patriarchs are tribal personifications. The personality of Moses is hard to establish. Joshua was written with a theological purpose, consequently not reliable historically. Previous to the prophets the religion was not, strictly speaking, monotheism, but henotheism,—one god for the tribe, but other gods for other nations.

Then came Mr. Learned's paper on the evolution of religion in the Old Testament, which also is to be printed hereafter in *UNITY*, and consequently to be passed over in this outline. It was of a character to promote and continue the conversation already begun, and for another half hour Rabbi Hirsch was made the target of the most searching questions, that brought forth answers of suggestive interest to pupil and teacher. We can indicate but a few of the lines of thought started. Who wrote the Book of the Covenant? What are the oldest fragments in the Pentateuch? In this connection the Rabbi read in the original "The Song of Miriam," and explained how Yahveh became almost the lost word,—the name too sacred to be pronounced more than once a year, and that under the most solemn circumstances. To hear it spoken at any other time caused a devout Jew to tear his garments in condemnation of the sacrilege. The Rabbi thought that probably Jesus uttered that name on his trial, when, according to the text, the Jews rent their garments. In answer to Rev. Reed Stuart's question, "Where did the ethical sense come from?" the leader replied, that Judaism and religion made the Bible, not that the Bible made Judaism and religion. Mr. Stuart also asked as to the moral quality of the Old Testament standards that placed rewards as the motive for right conduct. The Rabbi thought that most of the rewards were national, not individual, and that there were vary-

ing degrees of nobleness to be found in the Old Testament.

The question was asked, "Why was it left for Kuenen, a Gentile, to apply the highest scholarship to the interpretation of the Old Testament rather than to the Jew himself?" To which the Rabbi replied, that until recently the Hebrew scholar was hampered by theological limitations, and suffered from the exclusions from the broader institutions of learning.

Now, Gieger and others show that the liberal Hebrew is not wanting in the power to apply the critical methods to the study of the literary treasures of his people. As to the relation of Judaism to Christianity, the Rabbi professed the highest admiration for the character and teachings of Jesus, who, he said, belonged in his calendar of saints. His execution was in defiance of all the known laws and customs of Hebrew courts, and must be ascribed to the fanatical vehemence of a mob, which alone should be held responsible. But if the race was to be held culpable, it has long since expiated the crime at the hands of persecuting Christians. Reformed Judaism he described as consisting of the universal elements in their national religion, and Unitarianism was this progressive Judaism denationalized. In the talk it was suggested that the Unitarian toleration, and the hospitable spirit of its religion were doing more to break down the barriers of the Jewish race than all the persecutions of Christian centuries. The Rabbi thought that if Jesus were to come to Chicago to-day, he would find himself more at home in a Jewish synagogue and the liberal churches, not excepting Doctor Thomas', than in the creed bound churches which insist upon his worship.

VI. PRIMARY CLASS WORK.

The Thursday afternoon meeting opened in charge of Mrs. E. T. Leonard. The entire session was devoted to primary instruction, and two illustrations were given of how to conduct classes. The first, by Mrs. S. W. Conger, of the Church of the Messiah, in this city, made no claim of introducing kindergarten methods, yet in its spirit and adaptation it was in entire harmony with the principles of kindergarten teaching. She considered the meeting in the light of a primary class, giving the lesson by means of questions, which drew forth answers from those present as if they were the children. The lesson was No. 2 of Mr. Utter's "Lessons on Luke," the same course now used in three of the Unitarian Sunday-schools in the city. The text to be committed was given singly and in concert, "What manner of child shall this be?" Besides the use of the questions and answers to illustrate the thought of the lesson, Mrs. Conger told the story from the Bible about the birth and naming of John the Baptist, which came in connection with this lesson. She then questioned back again through the story, impressing it more deeply upon the mind. The audience proved itself a model class. The answers covered the usual range, from the precociously serious child to the irrepressible one on the front seat, whose hand was always raised, and whose answers were often more ready than relevant. It was questioned, What should be done with the little ones who were eager to answer all the questions, and with the bashful ones who would not answer any. *Ans.* It is best, if a few are inclined to talk too much, to look straight over their hands some of the time to the others, yet it is often a real help to have these ever-ready hands. The bashful ones will learn in time to answer if let alone.

Next followed a lesson given by Mrs. Emma A. Beebe, of Geneva, Ill., which illustrated in a more definite way the kindergarten thought in teaching. She drew her lesson from a piece of bread, and before seeing it, the class was led to discover for itself, by means of questions and answers, what it was she held in her hand. The questions were then so directed as to trace out from whence all the different things of which it was made must have first come. She traced the growth of the grain back to the ground from which it sprung, carrying it through the hands of the farmer, miller and baker.

This accustoms a child early to think behind what he

merely sees with his eyes, and to seek for causes. In this case it led to the thought of gratitude to God for all the wonderful ways in which he gave good gifts to mankind, and to a thankfulness toward the many people whose work had made it possible for this bread to be made.

Mention was made in the lesson to the thought that God is always present, which brought out the fact that some children dislike to feel God is always with them. There is in it a sense of being watched. Mr. Jones believed that children suffer from too familiar use of this thought of God's presence. Never mention the name of God in the presence of your child except when the child and you both are filled with true and serious emotion. Mr. Blake questioned the moral result and effect of appealing to the Infinite Presence as a motive. Do not make children do right because they are afraid they will be seen if they do wrong. From this lesson we see that doctrines are taught in a certain way but not formulated.

Mrs. Alice Putnam, of the Chicago Kindergarten Training School, talked of the kindergarten in reference to Sunday-schools. She gave some of Froebel's ideas, and said the Sunday-school was selfish in that it gave too much to the children. She thought the children would be happier if they did more themselves. As an example, she told how for years there had always been a fine Christmas tree for the children, and they had received presents; but one year the children made everything themselves, either for their parents or for poor children, and they were very much happier than when celebrating Christmas in the old way.

It was best to teach children there were two ways to do things, and no matter if they did seem mixed sometimes, they would straighten into a right way. As for kindergarten material in Sunday-schools, she said it was too general and too crude for Sunday-school use, but you could not get along without charts. She also thought the singing was very bad; better words were needed and more rhythm. As for gestures in singing, it was not good to have them at all unless they came naturally. The question was asked, "Could the children be kept quiet without being amused?" Mrs. Putnam said that there were absolute moments of stillness, and that, as has been said, three minutes' attention from a little child is worth half an hour from a grown person. The discussion was carried on with lively interest, closing at four o'clock.

VII. CHARACTER LESSONS.

For the eighth time the delegates gathered in larger numbers than was expected, on Friday morning, Mr. Effinger in the chair. After singing, the chair introduced the meeting with what proved to be a prophetic statement, that this meeting would be in many respects one of the most unique and profitable of the series. For the best of reasons Mr. Salter failed to be present, but his interest was assured by a kindly communication. Mr. Jones introduced the first question for discussion,—How to teach moral questions to the little ones by the aid of Bible stories, etc. The availability of such stories for such purposes was proven by the discussion of the day before, but he saw a danger in the direction of converting the stories into entertainment; of anticipating the growth of the moral sense, which, like the bones, are solidified slowly in the child. Mrs. Parker, of Quincy, emphasized the same truth and recommended enforcing the lesson by a story, instead of merely attaching to the story a lesson.

Mr. Learned instanced the failure of a modern reform school in making men. This can not be accomplished by feeding children, like Kingsley's water-babies, on "flap-doodle." Mr. Blake told the wonderful story of De Metz the founder of Mettray, the marvellously successful boys' prison in France, where only about three per cent. of the inmates fail of becoming good men and useful citizens.

Next came a paper from Rev. Florence Kollock on conduct lessons for boys and girls of intermediate age.

The essayist thought if we were to judge of the value of work done in Sunday-schools by the lives of numbers of men and women who, when young, had depended upon it for their moral and religious training, it could find but small en-

dorsement. Too much the teacher takes into account "the life to come," to the exclusion of "the life that now is." Too often the suit for the divorce of faith and character is entered in the Sunday-school and granted in the open court of the creeds on the basis that "I believe" answers the requirements of "I am." She would awaken and develop the moral convictions of the child, his sense of duty to himself and to others, especially those to whom he owes most, that religious truth may have a solid foundation. The efficient religious teacher is one who so enforces the lesson upon the mind of the child that it seems a part of his every-day life; who instills conduct so deeply into that life that the foundations are laid for a truly religious character.

Mr. J. C. Long, of the Church of the Messiah, in this city, introduced the third topic, citizen and neighbor lessons to older classes. He would add an eleventh commandment, "Thou shalt go to the polls," and would enforce the commandment in the Sunday-school. He believed that to be a good Christian was to be a good citizen, and *vice versa*. All through the morning discussion ran a recognition of the mystery of heredity and environment,—their relative significance. The session was closed by some tender words from the pastor of the church and a benediction from Mr. Effinger.

VIII. LIGHTS AND SHADES.

All through the week there is no denying that the anarchists' doom threw its shadow across the meetings. The attendance on that account was lessened. But on the other hand the moral earnestness was heightened to a spiritual intensity, rising, as such intensity often does, into genuine enthusiasm. The hospitality of the church was delightful. The cosy lunches in the Sunday-school room were most homelike. Altogether, it was a highly auspicious beginning of an important movement—one that will ripen into, not only an annual representative gathering of this kind, but into many smaller ones in local centers.

ELLEN T. LEONARD,
Sec'y W. U. S. S. Soc'y.

THE UNITY CLUB WORK.

Each of the two sessions devoted to Unity Clubs met with more unavoidable variations of the programme than those of the Institute proper. The first was substantially the same as announced, but with a change of order. Ten Unity Clubs were represented, covering a geographical area that reached from Fall River, Mass., to Davenport, Iowa. The evening session was held Wednesday afternoon under the leadership of Mr. Kerr. The main feature of the exercises was a paper by Rev. A. J. Rich, of Fall River, Mass., Secretary of the National Bureau, on the general subject of Unity Clubs, their object and methods. Mr. Rich strongly recommended to Unity clubs, that in organizing for literary study, they should add to their purpose charitable work. He spoke of the work in Eastern clubs, and said that Rev. E. E. Hale would not consent to be made President of the Bureau unless this plan was carried out in its operations. Mr. Learned, of St. Louis, explained the work done by the club connected with his society in the study of Emerson. W. R. French, of the Chicago Art Institute, gave an entertaining talk, with illustrations, on the study of art. Mr. French thought it very desirable, although not absolutely necessary, for a club studying art to have in it some one person who was himself an artist. Study of art will be much aided by illustration. The audience was delighted by the rapid sketches with which Mr. French accompanied his informal suggestions to a club, and enthusiastic applause evidenced a lively appreciation of illustration, at least in this instance.

The second club session was held Thursday evening, Mr. Jones acting as chairman in place of Mr. Utter, who was absent. The paper for this evening was to have been furnished by A. J. Beavis, of Iowa City, on "The Undeveloped Sides of Unity Club Work," but, owing to a series of accidents, neither essayist nor essay were present, and the time was taken up with a paper by L. G. Wheeler and short informal talks by Mr. Blake and Mrs. Woolley on types of club work.

Mr. Blake pressed the claims of a course of study on social politics, reviewing the work done by his own church club, under his direction, a few years ago. Mr. Wheeler, representing the Prudence Crandall Club of this city, with whose work readers of UNITY have been made acquainted, spoke of the study of philosophy, confining himself to the modern scientific school as represented in the writings of John Fiske. Mrs. Woolley spoke of the advantages of the study of Browning.

Though this is but a meagre report of a meagre programme of the club division of the Institute, it need not be taken as a discouraging sign. That the interest in Unity Clubs and their work is steadily growing, is manifest in many ways. The discussions following the papers and more formal talks by those appointed to conduct the programme were the most profitable feature of the occasion; but the bright things said at such times, the hints and suggestions conveyed in the intelligent questions asked and answered, evade the reporter's pen and must be left to the reader's imagination. C. P. W.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

The Mythical Element of the Old Testament in the Sunday-School.

A PAPER READ BY REV. F. W. N. HUGENHOLTZ BEFORE THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

The best part is never the easiest; in every sphere of life a higher position includes a higher vocation. So in religion the rejection of the old mechanical revelation and salvation requires a more energetic self-exertion, the inner clearing up, the sanctification, of the own mind. It is the same with the religious education in general: instead of the memorizing of a written creed, we have to promote the free and substantial development of the intellectual and religious life of the children themselves. It is finally the same with our present subject, the mythical elements in the Old Testament. This term itself causes already various difficulties in our Sunday-school work, difficulties unknown in former times. To tell the different tales of the Bible was then the easiest thing one could imagine. No teacher who had any narrative talent, did find any trouble whatever with it. But it is quite another thing with us, who have learned to doubt the credibility of a great part of these tales. Yea, there are people who consider the scruples against the use of these tales so accumulated that they would like to discontinue it altogether.

Shall I refer to some of these scruples? The biblical tales, so they say, convey to the children entirely erroneous ideas of God and of his relation to man. In the Bible God speaks in human language, walks round upon the earth, reveals His will by means of external phenomenon punishes the wicked and rewards the good in a manner contrary to the real course of things, by sickness and death or by a long lifetime, by poverty or by wealth, etc. Not seldom this God does the wrong thing with men, hardens their hearts, orders them to lie, takes bloody revenge, etc. Moreover, the Bible swarms with miracles; the whole history is told from a supernatural standpoint; the test of a saint or prophet is not his moral greatness, but his performing miracles. If you tell all this to the children you are loading their brains with useless ballast, and perhaps in later times it will cost them great trouble to reject it. And last, not least, many of these tales are so immoral or indelicate, that it is almost impossible to tell them. Without any doubt there is truth in these objections, and at least they might bring up the question whether it would not be advisable to be silent about the biblical tales, until the young people acquire some more knowledge of good and evil, of truth and untruth, whereby they will better be able to judge about the historical and moral value of what is told to them. There is one argument more in favor of ignoring these tales until the children have reached the age of twelve to fourteen years at least, it is the fact that having heard them before, perhaps several times, the greater part of the interest

is gone at the time you could treat them more thoroughly and successfully.

But wholly to ignore the biblical tales in our Sunday-schools would be, as I think, a great mistake. They may show many wrong ideas about God, on the other hand they contain treasures of knowledge of the human heart. The biblical persons are living individuals, all distinguished from each other, all images which every one can grasp and from which he can learn. Where will you ever find another collection of tales as rich, interesting and apt to illustrate various situations of life as the Bible.

Moreover, the knowledge of these tales is an indispensable part of the history of the Israelitic religion; in our teaching and preaching we need and use them every time for illustration, and suppose them to be generally known. Our books are filled with allusions to biblical persons and tales; by want of biblical knowledge the fruits of literature and preaching will be lost for a great deal. And he who did not learn these tales of the Bible in his childhood, ordinarily never will become acquainted with them.

On the contrary, the Bible is still for thousands of men their sole religious manual, often the sole book in their possession. Every one must learn to understand it, or its misunderstanding will harm his whole spiritual development.

What then shall we do with it? How shall we use it with our children? First of all let us clearly understand the mythical elements ourselves. If from childhood we always heard the biblical history in the old manner, something of the old heaven easily remains, and the suggestion that this history, these historic figures, as we thought, may be myth only and mythical phantasms—this suggestion puzzles, hurts us, seems to us at first a kind of sacrilege. Now this condition must be absolutely outgrown. We have to become wholly acquainted with, for instance, the following scientific results:

All tales antedating Moses are entirely mythical, and those of the six following centuries are largely so, because the prophets of the eighth century before Christ are the first reliable informants about their own time, their writings forming the oldest parts of the Old Testament. They have collected and adjusted according to their pedagogical conceptions the old myths, legends and traditions of their people. So the patriarchs may not be considered more historical persons than Adam and Eve, because no more than in our days one man, though he begat two dozens of children instead of one, like Jacob, would grow to a tribe or to a whole people. From a historical point of view all persons in these patriarchal families are only personifications of tribes and nations. As to the so-called books of Moses, the oldest parts are written about the eighth century, the golden age of the prophets; another part (Deuteronomy) in the seventh century, the age of Josiah; their greatest part during and after the Babylonian exile till the time of Ezra. And Moses himself? He probably may be the author of the ten commandments, but as to the rest, he too nearly disappears in mythical clouds. The supposed foundation of his religion itself, the principal contents of the prophetic preaching, the election of Israel by Jehovah, and this covenant with this elected people—all this can not be called by any other name than that of myth, though it be inspired by the purest religious feeling. In general this God of the desert, this God of the sun, this Jehovah has nearly nothing of what we mean when we speak of God; not before the age of the great prophets of the eighth century does he get some of these ideal features. Likewise these prophets framed and told the former history of their people, of their presumed forefathers and their first prophets, with the object of teaching and edifying their people; so the same for us these tales are only characteristic studies and lessons for life, and still by using them we never should forget that the standpoint from which these prophets viewed human life, the leading of God, and the duties of men towards God and humanity, greatly differs from ours, and consequently never should be communicated to our pupils without our critical distinctions.

Moreover we must be conversant with the difference between truth and reality, and able to enjoy the first, when it comes to

us in the garment of poetry. We must thoroughly feel that we cannot treat the sublime poetry of many of these mythical tales worse than by considering and telling them as real facts; as our old theologians told the myth of the paradise, in which they read the story of a state of righteousness of the first men and their fall into sin. We must thoroughly be convinced that indeed the value of the Bible does not decrease but increases, when we no longer consider this book as revealing a so-called true, but for us indeed wholly impossible God and impossible religion, but regard it as a document relating to the most interesting religion of antiquity. In the defective forms of that time the Old Testament brings to us invaluable, everlasting truths and lessons for life. Above all, it shows us how religion develops itself orderly and irresistibly from the lowest and meanest paganism to the most ideal piety. The power of truth, the power of the moral ideas comes to light nowhere clearer than in this history of the religion of Israel. By thus rejecting the supernatural character of the Bible but appreciating its proper qualities, we do not only justice to it but we gain higher and more general esteem for it. As he who gives a eulogy of a defunct person, and will find in him no fault at all, never will be considered the truest biographer, nor the dead man's best friend, so we *never can do* greater disservice to the Bible than by ascribing to this book a divine origin, although every one who has eyes to see, and uses them, will at last recognize its human features.

All these things must be for us facts and truths of undoubted sureness, and when thus we have learned to love the Bible, in this, its true character, because of its great virtues and notwithstanding its great defects, then we are able to tell its tales so that our young people will profit by it without any danger that it will hurt their higher idea of God or their better moral views. For then only shall we be true in what we tell.

And this, so it seems to me, is the first, the sole condition for doing well when using the mythical elements of the Old Testament. Be true, tell the biblical tales just as you should tell a fairy tale, without any endeavor to conceal the improbabilities, the contradictions, even the shocking incidents, at least as far as they do not awaken immoral passions.

Tell the history of paradise, but introduce not the serpent as the devil, and don't hesitate to relate that the Lord God made for Adam and for his wife coats of skins and clothed them; nor that he sent them forth from paradise lest they take also of the tree of life and then wholly become like God. Sketch Abraham as a genuine, pious man, but tell also as plainly as the Bible itself how Jehovah paid him a visit in his tent and ate Sara's cakes as he was on the way to Sodom to see whether they did there indeed according to the report of it which came unto him. If you dare to tell of the wrestling of Jacob with God, then don't make a nightmare of it, don't metamorphose God into an angel or unknown man. Let it be Jehovah himself, but give simultaneously the sublime meaning of this myth, that God wrestles in the night of life with every man and that nobody finds his peace before this unknown power, which hurts him and seems to ruin him, is recognized by him as the holy power of love, which will strengthen him by wrestling and which therefore he will not let go, except it bless him. Tell something of the intimate conversation of Gideon with Jehovah before his battle with Midian; do not conceal the ephod he made of the golden ear-rings of the killed after the victory, but emphasize in your narration the great truth that 300 brave men are of more worth than 3,000 cowards. Sketch the grand and noble character of Moses, but don't conceal that Jehovah appeared to him as a fire and told him to use white lies to make his request to Pharaoh a success. Tell of the sufferings and the patience of Job, but don't hide the wager between God and Satan, of which in the poem all his pains were the consequences. Mark Elijah's heroic figure, but don't ignore the massacre of the 300 prophets of Baal, nor transform the still small voice on Horeb into the God of love.

Above all, never try to save the dignity of the Bible by shuffling away or still worse by palliating all which hurts our

moral sense. Don't ever transform the heroes of the Bible into saints. If you are telling Jacob's dream of the ladder at his head from the earth into heaven, let them feel the glory and peace of this sense of the nearness of God; but tell them also that if *we* had to flee from the face of our father and brother because we deceived them, we should never get nor deserve such a dream, and explain this contradiction as a lack of delicacy of conscience in these Israelites of olden time. If you are speaking of the dreams of Joseph, don't be tempted by their apparent predictive power to be silent about the ugly arrogance and vanity which alone could suggest such dreams.

So I could go on with similar quotations, but my fifteen minutes will nearly be gone, and all I should wish to say would be repetition of the same theme. Be true, and your class will soon distinguish what in these mythical tales is story, what history, what temporary garment, what eternal truth, what superstition and error, what heroism and religious faith, what never to follow, and what exemplary for all.

This thorough development of the intellectual and moral sense of our young hearers will be the first fruit of this use of the mythical element in the Old Testament, let me say in the Bible. They will learn to understand poetry as the language of religion; they will learn to recognize great truths, even in ridiculous forms; learn to admire noble characters and golden deeds, even without the attraction of culture. And by thus appreciating the mythology of the Old Testament, their eyes will also be opened for the religious and moral value of the mythologies of other peoples.

But another result will be, that they never can be deceived any more about the true value of the Bible, and, therefore, never will be disappointed, nor even tempted to skepticism, when, by irreligious criticism, the presumed value of these Holy Scriptures gets lost. Every time when I read something of Mr. Ingersoll, or heard a lecture of one of his congenial freethinkers, Mr. Watts, I felt offended by the superficiality wherewith these orators derive their arguments against religion and Christianity, from the mythical elements of the Bible. But still more I was amazed by observing that the greater part of the audience applauded these arguments as though they were very weighty, yea, decisive. If these people had learned in their youth to acknowledge and to appreciate the mythical elements in the Bible, when they had learned to love the Bible, not for what the ecclesiastical creeds profess about it, but for what it is, all these arguments of Ingersoll could not affect them at all, could only show them how greatly these men want the development of their poetical, and of their historical sense. If the Bible was better understood by themselves, they also would know that its value consists, not in a presumed supernatural, but in its pure, human character; not in its metaphysics, but in its ethics; and they would never oppose biblical superstitions without preaching at the same time true love of the Bible, not only because of its moral lessons and its knowledge of human nature, but also of its childlike as well as manlike piety, of its sublime poetry, and ideal prophecy.

Resuming: How bring out the mythical elements of the Old Testament? Only by giving it as it gives itself. How to use it? By criticising it with intellectual, and especially with moral criticism, but above all, with a grateful heart for all the blessings we have derived ourselves from this never exhausted gold mine, and a strong desire to make all love it.

November Days.

As those we love give us a swift good-bye,

With thought that swift blows bear the least of pain,

Then turn, remorseful, to our sudden cry,

And hold us close, and kiss us o'er again —

So blessed Summer yields unto us now

With pitying haste in which her mantle fell;

O soft! oh tender! yet upon her brow

Sad premonition of a long farewell!

C. J. BARTLETT.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Monday noon meeting this week was led by Mr. Blake. Commenting upon the text: "There went forth power from him and healed them all," he said that while we must admit that there are mythical elements in these stories of healing, it is going too far to deny that Jesus had power of this kind. The perfect and beautiful body of Jesus no doubt made it an open gate for such influences as are described as "power" or "virtue," which went forth from him to the help of others. The new school of so-called metaphysicians, who are chiefly peculiar in supposing that they have discovered something new, recognize and use this power for healing. Mr. Blake then went on to make some comments upon the so-called Sermon on the Mount. There are discrepancies and differences between Luke's record of this sermon and that given by Matthew. We have more of this material massed in Matthew, while in Luke it is distributed and also in Mark. We find the passages in regard to the salt, the straight path, and the Lord's prayer in other places in Luke separate from the rest of the discourse. Is this one sermon? Some think Luke abridged the sermon. Another view is that both Luke and Matthew collect brief utterances into one discourse. Some urge that the sermon was delivered twice, since Matthew says it was given on the mountain, while according to Luke, Jesus had come down from the mountain and stood on the plain. The more probable view is that each has brought together sayings that have some thought-relationships, but not all given at one time. The differences in the beatitudes were commented on. In Luke there is an absolute absence of all spiritual qualities which we find in Matthew. Some think Luke invented the woes. It is more likely that the old Jewish idea of blessing and cursing standing opposed to each other had much to do with these curses to match the blessings. See Deut. xi., 26-27, and Joshua viii., 33-34. As throwing some light upon "Woe unto you that are rich," the sect of Ebionites was referred to. One of their doctrines was that those who have the good things in this life will not have the good things in the life to come, but there the poor will have the riches—as Luke illustrates in the story of the rich man and Lazarus.

Boston Notes.—Last Sunday evening Mr. Charles I. Hurd was ordained as minister-at-large at the Parmenter street chapel, situated in the ward of our city in which possibly a "Toynbee Hall" may be built. Rev. M. J. Savage preached the sermon on the old and the new theories of man's relation to God. Rev. E. J. Gerry and W. J. Haywood preceded Rev. Mr. Hurd in this field of labor. It is the old ground formerly sown and harvested

by Rev. Messrs. Beecher, Streeter, Jenks and Father Taylor.

—Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which the address of Rev. Arthur M. Knapp created last Sunday evening in the hearts of the large audience of friends who gathered in the Second church to bid him good-bye. His mission to Japan will be strongly sustained here, and he is assured that his efforts in Japan will be warmly welcomed. The present is the chosen time to offer our liberal ideas in that country. A distrust of the ancient native religions is now very strong, while the educated people there are ready to throw more intellect into their acceptance of any new form than they ever before were. Our views rather than those of other sects promise a ready acceptance.

—James E. Murdock, the veteran elocutionist, eighty-six years old, recently gave before our Ministerial Union a reading of selections from old and new sermons. He shows no abatement from his early power in voice-tones and in distinct pronunciation of syllables. He is inspiring our ministers with a laudable ambition to be heard by their remotest listeners, both in sermon and in prayer, an accomplishment which, seeming easy, is really hard to attain.

Omaha, Nebraska.—It has been claimed by the enemies of the W. U. C. that societies working on the ethical basis, make no progress in philanthropy. Unity church, of Omaha, is on an ethical basis, and the ladies have just secured the money to build a "Crèche," with the intention of opening a day nursery, a kindergarten, a kitchen garden and home for children, whose parents are at work and wish a place where, for a small amount per week, their children can be boarded. They have secured the free lease of a city lot, the gift of a frame building now on the lot, and money enough to build a brick building in the spring. This is the best work which Unity church has yet done, and speaks well for the spirit which animates its members. While the movement is altogether unsectarian, the trustees of the Crèche are all connected with Unity church, the ladies of Unity Club will furnish the home, and it will really be under the control of this church.

Monroe, Wis.—Rev. G. W. Buckley, of Battle Creek, Michigan, has been called to the pulpit of the Universalist church in this place. Brother Buckley is an earnest and active worker, and his work will be upon the broad, non-dogmatic lines which are eventually to break down

"Green Pastures."

Words by W. C. GANNETT.

Music by GEORGE RUSSELL LEWIS.

1. Clear in mem-'ry's si-lent reach-es Lie the pas-tures I have seen;
2. More than one I count my pastures As my life-path grow-eth long;

Green-er than the sun-lit spa-ces, Where the May has flung her green:
By their qui-et wa-ters stray-ing Oft I lay me, and am strong.

Needs no sun and needs no starlight To il-lume these fields of mine, For the glo-ry
And I call each by its giv-er; And the dear names bring to them Glo-ry as from

of dead fa-cies Is the sun, the stars that shine, Is the sun, the stars that shine.
shin-ing fa-cies In some new Je-ru-sa-lem. In some new Je-ru-sa-lem.

3. Yet, O well I can remember
Once I called my pastures pain;
And their waters were a torrent
Sweeping through my life again!
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
From my faces that are naught.

4. Naught? I fear not! If the Power
Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
Out of waste his heavens serene,
I can trust the mighty Shepherd
Loath none be ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
On the faces of my dead!

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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EDITORIAL.

THE *Northwestern Christian Advocate* seems to be troubled about "soft-hearted ministers." Does our contemporary like the other adjective better?—the "hard-hearted" kind!

Littell's Living Age with the beginning of next year enters upon its forty-fourth year. In it the American reader finds the promptest and fullest reproduction of European thought. In no other shape can the reader find for the same amount of money so much current thought by high thinkers.

UNITY adds its congratulations to many others to the Universalist Publishing House at Boston, that has recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. It has, during this quarter of a century, promulgated a cheerful gospel and done much to bring about the time when it requires considerable hardihood on the part of the most orthodox to frankly confess a belief in the most impious of doctrines—that of eternal punishment. That time now is.

AN announcement was made at the recent Sunday-school Institute which was a surprise to many, namely, that a Unity school of religion and morals is to be held in Chicago this winter. There will be courses of lectures, twelve lectures to a course, on the various topics of a divinity and ethical curriculum, such as the Old Testament, the Gospels, the Epistles, Ethics, Charities and Corrections, Theism, Philosophy and Growth of Religion, Religious History, etc. These subjects will be divided among lecturers, who are specially qualified for them. At least one lecture will be given each day, and then time allowed for questioning the lecturer fully. This opportunity will be brought within the reach of everybody. We shall be able soon to give the whole plan in detail.

THE *Interior* very strongly commends an article in the September issue of the *Contemporary Review*, written by Stuart Poole, the Librarian of the British Museum, entitled, "The Pentateuch, Theory and Facts." The article considers and annihilates the objectionable theory of the deconstruction of the main body of the Hebrew legislation was constructed after the return of the Jews from Babylon, for the purpose of clothing with his authority what Moses did not write and what was, in fact, contrary to his legislation—which virtually makes a greater part of the Hebrew law an enormous pious fraud.

THE threatened riots in London, it may be sure, have some roots that strike into misery, and some phases touched with pathos. The *Illustrated London News*, for November 12, contains some striking cartoons in proof of this assertion. Here are pictures of the homeless poor huddled together in Trafalgar square—men, women and children, pinched by hunger and clothed in rags, some in sleep and some in wakefulness, trying to reach another day of wretchedness. On the opposite page is a picture more pleasing: it is "the poor helping the poor"—a picture that is thus explained in the letter text.

On Tuesday week, there was an instance of "the poor helping the poor," of which we give an illustration. The costermongers of Whitecross street, hard pushed as they generally are to make a living, collected amongst themselves the sum of three pounds, and this was spent in the purchase of sixty gallons of tea and coffee, and several hundred rations of bread and cheese, which were distributed in Trafalgar square, during the small hours of the Tuesday morning, to a ravenously eager but perfectly orderly crowd of between four and five hundred persons, who formed in line beneath the balustrade, and were marshalled along to the east side of the square, where the distribution took place. It was evident from the

manner in which most of the poor people devoured their portions that they were in a condition little short of starvation; and the kindly fellows who made the distribution were careful to give an extra quantity of bread and cheese to those whose appearance denoted the direst extremity of poverty. Some there were who certainly did not seem to be in very urgent want, but, indeed, very much the reverse. No applicant, however, was refused; and the generosity of these humble benefactors of their poorer brethren was enhanced by the kindly and unostentatious way in which the act of charity was performed.

THE *Christian Union* and the *Presbyterian* have been discussing the question, whether an Arian can unite with a Presbyterian church, of course without ceasing to be an Arian. And now the *Interior* takes the subject up, and says that there is a whole sect of Arians (the New Lights or Christians), who "would join heartily in singing any of our hymns of praise to the Lord Christ, and in praying to him;" and that "there is no doubt that such people may be, and doubtless many of them are, genuine disciples of Christ." And the editor goes on to say, that a Session might feel bound to admit such Christians to the Presbyterian church, provided they would not seek to propagate their errors,—if they did, that they would have to stay outside,—and closes with this remarkable sentence: "In other words, a Christian may so deport himself as not to be fit to be a Presbyterian."

WE learn from *The Advance* that a mission for the conversion of Jews to Christianity has been established in Chicago. "The immediate impulse to this work was given by a visit to the city of Rev. Jacob Freshman, pastor of the Hebrew Christian church of New York. He is a converted Jew, the son of a Rabbi, who was brought to Christ by reading Prof. Delitzsch's Hebrew New Testament. It is proposed at first to have a reading-room supplied with Hebrew, German and English religious literature; the room to be open on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and Saturday afternoon." Our Jewish brethren must indeed look to their laurels; and to us it seems the fair thing would be for them to institute, on the opposite side of the same street, a reading-room supplied with Jewish literature, preferably, of course, with many versions of the Old Testament, and in a quiet and sincere way endeavor to convert some Christians to the older faith.

ONE of the accepted tenets now held is, that cooking is a factor in industrial education. On that ground it has been introduced into the Boston public schools. It will become an important agent in temperance work, for, as one child expressed it, "Father doesn't drink now I can make fish-balls." As with sewing, the introduction of cooking is due to Mrs. Mary Hemenway, the tried friend of historical and practical education. Her means enable her to undertake experiments without that co-operation of others which so often becomes friction; and when she has demonstrated the success of her plans, she makes them over to the school committee, who gladly carry on her work. A little book dedicated to her by Mrs. Lincoln, its author, has just appeared, with an introduction by the superintendent of public schools. It is an explanation of the general principles of the nature of food, in connection with practical lessons in simple cookery. This "Boston School Kitchen Text Book" consists of a series of lessons which gives the reason why for everything; e. g., poultry is nutritious because it abounds in phosphates; stale eggs are light because the inside water has evaporated, air taking its place and changing the elements in the eggs. Each class is supposed to consist of fifteen pupils, who are house-keepers, cooks and students during two hours a week. There would not be so many dyspeptics in families if these lessons on

reasons for cooking and on the chemical principles of food were remembered. We plead for good cooking as a preparation for ethics, or as a lesson in its virtues.

K. G. W.

Editorial Wanderings.

Last week again the senior editor left UNITY to the tender mercies of his associates as he started on the Monday afternoon train for Boston. The objective point was a meeting of the council of the National Conference, who were to plan for the biennial session at Saratoga next September. There was a representative from St. Louis, one from Baltimore, one from New York city, one from Chicago and six of Boston. Wednesday was spent in the council room, to what effect the public must wait until September before they can judge. But there are many things a western man can do in Boston, even in a few hours: Greet his parishioners, who in this moving age turn up everywhere; see the most beautiful collection of etchings and engravings, and marvelous effective Braun photographs, taken directly from the Millet painting, at Doll & Richards', the most complete collection, we are told, yet made of this kind. There was an inexpressible pathos to us in noticing that so many sales are made of these representations of the pictures of the brave peasant, whose hand was oftentimes well nigh paralyzed with the poverty that doled out black bread to him while living.

There was time enough to hear one of the successful lecture-room talks by Mrs. Kate Gannet Wells, at Channing Hall, where we should judge over a hundred people came out on Thursday afternoon to hear her expound to an imaginary class of fourteen-year-old girls the text, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness." By aid of blackboard and story she taught the lesson to the real class of grown-up men and women before her. It was another bit of institute work. Why should there not be more of this normal training, east and west? The exercises were introduced by a few moments' singing and responsive reading, led by the diligent and effective secretary of the Sunday-school society, Mr. Spaulding.

There was time enough for the senior editor to tell his Browning story to a goodly audience at the West church, in Salem, although it was put on Friday night instead of Thursday, thus calling into play telegraph and close plotting to make the home in time to be in the Chicago pulpit Sunday morning.

There was time enough to spend a night with our apostle of the types, Geo. H. Ellis, in his hospitable home at Walnut Hills, to ride over after supper three miles to look in on the Batchelors, all save the missionary. We found them looking well and happy enough to belong to Chicago still.

There was time enough not to get spilled out by the publisher's horse, who is afraid of shadows. Perhaps the fact that the editor of UNITY was aboard unconsciously quickened the timid imagination of this eastern steed.

There was time enough to look in upon the editorial family of the *Register*. Shayback sports a white necktie now instead of the flaming red of last summer, and consequently the dignity of the editorial position is conserved. There was time enough for a tea at the hospitable home of the Israels, at Salem, most loyal friends of our western work. Time enough to look in upon our western brother, Hunting, just coming out of a severe battle with diphtheria. He promises to be as good as new in a few days, and soon to be with us again, carrying our banner beyond the Mississippi.

There was time enough to study the signs of the times on board the train, to cultivate the acquaintance of an "LL.D.," whose name is well known by all those who know books, who finds little to interest him in the activities of the theologians, and does not seem to have very large use for preachers, as at present they ply their vocation. Another traveling companion was most profoundly interested in all the progressive problems of education, and an authority in some departments, but he seldom went to church. Still a third traveler, who did go to church, and taught a Sunday-school

class, did not expect to find in church his intellectual stimulus or his thought companionships. Such intercourse as this, as the editor was rolling along in the "cannon ball" train made up of the marvelous vestibule cars of Pullman, turned the editorial musings upon the possible American church. The church that is to be born out of the needs and powers of American life, as the Catholic church was born out of the heart of Rome, and the Episcopal church from a combination of English forces; a church that will be a home to the thinkers of America, that will avail itself of the enthusiasm of the best; a church that will be as democratic in spirit as our government, where thought lines do not divide and where aims will be such as enlist to co-operation of the earnest and the competent irrespective of sect or sex lines.

The first snowstorm of the season could not be entirely ignored even by the "cannon ball" train, and it was an hour late, reaching Chicago at 10 o'clock Sunday morning in time for the editor to transform himself into the preacher and give the results of his musings on the American church in the pulpit of All Souls church at 11 A. M. Thus endeth another week of wanderings.

The British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

THE British and Foreign Unitarian Association have held their autumn meeting. Our problems seem to be their problems. Three of the most important papers were: The Social Life of our Churches; How to Increase the Usefulness of our Churches; Signs of Progress.

The first paper was fairly well discussed, the usual anxiety being expressed that members should be friendly and speak to strangers, and that meetings in sufficient abundance should be held.

In the second, the essayist, Rev. J. P. Bland, tried to make plain the error of trying to unite men upon a basis of doctrinal unity, of theological and intellectual agreement, rather than that of general usefulness and common beneficence. To increase the usefulness of our churches we must organize them more and more upon practical helpfulness to our fellowmen. He would ask men to join our church, not because they agree with us theologically, but to help their fellowmen; and he would leave them to their own views of God and Jesus Christ, and thus, he was sure, he was moving right in the line on which Jesus taught and lived.

Rev. H. W. Perris followed in strong sympathy. He wanted to see the Church of Humanity swallow up in a glorious victory the scattered and mutually antagonistic sects which to a large extent defame and disturb the essential idea of Christ himself, and he was proud to belong to that body who had acted as pioneers of the freest theological investigation, and as forerunners of that Church of Humanity after which he believed all the finest thinkers and philosophers of to-day to be thinking and aspiring. Rev. T. W. Freckleton, in his "Signs of Progress," said that he could remember when theology, dogmatism and metaphysical doctrine were sermon staples. It is not so now. If you listened to a Salvation Army man or a hallelujah lass preaching at the corner, you will hear something like this: You must fear God and keep the commandments; you must not drink; keep your children clean and decent; be a good neighbor and an honest citizen. The churches, call themselves by what name they will, are drifting in this direction. This is the tone too of all our modern literature that is worth knowing. Poets sing it, philosophers insist upon it and the best novelists write it. It is weaving itself into our political economy, and is the sentiment outside of the churches as well. And this seemed to be the key-note of the entire conference. The Sunday-school problem is still unsolved there. How to keep the children in the Sunday-school? How to graduate them from school to church? Whose duty is it to indoctrinate the child? How to interest the parents in the religious culture of the child—these seemed to be the momentous questions after all, and quite as unsolvable as any of the others. At this meeting the mission to Japan was discussed. Rev. T. L. Marshall said that he had no opposition to offer, but he thought that the whole question

should be well weighed. Our missions in India have been failures notwithstanding the devotedness of Mr. Dall. We have accomplished nothing of importance at Madras. It is a mistake to send an ordinary missionary to a people so enlightened as the Japanese and the Buddhistic and Shino phrases of faith. These faiths have long been professed among them, have interesting points of contact with Christianity. Let us not impose a particular form of religion upon them from without, but encourage them to develop their own religion from within. They have shown a remarkable sympathy with western ideas. Encourage them to send their young men to our universities, put them in contact with our representative men and books, and let them carry this back to Japan.

S. C. LI. J.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

George Meredith.

No writer is attracting more attention in the literary world to-day than the English novelist, George Meredith. By the literary world we do not mean to include that vast army of readers who dissipate their minds over the ephemeral writings of Rhoda Broughton and "The Duchess." But we refer to that growing class of cultivated and critical novel lovers in this country and in England, who are always eager to welcome a new writer who has anything real to say to them. Even among this select class of readers, however, only the minority have learned to know and admire Meredith. The majority criticise him captiously, and some openly declare themselves unable to "get through" one of his ponderous volumes. Believing that the novels of Mr. Meredith will sometime occupy a position on our library book shelves not far from our George Eliot and our Thackeray, the present writer hopes for the privilege of introducing him to some western novel readers.

It is a trifle disheartening to the young literary aspirant to learn that for thirty years this author has been knocking at the door of popular favor, and that only now, when his hair is streaked with iron-gray and his frame bent with years, is he beginning to collect even a small audience. This is discouraging, because the demand for mediocre fiction is so universal that it would seem well-nigh impossible that the brilliant novels of a great writer should have been passed by with only a sneering comment. "A conglomeration of a treatise on psychology, a study of epigrams, and a hotch-potch of pretentious phrases," said a Chicago newspaper of one of his best novels a short time ago. Our own acquaintance with these novels began five years ago. At a dinner party in Boston, conversation turned into a discussion concerning the respective merits and demerits of Mr. Howells and Mr. James as novelists. A bookish man and clear lawyer at the table announced himself as unable to interest himself in the stories of either of these popular writers. "My favorite novelist," added he, "is George Meredith; his novels are brilliant and philosophical; they spoil my taste for our flashy American novels."

After a pause at the table several present said they had never heard of George Meredith; and although all professed themselves to be familiar with current literature, no one had read anything he had written, and only one or two persons there had ever heard his name mentioned before. We are apt to hold the comfortable theory that a good novel is almost certain of receiving instant recognition, and recall the prompt honors which George Eliot's first story, "The Sad Misfortunes of Amos Barton," received, and the brilliant success of Sir Walter Scott's anonymous novel, "Waverley," to prove the correctness of our hypothesis. But we lay down "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," our hearts throbbing with tender emotions, our intellects stimulated, and our fancy glowing with the writer's wonderful word-pictures, to find to our surprise that this novel was written and published as long ago as 1859.

Thackeray was born in 1811, George Eliot in 1822, and George Meredith in 1828. These three writers are there-

fore contemporaries. The success of the first two crowded the third to the wall. Thackeray may at times be discursive and prosy, but his worst enemies have never called him obscure; and there are very few of George Eliot's profound criticisms on life which require to be read twice before they can be understood. But George Meredith received his education in Germany, and acquired there many obscure forms of thought and expression. His English style is so peculiar that it is almost like a dialect or "jargon," and the reader must become accustomed to his mannerisms before he will be able to endure his books. It sometimes seems, as in the preface to the *Egoist*, as if Meredith had sought to repel readers instead of trying to attract them. His books appeal to that class of thoughtful readers who love George Eliot and Thackeray, but they demand of the reademore close attention and more careful thought than either of these popular writers. George Meredith has been called "a prose Browning," and he requires much the same kind of study and mental effort that Browning does to be comprehended. His writings are, however, well worth any labor we may spend upon them. They can not be read hastily, for every sentence in his three greatest novels, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Crossways" and "Beauchamp's Career" deserves to be digested. To be "veraciously historical, honestly transcriptive," is Meredith's ideal for the novel. "Philosophy," he tells us, "bids us see that we are not so pretty as rose pink, not so repulsive as dirty drab; and that instead of everlastingly shifting these barren aspects, the sight of ourselves is wholesome, bearable, gratifying, finally a delight." This "sight of ourselves" is what Meredith gives us in all his books. Those who believe it is "wholesome" and never hesitate to face the truth, will profit from Meredith's writings as they do from Browning's. But those who agree with the English critic who, while praising Haggard's stories, says "I, for one, vote for the impossible in fiction and put away the real as it deserves," will not find any satisfaction in the novels before us. They have in them all the comedy and tragedy, the gaiety and the sadness, the pathos and the sinfulness of the every-day life of this great chaotic world we live in. Nothing human is alien to this writer. He is not afraid of exposing to his readers' gaze vice in its most seducing forms or virtue in its homeliest dress. Some passages in "Diana of the Crossways" and in "Richard Feverel" are so coarse as to be almost revolting; and yet the tendency of both these books is aggressively, almost painfully moral.

A slight sketch of the plot and purpose of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," which was Meredith's second prose work, may interest readers who have not thus far been tempted to take up any of his books. We must warn the would-be student of Meredith, first, that "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is one of the old-fashioned three-volume novels. It has been republished in this country in one volume of four hundred and seventy-two pages, and it is exceedingly solid reading. It might have been called "Fathers and Sons," for the problem it presents is one which Turgenieff grappled with some years ago, and one which is renewed in almost every family when the sons develop into strong individuals, and yet do not walk in the way of their fathers. The young man, Richard Feverel, was the son of Sir Austin Feverel, a theoretical baronet, who loved his son fondly, but wished to rear him on a certain carefully thought-out system of his own invention. The young Richard is introduced to the reader when he was a mere boy, and some of his youthful pranks are told in order to show us that the boy was father to the man. He was passionate and impetuous, full of noble as well as of base impulses, and intensely hard-headed and obstinate. He was a boy who could have been led by love, never driven by parental authority. The baronet, who is in many respects a strong and admirable character, loved his system better than his son, and, because of his allegiance to it, brought his son into misery and despair. Sir Austin, like many another father, preferred to fit his son to his system rather than enlarge his system to include his son. The writer lets the reader see half a dozen instances when, had Sir Austin given up his system and turned his attention to understanding and sympathizing with his son, he could have easily gained

Richard's confidence and saved him much suffering. But content with showing us *how* the course of events might have been changed had Sir Austin's system been more elastic, the novelist lets them pursue their unrelentless course. The end is grimly tragic—a young life wrecked unnecessarily.

"The little more, and how much it is,
Oh, and the little less, and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this!"

in "By the Fireside," describes one or two of the fatal meetings between the father and the son. Only such "a little more" was needed to bring the two into sympathy, but that "little more" never came, and they drifted miles and miles apart. Every step of Richard's downward career is sketched vividly by Meredith. He gives us situations which Thackeray would have shrunk from handling, and which only the sincerity of the author's purpose make endurable. But he also gives us exquisite love-scenes, chapters which are perfect poems in their display of the writer's graceful fancy. With a delicacy of touch which is rare and fascinating, he describes Richard's first meeting with Lucy—his future wife. "The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue; from a dewy copse standing dark over her nodding hat the blackbird flitted, calling to her with thrice-mellow note; the king-fisher flashed emerald out of green osiers; a bow-winged heron traveled aloft, seeking solitude; a boat slipped by her, bearing a dreamy youth; and still she plucked the fruit and ate and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories, and as if she wished not for one, or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir-falls thundering white amid the health and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of human life in a fair setting—a terrible attraction." Besides a microscopic analysis of the various emotions of the father and the son in this novel, and several excellent portraits of fashionable English women, the writer has drawn for us an excellent and life-like picture of the old nurse, Mrs. Barry. Her sayings are, many of them, as quotable as Mrs. Poyser's. She is a fat and florid person, of homely manners and homely wit, but with all the homely virtues as well. There is no trace of cynicism in Meredith's portrait of this good old motherly soul. Her human qualities make a strong foil for Adrien's cynical Epicureanism. It is said by some critics that Meredith groups his characters artificially. That is, he prefers to choose and place in juxtaposition characters which attract and repel each other according to psychical laws. These psychical forces Meredith has studied more deeply than either George Eliot or Thackeray. Every one of his novels is an illustration of their force. The moral of "Richard Feverel" the writer gives in these words: "Sir Austin wished to be Providence to his son. If immeasurable love were perfect wisdom, one human being might almost impersonate Providence to another. Alas! love, divine as it is, can do no more than brighten the house it inhabits; must take its shape; sometimes intensify its narrowness; can spiritualize but not expel the old life by lodgers above stairs and below."

Sentences like this, full of ripe and natural wisdom, make Meredith valuable reading. He can be pithy and practical as well as grave and philosophical. In one page he will rave with some of Carlyle's ire against "The religion of comfort," which, he says, "is the central thought of the vast English middle class." "It is their idea of necessity, their sole aim; whatever ministers to comfort, seems to belong to it, pretends to support it, they yield their passive worship." In another page there will be a description of natural scenery, which will suggest Wordsworth or even Shelley. A high kind of pantheism is Meredith's substitute for religion. The voice of God speaks to him through nature. None of his characters, save perhaps Beauchamp, could be called heroes or even stand for ideals of conduct; but the reader feels that in Meredith's mind there is an ideal for each of them against which he is silently measuring them.

A "hatred of the sham decent" and derision of sentimentalism are part of the writer's gospel. Many of his men and women are unconscious hypocrites. They often err from lack of self-knowledge.

Where in modern fiction shall we find a more subtle delineation of character than Sir Willoughby, the egoist? A more perfect type of incarnate selfishness never before appeared in print. George Eliot has drawn for us an absolutely selfish woman in Rosamond Vincy; but it was left for Meredith to create a perfectly egoistic man—self-complacency, vanity, arrogance, and conceit are displayed in every action of Sir Willoughby's life. The other characters in this extraordinary novel are excellent foils to this chief creation; they show him off in his most glaring colors. There is no action in "The Egoist." The reader's interest depends entirely on the writer's skillful analysis. Perhaps no one person ever existed who was Sir Willoughby's prototype, for he combines in his personality all possible phases of egotism; but he has no characteristic which can not be found in some of our friends and neighbors. He is, so to speak, "a composite photograph."

It would take many pages to adequately describe Meredith's women. Most of them are volatile creatures of pure impulse. He never gives us a noble creation like "Romola" or "Dorothea." His heroines are beguiling, soft bits of flesh and blood made up of "whims, variations, inconsistencies, wiles, and tremblings between good and naughty." They lack intellect, dignity and consistency of character. Their influence over men always rather smacks of the sensuous. In his desire to be strong and masculine in his portraits of men and women the writer is, as we have said, not infrequently coarse. His men regard women as their "natural prey", and there is a brute strength about them which makes them seem to belong to a less civilized century than this one. In "Diana of the Crossways" Meredith gives us a beautiful and a charming woman, but she rarely succeeds in commanding men's respect, but always arouses their passions. If the relationship between men and women in England is such as Mr. Meredith describes it society sadly needs purifying.

The novel reader who can not find pleasure and profit from reading "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Beauchamp's Career," "Diana of the Crossways," and "The Egoist," may justly suspect the breadth of his own literary taste. They are not milk for "babes and sucklings," but strong meat for men and women. Each of these books increases our knowledge of human nature and our sympathy with it. They are the portrait gallery of a great artist. Almost every sentence contains not only a fact but an epigram. Where an ordinary writer would have one idea Meredith has a dozen. His books are crowded with characters, with scenes and with witty epigrams. "Chaotic bursts like stormy billows pressing impetuously for expression" seems to exactly express Meredith's mental state.

It was said of Sir Walter Scott that no man ever wrote so many volumes with so few sentences which could be quoted. This is not so with Meredith. The reader who, pencil and note-book in hand, takes up one of his books will be amazed at the quantity of gems he finds which deserve a place in a dictionary of quotations. Apothegms such as "A gentleman with the polish scratched off him in parts," "He took nibbles of golden meaning by installments," "He has drunk Latin like vital air, and can quote what he remembers of Homer, but how has he been fortified for this tremendous conflict of opening manhood which is to our life here what is the landing of a soul to the world to come?"—apothegms like these we meet in every page of his books.

Critics may justly call Meredith verbose; they may call him coarse, and they may object to his "rabid realism;" but no thinking reader can ever deny his intellectuality, his profound knowledge of life, his great philosophical gifts and his sparkling fancy. He wrestles deeply with life's problems, he has a joyful sympathy with all that is beautiful in the sensuous world, and he looks hopefully out into the future, believing that "there is nothing the body suffers that the soul can not profit by."

It is said that in the early stages of intellectual development man only needed to *see* action, something going on, that a little later he reached a standpoint when he desired to be made to feel; but that the man of complete refinement asks to be led to reflect. Now, George Meredith carries his reader through all these evolutions. There are scenes in his novels which remain as vividly in our minds as any performance we have ever seen at the theater; there are soul tragedies which arouse our highest and deepest feeling, and, above all, there is a powerful and profound application of ideas to life. This last is what Mr. Matthew Arnold says gives a man the highest claim to superiority in literature.

M. R. F. G.

Well Done.

I.

"Well done." So said the master to his servant,
 When within his hand
 He laid the talents multiplied by thrifty
 Care of fruitful land,
 Or safe investments in the marts of traffic,
 Or where interest drew
 Its just returns to him who faithful sought it,
 And became its due.
 "Thou hast been faithful," said the loving master,
 "O'er things few and small,
 And I will make still greater thy possessions,
 Go, thou, rule them all."
 Not so, full oft, comes such reward to virtue,
 Rather, hate and scorn;
 Nailed to a cross, or wearing crown of martyr,
 Pierced with a thorn;
 Or in forgotten grave doomed to lie buried.
 Happier far is he
 Who patient sows through toilsome years, and golden
 Harvests lives to see.

II.

Such is thy due, O, true and faithful teacher,
 For thy work is done.
 Well done, the master saith, and thy reward is
 Only just begun;
 The widening circles round and round thee gather,
 With an outward flow
 That reaches to the boundaries of infinitude;
 And with them go
 The measureless results of thy long toiling.
 This thy true reward.
 E're long our chaplet fades; our praise is silent;
 And our watch and guard,
 Perforce give o'er; but age to age repeating,
 While it onward rolls,
 The story of thy noble life unfolding
 Shall tell unborn souls.

T. P. WILSON.

Deathless Effluence and Influence.

"If a man die shall he live again?" "The spirit shall return to God who gave it." It is a most important and serious fact, that whether we will it or not, we shall continue to live on in future generations, in the persons of others. The persons who have most character, good or bad, are most immortal in this sense. Homer, Socrates and Plato are, even now, by the thoughts uttered many centuries ago, still living, and moulding human thought. Socrates and Aurelius, by their intelligence and virtue, have attained a life "unto the ages of the ages." Nero, by his crimes, lives on "to shame and everlasting contempt." Great souls exert a great power for ages upon the world, others exert only a local, a neighborhood, force; and the memory of the good and of the evil lingers in the tales and is reproduced in the lives of the people. Not in our own offspring only, but in all who know

us, and in those who shall know of us, do we live again. The atmosphere, spirit—*spiro*, I breathe,—or influence of our lives is, consciously or unconsciously, inbreathed by those among whom we live. Can there be to the good a more comforting thought than this? Can any faith more effectually urge to the noble deeds of a noble life?

PERRY MARSHALL.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Unity Clubs and the Devotional Life.

The mention of this topic meets with a doubtful reception apparently, because of the question whether or not the oil of devotion and the water of amusements will mix.

If it be assumed that the Unity Club is to be a purveyor of amusements for the purpose, it may be, of raising money for religious purposes, there is good reason for doubtfulness whether or not it may be an injury rather than a benefit to the spirit of religious devotion. Whatever innocent purposes the common popular amusements may serve they can hardly be commended as aids to devotion. Our people are learning that the revenue of amusements is a poor dependence for the maintenance of worship. Religion is entitled to direct support for its own sake.

But a better understanding of the true purpose of the Unity Club movement removes objections of this character. It is an attempt to direct the studies and social energies of our people, more especially young people, toward the higher literary pursuits. Religion has what has been well called its "literary interpretation." The spirit of devotion has its literary expression. The Bible itself is ample illustration of this. But it is by no means the only book which contains devotional sentiment. If a reading circle, study class, or Unity Club—for the name is of little consequence, if the thing is not wanting—shall accept the excellent guidance of W. C. Gannett's "Studies in Longfellow," the "Psalm of Life" is sure to be found; and the longer psalm of life which runs through his works. "The Ladder of St. Augustine," "The Children of the Lord's Supper" and multitudes of passages throughout his poems, will inspire devotional feeling. These can hardly fail to lead to the study of the hymns of Samuel Longfellow, the brother, and one of the noblest of living hymn writers.

Whittier is eminently a poet of the inner life of religious devotion, and if we follow the tutorship of "Unity Outlines" it is sure to lead us to a consideration of what the author calls "My Psalm," of "Our Master," of "The Eternal Goodness"—all deeply devotional. The poem entitled "Our Master" has the fullness of lyrical devotion which has supplied two hymns for our hymn book, one of which begins with the lines—

"Immortal love forever full,
 Forever flowing free;"

and the other:—

"O love! O life! Our faith and sight,
 Thy presence maketh one."

In "My Psalm" we find the hymn:

"All as God wills who wisely heeds,
 To give or to withhold;
 And knoweth more of all my needs,
 Than all my prayers have told."

And not only in such authors do we find the breathing of devotional feeling. Doubtless multitudes have sung Sir Walter Scott's noble hymn,—

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her moved,
 An awful guide of smoke and flame;"

without feeling the beauty of its setting in his great novel. When we have heard this sung by Rebecca, in "Ivanhoe," we never afterward lose our love for the hymn. The form of

its introduction will recur to us when we read in Whittier's "Tent on the Beach," another hymn of as pure lyrical devotion as can be anywhere found :—

"The harp, at nature's advent strung,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away."

Should Browning seem generally obscure, the story of "The Boy and the Angel" will very plainly tell us of a boy with a curly head, who, in the midst of common duties and tasks, sang "Praise God," with such sweetness that heaven felt a want when that boy's voice was silent. We can also understand the representation that the great praise of the Pope in St. Peter's was not so dear to the ear of God as that boy's song.

The supposition that the intellectual and the devotional life are entirely separate, is not verified in the authors who have been prominently introduced to us in Unity Club studies. Man is a unit, and we may think of one or the other elements of that unit, but they are all related, and "members one of another." The devotional flame may be fed by literary pursuits. The Methodists have been thought to be full of the spirit of devotion, of an emotional form of piety. And it is interesting to note that members of this denomination have been prominently identified with the management of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. All praise to them. The intelligence born of literary pursuits may rationalize but cannot be a hindrance to piety.

LYMAN CLARK.

REV. GEORGE W. COOKE, of Dedham, Mass., is to give his course of four lectures on the "Intellectual Development of Woman," before the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore, early in February, after which he proposes, if arrangements can be made, to extend his lecture tour westward. Mr. Cooke's literary and critical ability is too well established to need commendation from us. His three books, on George Eliot, Emerson, and Poets and Problems, have taken rank among the best critical writings in American literature, and we trust many of our Unity Clubs, Women's Clubs, and Study Classes will avail themselves of this opportunity of giving to their communities the careful results of diligent study upon subjects that have timely significance in these days. The following are the titles of the lectures: 1. The Literary Women of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. 2. Dr. Johnson and the Literary Women of the Eighteenth Century. 3. Harriet Martineau and Her Contemporaries. 4. George Eliot and the Literary Women of To-day. Mr. Cooke's terms are very reasonable, and western engagements can be made through the UNITY office, by addressing the senior editor.

REV. A. J. BEAVIS, of Iowa City, asks us to call attention through these columns to the *Swiss Cross*, a monthly periodical devoted to the interests of the Agassiz Association of America. Its publishers are doing real missionary work in offering to the young people of this country so valuable a magazine of science at so low a rate as \$1.50 per annum. He also authorizes us to say that those sending him the money before the close of this year can procure a subscription for the year for \$1, and that he will send sample copies to any address, sending two cents for postage. Mr. Beavis has long and successfully been identified with the work of the above association, and one of the attractions of the Unitarian church over which he presides is the room of the Agassiz Association, a delightful phase of Unity Club work which deserves imitation.

THE HUMBOLDT Unity Club has its calendar published, with dates and parts assigned. Seventeen nights on Shakespeare, ten of them given to "Coriolanus," and seven to "Much Ado About Nothing." These studies are to be alternated with miscellaneous evenings in which are to be discussed such topics as "Corporal Punishment in School," "Capital Punishment," "Qualifications for the Ballot," "Ireland and Home Rule," the "Jury System," etc.

SOME of the most faithful members of the Unity Club of Sioux City, Iowa, are from the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A Handbook to Dante. By Giovanni A. Scartavvini, translated from the Italian with Notes and Additions, by Thomas Davidson. Boston: Ginn & Co. Cloth, pp. 315.

This volume is divided into two parts, treating in part first of Dante's life, and in part second of his works. The first part has four chapters, treating of the bibliography of the subject in the first chapter, and then of Dante's life, divided into three periods, namely: from his birth to the death of Beatrice, 1265-1290; from the death of Beatrice to the death of the Emperor Henry of Luxemburg, 1290-1318; from the death of Henry VII. to that of the poet, 1318-1321. The second part, treating of his works, has four chapters, the first being devoted as before to the bibliography of the subject, this being divided into the bibliography of the Comedy and of the minor works. Chapter II. treats of the life in the works; chapter III. of the minor works; chapter IV. of the Comedy. This is a hand-book, a fact not to be forgotten, and a valuable fact for lovers and students of Dante in English. The writer says in his preface that he has prepared it to supply a want in English, no hand-book to Dante existing in that language calculated to give students the needful preparatory information historical, bibliographical, biographical and literary. For this purpose the author determined to translate, as he says, "the Dante Manual which finds most favor in Italy, which is the work of one of the best Dante scholars of our time, and which seems to me almost a model for a hand-book." The author has added notes of his own which are valuable, so that the book is really better than its Italian original. It is well made, the type being plain and of good size.

Studies in Musical History. By Louis S. Davis. New York and Boston: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co.

The scope of this little work of 160 pages may be gathered from the following from the preface:—"Since it is to the church that modern music owes its existence, it is from the history of the church that much of this volume is drawn. Music is but one of the effects of the great cause, the Christian church, and upon its rituals and institutions depended the fate of the whole tone system." The fourteen chapters treat of such subjects as Spirit of Jewish Music, The First Christian Hymn, The Mass, Choral, The Organ, Use and Influence of Bells, The Modern Song and Folk Lore. The author says, "The object of these chapters is not to elaborate but to condense, and by that condensation to present in a concrete form the active principles and causes which underlie musical history." The chapter on bells contains some curious matter and reflections, and states that "whether we regard the bell as an historical, ecclesiastical, architectural or musical agency, it occupies a prominence in the life of the past to which men of to-day are slow in according recognition." The style of the author is marked by warmth and enthusiasm.

Cicero's Tusculan Disputations. Translated with an Introduction and Notes. By Edward P. Peabody. Cloth, pp. 330. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Of this volume little need be said in a short notice, except to give it respectful greeting, and express pleasure in seeing Cicero in this new dress. For the place of the accomplished Roman is assured forever, and the ability of the accomplished scholar who has translated Cicero anew with few and brief but helpful notes, needs no commendation. It is beautiful to see a scholar in the closing years of a long and useful professional life turn back to the classics to convey his delight in them to English readers in this manner. In the introduction the following is quoted from Erasmus' preface to his edition of the same work: "When we see Pagans making so good a use of leisure so sad as Cicero's, and instead of seeking the

distraction of frivolous pleasures, finding consolation in the precepts of philosophy, how is it that we are not ashamed of our vain babbling and our luxurious living? I know not what others think; but for myself I confess that I cannot read Cicero on the art of living well without believing that there was in his soul a divine inspiration, whence these writings came."

Oliver Goldsmith: A Selection from his Works with an Introduction by E. E. Hale. Boston: Chautauqua Press. Cloth, pp. 287.

Doctor Hale says in his introduction to this volume that "Oliver Goldsmith is read wherever men read English; and, where he is read, he is almost always loved." An author of whom Washington Irving said that to him he owed the peculiar quality of his own style,—calling him master, in the words which Dante used in acknowledging his debt to Virgil,—must certainly be well worth reading, even in these days of many books. The selections in this volume are well made, including representative pieces from Goldsmith's prose and poetical works. It is an excellent introduction to a writer whose fame is growing with the lapse of time.

THE HOME.

"General Molasses."

It all came of the Revolutionary war! Yes, Willie's unpleasant experiences that winter came from those great and glorious battles which resulted in star-spangled banners and Fourth of July celebrations. The winter he was twelve years old brought him, as a Christmas gift, a "History of the Revolutionary War," dearly prized, yet a source of woe, for he lived in it day and night. The sun might shine—it mattered not; and his dreams were all of strife and bloodshed, drawing from his brother Tom, his unwilling bedfellow, the indignant remark, "That youngster thrashes the Britishers all over the bed, and I'll be hanged if I stand it much longer." He was an odd little chap, small and frail, with straight, light hair, blue, solemn eyes and inquiring nose, and a mouth around whose childish curves a world of thought lurked and lingered. Peaceable, but no coward, as his boyish friends could testify; resenting an insult with all his puny might, he yet loved not contact with their dirty fists, for he dreamed of more glorious wounds than those healed by the application of brown paper and vinegar. A mighty spirit ruled that fragile body, and within his own snug corner he would sit for hours poring over warlike deeds, especially those of our heroic forefathers, while his eyes would flash and his heart would throb as he imagined himself mounted on a foaming steed, dashing down the rocky mountain slopes like brave Israel Putnam, or sweeping over the breastworks at Stony Point as "Mad Anthony Wayne" in the face of bayonet and blazing cannon; but on, on to victory! Absent-minded at all times, his young friends were teasingly aware of his peculiarities and always on the watch for new developments, and that particular winter his wandering wits were never-failing fun for them and two tall brothers and a petticoated atom of a sister, whose hoydenish ways were a terror to her mother and friends. "That girl should have been the boy" was a familiar sound to her ears. Ah! if those wise ones had only known how devoutly she wished she had been born a boy,—whose freedom of trowsers over forbidden fences and joy of unwashed hands were a constant source of envy,—they certainly would have refrained from fostering the sense of injury which fed her soul.

Oh those brothers and that sister! How they tormented Willie's young life while the glamour of the Revolution hung about him. Errands on various pretexts, always resulting disastrously, met him at every turn, and his only solace was the imaginary world in which he lived, fought and bled with exalted soul.

One morning he sat as usual, his book upon his knees, his fancy glowing with the roar of cannon, beating of drums, and rattle of musketry which quite extinguished the motherly

tones calling to him to "run to the nearest grocery and buy some molasses."

He sat entranced until his long-suffering parent appeared before him with floury hands and indignant voice, exclaiming, "Why, Willie, I never saw such a boy! I want some molasses immediately. Bridget forgot to order it this morning. Go quickly; my cake is waiting," handing him as she spoke a dollar bill.

The smoke of battle cleared away as he rose to his feet smiling, for he was a sweet-tempered little fellow, and loved his mother dearly. Jug in hand he carefully hid from certain domestic vandals his precious history and started down the street. He ran around the first corner, but soon his feet moved less rapidly, as the fascinating picture of Lord Cornwallis abjectly presenting his sword to the Continental leader rose before his visionary mind. On he went slowly, the commanding tones of America's great patriot echoing in the air, and line upon line of veteran faces rising before him, while the flag of freedom waved grandly over all. In a lucid moment he spied several rivulets of molasses trickling down the jug. His sense of neatness was offended, and he thrust his hand first into one pocket and then into another in search of slate sponge or stray example paper, which he would have been pleased to see performing menial office. His fingers closed at last about a small piece of paper which answered his purpose nicely, and flinging it carelessly aside he walked on, again reveling in those warlike sights and sounds which thrilled his soul. As he neared the grocery, mentally brandishing his glittering blade at the head of a column of infantry, he dropped the jug and suddenly recollected his errand of peace. Into his pockets his hand went for his money—it was not there! He searched again and again, but the dismal fact remained—the dollar bill was absent!

At last it flashed across his now collected mind that he had disposed of his wealth by the wayside; so, turning back, he luckily found it, clinging to a vagrant stone, yellow as the Tiber, and sticky as sin. Eying it ruefully, he wondered if it would be received as legal tender. There was no water at hand to remove the sticky mixture and he stood perplexed. A happy thought struck him! He looked around. Apparently no prying eye was near, so—must I record so ignoble a deed of this valiant leader of victorious armies?—he raised it to his lips, and licked it clean. As he handed it over the counter to Mrs. Tubbs she said crossly, "Young man, this is just too sticky." His heart quaked, but he said to himself, "General Washington wouldn't have cared," and straightening himself up looked in her face with calm disdain. She glanced at him suspiciously, but said nothing further, and her small customer received his change and left quickly, hoping none of "the boys" had been spying about. Alas, vain hope! As he emerged from the store a voice greeted him with "Halloo, General Molasses." This was ignominy indeed. A fellow imp had seen and heard unobserved, and poor Willie retreated homeward, frowning, and striving to parry the thrusts of his grinning tormentor.

Soon the exploit of "General Molasses" was noised about the neighborhood, and for many a day Willie's title clung to him. In vain our small warrior battled in his own defense. In vain his big brother, taking pity, threatened dire vengeance on the enemy—it was long ere "General Molasses" was lost to fame.

That famous history still lives, but Willie is big William now, growing bald and fat in the busy whirl of a great western city. Dollar bills are abundant, and the shape of a molasses jug probably floats vaguely through his mind, but there is one who smiles delightedly when she thinks of that sticky greenback and all the other quips and cranks of that funny, absent-minded little brother.

ON a sun-dial, which stands upon the pier at Brighton, is inscribed this hopeful line: "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

It is from out of our direst consternations, bravely met and well lived through, that the fairest blooms of our heart's Easter come.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Philadelphia.—This is the season of fairs I have heard of such in the Germantown, Independent, First and Camden churches.

—Mr. Ames delivered the first of the Institute addresses—"The Childhood of the World"—to an audience largely increased over the numbers of the preliminary meeting. Such study cannot fail to be happy, its whole drift being so clearly for the elemental truths in religion.

—The Emerson Circle of the Germantown church has taken up the thread of its past work. "Representative Men" comes first for reading this season.

—The Emerson Circle of the Spring Garden Society meets semi-monthly, on Saturday evenings. The same number of meetings are given Unity Club each month.

—The Ethical Association of the Camden church has doubled the number of its meetings, holding two where previously it had but one to the month. This body is to systematically take up the reading of Shakespeare.

—It is probable that Mr. Mangasarian and his people will soon have a church of their own. They now meet in St. George's Hall.

—Mr. Ames wrote a vigorous letter for a meeting of Independents just before the election. His reference to "rotten piety" is forgiven its want of elegance because of its eminent fitness in description of the sudden zeal of politicians here, who, in order to make people forget the unworthiness of their candidate, assumed against the Personal Liberty Leagues the exclusive virtue of Sabbatharian strictness.

Chicago.—Mr. Jones led the noon teachers' meeting last Monday. The text was Luke's version of Jesus' law of love and the Golden Rule. He began by showing that the sharp antithesis between the Old and New Testament which the Christian teachers have insisted upon, does not exist. The Old Testament has its precepts of love. The Golden Rule antedates Jesus in the literature of Judea, as well as in that of China. He read extracts from the Talmud in illustration. The discussion then turned upon the merits of the Jesus-principle of non-resistance. Is Tolstoi its true interpreter? Are his methods practicable? Most of those present thought the principle of non-resistance something to be attained to, but not realizable in the present. Others thought that the law of egoism was as permanent as that of altruism; that Jesus stated but one side of the law of life which would breed selfishness and imbecility in the recipient, and in the long run limit the power of the giver.

Quincy.—DEAR UNITY: Your Mr. Johnson, of the Associated Charities, was with us on Sunday (13th) to talk to the Quincy people respecting the principles and the work of the society which he represents. In the morning he occupied the pulpit of the Unitarian church, in the evening that of the Congregational church. Large audiences greeted him, and were greatly interested and edified by his wise, strong, inspiring discourses. It is certain that many got new ideas upon a subject which is but imperfectly understood, yet, which is getting to be of commanding importance in our social economics. Your Chicago people ought to send Brother Johnson out *everywhere and often* to do missionary work along this line of charity. He is an interesting speaker and master of his subject. Every city in the west ought to hear his message.

Merrill, Wis.—Rev. A. M. Somers has been working in this field for several weeks. An organization has been effected with the following bond of union, which we quote from a local paper:

"We, whose names are here recorded, join ourselves together, heart and hand, as members of the Unitarian church of Merrill, for the maintenance of a free, rational and liberal religion and worship, the study and practice of the intellectual, moral and religious virtues, for the promotion of truth, righteousness, reverence and charity among men; and we cordially invite to our fellowship all who sympathize with us in these purposes and co-operate with us in thus working for the welfare and elevation of humanity."

Humboldt, Iowa.—The Sunday evening calendar of Unity church for the year ending June 24, 1888, is before us, and like that of last year it is startlingly suggestive in the number of laymen and women it brings into requisition. Twelve evenings are occupied by members of the parish with lectures upon the most thoughtful topics. A word in a private letter says that the outlook of the parish is most hopeful all around.

Saginaw, Mich.—A series of twelve lectures on "Questions of the Day," is in progress at the Unitarian church of this place, one-half of the lectures being given by prominent business and professional laymen in the city.

The Atlantic Monthly FOR 1888

Will contain three Serial Stories:—

The Aspen Papers. (In three Parts)
By HENRY JAMES.

Yone Santo: A Child of Japan.
By EDWARD H. HOUSE.

Reaping the Whirlwind.
By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK.

Six Papers on the American Revolution.

By JOHN FISKE.

Boston Painters and Paintings.
By WILLIAM H. DOWNES.

Three Studies of Factory Life.
By L. C. WYMAN,

Author of "Poverty Grass," etc.

Poems, Essays, Short Stories

May be expected from Mr. WHITTIER, Dr. HOLMES, Mr. LOWELL, Mr. NORTON, Col. HIGGINSON, Mr. WARNER, Mr. ALDRICH, Miss PRESTON, Miss LARCOM, Miss JEWETT, Mrs. THAXTER, Mr. SCUDDER, Mr. WOODBERRY, and many others.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

[NUMBER 14.]

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

[NUMBER 14.]

EDITORIAL.

Woman's Work is the name of a new monthly venture, published in Athens, Ga. In the new south woman's word and work must have a conspicuous place, so we wish the paper "good speed."

In the article "Robert Browning on Immortality," on page 126 of a recent number of *UNITY*, a mistake occurred in putting the wrong line into quotation marks,—“Such love is too beautiful not to be true.” The line which should have been quoted occurs a few lines above,—

“Though delayed it may be for many lives yet.”

Justice is the name of a new four-page fortnightly, published in Syracuse, with S. L. Grumbine as proprietor, and Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine as editor. We know not how extensive are its plans or how long it may live, but while it lasts it evidently means to be heard on the liberal side of things. The name of the editor is not unfamiliar to *UNITY* readers. We welcome this new missionary with a great name. May its work be worthy of it.

GEORGE H. ELLIS has brought out a new edition of Mr. Savage's "Bluffton," a story largely based upon his own experience in his emigration out of orthodoxy into the liberal faith. The reappearance of this volume, which for some time has been practically out of print, Mrs. Woolley's "Love and Theology," and Mrs. Wells' new story, are all significant indications of the times. When the new thought kindles the imagination, inspires song and story, it is a sign that it is about ready to mould the life of communities.

No more significant meeting has been held during the year than the fourteenth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held at Nashville, November 16-21. Their work is multiform, wisely conceived and persistently pursued. There was Ramabai, from India, and Mrs. Tunstall, of the Cherokee tribe, with the distances between these two women completely bridged by interests and representatives. Truly Victor Hugo was right when he said, "The nineteenth century is woman's century."

UNITY's pages are so limited that we seldom indulge in personalities, however pleasant. But we should be unjust to its readers if we did not allow them to speak through its type their congratulations to our associate, William C. Gannett, in his marriage, and their welcome to her who henceforth is to share his interests, his labors and his joys. From this on it will be Mr. and Mrs. Gannett that will form a part of that ever enlarging and ever working family that in *UNITY* is to work for Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

THE following extract from an address made by our associate, H. M. Simmons, at a meeting recently held to organize the Minnesota Unitarian Conference, is of interest to all our readers and we are glad of the chance to slip it in editorially:

I trust the Conference will be true to the *Unitarian* name, and serve the *One* God in whom all nations and religions are *one*, by cultivating the feeling of *unity* toward all denominations around it, and among all the members within it. I hope we shall rise above our mental differences and spiritual indifference, and work together for peace and love in the religion of our land. And I hope especially that we shall forget the disturbing distinction of radical and conservative. Conservatism is good, and radicalism is good; but better than either is the bond that unites the two. Let us harmonize them. The little boy of the story, seeing two sisters playing

a duet on the same piano, said it was too bad that they had to use one organ when their father was rich enough to buy two. I am glad that Unitarianism is rich enough to have organs for both its conservative and radical daughters; but I hope that this Minnesota Conference will be an instrument at which both sisters will sit together, and unite to make one music. I congratulate Mr. Effinger, who started this first Unitarian society in Minnesota, that he can now come back and see his church grown into a conference. I wish most heartily that Mr. Gannett, who was so long our only minister in the state, could be present also; for I am sure it would not only increase our pleasure, but add to the joy of his bridal month. And I hope the Conference will prove a bridal for us too; where the strength of manly thought and courage shall be wedded to the sweetness of womanly faith and feeling; where it can be said that "mercy and truth have met together, and righteousness and peace have kissed each other," and founded a holy family. May we long be members of this family; and when we are gone, may the Conference live on, to keep its golden wedding and see its children rise and call it blessed.

UNITY welcomes the new State Conference, the organization of which is announced in this issue, and sends its "All Hail" to Minnesota. Steadily, but most wisely, has the liberal cause been gathering unto itself strength in this great northwestern empire. There are many indications which lead us to expect that this last child of the Western Conference may be the healthiest and most vigorous of them all. We trust that from the start this conference will learn the economy and strength of self-reliance. There is money enough in Minnesota to sustain an efficient organizing agent without foreign aid, and there is work enough for such an agent to do. Brave Minnesota, yes, but needy Minnesota also; here is our hand.

To one sitting at the table of exchanges where he can glance at the organs of the various religious movements in the land, the indications that there is a tendency everywhere to drop dogmas, avoid disputes, and ignore differences, are most surprising, and to us, at least, most encouraging. The most conservative as well as the more radical churches yield to this tendency; orthodox as well as heterodox illustrate this spirit of the age, that seeks the essence of religion, truth, equity, right, duty, and right-wisdom. And this is no new movement. Through the ages the march of religion has been in this direction; it has always been protest upon protest, from Bible times to this. The warfare has been between priest and prophet; the latter may be burned, but like the phoenix they rise from their ashes, more alive than ever, and they will continue to do so.

"FOR SUBSTANCE OF DOCTRINE."—Dr. Noah Worcester, if not the son of a prophet, was himself a prophet. Neither was it as a young man that he saw visions, but only two or three years before his death he gave utterance to a striking prophecy which is even now receiving its fulfillment. In an article with the above heading, published in the *Christian Examiner* for January, 1835, in which the Yale method of conditional subscription to the creed is examined, Doctor Worcester says: "In regard to the [recently founded] Andover Institution, we have not a doubt that the time will come when its creed will occasion the same embarrassment that has been felt at New Haven, and when the New Haven policy may become necessary to save the Institution from ruin. We can hardly doubt that the present professors, and many others, would heartily rejoice, if they could see any way in which the New Haven policy could be fairly adopted at Andover, and obtain an approved establishment. . . . The time may be nearer than is now imagined, when it will be difficult to obtain well qualified professors who can conscientiously subscribe the creed of that institution, unless it shall

be done in some modified form. . . . Such blindness [as was shown by the framers of the Andover creed] may justly be deplored; and we presume it will be deplored by many in less than fifty years." How exact the prophecy, "fifty years!"

RECENTLY the Minneapolis *Tribune* invited all the denominations, through the leading ministers of the city to present in its columns their fundamental beliefs. In response to this request, Mr. Simmons thus speaks for the Unitarian church:

The name Unitarian is said to have arisen in contrast with Trinitarian, and to have referred to the unity of God. This doctrine of divine unity has remained the fundamental one of Unitarian faith, but with its meaning ever deepening as history has traced the unity of nations, and science shown the unity of nature. To-day the doctrine has grown quite beyond its reference to the trinity, and declares the oneness, through all places and times, of that power called God.

This belief in divine unity involves a more practical one in human unity. If God is thus one and omnipresent, then his presence has halloed not only Palestine but all lands, not only the Hebrew but all races, not only the Christian but all religions. If God is thus one and infinite, then He was not only in Jesus but in other men, and is, as the apostle said, "Father of all, over all and through all and in all." If thus one in all and uniting all, then He is best seen and served in universal brotherhood. The unity of God has thus its best earthly meaning in the unity of mankind, and Unitarians believe that his best worship is in work to unite men.

Connected with these are other beliefs not at all fatal to former faith, but enlarging it.

Unitarians believe that Hebrew sages and saints were inspired—and believe besides that the same inspiration comes to the true men of every nation. They believe that the divine revelation ever continues through human reason and conscience; and that the advancing knowledge and thought and charity of the world are still adding to that endless Scripture, wherein all truth is "the law," and all human hopes are the "prophecies," and all aspirations "the psalms," and all love a "gospel" giving promise of eternal life.

Unitarians believe that Jesus was a son of God; and they, besides, believe his saying that every peacemaker is another, and the apostle's word that "every one that loveth is begotten of God."

Unitarians believe that God verily dwelt in Jesus; and they besides believe with the apostle that, "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us," too, and that whosoever "dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." They believe that God's best name is Love, that he lived in the loving Jesus, and lives in all love, and is worshiped best by our love of each other. They believe that this human love, which is thus divine and therefore eternal, is the very aim of religion, far more important than any theological doctrine.

Unitarians, therefore, preach love, brotherhood, unity of spirit, and leave room for great diversity of opinion. Our church in Minneapolis is defined in its constitution as "a society where people without regard to theological differences may unite for mutual helpfulness;" and a like liberty is allowed throughout the denomination. Denomination is, however, hardly the right word, since Unitarians are not trying to establish one, but to spread principles that may unite all denominations. Believing in the right and duty of every one to think for himself, they have never used or formed a creed. Individual churches and larger conferences have often made statements of belief, but always with the preface that the statement is ever open to alteration and is not to be imposed on any or to be made a test of fellowship. From such a statement adopted by the Western Unitarian Conference at its meeting in Chicago the present year, the following extracts are taken.

And here follow extracts from the statement well known to our readers and obtainable as Short Tract No. 17, from this office.

Sunday-school Workers Among our Brothers and Sisters of the Liberal Faith.

Coming close upon the heels of the Unitarian Sunday-school Convention, a short account of the meetings of the Universalist Sunday-school Union, held recently on the north side of the city, may interest many readers of UNITY. We can, however, be conveyers but of the drippings, as it were, of the treat, being present at only a portion of the session, and taking no notes.

The important questions of the social, the intellectual and the spiritual preparation of the teacher were touched upon, as well as those of the use of illustrations in Sunday-school work and the manner of getting and keeping scholars. On first thought, social preparation would seem a very inconsiderable factor in the Sunday-school teacher's success. But careful examination proves it of nearly the first importance, for in almost no other work besides the Sunday-school teach-

er's does the individuality of each learner so largely affect the character of the results produced. Moral suasion being the sole basis of the teacher's control, if Johnnie be mischievous, Tom malicious, or Bobbie inattentive, her effort is useless to the entire class—unless she thoroughly understands the children, and wisely acts accordingly. In this case all Johnnie needs is a little merited praise when he happens to make a clever answer, for just because he is so bright, he is also innocently naughty. The wide-awake, healthy, happy boy should be full of fun, but he has usually an honest sense of pride that may be touched upon occasion. Wicked Tom does not creep quite so near the heart, but may be won over for "an assistant teacher," as one speaker put it, by assigning him little offices of trust and showing him small kindly attentions until he likes his teacher and has strong self-respect. Bobbie's, the simplest case of all, is that of one who is fed upon spiritual oatmeal when he wants meat. Have you not noticed that he was very fond of soldier stories, and would enjoy hearing of David or Saul, or that, as an incipient orator, he would drink in eagerly Paul's defense at the court of Cæsarea? Give him what he needs, since the Bible has something for all. If, with all her careful study of her boys, the teacher does not know them, she will plan every-day merry-makings, go visit them at their homes and learn of them through their fathers and mothers. Perhaps a word at home will set all right. Thus, after all, the social preparation seems to come first, as we should know our pupils before we can hope to help them, however well fitted for our work.

The best intellectual preparation, we should imagine (though we did not hear the talk on the topic), after the suggestion of one pithy speaker, would be to think the subject out fully for oneself. Leave the library behind, and if you must have helps

"Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings."

The best way to make a subject dead to yourself and everybody else is to cram on it. The spiritual preparation is the strongest personal and moral force of the teacher. As some one said, the impressive words of a teacher to her pupils, "Girls, I am praying for you," would follow a thoughtful child for months, perhaps through life, with a sweet, purifying influence on conduct and character. The true Sunday-school teacher must not only feel deeply the religious responsibility she assumes, but should use all helps to make herself yet more in earnest. If the heart is troubled, if the mental vision is dimmed upon every-day affairs, we go to our best friend and talk it all over. So religious conversation with kindred spirits clarifies thought and inspires us with a new full courage and a longing for things pure and holy. As sawing wood is an exercise of muscle, so conversation might be called the exercise of the mind, and the spiritual man will grow by this healthful exercise upon spiritual planes, just as does the intellectual man upon like activity differently applied. Next to the Bible the hymn book is the food for religious growth. So read and learn to love those sacred songs which have marked, in all times, the holiest aspirations of the noblest souls.

As for the field for drawing illustrations, it is boundless—Christ himself, the exemplar after whom we may all pattern, and from whose forcible comparisons we should all draw. We could never better illustrate the fatherhood of God than by the tender parable of the Prodigal Son; the horror of relapse into wickedness than by the tale of the seven devils, or the weakness of earthly glory than by comparing Solomon's majesty to the ineffable beauty of the pure white lily; but, while we draw from the Bible as our greatest and best reservoir, we obtain incalculable help from Shakespeare, Burns and all those great souls who dwelt near to nature and felt between themselves and every simplest bit of creation, even the poor little field-mouse, bonds of union suggesting the similarity and contrast between human and brute life. But an effective force for illustration lies in human experience. Through that which we have ourselves lived we can paint to others with a vigor of deathless force.

Bringing in scholars to the Sunday-school and retaining their interest are all one; the same force is required for both—to make the work interesting, to make the little ones welcome; scholars, teachers and all to invite any small strangers who may come into their neighborhood to come to Sunday-school without waiting for their interest. But, as was said, we should not only advance new theories but put previous good notions to the test, so that every Sunday-school convention shall be not only a production of new and higher ideals, but also a practical experience meeting. The use of the convention—to inspire with the force of numbers as well as of pithy suggestions—can never be fully felt until each delegate comes bringing not only one or more questions to ask, but the practical proved answer to some difficult problem of the work. He then comes a host in himself.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Final.

I think could we all be made to feel
This truth that life writes plain and clear—
That every act, and word, and thought
To which we commit our souls while here,
Is done, is said, is thought, and all
The power of the universe cannot change
The record by even a single jot—
That our lives would take a higher range.

If we felt that nothing could be revoked,
That no slightest sin was ever forgiven,
That the marks we make on our souls in time
We must carry in hell or carry in heaven;
Wherever the soul may soar or sink,
The act or the thought must cling to it still,
A part of itself, and no uttermost power
Can divide the two—for so God doth will—

That life would grow solemn and sacred and sweet,
That we should walk grandly, and speak like kings,
Our faces would shine, and our hearts would shrink
From mean and low and frivolous things;
We should scorn to lead the life of to-day,
And leap to the life of a nobler age,
And the chances we lose for heroic deeds
Would seem like a princely heritage.

But still we keep to our childish thought,
The thought of a childish age and race,
That somehow, somewhere, we may drop off
The results of the sins which our souls deface;
That God will remit us the penalty
And place us as high and clean and white
As though we had never defiled our lives,
If we but repent of our sins aright.

All life says nay. Repent if ye will—
God help ye; repent if your soul has need;
Sin's results will stand, but your grief and shame
May keep you from further sinful deed.
Nor hope that your acts will cease with you,
It stops not there—for good or for ill
It reaches through other lives far on
Till the boundless universe feels its thrill.

Can a man be common and low and base
With a thought like this beneath his heart?
Will he stumble or will he walk upright?
Will he play on high an ignoble part?
If a man believes with his being's strength
The thought which I place before soul and sense,
And vilely acts, then law is a lie,
And a myth is all cause and consequence.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Evolution of Religion in the Old Testament.

When we begin to study the order of religious progress, and look for the evidences of development in religious thought, we adopt the method of the naturalist; we seek to separate the later from the earlier forms; we make out, if we can, a relative chronology and find the fundamental type of our series.

So, taking up that body of Jewish literature known as the Old Testament, the scientific scholar, wishing to trace the causal connection of its ideas, first makes search into the date and authorship of its several parts. For him these facts, however little they may concern the simply pious reader, are of the greatest interest. Just as a geologist or astronomer would study the order of God in the earth or solar system, so the Biblical student would study the order of God in the realm of religious beliefs. What was the first revelation and what was the last? What glimpses of truth in the far-off ages, gathering new accumulations or spreading like the dawn, at length illuminated the whole sky of man's hope and desire?

It is hard to remove the popular impression that the books of the Bible were produced in the order in which we find them in our English version; that that is the logical order, and that if there be any growth of thought, any expansion of the truth, any earlier and later revelation, it is to be discovered by reading from left to right, by comparing the first books with the last. The popular conception is not altogether false, but the critic is obliged to correct it at many points. For when he scrupulously examines the text of the original and penetrates into the national history of the Hebrews, he finds marks of a relatively modern composition in the Pentateuch, or five books of Moses, and a very great antiquity in the five prophets placed quite in the latter part of the collection. Several hundred years lie between Amos, the prophet of Tekoa, and the full-formed Genesis of our acquaintance.

The prophets those best worthy of the name, giving us the most exalted ideas of God and the most exacting precepts of morality, are the earliest in time of the Old Testament writers; the historians, priests and scribes are later. Yet, in these priestly laws and narratives are to be found the great mass of crude and sensuous conceptions of worship, records of idolatry and even approval of incredible legends and barbaric practices. How shall we trace the law of evolution through such conditions? How account for such reversion of type? This requires careful thought. And yet if we take the life and growth of institutions and systems with which we are already acquainted; if we observe how the American Republic has advanced on the pathway of its development; if we recall the course of the Christian church, or our branch of it, since the beginning, we shall see how the prophet antedates the scribe and the priest; how the strong-souled reformer precedes the worldly-wise legislator; how the man of intuition or poet is followed by the man of expediency.

The prophet, whether he be Garrison of Massachusetts, or Patrick Henry of Virginia; Emerson at Divinity Hall or Channing at Baltimore; Jesus at Jerusalem, or Amos and Isaiah—turns a dull and leaden age into an age of gold. Affairs have been going on badly or have fallen into a dead routine! Greed has taken possession of men, or luxury has dulled the moral sense; the people are robbed of liberty; or worship has become corrupt and false. Then the voice of the true and living God thunders through the soul of the indignant prophet. He makes a proclamation and sets up a standard; and his utterance so clear, so true, so bold and full of fire, is the one thing in that juncture that men can not forget.

Why, then, does not the stream opened from such a fountain run pure in the aftertime? In the first place, the standard raised is far above the average comprehension and energy of those who are summoned to its support. Though the first summons bring many to its side, its effect soon wanes, the impulse is spent, and the men of expediency and sophistry, the men who live for power and pleasure and "peace at any price," eventually belittle the merit and obscure the light of these agitators to the multitudes of their own generation.

e scribes and priests are greatly preferred by all rulers or

men seeking place. So the rationalists begin to reason, and the temporizers begin to legislate, and the compromisers begin to organize such practical schemes as will most effectually annul the "impractical" utterances of the prophet.

The poet tells us:

"It is the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain."

What is true of the individual is true of the masses of men; and they quickly find the words of the prophet too high, too sweeping, too broad. He has not sufficient respect for the constituted authorities. Think of Amos and Hosea, oldest of the authentic Old Testament authors, crashing in amid the voluptuous barbarities, the idolatries and degradation which followed the footsteps of Solomon; or of Jesus in a later age exposing its smooth hypocrisies, or casting contempt on its worship of mint, anise and cummin, to the neglect of love and justice!

Yet the first became the last. Without the prophets of Israel and the prophet of Nazareth, neither Judaism nor Christianity would have had any history to tell. There would have been no mythology to account for, no priesthood to busy itself over empty rites. The words of the prophet were the soul of the whole religious movement as they are the soul of the Bible. And not all the rationalizing, and dogmatizing, and ritualizing, and mythological overlaying of the aftertime, has been quite able to obscure the thought of these men to any clear-sighted soul in search of spiritual truth.

Reactions and defections repeatedly occurred long periods; were spent as though no word of the prophet was remembered. Men relapsed into fetich worship; they set up stocks and stones; they made offerings to fire; they introduced strange gods into holy places; they conceived of Jehovah as in the shape of a bull; they sacrificed to Moloch and Baal, to Ashera and Astarte; even human beings were slain and burnt in honor of their deity, and the moral life was correspondingly lax and brutish. Yet, because the prophet's word had once been spoken and was writ on secret tablets which never can be broken; because

"One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost,"

the leaven of truth remained to transform the race.

We know, I think, how far the utterance of a truth may be from getting it accepted or even understood by those who hear it: Voting a proposition, or subscription to an article of belief, may tell us nothing of its influence over mind or life. There was often a great deal of large talk among the Jews, of the power of their Jehovah. Perhaps no nation ever boasted so over their God. But over and over again their history shows how empty were their words. The people were superstitious; they lived in fear; they tried all sorts of devices to propitiate their deity. Often they fell away from his worship, and went to making and serving idols. We have therefore lying side by side in the Jewish literature two distinct and mutually exclusive conceptions of God; the conception of the *spiritual seer* and the conception of the *people* as interpreted by the priest or scribe.

For the Hebrew people Jehovah appears first as a provincial God, and although his realm constantly enlarges, he is a provincial God to the last. Jehovah is the God of the Jews; and to the end he has foes in possession of great domains, who refuse to be overthrown—evil spirits, Satan, and even other gods. To the Hebrew people he fails to prove himself conclusively the mightiest of all the universal powers.

It is in the later literature that we discover the clearest indications of the progressive growth of Israel's religious faith. Paradoxical as at first it seems, it is in the later literature that we find the oldest conceptions as to the nature of man and of God, and of their relations to each other. Into the later and historical (or what some are tempted to call the unhistorical) books was gathered much which the prophets had no use for, or which they would have discarded as false or corrupting; much also is there which reflects the life of the nation many generations after the first and greatest of the prophets were dead. Writers, now more common, busied themselves with setting in order the traditions of the past, which had been handed down and were now floating about as folk-lore. Men

were interested to know the history of their national life; their children were to be instructed in the legends of patriarchal and tribal experience; while those tales of how the world was made, how sin and death devastated it, how the wicked were punished and God's chosen were rewarded, would furnish a tempting field for fanciful thought. Not only do these narratives carry our minds back to the morning of creation, but in the myths embedded in them they carry us really back to a civilization greatly anterior to the writings of the great prophets. They take us far back of the existence of any written records. And in that inimitable mythology of the Hebrew race, among those scattered oral recitals, edited, connected together, and perhaps expanded by the scribes, we can discern the slowly gaining but surely growing faith which marks Israel as the parent of the world's monotheism, as the historic source of our own spiritual life.

How the prophets reached their high thought of God and man's duty, almost at a cast, we do not know. How they formed to themselves a conception of divine and human obligation, so great as at times to pass from ethnic to universal morality, we cannot explain. "Thou knowest not (says one of their own writers) what is *the way of the Spirit*, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child." (Eccl. xi. 5.) The problem is like that which requires us to account for genius of any other sort; to lay bare the causes and conditions which go to the production of a bard like Homer, of a warrior like Cæsar, of a dramatist like Shakespeare, of a scientist like Newton. When we take masses of men, however, we can more easily see the process of their education, and the elements of influence which enter into the development of their thought and life.

So in the case of the Hebrew people we find abundant evidence that they passed through the usual stages of savagery and barbarism before the prophet came to reveal to them a better way. And when he did come, it was ages before the nation, as such, saw any such value in the prophet's word as to quote it as having either divine or human authority. The later writings, the five books of Moses, were the first Hebrew Bible, and the whole of it. Nor did the nation acknowledge any *sacred writings* until after the return from the Babylonish captivity. It was only when the whole line of great prophets had vanished that men in authority began to recognize the greatness of the prophetic utterances, and saw the people hungry for the word of God, which they proclaimed. Ezra, 444 years before Christ, reorganized the temple worship in Jerusalem, and introduced the Pentateuch, or Law of Moses, in nearly its present form; and before the end of that century, Malachi, the last of the prophets, died. It was only *then* that the value of *their* work began to be seen in its true light, and partly, perhaps, because they were little valued, and still of inferior authority, their place fell at the end of the Old Testament canon.

But, on the whole, the order of books has a certain fitness for the purposes of religious instruction. Though the first written are among the last in the arrangement, and the later to be received, it is because the people could not all at once rise to such a height of spiritual truth. They stoned the prophets instead of listening to their exhortations and warnings. Kings dreaded them, and priests conspired against them, yet the movement of the nation in thought, whatever may have been its lapses in practice, was toward the ideal of the classic period. When, therefore, we seek to instruct our children in the literature of the Bible, we find it is the easiest method to lead them along that pathway which the Jewish race trod so painfully. The theism of the prophet will not engage the interest of the child like the mythology of Genesis, with its talking, walking, visible, emotional and miracle-working God. The youth of to-day find something fascinating in those stories which belong to the youth of the world. There is a stage in human life, as there was in the life of the race, when it is the first object, because it is the saving thing, to cultivate the imagination or fancy. Coleridge says:

"Fancy is the power
That first unsensualizes the dark mind,

Giving it new delights, and bids it swell
 With wild activity; and peopling air
 By obscure fears of being invisible
 Emancipates it from the grosser thrall
 Of the present impulse, teaching self-control,
 'Till *superstition*, with unconscious hand,
 Seat reason on the throne."

Thus, even superstition at a certain period of development serves the cause of morals and truth.

What is wanted and what is gained by an acquaintance with these mythological or legendary stories of divine manifestation, is a *vivid sense of the reality of divine presence and power*. Possibly it is only in this material or sensuous garb that we can effectively clothe for the child the moral and spiritual truth which we deem most essential. Indeed, I do not believe we shall ever succeed in impressing our own faith upon our children or upon the world at large, until we find and use for it that dress of fable and allegory and parable, of mythology, if you please, which has held so large a place in all religions.

Begin then with the Bible as the Jews began with its mythology,—as an indispensable part for the youngest minds. You can no more affirm its literal truth than you can affirm the literal truth of the stories from Homer, of the parables of Jesus, or of the poems of Longfellow. But it will awaken inevitable thought in a direction most serviceable to the teacher of religious truth. It will stir feeling and inquiry in a *realm of conceptions* which form the strength and staple of a perfect life.

In the books of Moses and the other historical books, it will be easy to find evidences of fetichism and idolatry; to learn that though Jehovah was acknowledged to be the true God, or the greatest God, he was not in the minds of the people the only God. Though he created the world there were other Gods to divide with him its dominion. At first he is the God of the *individual* or of the *family*. The grandfather of Abraham, we are told, worshiped other Gods, but this patriarch chose Jehovah, who comes to him in human shape. Jacob chooses Jehovah to be his God on condition that he gains his request for bread and raiment, and a safe return to his father's house.

In time, however, Jehovah becomes the *national* God. The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is the God of all the tribes of Israel. *My* God is transformed into *our* God. There may yet be other gods, but in the Mosaic command it reads, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." And the people agree to be faithful to him if he will be faithful to them and perform his promises to the peculiar and chosen people, to the seed of Abraham.

Finally, there is some recognition of the thought that there is one God over all men, over all nations; in other words, that Jehovah is the God of the *human race*. Though this conception seems to possess but a transient power over the ordinary mind, being rather the high intuition of the seer or the vision of the saint, yet we meet the thought that this one God is a being not to be compared with men; that he is an invisible spirit more than filling the heaven of heavens; not dwelling alone in houses made with hands, but from whose presence none can flee; that His commands are like Himself, eternal, immutable and not to be repented of, His righteousness being perfect; and that with all who do justly and love mercy, and walk humbly in His presence, it shall be well now and always.

In this order we see, doubtless, the path of historical development in the religion of the Hebrew Scriptures.

What a sublime step it was when the religious teachers of the Hebrew race, with some deep consciousness of its mission and of the everlasting truth, moved against the idolatry and wickedness of the times with the 'Ark of the Covenant! However much or little historic truth there may be connected with the story of its adventures, the idea of a *DIVINE LAW* being the true object of worship; the presentation of a just, unchanging statute for the government and guidance of the people, instead of a capricious personal deity, was worthy of a divinely inspired mind, and furnishes one of the most original and elevated lessons of religious history. To whatever extent the law might have been erroneous or incomplete; to whatever

extent it may have failed to command the obedience of the nation and turn men from their superstitions, the thought was worthy of being placed side by side with the most inspired ideas of poetry or prophecy in Job, or the psalmist, or Isaiah.

To conclude: In making the best practical use of the Old Testament for instruction in faith and righteousness, it should be employed as we should employ the religious literature of any modern nation if we wished to derive the greatest benefit from it. We should distinguish the time and other conditions of its composition. We should separate in our minds those parts which imply the earlier and cruder thought from those which shine in the light of a newer and higher illumination. And if we wish to establish clear conviction we should place side by side the ancient and the modern views of God and man, and of their mutual relations. Put the utterances of Jonathan Edwards, for example, by the side of those of Channing; let the creed of Andover be set over against the short statement of the Western Conference; let the hymns of Isaac Watts be compared with those of Samuel Longfellow; and let the manuals in our Sunday-schools be measured by those that were in use thirty years ago.

In this way (though we shall discover sometimes the same anachronisms of belief and worship as we find in the Bible) there will be small risk of either young or old, who are open to instruction, choosing the lower and narrower rather than the higher and more rational faith. So, as reason grows and is led to exercise itself freely upon the Scripture writings, it will soon elect for its own those convictions, it will eventually delight itself in those portions which inculcate the purest theism and the highest morality; it will naturally attach the highest authority and value to those books and passages which exalt God, which recognize the dignity and divine descent of man, and which hold out the best hope for him both here and hereafter.

JOHN C. LEARNED.

CONFERENCES.

The New Minnesota Conference.

The first meeting of the Conference of Unitarian churches of Minnesota, was held in St. Paul and Minneapolis, November 16 and 17. At the opening session, Wednesday evening (the 16th), Mr. E. E. Woodman, of St. Paul, gave the address of welcome, and was followed by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Rev. Kristofer Janson, of Minneapolis, and Rev. J. R. Effinger, Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference.

Thursday morning the business session was held in St. Paul. Eight societies were represented: Minneapolis, Revs. H. M. Simmons and Kristofer Janson; Duluth, Rev. James H. West; Winona, Mr. and Mrs. Pudor and Mr. Clark; Sioux Falls, Miss C. J. Bartlett; Luverne, Mrs. Mahoney; St. Paul, Revs. S. M. Crothers and Kristofer Janson. The following constitution and resolutions were adopted:

Since the idea of divine unity, expressed in the Unitarian name, has assumed so large a meaning and importance in modern thought, and since its included duty of human unity and love is the nearest one in religious life, the conference adopts this name. For the same reason it uses the name in no sectarian sense, but will gladly unite with any churches of any other name that work for the above aim, and cordially invites them to its meetings and membership.

The conference shall hold an annual meeting in October of each year, and a semi-annual in spring, at such times and places as the executive committee shall appoint. At such meetings each church shall be entitled to representation by three delegates besides its pastor; and the delegates shall have power to fill vacancies.

The conference shall at each annual meeting elect a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, who shall assume their offices at once, and hold them until their successors are appointed. They shall perform the usual duties of those officers, and together with one representative chosen from and by each church, shall constitute the executive committee.

It shall be the duty of the executive committee to adopt such by-laws as they may think necessary for the transaction of the business of the conference and executive board.

This constitution may be amended at any regular meeting, by three-fourths of the voters present, provided a year's previous notice has been given to the churches by the secretary; or by unanimous consent, provided thirty days' notice has been given.

Resolved, That the Unitarian church of Sioux Falls, and any other Unitarian societies which may be formed in Dakota, are cordially invited to full membership and fellowship in this conference.

Resolved, That each of the several societies of this conference is hereby requested to name its member of the executive committee, provided for in our constitution, and to send its name to our secretary at an early date.

Resolved, That our executive committee are hereby requested to consider at an early date the question of employing a state agent, and as soon as a suitable salary is guaranteed, to secure at once the services of such an agent.

Resolved, That the thanks of this conference are given Rev. Oscar Clute, missionary at large for Iowa, and to the officers of the Wisconsin Conference, for recent faithful and effective missionary work in this state.

Resolved, That the delegates and friends now in conference assembled, hereby tender to Unity church, of St. Paul, their cordial thanks for the hospitality extended to us during our stay here, and to the ladies of the society for their kind attention to us and for the bountiful collation provided.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were as follows: Edward Sawyer, of St. Paul, president; Judge Stearns, of Duluth, vice-president; Clarence Sprague, of Minneapolis, secretary; C. C. Pudor, of Winona, treasurer.

The evening session Thursday was held in the First Unitarian church of Minneapolis. Short addresses were made by Rev. J. H. West, Miss Bartlett, Revs. K. Janson, S. M. Crothers, and George Batchelor.

MARY E. HALE, *Secretary*.

MINNEAPOLIS, November 21, 1887.

CORRESPONDENCE.

An Ethical Culture Convention.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—A convention of delegates from the societies for ethical culture was held in this city Nov. 18-20. The first business was the adoption of the constitution for the Ethical Union which was formed a year and a half ago, when delegates from all the societies met in New York. After serious consideration and much discussion, a constitution was finally adopted. The general object of this Union is to elevate the moral life, and it cordially welcomes to its fellowship all who sympathize with this aim, whatever may be their philosophical or theological beliefs. Its special objects are (1) to strengthen the bond of fellowship among the societies for ethical culture and with those outside who sympathize with its aims; (2) to start a fund for the foundation and support of a School of Philosophy; (3) to publish and circulate suitable literature; (4) to further such objects as may commend themselves, from time to time, to the societies.

Professor Adler spoke at length on the importance of developing the principles of the societies, and the institutions which must grow out of these principles,—religious societies which will in spirit embrace all and extend their influence through their institutions. As one of the chief means to this end he emphasized the moral and religious education of the young. A step will be taken in this direction by publishing text-books for moral training. The chief force of the movement must be directed inwardly, and therefore it is not desired to quickly multiply the societies; but letters coming from all parts of the country asking for information as to the work and meaning of the ethical societies make imperative demand for consideration. After some discussion a committee was appointed which advised the enrollment of "members at large;" that if these members in any one place should number twenty or over, they should be entitled to send a delegate to the annual convention of the Union; also, that the lecturers of the societies should occasionally speak at such towns.

A committee was also appointed to provide for the publication of a quarterly report, with each of which a lecture should be printed.

On Sunday, the 20th, a public meeting was held at the

Grand Opera House. Short addresses were made by delegates from the several societies, and a paper was read by Dr. Frances Emily White, of Philadelphia. A very interesting report was given by Mrs. McCallum, a member of the London Ethical Society, telling of their work among the working people and their meetings in Toynbee Hall. The meeting closed with a stirring address by Prof. Felix Adler, which sent his hearers home inspired with a new faith in the value of the movement, and a firm determination to stand for the faith of ethics.

The convention then adjourned to meet in Philadelphia in January, 1889.

J. H. G.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Lessing.

References and Encyclopedias: The Life and Works of Lessing: (a) by Adolf Stahr, 2 vols.; (b) by James Sime, 2 vols.; (c) by Helen Zimmern, 1 vol. (London, 1878); Scherer's "History of German Literature," 2 vols. (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y., 1886), especially vol. II. pp. 47-82; Hedge's "Hours with German Classics," ch. X.; Lowell's essay on Lessing, ("Among My Books," First Series); Fiske's "The Unseen World," article on "Nathan the Wise;" "Nathan the Wise," trans. by Ellen Frothingham, — containing also sketch of Lessing, and Kuno Fisher's essay on the poem—(Henry Holt and Co., 1884).

N. B. Miss Frothingham's translation is recommended in reading the poem.

FIRST EVENING.

- (1.) Biographical Sketch of Lessing.
- (2.) Lessing as a Critic.
- (3.) Lessing's Influence upon Religious Thought.

NOTE.—A short paper, or a carefully prepared *talk*, to be given upon each of the above, followed by conversation in the club. The greater the freedom of inquiry and remark, the more profitable the evening to all. [Consider the many-sidedness of Lessing's thought,—literature, art, religion, etc.; his clear apprehension of what he would accomplish, and his persistency of aim; his loyalty to his convictions; his grasp of *principles*, the universal in the special and concrete; his large humanity.]

SECOND EVENING.

READING OF NATHAN THE WISE.

N. B. Use translation by Ellen Frothingham, published by Henry Holt & Co. References as below made from same.

Where serious gaps occur, short explanations should be made by some one selected for purpose. Scenes should be briefly described when location varies. Should suggest a brief description of Patriarch before his entering, Act V., Scene II.; also an account of the lay brother, Scene VII., same Act. An explanation of who Assad was, will simplify the plot; it should be made in Act IV., Scene III., where Saladin and Sittah are introduced.

Characters, as read,—The Sultan, Sittah, Nathan, Recha, Daja, The Templar, The Patriarch, and a lay brother.

READINGS AND OMISSIONS.

Act I. Scene I. Read to page 5 (Daja), "O Nathan, what a price." Omit to page 7 (Nathan), "But tell me where she is." Read to page 10 (Daja), "You are amazed." Omit to page 12, closing of scene, reading (Daja), "But hark! But see!"

Scene II. Read down to page 22; (Nathan), "Yonder a Mussulman."

Omit *Scene III, Scene IV and Scene V.*

Scene VI. Omit to page 44. Read (Daja), "Do I again behold you, noble knight?"—to end of act.

Act II. Omit *Scenes I and II.*

Scene III. Begin page 67 (Saladin), "This Nathan, this Jew of yours"—read to end.

Scene IV. omit. Read *Scenes V and VI.*, to end of *Scene VII.* Omit at end, page 84 (Nathan), "Of this I must know more." Omit to end of act.

Act III. Scene I. Read to (Daja), "Oh that unlucky message." Omit to page 93 (Daja), "How if through him who saved your life;" read to end of scene.

Scene II. Read to page 98 (Recha), "And where have been?" Omit to page 99 (Templar), "But where is he, your father?" Finish scene; also read *Scenes III, IV, V, VI and VII.* Omit *Scene VIII, Scene IX,* read to page 127 (Nathan), "For he was like yourself." Omit to end of act.

Act IV. Omit "*Scenes I and II,* to page 141. Read beginning (Patriarch), "Ah, sir Knight," to page 147; omit (Patriarch), "Here, my son!" Omit *Scene III* to page 148 (Sittah), "See what I found but now;" read to end of scene. Read *Scenes IV and V* to close, omitting (Saladin) "And I myself must learn—". Omit *Scenes VI and VII* to page 167; read from (Lay Brother), "Yet a moment, Nathan." Omit *Scene VIII.*

Act V. Omit *Scenes I, II, III, IV and V,* to page 191; read from (Templar), "Hear me, Nathan!" Omit from page 195 (Templar), "How can I understand you?" Read from page 196 (Nathan), "Stay, whither would you go?" Omit *Scene VI.* Read *Scene VII* to end of drama.

NOTE.—The above abridgment will occupy fully an hour and a half in the reading. Characters should be carefully assigned beforehand. This reading makes an interesting and instructive public entertainment. In this case a short notice of Lessing should precede the reading. No stage is necessary; if those taking part sit in front, the entrances and exits will be indicated by stepping forward as one reads, and retiring again, thus more clearly distinguishing the characters and movement of the play.

THIRD EVENING.

NATHAN THE WISE. (Continued)

(1.) The Sermon in the Play:

"I must try if they will at least let me preach unhindered from my old pulpit, the stage." Lessing to *Élise Reimarus*.

(2.) The Character of Nathan.

(3.) Recha and her Religious Training. [Its method, its emphasis; its sufficiency or insufficiency.]

(4.) Noble Thoughts in the Poem: quotations, with or without comment, from each member of the club or as may otherwise be arranged.

NOTE.—Short papers (or, if preferred, carefully prepared talks) to be given upon Nos. 1, 2 and 3, followed by conversation.

FOURTH EVENING.

(1.) Lessing's Friends, especially Moses Mendelssohn. (V. "The Mendelssohn Family." (I. pp. 1-30). By Sebastian Hensel, 2 vols., (Harper & Bros., 1882.) Also Hedge's "Hours with German Classics," ch. xi.

(2.) Representations of the Jew in Literature. (Shylock, "Merchant of Venice;" Act 1, Scene 2; Act 2, Scene 5; Act 3, Scene 1; Mordecai, in "Daniel Deronda;" Lessing's Nathan; other representations.)

(3.) Treatment of the Jews in the Middle Ages; survivals to-day. (V. James K. Hosmer's "History of the Jews.")

(4.) Conversation.

Compare the reception of "Nathan, the Wise," when written, with the impression it makes to-day. The "Comparative Study of Religion" to-day. The "Sympathy of Religions." Have you read John Fiske's article on "The Causes of Persecution?" (V. "Excursions of an Evolutionist." Ch. viii.) Are we nearer to or farther from the religion of the Sermon on the Mount than the Christendom of Lessing's day?

"Fontenelle says of Copernicus. 'He made known his new system and died.' The biographer of your brother can with equal propriety say: 'He wrote *Nathan the Wise*, and died.' He ought not to wonder at the greater number of his contemporaries failing to appreciate the merit of this work. . . . He was indeed more than generation in advance of his century."—*Moses Mendelssohn to Lessing's brother at Lessing's Death.*

THE HOME.

Good-night.

Good-night, pretty Sun, good-night;
I've watched your purple and golden light
While you are sinking away.
And some one has just been telling me
You're making, over the shining sea,
Another beautiful day;
That, just at the time I am going to sleep,
The children there are taking a peep
At your face,—beginning to say,
"Good-morning!" just when I say good-night!
Now, beautiful Sun, if they've told me right,
I wish you'd say good-morning for me
To all the little ones over the sea.

SYDNEY DAYRE, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

Babies' Rights.

The babies have rights as well as others; and their rights ought to be respected. First of all, baby has a right to the care and protection of his parents; a right to comfort as well as to mere existence. The parents who have brought him into this troublesome world are bound to see that it is no more troublesome to him than necessity requires. They should see that he is properly fed and clothed according to his comfort and well-being, not according to their taste or ease, or convenience. For instance, baby has a right to warm clothing, even if his neck and arms are prettier uncovered. He has a right to fresh air, even if it is troublesome to take him out. He has a right to the food nature provides for him, unless this proves injurious to his health or to that of his mother. He has a right to undisturbed sleep and to amusement, and if he cries for any of these things he has a right to cry.

Baby, also, has a right to education, physical, moral and mental. He should be taught self-reliance and how to shun danger. It is easy to teach a child able to creep to keep away from the stove, he very quickly learns to interpret the "no-no," and will usually mind. A child almost constantly in his nurse's arms is very slow to learn to stand or walk, or care for himself. Some children at three or four are not trusted near a flight of stairs, while other babes of a year will go up and down without harm, for they can be taught to do it safely. A baby who kept her mother in terror by creeping to the head of the stairs with an apparent desire to go down head first, was taught to turn around and slide herself down from step to step, and in a short time she could go up and down as easily and safely as any one.

Children are often hindered in progress by want of self-control in those about them; for courage or cowardice may be taught by example. If a mother shows nervous dread of danger when her baby essays to walk alone, the fear is quickly communicated to the child, and he gives up the attempt. A child naturally fearless will often by example become as nervous and hysterical as the women about him. It is an obvious fact that children are actually taught to cry over a trifling bump or slight misadventure, by the excessive sympathy expressed. Children crave, and should have sympathy, but it should be wisely given.

And baby should be taught good habits. This can be done at a very early age. It requires an even temper, and great patience on the part of the mother, but she is more than repaid by the result; and the advantage is great to the child as well as to the parent.—*Rhet Kunze, in Good Housekeeping.*

How It Struck Him.

A little fellow came home from Sunday-school the other day, and asked his mother to buy him a sling. She asked why, and he said the Sunday-school teacher told him how a little fellow killed a big giant with a sling, and he wanted one.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.
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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Minnesota.—The Minnesota Unitarian Conference is an established fact. It was organized in Unity church, St. Paul, November 17, by the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers. The meeting was held in the church parlor, which was comfortably filled by a company of sixty or seventy people. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, making it seem like a home gathering, and the spiritual atmosphere was homelike and fraternal. Rev. Mr. Crothers called the meeting to order, and Mr. J. D. Ludden was elected chairman. There were present representatives from seven organized churches within the state, six of them in the care of regular pastors. Ten years ago there was but one Unitarian church in Minnesota. Who shall say that Unitarianism is not growing in the west? The constitution of the conference, published elsewhere in this number of UNITY, is a model of conciseness and simplicity, and was adopted with entire unanimity of feeling and expression. Rev. Mr. Batchelor, representative of the American Unitarian Association, gave the light of his countenance and a word of good cheer. The secretary of the Western Conference was there, and felt this day to be in pleasing contrast with the time, nearly sixteen years ago, when he by virtue of being pastor in St. Paul, was the lonely bishop of the state of Minnesota. The new conference faces the future in a self-reliant, courageous spirit, and promises to be an efficient co-worker with its sister conferences in the west.

J. R. E.

Chicago.—Mr. Utter led the Sunday-school meeting last Monday, the lesson being Luke vi: 37-49, and the conversation turned upon the Jesus doctrine of deeds versus words. "The words" condemned were those only of formal pretension, external forms, and superficial pretension; but words expressive of internal reality, spiritual conviction and a living power were in themselves deeds. Being in this sense is even higher than doing. The lesson was then applied by each member of the class by story, illustration, etc. The prose poem of Turgenieff entitled "The Beggar," and the story of the little girl on the street corner who, to the lady that kindly asked her if she was cold, replied "I was, ma'am, until you came along"—were illustrations in point.

Chicago Women's Unitarian Association.—This association met Nov. 17 at All Souls church. The attendance was large and enthusiastic. There were present several visiting friends, among whom were Mrs. Spring, of Lexington, Mass.; Mrs. Judge Fellows, of Manchester, Mass., and Rev. Ida Hultin, of Des Moines.

Vice-President Mrs. G. F. Shears presided, in the absence of the president. Mrs. West reported on the condition of the loan library. Mrs. Woolley suggested that, having heard that some members of the association preferred the omission of the December meeting, she hoped there would be a free expression of opinion on the subject. A rising vote was taken, which resulted in a large majority for the December meeting. Mrs. J. L. Jones read an interesting paper on current religious news, after which a sermon on "The Gospel of Industry" was preached by Rev. Florence Kollock, of Englewood. The subject of the address was discussed by Rev. Ida Hultin, of Des Moines, Mrs. West, Miss LeBaron, Mrs. Dow and others. These meetings grow continually in interest, each one seeming to be more enjoyable than the last. The next one will be held at Unity church, December 22, when a paper on the "Relation of Health to Religion" will be given by Dr. Leila G. Bedell.

Transylvania.—From a recent meeting of our Hungarian Unitarians, we learn that the Unitarian synod in 1666, enacted a law ordering all deacons, ministers and schoolmasters to keep a Sunday-school, and to instruct the youth in religion and singing, and to make them read the Bible. The deacon who neglected his duty had to pay eight florins as a punishment, and the minister and schoolmaster a corresponding sum. This law, we are told, has been several times renewed, but has not led to satisfactory results, and after two hundred and twenty-one years of effort the Sunday-school problem seems to be still unsolved, and the cry is still how to bring the children into church usefulness.

Minnesota.—Last week Rev. Mr. Crothers visited St. Cloud, Minn., and found so much encouragement that he held service there Sunday evening. Arrangements have been made for permanent services for the next six months in St. Cloud, several New England ministers having offered to give their labors. It is confidently expected that by the end of that time a self-supporting society will be established. A number of the most prominent citizens of the place are identified with the effort. A series of Sunday evening services have also been arranged for the winter in West St. Paul, the ministers and congregations of the Universalist and Unitarian churches of St. Paul uniting.

Scotland.—Lord Gifford has left a bequest of £80,000 to establish chairs of Natural Theology at the Scottish universities on the conditions: "The subject is to be taught as a science without reference to or reliance upon revelation, and the lecturer is to be subjected to no ecclesiastical or theological test, but to be free to teach what he believes." These are the foundations upon which the Andovers of the twentieth century will be planted.

Boston.—It is contemplated putting a whole public school building to industrial school purposes, to be sustained at the expense of the city.

—The younger city ministers of our denomination are planning industrial week-day work in connection with their Sunday-schools.

—Rev. Edward E. Hale held a union service on Thanksgiving day, in which the south end Unitarian churches joined. Mr. Hale always gives, on public holy-days, an old-fashioned historical or political sermon.

Iowa City, Iowa.—Rev. George Batchelor was with us on Sunday, November 20, and delighted everybody with his masterly sermon on "A Modern View of Retribution." One could not but be impressed with its clearness of thought and catholicity of spirit. A. J. B.

Hinsdale, Ill.—A fair for the benefit of the church will be held on the afternoon and evening of December 9, with music and recitations. All friends invited.

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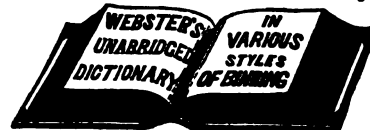
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.**CHICAGO CALENDAR.**

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Dec. 4, services at 11 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Dec. 4, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Dec. 4, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Dec. 4, services at 11 A. M. Subject, "The Religion of the Heart." In the evening, "The Old, Old Story." Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M. Confirmation Class, Saturday, 10:30 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Dec. 4, services at 10:45 A. M.

PROGRAMME FOR THE MICHIGAN STATE CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND INDEPENDENT CHURCHES, JACKSON, MICHIGAN.

December 6th, 7th and 8th, 1887.

Tuesday, December 6, 7:30 P. M., opening sermon by Rev. Jenkin L. Jones, Chicago, Ill.

Wednesday, December 7, 9:00 A. M., devotional service, led by Rev. A. Walkley, Manistee, Mich. 10:00 A. M., business session of conference; address by the president; reports of secretary and treasurer; reports of societies; general business. 2:00 P. M., dedicatory service of church parlors just completed by the Jackson Society; hymn; reading, Mrs. Louie Bell; prayer, Rev. Reed Stuart; response by choir; report of building committee, H. A. Hodge, secretary; report of treasurer of building committee, A. M. Tinker. Ten-minute addresses: Sunday-schools, Mrs. J. T. Sunderland; literary clubs, Rev. J. L. Jones; social life of the church, Rev. J. R. Effinger; recreations and amusements, Rev. Rowland Connor; ladies' societies, Rev. L. R. Daniels; charities, Rev. A. Walkley; temperance work, Rev. E. L. Rexford; worship, Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "Higher Points and Nobler Aims," Rev. C. F. Elliott; hymn; benediction.

7:30 P. M., three papers, as follows: The "Christian element in Unitarianism," Rev. J. T. Sunderland; "The Universalist position in regard to Christianity," Rev. E. L. Rexford, Detroit; the "Extra Christianity of Unitarianism," Rev. Rowland Connor, East Saginaw.

Thursday, December 8, 9:00 A. M., social service of aspiration, led by Rev. L. R. Daniels, Midland. 10:00 A. M., address, "Relation of the church to society," Hon. Austin Blair, followed by discussions on the address. 2:00 P. M., paper, "The Growth of the Hebrew Bible," Rev. T. B. Forbush, Milwaukee, Wis., to be followed by comments on the essay, with discussions of the question of the relation of the Bible to the religious development of the present. 7:30 P. M., closing sermon, Rev. Reed Stuart, Detroit.

After the sermon a reception will be tendered

(Continued on last page.)



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to delegates and visitors by the ladies of the Jackson Society, in the church parlors.

Each society within the conference is entitled to a delegate membership of three in addition to its minister, but it is desired that the attendance be not limited to the number of delegates. The society at Jackson extends its hospitality to all Unitarians, and hopes for a large attendance at the conference.

Visitors will please report at the church, corner of Jackson and Washington streets, on arrival.

It would be esteemed a favor if those purposing to come would send their names some time during the preceding week, in order that the entertainment may be made ample.

For the Jackson Society, C. F. Elliott, Minister.

CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.—A Christian Conference, to be conducted by Revs. A. B. Simpson, John E. Cookman, D. D., T. C. Easton, D. D., and others, will be held on December 7 and 8 next, at the First Methodist Episcopal church, corner Clark and Washington streets, Chicago. The purpose of this gathering is for "Christian life and work in the four-fold Gospel," and we are requested to convey to our readers this announcement, with a cordial invitation that they may be present.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.—This society will hold its regular monthly meeting at the club rooms of the Sherman house on the evening of Thursday, December 8, when a musical programme will be given, this being the one musical evening of this year.

PRESENT ADDRESS.—The address of Rev. George Batchelor, western representative of the A. U. A., for December, will be care Rev. A. G. Jennings, La Porte, Ind.

Catarrh. Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 West King street, Toronto, Canada.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

[NUMBER 15.]

EDITORIAL.

AMONG the good things in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, is a symposium on the international copyright problems, in which appear the names of Gladstone, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Huxley and others; an article by Professor Huxley on "Science and the Bishop," and one on "The Antiquity of Man" by A. R. Wallace.

LEE & SHEPARD are about to issue new editions of George Lowell Austin's "Life of Longfellow" and "The Life and Times of Wendell Phillips," and of Henry Giles' "Human Life in Shakespeare." The latter has been out of print for some time. It is the interpretation of genius by genius and it ought to delight a new set of readers and quicken a younger generation.

OWING to a mistake of the printer, the opening paragraph of the constitution, adopted at the Minnesota Conference at Minneapolis November 17, was omitted in our last week's account of the meetings. It is as follows:

This Conference is formed to bring the churches represented into closer coöperation, and aims to help preserve and strengthen religion in Minnesota, by working to make it more reverent, rational, just, charitable and humane.

W. M. SALTER, in his speech before the recent convention of Ethical Culture Societies, held in this city, thus defines the foundations of this movement: "Yes, I think we are on absolutely safe ground in saying that our single plank is practical right living, right conduct, practical righteousness. Who shall say that it is not a large and inspiring work; that it lacks in divine impulses, that it has no power to stir and exalt?"

A FRIEND writes, and we thank him for the correction:—"Appleton's Cyclopædia says that George Eliot was born in 1817. A correspondent of UNITY, (Nov. 26), M. R. F. G., reviewing or calling attention to George Meredith's work, says she was born in 1822; while Mr. Cross, in her biography, quoting from the diary of her father, Mr. Robert Evans, says: 'November 22, 1819, Mary Ann Evans was born at Asbury Farm at five o'clock this morning.' And Robert Evans must be supposed to know."

APROPOS of the item concerning James Freeman Clarke's free church in Boston, from our correspondent, in another column, we would like to give the testimony of a young man who for two years has been a student in Boston, who is a member of a western parish that is managed on the free seat system. He says, "If I were to settle down in a church home in Boston, it would be in James Freeman Clarke's church. For in that church from the start I had a feeling that I was not only welcome but that they had been expecting me and had shaped their plans accordingly." And still every church that goes on the rented-pew system flatters itself with the pleasing fiction that its church is more homelike on account of it, and it wonders why more people do not feel their hospitality. That the finances are easier managed, and that there is a certain subtle satisfaction of a slightly selfish nature to the pew owner or holder, must be admitted, but that it is non-democratic, non-missionary and inhospitable to strangers is to our mind equally palpable, and the universality of the custom is the chief reason why so many people are blind to these facts. If the financial problems of the church were

more heroically met by voluntary contributions at the beginning of the year, rather than grudgingly adjusted by the grievous taxation for arrearages at the end of the year, there might be fewer churches in some localities and preachers' salaries might be lower in some instances, but there would be much better churches and far nobler preaching.

Harper's Bazar makes a severe criticism upon the superficial quality of American culture. It says: "The ordinary American home is often the abode of a sham gentility. Its only literature is too frequently the newspaper and the cheap novel. Its art is common in kind and in degree. Its decoration is a poor copy of a bad model. How much the critical judgment, not of our artisans, but of our merchants, bankers, and even professional men, is worth—the sort of art too many of them admire, the run of worthless plays, the vogue of books without a quality of literature, may testify. And how far has the power of knowledge wrought upon us? We are accustomed to pose as the most intelligent of contemporary peoples. But have we, like the Germans, a clear sense of the 'necessity of knowing scientifically' whatever needs to be known? There was a bitter truth in the famous saying that Americans are the most schooled and the least taught of all nations. The prevalence of cheap papers, the scattering of 'popular science' journals and primers, the success of the 'Lyceum Lecture' system, point, it seems to us, to a want rather than a fullness of intellectual life. These entertainments teach a man not to think, but to dispense with thinking. . . . Supposing that every outgoing traveler were henceforth to bring home with him from Germanysome sense of the power of knowledge, from Italy some experience of the power of beauty, from France some perception of the power of life and manners, to enrich withal his English inheritance of the power of conduct, what an American civilization might we not hope for in the evolution of the next half century."

The Unitarian Church Temperance Society has for free distribution the following tracts:

1. "Temperance in Unitarian Churches; How, What, and Why," by Rev. C. R. Eliot.
 2. The Constitution and Methods of Work of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society.
 3. Report of the public meeting in Tremont Temple in May last, with speeches by Hon. John D. Long, Revs. C. R. Eliot, M. J. Savage, E. E. Hale, J. L. Jones, and Mrs. M. A. Livermore.
 4. Address on Temperance, by Dr. Channing.
- For a merely nominal price, the following:
5. "How we got our Church Temperance Society," by Rev. W. C. Gannett.
 6. "The True Helpers Trying," with a story by Miss Elizabeth Phelps.
 7. Temperance Services and Hymns.
 8. Membership Cards and Pledges.
 9. A Lesson Manual (in preparation).

The object of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society is not merely to organize branch temperance societies, but rather to encourage temperance work by and through Unitarian churches. Any work that is being done for temperance through any of the usual channels of church work, by the pastor, or by any club or organization within the church; any distinctive tendency toward temperance which the work of the church assumes, whether with or without a special temperance organization—this is what the U. C. T. S. wants to encourage and to know about. There is a chance for every

active church to focus some of its special work upon temperance. What is *your* church doing in your community to encourage temperance? Send your answer to UNITY, or to Rev. J. L. Marsh, Winchester, Mass., the secretary of the above society.

LAST week we printed Mr. Leaned's admirable paper that was given before the Sunday-school Institute, recently held in this city and already noticed. This week we print the paper of Mr. Beavis, which unfortunately did not reach Chicago in time for the institute. But such suggestions as this paper contains are never too late, and we earnestly commend it not only to Unity Club workers, but to all those who are interested in the intellectual life, which is a necessary part of the spiritual life. When we remember Huxley's lay sermons, Kingsley's Town Geology, and the great amount of healthy work Thomas Hughes and such men as these just mentioned have done in England, in the way of arousing an interest in scientific studies among the workingmen and women of England, we can but feel that we are far behind them in this matter in America. The Agassiz Association hints at what might be done. Why should not every Unity Club have a Science Section, and every church have in it somewhere a cabinet of natural curiosities and specimens collected by the boys and girls of the parish? Then the preacher would more often find "sermons in the stones" and read from the book that is in the running brook.

The New Art Museum.

Our city has at last a new museum of fine arts, located in the handsome building on the corner of Michigan avenue and Van Buren street, and we cannot pass without mention the fine loan collection of paintings there exhibited by the Art Institute of Chicago, together with other permanent and loan collections. It is needless to add that the elegant structure (with its fine view over the lake), now the permanent home of the Art Museum, by its arrangement and fittings enhances incalculably the interest of the pictures and statuary therein displayed. As productive of several important results, this new departure may be considered a notable one to all art lovers. A permanent collection, free to all every Saturday, it becomes the parent and educator of a strong and true art instinct among the people; it does already, and will more and more offer models for the best effort among artists, and thus by conferring benefits enrich itself; and it will ultimately raise up patrons for struggling painters. The first necessity to a noble art, it may easily be seen, is material prosperity to feed it, since art is always a luxury. The necessary wealth Chicago has, but her citizens have heretofore, with a few exceptions, lacked that interest which not only appreciates fine paintings and statuary, but seeks them, making artists conscious that they are a needed element. They will in future feel this need, and needs once felt, is it not astounding how rapidly nature supplies them? When shall we begin to realize the magnificent latent forces all about us, only awaiting the spring-time of favorable sentiment. Chicago's art instinct need no longer remain latent.

There are several attitudes from which an art collection may be viewed. In technical art journals, properly from the stand-point of the studio; in general literary circles they can be truly seen only from the standpoint of the masses, as they appeal to the popular heart and not to the trained artist. This latter coigne of vantage we take. We are pleased, each one of us, as we pass from room to room to note, although untutored, how much we may learn from even a cursory glance into the seventeen different galleries. We mark, first, on passing about on the ground floor, the gradual evolution of art. There is a strange fascination about the development of anything. As children, how eagerly we watched the growth of peas or beans germinating in a glass of water. With what infinite delight do older children mark the development of their own human nestlings from infancy to babydom (the ah-goo-ing, cooing age), and from babydom to the wee toddlers, always trudging merrily about, chattering as

they go. So the art lover peers about curiously in the Elbridge G. Hall collection of Egyptian and Assyrian sculpture, noting the straight, square, stiff figures of 800 or 900 B. C., and, then, with a sort of tremor of delight, gazes upon the early Greek sculpture of a later date. Ah, here is grace, symmetry of form and rounded curves of beauty! On into another gallery and we are among the works of the masters, and with what a sense of vindication of race development do we see a new beauty, the human element, the soul manifesting itself with more and more grandeur. The Assyrians seemed not to know of human tears, transfiguring love, or divine aspiration, but at last it shines forth—the god in man. In passing, with what a wondering glance does the eye compare Bologna's "Mercury," all lightness and motion, balancing on the tip of a single member, with Angelo's noble "Prisoner," massive, powerful, full of sorrow; for Michael Angelo marks the culmination of the human interest in art.

Finding we must hasten, we pass hurriedly through the E. B. Washburne, into the Loan collection. A few of these we have already seen, the familiar "Yosemite" of Bierstadt even now with suspended breath, and among others "A Sacristy in Arragon," by William T. Dannat. This has, it seems, been much criticised, but, spite of the severe surroundings and bare background, we cannot but regard it, with that figure of the stolid, bigoted, arrogant, animal-faced priest, as a most eloquent and impressive sermon against Catholicism. Turning from this, the eye falls upon Lorado Taft's "Moll Pitcher,"—a fine figure of a peasant girl, strong featured, a bold, independent defiance in the lifted head, level glance and firmly planted feet. There is at once grace, strength and motion in it. But to the Loan collection of paintings, filling in all six galleries. The most satisfactory reflection upon viewing these is, that one receives an excellent notion of the best modern art, and of its prevailing characteristics. One painting from any master hand is gratifying, but with a half dozen or more we learn to individualize and love the work of the artist. The same tender, characteristic touches we trace with delight in each new painting, and with joy recognize them as we would the loved face of a friend. And to know our friend—ah yes! we must know his limitations. So with the artists, we see their lower levels, and all the better understand their inspired moments. Thus with the master spirits in this Loan collection. We learn to long for them. He who views the paintings with any sort of care or interest will feel that he knows and loves peculiarly the work of Charles H. Davis, William M. Hunt, Fuller, Diaz, Dupré, Daubigny, Rousseau, Troyon, Corot, Millet, Breton and Dante Gabriel Rossetti, but especially the productions of the first two (our countrymen) and the last four.

One can but note in this exhibition the marked excellence of the French artists. As one young man tersely put it: "Those French fellows, they carry everything before them." And it is a remarkable fact that, spite of our traditional notion of French superficiality, coolness and sham sentiment, we find the Frenchman taking the first place in modern schools of art, not only for the grace, sensuous beauty, and marvelous flesh tints of a Bougereau, as in "The Bather," but also for strong feeling and nobility of conception. There is a strange sense of being spiritually upborn as we look upon Corot's landscapes, with those vast over-arching skies, that ethereal, tremulous foliage, almost the embodiment of spirit, and the tender air of mystery penetrating even into the deep shadows, as in "The Flute Player." The same qualities we find emphasized in the work of his pupil, Charles H. Davis, until, working out from under the shadow of the master spirit, he strikes the key-note of his own individuality in that unique and beautiful thing, "Sundown," or the "First Snow,"—the few bare trees outlined against a clear, faintly-tinted wintry sky, the snow-clad hillside with bare, brown brush protruded here and there—nothing more, but the strange intensity of feeling pervading all.

But any detailed mention would be impossible, so we will speak of only four or five noble pictures not to be passed by: Outin's "Sale of the Pet Lamb;" Millet's "The Spaders"

and "Bringing Home the New-born Calf;" Jules Breton's "Song of the Lark;" and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix." The two by Millet have the artist's characteristic merits, and bespeak, in the first, all the sadness, the gloom, the pathos, which the peasant painter appreciated and interpreted in peasant life; in the second, the same sympathetic touch, with a little more brightness—simple ecstasy over the new-comer—but the same mystery, as in the grave background. Picture to yourself a young girl, the head uplifted, one arm bearing a scythe, as if for action, suddenly transfixed, the lips parted, eyes dilated, whole attitude intense, as of one experiencing some strange new delight, and you have Breton's "Song of the Lark;" the rare atmosphere, the fiery orb just sinking beneath the horizon, the wide stubble field—all adding that sympathetic touch which makes the figure instinct with life and soul. But note the large canvas in the farther corner of the room. The representation is a woman's face, the features outlined with almost transparent clearness and delicacy—so does the soul seem to breathe through them—the rich auburn hair touched with golden light like an aureole, the soft radiance of color pervading the face, the rapt air, the drooping eye,—it is Beatrice, divinely beautiful, just at the moment of the parting of soul and body. The whole is inexpressibly affecting: every detail, the large folded hands upon which the poppy has fallen, the warm glow, the bright bird nipping the deadly stem, Love and Dante in the background—all just the right concomitants to make "Beata Beatrix" what it is—the most marvelous mingling of the modern and mediæval spirit in just the right proportions, without detriment to either.

We cannot conclude without a word of Annie Shaw, who died so recently, and much of whose admirable work is on exhibition here. Of the broad school, she was strong, original, and thoughtful in her work, never treating anything but with the reverent love of nature so quickly manifested in an artist's canvas, as in that simple but sturdy picture of "The Oak," or "The Rest," with its single splendid tree-trunk and harmonious tones. Could she have lived, she would, with such a beginning, have done no other than a noble work, and helped to distinguish an American School.

Of some of the Century drawings, Low's "Lamia" and the Gibson collection, we can only say that they will richly repay examination, being marked by a fine freedom of spirit and grace which seems to make itself only the more deeply felt in the pure black and white. Even they seem to have caught that spirit of faint imaginings, that strange, powerful mystery, which so distinguishes the finer modern art. Suggestiveness has always marked the richest fancy of the poets, and we learn every day more and more that the great law of power in art, in life, in character, demands that in all there shall be an innermost holy of holies, into which but one may enter. The Infinite Goodness is the great Unrevealed.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

An Undeveloped Side of Unity Club Work.

A PAPER PREPARED FOR THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL INSTITUTE HELD
AT CHICAGO NOVEMBER 1, 1887.

When I think of the excellent work done by our various Unity Clubs scattered throughout the land, with their multiplied activities energizing the intellectual life of the young and old, how can I dare assert "Here lies an untrodden path," or, "Behold yonder an insufficiently cultivated field." So, prepared myself for the storm of criticism which I feel sure must follow, I shall endeavor to indicate a field of magnificent proportions, which, it seems to me, has been somewhat neglected by our noble army of Unity Club cultivators.

A circular letter from the executive committee of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs says it is the duty of the church "to utilize and consecrate the forces of culture," and another circular letter gives us a programme of the great lines of thought, along which it is hoped our Unity Clubs may

work, as they strive for this improvement. Now, I think a careful reading of this programme will show which department we are prone to neglect—the undeveloped side of Unity Club work. Here are to be found seven branches of study devoted especially to the fields of literature and science, all admirable in themselves, but observe the disproportionate arrangement: *five* distinctively literary studies, while natural science is accorded the position corresponding only to *one* of the five subdivisions. Poetry, fine arts, fiction, history, biography—all are of absorbing interest and inestimable value; but if belles-lettres is of sufficient importance to justify our studying it in detail, why not also science? What would be thought if we granted but one department to polite literature, and then selected for our more especial attention five great branches of natural science, as geology, zoölogy, botany, chemistry, and microscopy? May we not say, then, that the study of natural science is the undeveloped side of Unity Club work? Is there not some danger of our clubs becoming distinctively literary societies? Is there not also great danger of our exaggerating the importance of fiction and poetry, and of book knowledge generally, to the disparagement of more essential things, a knowledge of facts concerning the material world we live in? For example, twenty people occupy their study hours for an entire winter in an exhaustive investigation of the works of some novelist or poet. Now, with the exception of one or two master minds, tell me honestly, do you think there has ever been a poet or novelist to whom we can afford to give such especial attention, while the field of scientific thought, so vast and fascinating, still lies unexplored before us? Let us beware of mental epicureanism—a state of mind in which we crave only the most highly seasoned delicacies, carrying with them the seeds of effeminacy—while we avoid with repugnance the substantial food which is essential to intellectual virility.

I hope it is not necessary for me here to enter upon an elaborate defense against the charge of "soullessness" and lack of appreciation of fiction and poetry. I simply say we too frequently reverse the natural order of things and become intemperate in the use of our "continued stories" and "sweet poesy." If, in the course of the coming winter, I read ten novels and one volume of natural science, I shall make the same mistake in the utilization of cultural forces, that the gourmand makes in his comprehension of the rules of physiology and hygiene, by eating ten mince pies to one potato. When the printing press was invented, some good souls declared it to be the work of the devil, and when we contemplate the appalling amount and character of the fictitious literature which leaves the presses each year, we are led to think they were not so very far astray in their statements; for, though the "Prince of the powers of darkness" may have had nothing to do with inventing the printing press, he recognized at once the value of the discovery, and the devil has worked it with great assiduity since its introduction. You may have already observed that it has ever been characteristic of the party just mentioned, when unable to make men *wicked*, to turn his entire attention to making them *weak*. In his policy weakness is the next best thing to wickedness. At present it seems as though we were becoming a nation of novel readers. There are very few children of fifteen years of age who have not read at least one hundred works of fiction. This is certainly a serious state of affairs, and it behooves us to seek a remedy, and the remedy lies, I think, in a partial emancipation from books. Appreciating the greatness of the blessing in general, we must at the same time admit that the world is cursed with books. Our knowledge is too frequently nothing but book knowledge—our education book education. We have depended too much on our books. We have made the mistake of supposing them to be the fountains of knowledge when they are in truth but the storehouses. If we would have our children really educated we must get them away from books to a great extent. They must study the world itself. They must learn "things," not "about things." In this much needed emancipation from books science shall be our leader and savior. Here we find ourselves in a realm where the book is no longer king.

Nature is the noblest of teachers, but the earnest student must not depend upon any high priest for his knowledge of her "holy of holies." *He must be his own high priest.* Here then opens for our Unity Clubs an undeveloped field, and one which it seems impossible to work too much. Let there be no Unity Club without its adjunct in the nature of an association for the study of natural science, which shall be intended primarily for the boys and girls. Let us strive to have our young people do less novel reading and to learn some of the myriad mysteries of plant and animal life. Get them into the habit of attending service in that glorious temple where "sermons in stones" shall be preached to them, and then it will be but rarely you will hear them making excuses for "staying away from church." Give them an inkling of that wondrous library where are "books in the running brooks," and you shall soon find them developing a taste which scorns the improbable namby-pambyism of the average juvenile novel. Certainly we cannot employ ourselves in a nobler work than this of instilling into the minds of the young this thirst for a closer communion with nature, and stimulating in them an ambition to enter her infinite laboratory, and there to learn of God, not by what men say about Him, but by being near Him while he works.

There is in this country at present an association for the advancement of science, intended especially for the benefit of the young, which is so admirable in its nature and organization that I am persuaded our Unity Clubs can do nothing better than to work along the same line and even under the same name. I refer to the "Agassiz Association," which now has over 900 Chapters, and which ought to be represented in every Unitarian Church in the land. Of the many educational associations for independent study, this is the only one dealing exclusively with natural science, devoting itself principally to the scientific education of young people. In its method of work it endeavors to embody the spirit of that noble teacher whose name it bears,—that is, the study of science by means of actual acquaintance with natural objects themselves, rather than by printed representations and descriptions of them.

To give you some idea of the amount of real work which boys and girls will do in such an association, I will, if you please, refer to our own Chapter in Iowa City. It is composed of twenty-two members, ranging in age from fourteen years upward. They hold weekly meetings, which are conducted entirely by officers elected from among themselves, in accordance with regular parliamentary usage. The evening's programme is usually the reading of short, original papers on various scientific topics previously assigned, in notes concerning any unusual natural phenomena which may have come under the personal observation of members (as, for example, the discovery of some bird rarely seen in the locality, or hitherto unknown trait of some animal), and in the presentation and description, if possible, of specimens from the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms. Occasionally the Chapter indulges in what is known as a field-meeting, which is a combination of picnic with scientific work for the benefit of the Chapter. It is at such times and in the individual excursions that the specimens are chiefly gathered for the enlargement of the cabinet. During the past year the aggregate number of miles traveled on foot in these individual excursions amounted to over 600, and as a result of their labors some 500 specimens, geological, botanical and ornithological, were added to the cabinet. This can be taken, I believe, as a fair sample of the work which is being carried on by the 900 Chapters in the United States. It is a work so important in its nature, so far-reaching in its scope, that it must appeal irresistibly to all thoughtful people, and demand especial attention from Unity Club workers.

Is it not then reasonable to urge that no matter how much scientific work may be done by the regular Unity Club, there should also be as an adjunct to it, a society for young people having for its sole aim the study of natural objects. And as such an annex would be practically an "Agassiz Association," why should we not go a step farther and make it so in

name? Wherever there is a Unitarian church there should be a Unity Club, and wherever such a club exists there should also be a Chapter of the "Agassiz Association," independent in its lines of work, but looking up to the maturer society for its moral inspiration and support. Is not this an inviting as well as an undeveloped field of work into which we may enter with zest, working joyously for the children of to-day—the men of to-morrow—and at the same time keeping green the memory of one who was so strong in our own cherished faith? To labor with unceasing activity to turn the minds of the young into channels of scientific investigation, should be considered as a sacred duty by every friend of a broad and liberal Christianity. Science is the great liberalizer. As the child studies land and sea and sky, he will by insensible degrees grow into the realization of the essential truths of ethics and religion, naturally developing a faith of broad proportions because of the very breadth of the universe with which he has become acquainted. He will be charitable to all others, even the most ignorant and superstitious, for he will have discovered that the lexicon of science does not contain the word "insignificant;" while the facts of retribution, the certainty and severity of punishment, the oneness of creation and the all-enfolding providence of God, will be taught him with a clearness vainly looked for in the verbiage of book theologians. Some form of monism has ever been the teaching of the world's greatest philosophers. It is to be found in the mysticism of ancient Egypt and Hindoostan. Socrates and his great pupil felt the truth of the universal soul, and what these mystics and transcendentalists grasped intuitively, the modern scientist can practically prove.

"Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things," said Paul 1,800 years ago, and the best sermons from that text are to-day preached by chemistry and biology.

Teach the boys and girls natural theology in a natural way and their faith shall be so established as to place them beyond fear of danger from the subtleties of the dialectician. Go with them into field and forest, and strive to impress upon them the conception of that sublime law of evolution which makes its influence felt throughout all things, animate and inanimate. Let them but gain a just comprehension of this law and we need have no fear for the future. This law of eternal expansion is so wonderful, so sublime, that as we study it we find ourselves gradually drawn from the contemplative to the worshipful attitude. Show its existence and you prove the eventual triumph of good. It is the keystone in the rainbow arch of hope spanning that awful gulf of mystery, which opens wide and deep 'twixt humanity and God.

ARTHUR BEAVIS.

Nature's Undertone.

All through the day and night I heard a note
Of melody, in countless changes run;
From every flower blooming in the sun,
From air, and rock, and stream it seemed to float.

In lonely wood and dell, the strain was stirred
To deeper harmony, until it swayed
My life with all the feeling thus betrayed
By Nature's songs, without the written word.

Soul-sanctified, we heed this undertone,
Swelling its note in ceaseless ebb and flow—
God's symphony to move in fervent glow
Each heart, that draws still nearer to His own.

VIRGINIA G. ELLARD.

"Our Heredity From God."*

It is not often that a writer on the scientific philosophy of the day chooses so religious a title as the above. "Our Heredity from God" is an expression that describes both the spirit and outcome of Mr. Powell's book. The author frankly

* *Our Heredity from God.* Consisting of Lectures on Evolution. By E. P. Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cloth, pp. 416. Price, \$1.75.

explains his purpose in his preface and says he shall be disappointed if he has not assisted in defining the positive tendencies of evolution, deeming nothing less true than that it rests on a basis either of materialism or agnosticism. "The vestibule of this study—perhaps of all study—is apparently agnostic, but I rest peacefully in the conviction that the end is the embrace of God."

It is not easy to give an outline of a book like this, written in a concise, yet most readable style, with quotable passages on every page, and carrying a learned argument from chapter to chapter, every link of which it seems necessary to preserve in order to understand the whole. The book is divided into three parts. The first contains the leading arguments for evolution, classified under eight heads, forming the titles to as many chapters. Here the question of the "Unity of Nature" is discussed, together with the general theory of development, supported by the three arguments drawn from geography, geology and anatomy. The concluding lecture in Part I. is taken up with an exposition of the principle of degeneration. We are told that the first condition of degeneration is not reversion but perversion of aim. "The evil man does not go back on the line of his animal heredity, but turns aside into paths that are neither human nor animal." Part II. aims "to show the commonality of life between all creatures." Four lectures are given to this portion of the book, that entitled "Wanted Adam" being taken up with a discussion of the date and manner of man's appearance on earth. Part III. considers the problem of evolution after man is reached, and it is here that the reader, chiefly interested in the moral and spiritual aspects of the new philosophy, will most eagerly turn, and he will be well repaid. The tones of the preacher are heard all through Mr. Powell's book, warning, rebuking, and repeating the call to righteousness; but in the concluding part, under the inspiration of such topics as "Jesus, the Christ of Evolution," "Is the Golden Rule Workable?" "Ethics the Aim of Evolution," the preacher is on his native heath. Under the second of these topics the writer enumerates those factors in modern social life which tend to degeneration. Noting the waste, loss and destruction that everywhere wait on results, he concludes there is "no argument stronger against the theory of an absolute Creator than the imperfection of everything." The hope, as well as the truth of evolution, lies in the fact of a continual, if slow, progress. "The quality of the world is not determined by its perfectness or its imperfectness, but by its tendencies." In the final chapter the author talks about "That Last Enemy, Death." He has shown us that the aim of evolution is always ethical, even among nature's lowest forms, in that through all her periodicity nature cherishes "a certain, most positive, progressive purpose," a purpose also defined as intelligent will. "There is a persistency in the universe that does not fail. In the world at large it appears as function or organism; in man as character." By virtue of this supremacy of character man has become co-worker with God, standing in "personal, purposive relations with the Supreme Purpose, which relations constitute the basis of perpetuated individuality." Mr. Powell's last word is one of hope, but not of too easy encouragement. He hopes he has left his reader hungry, as he found him, for hunger is "the beatitude of all existence . . . underlying all growth, all joy and all progress." I have used Mr. Powell's own language, so far as possible, to explain his thought; but there are a few passages I should like to add just for their quotableness. "Nowhere in nature has there been as much parasitic life as among human beings." Righteousness comes only as a result of right choices; it is nothing else than a result; it is uncreatable. "The real value of all creeds and systems is in mental gymnastics." "I can no more conceive a beginning of morals than a beginning of matter and motion." "Character, like energy, is cosmical." Speaking of the shells which certain animals make for themselves, he calls them the first creeds. "But no globulina was ever fool enough to build a shell it could neither enlarge nor get out of. Man only builds a shell which he fills, and then refuses to feed farther."

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

The Queer Doctrines of My Friend.

I have a friend who holds to some queer doctrines. He does not teach these doctrines from a pulpit, nor a rostrum, nor an editorial chair. He has a very queer way indeed of teaching these queer doctrines. He simply keeps them in his heart and lives them. You will call on him some fine morning and find him busy at his work. He will greet you warmly and talk with you on any subject, but he will not mention his doctrines. And yet you shall be most eloquently exhorted and taught by him. An atmosphere of sincerity surrounds him, and you become impressed with the earnestness and reality of life. You catch no tone of flippancy which would lead you to suspect that he estimates life and duty at a low rate. You watch him blacking his stove—for he lives alone in a tumble-down house and does his own domestic work—and you shall see that he touches it reverently, as a devotee would touch the altar. He is an artist, is my friend of the queer doctrines, and made his reputation at portrait painting; but he found that the world would not love his best work, and so he has laid down his brushes, and paints no more save for a friend who loves truth and beauty. But he says the world shall see that he can do other things well, and so when he blacks his stove he uses the coarse brush as he would one of badger's hair, and touches the stove as reverently and earnestly as he would touch a canvas. He finishes that work with all the honesty he would bestow upon a portrait, and says queerly that the gods care not what a man does, but how he does it. It is not the picture or the stove that is the end of his work, but the growth of the soul through that labor. Again, you may take him when he is kneading the dough for his bread. With sleeves rolled up he is putting his soul as well as his hands into the work, and when the loaf is done he says it nourishes soul as well as body. He holds that no food is so sweet as that prepared with his own hands and often one will find him mopping his garret. He believes that one who can mop a floor well may be as great as another who sits in the councils of state or conducts vast enterprises to success.

He holds a gospel of simplicity of life, earnestness and honesty of purpose. He is a thorough idealist in philosophy, and the usages of society are to him vain and meaningless. He is a non-conformist, like Thoreau, who is one of his ideal men. He eats the plainest of food, wears clothes which are plain to shabbiness, but which let through their tatters some gleams of the soul within. His favorite authors are Plato and Emerson, and the philosophical poets like Goethe. He is a lover of the subtle and transcendental philosophy of the Hindus, and some of the Oriental poets are his delight. His life is quiet and secluded. His household work, his violin, his books, engage the most of his time. He often does a job of carpenter work, or plastering, or blacks a stove for a neighbor, and thus earns an occasional dollar for his household expenses. His most steadfast companion is a kitten, which he cares for with all the affection of a loving nature. He is visited by only a few of the villagers, for his austere life and manners do not attract any save those rare spirits who can look through the rude outer husk and see the kernel of worth within. His whole life is in full keeping with his philosophy. He says that we have precepts enough, and talkers enough and to spare, and that it is time we began to live our philosophy and teach by deeds instead of creeds. He holds that the tongue is but a small part of the man, and that it should not be weighted with the whole burden of his philosophy; but that the whole man should be permeated with truth, and every part and organ preach it by divine action. And so this friend of mine lives in his garret and strives to live divinely. His doctrines are not heard, but seen; not spoken or written, but lived. And whether they be true or false will be shown when the scroll of his life is read by the recording angel who balances every man's account.

S. L.

Not only cunning casts in clay!
Let Science prove we *are*, and then
What matters Science unto men?—*Tennyson*.

THE UNY CLUB.

Thomas Carlyle.

"A trip-hammer with an Æolian attachment."—EMERSON.

FIRST EVENING.

1. Quotations; biographical or autobiographical.
 2. Biographical sketch of Carlyle.
 3. Outline of the essay on Burns, to the paragraph beginning "But to leave the mere literary character of Burns," etc.
- Conversation.*—Instance books that Carlyle would call "lives;" others that he would call biographies? Which tragedy was the greater, the life of Burns or the life of Napoleon? Cf. Matthew Arnold's remarks on the sincerity of Burns, in the introduction to Ward's *British Poets*. Name Carlyle's three conditions of poetry. Do you like this estimate of Keats? Which song of Burns's is your favorite?

SECOND EVENING.

1. Quotations from the Burns essay.
 2. Outline to complete the essay.
- Conversation.*—Can you answer Carlyle's questions in the fifth paragraph of the essay, applying them to Burns? What was the effect of society on Burns? Of Burns on society? What was "The New Light Priesthood?" Do you agree with Carlyle, when he asserts that Burns, with an university education, would have changed the entire course of British poetry? Do you wish he had had that chance? What is our debt to Burns? Was there not, as Professor Shairp says in his essay on Carlyle, something of Burns's self-conscious assertion in Carlyle himself? How?

3. Readings from poems of Burns.

Essay on "Characteristics."—All the class are supposed to read the entire essay before the first evening, to select some notable or characteristic sentence to be given in the class, and to do as much supplementary reading as possible. Besides the helps in the Carlyle biographies and correspondence, advantage may be taken of such essays as those by Emerson, Lowell (in "Study Windows"), Taine, Professor Shairp and many others. Number the paragraphs.

THIRD EVENING.

1. Quotations.
2. Analysis of the essay to paragraph 13.
3. Analysis to paragraph 27, "But leaving this, let us rather look within."

HELPS TO STUDY.

Paragraph 4 Compare Helen Hunt's poem, "Joy," which was a favorite with Emerson.

Paragraph 5. Illustrate the comparison between the demonstrator and the artist. Does not the poet's instinct often precede the philosopher's reasoning? Have not poets recognized as spiritual truth that which has been afterwards formulated by scientists as natural law? Were Goethe and Emerson forerunners of Darwin and Spencer? Michael Angelo's instinct for beauty gave us the dome of St. Peter's. Later it was discovered by a mathematician that this arch of the greatest beauty is also the arch of the greatest strength.

6. "Genius is always a secret to itself." Is this always true? What of Goethe?

7. "The man of logic and the man of insight." Can you substitute for this "the man of theology and the man of religion?"

Paragraphs 10 and 11. Carlyle's Age of Heroism, when was it? His Age of Moral Philosophy?

Paragraph 15. Read the poem by Emma Lazarus, if you can find it, on the Idea, which moulded the Grecian, the Roman and the Hebrew races. It was first published in *Harper's Magazine*.

Paragraph 22. When do you think that intellect has advanced most rapidly? Which invention was greatest, glass or spectacles?

Paragraphs 25 and 26. Is it true that poor men are now poorer than ever? Was it true in England? Compare Ruskin's intolerance of "modern improvements." Does this feeling of discontent come from the same causes in the

two men? Did the poor of other times ever find a spokesman?

FOURTH EVENING.

1. Quotations.
2. Analysis of essay to paragraph 44, "From this stunning hubbub."
3. Analysis of the rest of the essay.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Unconscious spontaneity is the characteristic of all right performance. Is it better, then, to do right from impulse than after a struggle for principle? Are the noblest deeds done from impulse? Can one have noble impulses after choosing lower things? Will there always be a struggle of some kind? "Always nearer, never near, to God?"

28. Is this the spirit of Emerson's Divinity School Address, "Churches are not built on the principles of Jesus, but on his tropes." Does the world disentangle the religion which Jesus followed from the religion which takes Jesus as its object?

Paragraphs 29 and 30. Where and how do reviewers and critics really help? (Read Cooke's preface to "Poets and Problems.")

33. "The Nature of all Life Movement." If it be recurring stages of convalescence and relapse, where is the evolution? Which is truer, dissolution and evolution, or dissolution in evolution?

35. Have we to-day this age of metaphysics?

44. Friedrich Schlegel and Thomas Hope—who were they, and what was their philosophy?

49. "No good that is possible but that shall one day be real." Read Browning's "Abt Vogler."

54. Is this your definition of a free-thinker?

Why has it been said that this essay contains the essence of all that Carlyle has written? Characterize the essay for yourself, and is it a note of depression or of encouragement to you? Does "The Everlasting Yea" of Carlyle fill him with peace, as it did Emerson? Why not? For which is Carlyle most remarkable, his greatness of thought or his depth of feeling? That is, does he think most or feel most?

Essay on Burns.—Let the quotations be short and characteristic. Bring in questions and helps from other sources whenever possible. For instance, read other essays and poems on Burns; such as the chapter in Shairp's "Aspects of Poetry," the poems by Whittier, Lowell, and others. As introductory to the study of the Burns essay, read the following poems of Burns: "The Cotter's Saturday Night;" "The Wounded Hare;" "To a Mountain Daisy;" "To a Field Mouse;" "Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots;" "To The Unco Guid;" "To The Devil;" "Mary Morrison;" Parting song to Clarinda—"Ae Fond Kiss;" "My love is like a Red, Red Rose;" "Duncan Grey;" "A Man's a Man for a That."

THE STUDY TABLE.

The World to Come. By William Burnet Wright. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 307.

The author of this volume says that in his selection of the sermons composing it he has carefully avoided all which treat of questions in debate, and has chosen those which depend for such force as they have upon principles acknowledged by the universal Christian conscience as true. Some of the most interesting of the twenty discourses are those upon "The Model Church," "What Must I Do to be Saved," "Easter," "Flower Sunday," "Decoration Day," "Harvest Sunday," "Christmas." The sermons are practical, elevated in tone, and quite liberal in spirit.

Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakespeare. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 16mo, pp. 188. Price, \$1.25.

This dainty little book is most attractive in appearance. It is put up in blue cloth, with full gilt edges and light gilt lines on upper side of cover, and the paper is fine cream woven.

The contents answers to the title, and is a collection of the finest passages in Shakespeare's best plays. Care has been taken to exclude selections from plays where there is any doubt of Shakespeare's authorship, and, when needed, the context is introduced to set off the true meaning of the quoted passages. There is one defect in the book—its lack of page references to specific thoughts. Should there be a second edition, its value could be greatly enhanced by such topical references. This book and the "Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot" show what can be done in this line. When shall we have the same from Dickens, Holmes, Browning and Charles Lamb? We commend the book as a "thing of beauty," and a mark of the bookmaker's taste in both literary and mechanical work.

A. J. R.

Elements of Botany. By Edson S. Bastin, A.M., F.R.M.S. Chicago: G. P. Engelhard & Co.

In this text-book of some 282 pages the author, Professor Bastin, has used with good results his experience, gained by many years spent in teaching botany. The book is divided into four parts—namely: Organography, Vegetable Histology, Vegetable Physiology, and Vegetable Taxonomy, each part being treated very plainly and thoroughly for the necessarily limited space devoted to it. A prominent thought of the author has been to "make the work teach as much as possible by illustrations," of which the book contains nearly 500. As is shown by the title, this book is for beginners in the study of botany, and to these Professor Bastin has given many good words of advice as to the manner in which to use the book. He says, "If you study the book only, you will almost certainly find it dry and unprofitable; but if you use it as a guide to the study of plants, and study it *plant in hand*, verifying its descriptions by observations of your own, you will find the work not only profitable, but intensely interesting." The practical exercises which have been placed at the end of each chapter will be of great help to the student. At the end of the book is an extensive glossary of botanical terms covering nearly eighteen pages in double columns, printed in very fine type. There is also an index of subjects and an index of the names of plants.

THE HOME.

Wanted—A Little Girl.

Where have they gone to—the little girls,
With natural manners and natural curls,
Who love their dollies and like their toys,
And talk of something besides the boys?

Little old women in plenty I find,
Mature in manners and old of mind;
Little old flirts who talk of their "beaux,"
And vie with each other in stylish clothes.

Little old belles, who, at nine and ten,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of men,
Weary of trave's, of balls, of fun—
And find no new thing under the sun.

Once, in the beautiful long ago,
Some dear little children I used to know;
Girls who were merry as lambs at play,
And laughed and rollicked the livelong day.

They thought not at all of the "style" of their clothes,
They never imagined that boys were "beaux"—
"Other girls' brothers" and "mates" were they;
Splendid fellows to help them play.

Where have they gone to? If you see
One of them anywhere, send her to me.
I would give a medal of purest gold

To one of those dear little girls of old,
With an innocent heart and an open smile,
Who knows not the meaning of "flirt" or "style."
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Little Hero.

The little school house stood on a grassy knoll, with waving fields of grain or wide stretches of prairie on every side. The teacher sat reading by an open window, occasionally glancing up at the little clock which ticked so loudly in the stillness, or looking from the window to listen for the children's voices. How long the nooning seemed those sultry days! It was one o'clock at last, but not one of the little band was in sight. She rang the small bell, but its faint "tinkle-tinkle" did not reach half across the stretch of prairie over which her eyes wandered. Where could the children be? They had never before failed to be back by school-time when they went off flower-hunting. Tired of the solitude, and thinking it time the stragglers were recalled, she put on her hat, and taking down her parasol from its place, started to meet them. She had not gone far before she saw them in the distance. At first she could not tell what they were doing, but soon saw that they were wading in the big slough. Still watching them, she saw signs of something amiss. Could the water be deep enough to be dangerous! As she ran toward them some of the little ones saw and came to meet her, pale and frightened and gaping for breath.

"What is the matter?" she asked anxiously, and from their mingled answers as she almost flew past them, she gathered something about "Grace" and "Allie,"—"the big hole"—and "Jule pulled 'em out." When she reached the spot she saw the children were right. There on the grass, as if dead, lay her precious little sisters, and gathered about them, crying and helpless, was the group of frightened children. Stooping down beside them, she found that they still breathed; so, sending two of the oldest ones to the nearest house for help, she dragged the little forms away from the water, and sat down by them. She took their poor wet heads in her lap, shielding them from the glaring sun with her parasol, watching for returning consciousness, and listening to the children's account, while she waited for the team to come and take them home.

They had all been wading, with no thought of danger, chasing each other about in the water, till Allie sank out of sight. Grace had gone to her as she came up, but instead of helping her had gone down with her. They had got into the big slough-well. What could they do? None of them could swim, and there was no one near enough to reach them before they would drown. But Jule, the little brother, not stopping to think of anything but their danger, rushed in after them and somehow got them out; how he ever did it not even he himself could tell, but he felt as if he "had just got to save them," so he took hold of them, one at a time, and kicked around in the water without touching bottom until he got them out.

It was strange that all three were not drowned, for Jule had never learned to swim, and both the girls were larger than he. I have thought a great deal about it, for Jule is my own little brother, and I cannot see how he kept from sinking with them, unless, in his love and fear for them, he so completely forgot about himself and his own danger that it made him swim naturally, as little animals do. However, it was a pretty big thing for a little eight-year old to do—don't you think so? And whether that was what saved those children's lives or not, self-forgetfulness—a big word, isn't it?—is a great thing, and does wonders.

GAZELLE STEVENS SHARP.

Youthful Wisdom.

One day a little girl, about five years old, heard a preacher praying most lustily, until the roof fairly rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother, and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking place, she whispered: "Mamma, don't you think that if he lived nearer God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—The Union teachers' meeting Monday noon was led by Mr. Blake, the lesson being upon the seventh chapter of Luke. The first incident recorded here is the healing of the servant of the centurion. The faith of this Roman officer struck Jesus as wonderful; this is one of the two instances in the Gospels where it is said of Jesus that he marveled. The other instance presents him as marveling at unbelief among the Jews; here the wonder is at belief in a Roman. The distinction between myth and legend was explained. A legend incloses a fact, as a leaf or bit of wood may be inclosed by an incrustation of limestone; a myth presents some moral or truth in narrative form, but originated in that truth, and not in any facts such as the narrative pictures. The raising from the dead of the son of the widow of Nain was spoken of as a myth. Luke means to give an account of a miracle, of a resurrection by the power of a word, just as in Genesis the worlds were created by a word.

—All Souls church has recently opened a very good circulating library containing upwards of 300 volumes, open to the public on the payment of ten cents a month. A reading-room has also been opened for the public from 3:30 to 9 P. M. daily. A series of "Nickel Talks" has also been arranged for on Saturday mornings, from 11 to 12, for the benefit of the children; the same to be repeated on Thursday evenings for the benefit of the older people. The first will be a series of four "Emergency Talks;" or "What to do till the Doctor Comes"—by Dr. G. F. Shears, superintendent of the Hahnemann Hospital—beginning Saturday, December 10. This congregation recently enjoyed a rare treat in listening to a Sunday evening lecture from Rabbi Hirsch, on "The Pharisee and the Sadducee," and are looking forward with interest to the coming of Mr. Mangasarian, of Philadelphia, who is to preach with them on an exchange with their pastor next Sunday, and to lecture next Monday evening, on "Mohammed, and the Rites and Ceremonies of the Turks."

—The Channing Club held its first meeting on the 30th ult., at the Tremont house. Rev. T. J. Milsted opened the discussion upon the "The Personal Element in Charity," and was followed by Joseph Shippen, W. Alexander Johnson, of the C. O. S., Andrew Crawford, Esq., and others. Owing to other local attractions or distractions, the attendance was not large, but the evening was such as to prove the value and service of such an organization as the Channing Club.

—The new movement of the colored people, under the name of the Temple church, really the Fifth Unitarian church of Chicago, seems to be moving quietly on to success. Plans are already

made and published for a sensible church building, with interesting accessories, which, in addition to the land, will cost \$30,000, and we understand one-half of the money is already subscribed. Members of this society gave a pleasing concert on Friday evening, December 2, at the Third Unitarian church, in the interests of this building fund, and the concert was repeated at All Souls church on Wednesday evening last. It can not be mentioned in these columns this week, but Mr. Blake wrote of their last week's performance: "We had a charming evening with our friends of the Fifth Unitarian church of this city, called the People's Temple church, and the first African Unitarian church in the world. They gave us an admirable concert. Our people were greatly pleased with it and with them as well as with their performance, and gave them a warm personal greeting afterward. You will be charmed with their entertainment and their presence."

—Brother Batchelor's face lights up the headquarters at Chicago whenever he is in the city. His visits to the western churches are everywhere spoken of to his credit, and he seems to find much that gives him joy and hopefulness for our western work in these churches. Recently he has visited our churches in western Iowa and Kansas, and after the Michigan Conference will face eastward for the holidays.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The exchanges projected, the series of Union meetings, of which one has already been held, the establishment of the Institute, together with the hearty support which has been extended to *Unity Journal*, which proposes to be broadly representative of the work achieved hereabouts, are proofs of a renewal of the spirit of jointure in the liberal churches of this vicinity. To demand, effect, and maintain such a fellowship, which would dare include ethical, as well as other societies, would testify to the performance of a gracious and important duty. —Rev. Mr. Longfellow's sermon at Germantown made an excellent impression, and will be published. Its radical references to the ethical societies were worthy not only of the speaker, but of the man for whom he that day substituted. It is the foreshadowing of an inevitable union. —The quarterly to be issued by the Union of Ethical Societies is to have Philadelphia as its place of publication, and Miss Charlotte Porter, of *Shakespeareana*, and S. B. Weston, as its editors. H. L. T.

Boston, Mass.—Rev. J. Freeman Clarke's society has, for the forty-six years of its existence, held to the free-pew system, really welcoming strangers to their services with a choice of any seats in their hired hall of the early days, and in their present church. His church has always seemed very homelike to new attendants. Families all the year usually occupy the same pews, yet are not disturbed if a stranger enters, or even for a single Sunday dispossesses their proprietary habit. The sexton makes the system work satisfactorily, by knowing his business well. Mr. Clarke thinks that a society in a large city which finds its surroundings changed and its former families and pew owners scattered, would still be successful by making theirs a people's church, with free seats—supporting itself, as his society has done, by voluntary subscriptions. He argues that all our church rates are voluntary subscriptions, and that in many churches maintaining pew rentals, an annual deficiency of the treasury is paid by a voluntary collection from friends most able and most interested. E. R. B.

Certificate of Fellowship.—Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich., having presented to the Committee on Fellowship, appointed by the National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, satisfactory assurances of his desire and fitness to enter upon the work of the Unitarian ministry, we hereby extend to him the hand of fellowship, and commend him to the confidence of our churches.

J. R. EFFINGER,
J. C. LEARNED,
J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Committee of Fellowship for the West.
December 2, 1887.

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Wichita, Kan.—Unity Sunday Circle, organized by Rev. J. R. Effinger, is growing steadily, not only in numbers but in hopes and "great expectations." Rev. Enoch Powell, of Topeka, has preached three excellent sermons for us, and last Sunday gave notice that Rev. N. S. Hogleland, of Greeley, Colo., would be with us to stay, and in the near future we hope to build the handsomest church edifice in the "Peerless City." The Sunday-school has had only two sessions, but has twenty for a beginning. Mrs. Fannie E. Seward is superintendent. Mr. Effinger may well be proud of the work he accomplished while here, for it was well and faithfully performed. The pay was small, but a greater reward is in store for him. Our numbers are small, but in "unity" there is strength. J. L. SEWARD.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mr. Thayer is preaching a series of Sunday morning sermons on the Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy. The following are the subjects: "Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy;" "Trinity in Unity;" "Inspiration and Revelation;" "Predestination;" "Atonement;" "Resurrection;" "Everlasting Retribution;" "The Assumptions of Catholicism, True and False."

Jamestown, N. Y.—Mr. Hosmer and Dr. Townsend exchanged pulpits on Sunday last. Both spoke twice, morning and evening. Mr. Hosmer also lectured to a good audience in Dr. Townsend's church on Friday evening on "The Crusades."

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

[NUMBER 16.]

EDITORIAL.

THE editor of the *Standard* is troubled because Dr. Armistage, author of a "History of the Baptist," knows what a "trump card" is. This Baptist editor does not know what it is, nor does "any of his household," he assures us, and they are very happy in their agnosticism.

THE *Universalist* tells a good story of the wife of Gen. Crook throwing some water-cress out of a car window while traveling through Arizona; the savory herbs fell into a brook and took root, and now cresses grow abundantly in that part of the territory. This is the way to civilize the arid territory of human nature. Our unconscious planting brings often the greatest results.

It is said that the crisis and change in the French government has had, and will have, a very unfavorable effect upon De Lesseps' canal scheme at Panama. Poor De Lesseps! His immortality was sure without undertaking this stupendous work, the dividing the American continents and uniting the two greatest oceans; and yet, somehow, this failure in his old age will prevent our feeling his greatness as we should have felt it had he rested upon his honors without undertaking it. The case is even worse than that; his failure involves the loss of their hoarded earnings by many thousands of people in France who can ill afford to lose, and we rightly attach blame to him, through whose unwisdom the innocent suffer.

THE *Christian Union* suggests that the time may come when in our cities every ward shall have its free library and reading-room, just as it now has its free school-house. The expense of such libraries would not be great, would be insignificant, indeed, compared with that of the schools, and the good done would seem to be more immediate, as the reading classes are older than the school children. Such libraries, however, should be carefully selected and managed; for they could only be justified—as, indeed, the public schools are chiefly to be justified—as a measure of prudence, economy and self-defense on the part of a republican form of government.

THE leading article in the *Atlantic* for December, written by Mr. E. H. House, is entitled "The Thralldom of Japan," which title will doubtless give it a wide reading. We Unitarians, at any rate, are much interested in Japan just now, and hope the United States will do her duty in regard to any thralldom under which the Japanese may be suffering. Mr. House's article, however, we fear will not make a very favorable impression. He describes real wrongs without doubt; but a much simpler and clearer statement of them, with less vehemence of argumentation, would surely have produced a better effect.

OUR Methodist friends are the champion financiers of Christendom. Is that a compliment? We do not know. A recent number of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* speaks of a successful dedication of a church in Wisconsin. The improvement cost \$11,000, and on the day of opening \$8,500 was unprovided for, but a Chicago doctor of divinity preached and "*managed the finances*," this secured a subscription of \$6,500, which, with the "better leverage the church will have upon the public, leaves matters in a hopeful condition." The italics are ours. Is it a "leverage" on the purses of the public that the church is to aim at? The same paper speaks enthusiastically of a Chicago pastor, who, finding that there would be a \$6,000 debt on a new church,

"proceeded to devise all kinds of partnerships, members' funds, Sunday-school syndicates and special class treasurers to assume the *fat ends of the cost*;" and so the church was "presented to the Lord" free from debt! What has that church to say, for some time at least, against booms in real estate, bulls on board of trade, Standard Oil trusts, monopolies, and sharp bargainers in "futures?" The editor prays that this church, beautiful in \$65,000 cost, may be the "cause of thousands walking the streets and boulevards of the New Jerusalem."

THEY have been having an interesting case of conscience in Dubuque. Some of the leading ladies of that city, who are interested in the Iowa Home for the Friendless, have been in the habit of giving a ball in support of that institution annually. This year a revival was in progress in the Evangelical churches, and the time of the ball was postponed on that account—giving the revival, as was supposed, time to culminate, mature, and reap its fruits. The time, however, seems to have been insufficient, and the revival was still in progress when the date of the ball approached. The ministers interested in the revival offered to raise as much money as the ball would probably net the ladies for the Home for the Friendless, if the invitations to the dance should be canceled. No attention was paid to this offer, and a little later somebody else offered the ladies a thousand dollars—much more than they would net by their entertainment, if they would desist. Then the ladies took the matter into prayerful consideration; but, with woman's proverbial pluck, they came out with a declaration, from which the following sentences are quoted:

"As a band of Christian women, working for a charitable institution, we cannot consistently, or in justice to ourselves, admit or assume, for any consideration, that this innocent amusement that we have for years provided as a means to help us in support of our charitable work, can be in any way inconsistent or detrimental to a Christian life or character. We earnestly recommend these young converts . . . to lean not on any human arm for counsel or support, but, as individuals, to search their own consciences, . . . follow its dictates fearlessly and cheerfully."

AN important conference was held in Washington, D. C., last week, consisting of leading representatives of the Evangelical churches of the country. That they were assembled in the interest of high concerns and perplexing problems, is evident from the following extract from the call: "The Christian church has not yet fully recognized its relations to the entire life of the community and the nation. All Christian men, preoccupied with private concerns and overburdened by the demands on their time, are prone to neglect the public welfare, and are loath to accept any responsibility for existing evils. Denominations and local churches, each intent on its own good work, have fallen into a harmful competition instead of engaging in an intelligent and comprehensive co-operation. Our marvelous material growth and the progress of invention have produced new conditions, to which business has been quick to adapt its methods. Do not important changes in population and in the habits and temper of the people require some changes in the methods of Christian work? Among the questions to be discussed are the following: 1. What are the present perils and opportunities of the Christian church and of the country? 2. Can any of them be met best by a hearty co-operation of all Evangelical Christians, which, without detriment to any denominational interests, will serve the welfare of the whole church? 3. What are the best means to secure such co-operation, and to waken the whole church to its responsibility? This is another significant sign that the trend of thought

is toward unity. Why draw the line at Evangelical Christians? But it is a great step forward to ignore the smaller lines inside. Let the Evangelicals unite; let the Liberal forces unite, and by and by these two alliances will strike hands.

THAT Jacob Sharp should be at liberty, and Anarchist Most behind the bars, will probably be taken as a sign of the times by a certain class of foreigners contemplating emigration to America—let us at least hope so! And it seems at least not unlikely that the same sentiment may have had something to do in bringing about the results in the two cases. That sentiment may be worded, "Law and order at any rate, righteousness and liberty if we can." The sort of liberty some classes seem most desirous of finding and enjoying in this country, no government can guarantee or maintain. It is the sort of liberty looked for by the foreigner in the old story, who, met by a furious dog, attempted to pick up a paving stone to throw at him, and, the stone remaining firm in the pavement, exclaimed: "And you call this a free country, with your stones all chained, and your dogs let loose!"

THE *Interior* says that "the Congo Free State bids fair to be almost literally destroyed by the barrels of whisky, and still worse forms of spirituous liquors, which the Christian nations of Europe are yearly pouring upon the untutored but rum-loving people of the great Congo valley." It further says: "Two or three years ago 900 barrels of whisky were landed on the shores of Madagascar, with a brand which indicated that they had come from a professedly Christian nation. The authorities of that once heathen nation actually purchased this cargo of whisky and knocked the barrels in the head, that their vile contents might be swallowed up by the sand rather than by the people." Surely, how empty a thing is the Christian name ever in danger of becoming! And yet this same paper sees no hope for the pagan millions, save through the name of Jesus Christ!

WE regret to read in the last number of *The Open Court*, that that paper under its present name and editorship is to be discontinued. With Mr. and Mrs. Underwood in charge, our neighbor has deserved its name of "Open Court" by the fairness and the solidity of its articles; and, if their "Court" must close, we hope the same trained judges will be heard from elsewhere, serving their old cause of freedom and character in religion. We copy part of their farewell:

When the editors of *The Open Court* came west, early in the present year, to establish and conduct this journal, they entered upon a work which they then hoped would continue many years. Some months previously, B. F. Underwood had notified the trustees of *The Index*, of which he had been manager and co-editor five years, of his intention to resign that position at the end of the year to take charge of the new journalistic enterprise. Subsequently the trustees voted to discontinue *The Index*, and among the considerations which led to the decision was the belief that the new paper, under the management announced, would "continue the work of *The Index*," and be not an unworthy successor of that paper.

Mr. Hegeler had long entertained the thought, and had often mentioned to B. F. Underwood, his purpose of founding a liberal journal in the west, and had repeatedly expressed the desire that he should have charge of it. Now, when the work is but just begun, only a few months from the date of the first number, the editors have to announce that this work, so far as their connection with the paper is concerned, is at an end. It is sufficient, perhaps, to say that the immediate cause of the editors' resignation is Mr. Hegeler's expressed desire and purpose to make a place on *The Open Court* for Dr. Paul Carus, who never had, it should here be said, any editorial connection with the paper, who never wrote a line for it except as a contributor and as Mr. Hegeler's secretary, and who was unknown to Mr. Hegeler when his contract with the editors was made. To the request that Dr. Carus be accepted as an associate editor, the present editors, for good and sufficient reasons, have unhesitatingly refused to accede; and although always willing to make concessions when required in the interests of the paper, a point is now reached where they feel compelled by self-respect to sever all relations with this journal rather than yield to Mr. Hegeler's latest requirement. At the same time the editors acquit the proprietor of the paper of any intentional injustice in this matter, and appreciate his high purpose in founding and sustaining *The Open Court*. May its future fulfill his highest expectations!

It is with deep regret that the editors now abruptly bid farewell to the contributors, to whom the paper is indebted for almost all that has made it valuable, and the readers of *The Open Court*, among whom they count many personal friends.

Who are the Descendants of the Puritans?

We are approaching Forefathers' Day, which, following hard upon the Thanksgiving joy, leads to a commendable pride among those who boast of Puritan blood in their veins; and this leads us to inquire, who are the true descendants of the Puritans?

Not they who are yet fighting the battles of the seventeenth century, and go stalking about like goblins in the grave-clothes of a dead generation; not they who are trying to sow the broad fields of a new West with the creed-corn found in Cromwell's haversacks, but they who are dealing Cromwellian blows to the evils and the falsehoods of to-day; they who are still Pilgrims riding the unmapped main of some new Atlantic in another "Mayflower" of progress to some other Plymouth Rock of an advanced idea; they who are to-day willing to sign some new Declaration of Independence, demanding some larger liberty; they who are battling for an emancipation from tradition and conventionality, who are repudiating the doctrines that have been drained of their inspiration.

"They were men of present valor, stalwart old inconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the past's.
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great impulse which drove them across the sea.

"They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar-fires;
Shall we make their creed our jailer?
Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

"New occasions teach new duties—time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires: we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our 'Mayflower,' and steer boldly through the desperate
winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

Who are the descendants of the Puritans? Not the president of the Andover Theological School, who, with his co-laborers, takes solemn oath every five years that he thinks the same thoughts that his grandfather did; rather Emerson, the lineal descendant of seven generations of Puritan preachers, is the true descendant of the Puritan; for Emerson has inherited the independent character—the spirit of the Puritan; the Andover man has inherited the Puritan creed. This Andover man has a doleful task on hand. He has mounted guard over a chest of dead bones. He is walking the beat, like the sentinel on the ramparts of Quebec, of whom Henry Thoreau tells us, armed to the teeth. His presence there, as the corporal explained to Thoreau, was because "there hused to be ha harsenal 'ere many years hago, hand the guard 'as never been discharged, sir." Let him, then, who would enter into the spiritual line of the Puritans, who would really inherit their message, hold aloft the white banner of conscience, upon which is written in letters of living light the Puritan's battle-cry, nay, the battle cry of every true soldier of heaven since time began—"Duty." Let this banner be held above the time-serving, thought-shrinking battalions of men. The old battle of our Puritan forefathers is still raging. It has shifted ground a little. The desire for popularity gags the religious teacher now, as in the day of the Roundheads; conscience is muffled by the god, Conformity, now as then; expediency, cat-like, stealthily treads and purrs around the altars of religion, now as then; the marts of trade and the halls of state, now as in the days of Charles I., are threatened by those who would buy peace at the cost of liberty, and sell honesty for prosperity. We need to marshal another Cromwellian army—an army given to plain speaking, an army sworn to call things by their true names. We need a new Puritanism to call "a spade a spade" in religion. There are grave questions waiting such a discussion—questions far more vital than any that can come in dogmatic theology. These awful questions, nay, let me say sublime, inspiring questions of capital and labor; of temperance reform; the claim of woman, asking that her place in society be determined by the

measure of her intelligence, the purity of her purpose, the quality of her service, rather than by her facility of enduring a march, of carrying a musket, or the place prescribed for her by Miss Prudy, Madame Grundy or the self-appointed lord of creation, who is so anxious to help the Lord of the universe keep woman within her proper sphere—these are questions pressing hard upon us, and they call for the Puritan idea to preside over the discussion.

We do not say that the Puritan idea belongs to one side of any of these questions any more than to the other. It is not a conclusion, but a method of mind; it is an attitude of soul. It is not a stake to which you can tie, but the road upon which you ought to travel; it is that which is opposed to timidity, to insincerity, to time-serving and to partisanship; it is opposed to indifference and hollow pretension. We know how fallible the human judgment is, how treacherous even the decisions of conscience sometimes are, and what a sorry dance duty sometimes leads its devotees, and yet we believe it to be the highest and safest standard taken by man. We believe in the virility of conscience and the vitality of self-reliance. You say it will not work in society, it can not be applied to politics. We point you to the supremacy of Massachusetts over the sisterhood of states, and Massachusetts, more than any other state in the Union, has been carved out of Puritan loyalty; point you to the beauty and power of the lives of our public men who have been most obedient to the Puritan idea—they who apply to public as to private problems but one question, "What is the right in the matter?" who always measure their conduct by the yard-stick of duty—Horace Mann, Gerrit Smith, John Pierpont, Lloyd Garrison, John Andrew, and Charles Sumner—aye, even such grave dreamers as Henry Thoreau, and the grim hero of Harper's Ferry, grand old Osawatimie Brown. Condemn his methods as we must; deplore his deeds as we do; scoff at his insanity as we may; call him mad, which he may have been, yet, in spite of all this, he stands in history like Michael Angelo's Moses in art, a clear cut, majestic, commanding, marble figure, because his spirit was right though his methods were wrong, his conscience was erect though his deeds were crooked, his madness was of the prophetic kind, by virtue of which he wrote his name with his own hand among the imperishable records of the immortals. His story will set sluggish blood boiling in the hearts of men way down in the dim vistas of futurity, and when the names of his proper and kid-gloved critics will have passed forever from the face of the earth, the picture of the pinioned old man, smiling at the serene loveliness of the Virginia hills as he passed to his execution, saluting the colored people for whose liberty he was giving his life in ransom, will remain clear and conspicuous in the gallery dedicated to human nobility—not because he loved truth wisely, but because he loved her strongly; not because he followed duty judiciously, but because he followed it so loyally. God pours his infinity into the arm that wields the flashing steel even, if duty has consecrated it. Through the mistakes of men right has triumphed, if their mistakes were illumined by the Puritanic glow of sincerity.

Mr. Batchelor's New Book.*

We were interrupted in the reading of Mr. Batchelor's interesting book, by the arrival of the *Christian Register*. In it our author is giving an account of his experience among the western churches, to which he comes as a representative of the American Unitarian Association. He seems to suppose he may be in the enemy's country, and displays a weapon or two to let the western churches know (we suppose) what may be expected if he is attacked. In other words, he writes: "To make my point of view absolutely clear then, let me say that two propositions are rejected by my intellect, conscience and common sense. The first is the statement that ethics is the basis of religion. The second is that any good man, working for good things, is a Unitarian." Mr.

Batchelor freely admits that others may honestly differ from him on these points, and be useful to the cause of religion; but the emphasis of his protest remains.

To take up the second proposition first, "that every good man is a Unitarian." This, it must be said, is like stretching another word, which is growing a little fixed in meaning, and saying that all good men are Christians. Dr. Parks, of Andover, once declared, in the enthusiasm of orthodox jubilee festivities, that every man of common sense is a Calvinist. And yet, inexact as the language is, there is a certain breadth and magnanimity of sentiment in such utterances, which contrasts favorably with that narrowness of spirit which would exclude every one from the use and privilege of a name, unless he can accept it as historically or philosophically defined. We are reminded of the language of the lay-brother and of the Jew in Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," who saw in each other's virtues something beyond the theologies which separated them—saw a deeper life which united them:

Lay Brother. "You are a Christian, Nathan! Yes, by Heaven, you are a Christian! Never was a better!"

Nathan. "What makes of me a Christian in your eyes, makes you in mine a Jew. Happy for both!"

So when we consider the make-up of our own churches, and other similar people who are not in them, but ought to be, we often, undoubtedly, depart widely from Mr. Batchelor's idea of a Unitarian, in our use of the word. We think of certain liberal tendencies of thought; of the emphasis laid upon virtue and right living as compared with rites and confessions; of persons who have inherited the faith, but who do not care enough about it to learn what it is; in short, we think of Unitarianism as we were taught to think of Christianity—as a life rather than a theology; as an attitude toward truth and duty rather than a system of determined doctrines. And we have hitherto been willing to have any and all men wear the name who wanted to, or were in general sympathy with our aims.

Dr. George Putman said in his sermon on *Unitarianism*: "There are more Unitarians—a thousand to one—outside of the Unitarian organization than inside of it; that is, Unitarians essentially, in spirit and in principle, without the name and without the technical doctrines." Now if Mr. Batchelor thinks this a very loose and dangerous way of talking, which ought to be corrected, he will certainly find friendly allies in this western field. But all the same, we fear the looseness will continue—or, at least, until some rigid and vigorous and authoritative definition of Unitarianism is promulgated and made the test of all fellowship under the Unitarian name.

We imagine that test, however, will not be made on the question of the first proposition, which Mr. Batchelor rejects, with his "intellect, conscience, and common sense," viz., "that ethics is the basis of religion." This involves philosophical distinctions of considerable difficulty—distinctions which, we are persuaded, are not well understood, even by writers of speculative ability; while those who write from a practical standpoint are just as contradictory in their utterances.

This proposition concerning the relation of ethics to religion, naturally brings us back to our author's book. For we find that, what seems to us the most ambitious essay in it, has for its object to deny that religion has either an ethical or a scientific basis. As a matter of speculation, this problem needs clearing up. Unfortunately for us, Mr. Batchelor has not succeeded in doing it. In the struggle between intuitional and evidential systems, we find ourselves still clinging to some of the old-fashioned notions. Indeed, the very ingenious chapter on "Religion its own Evidence," has raised more difficulties than it has settled. Our impression is that the words "science," "ethics," "religion," "facts," "experience," "basis," have other meanings, sanctioned by usage, which lead to a very different conclusion. Nor are we convinced that our author is always consistent with himself; although we need to bear in mind that the book is made up of essays, written somewhat independently of each other, and separated by considerable intervals of time.

* *Social Equilibrium*, and other Problems, Ethical and Religious. By George Batchelor. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.

But Mr. Batchelor, though sometimes tempted, like other strong writers, to make a paradoxical statement, says things hard to forget, and worth remembering. He stimulates thought, and most perhaps where we find in his language a questionable sense. Those of our readers who have met with some of these papers in the *Unitarian Review*, or elsewhere, and who appreciate the grace and vigor of Mr. Batchelor's style, will welcome this collection. There is not one that is not worth reading. One of the best seems to us to be, "The Natural History of the Moral Ideal;" while "Questions and a Correspondence," by Rev. George Axford, would make one of the best tracts for denominational use that we know of. It addresses itself to a great number of people in our times, west as well as east, who, like Mary Alden, effected by "scientific" thought, waver in their belief in God and immortality, yet who never waver on the path of duty. And the solution of the difficulty is in the direction indicated by Mr Axford: "I do not expect to find God in matter until I find him in spirit. Find him there, and you find him everywhere. Miss him there, and you find him nowhere." For, as Lecky says: "Our knowledge of the Supreme Excellence, our best evidence even of the existence of the Creator, is derived not from the material universe, but from our own moral nature." Moreover, to quote the historian of "European Morals" a little further on the relation of religion to ethics, he says: "The lines of our moral nature tend upward. In it we have the common root of religion and ethics; for the same consciousness that tells us, that even when it is in fact the weakest element of our constitution, it is by right supreme, commanding, and authoritative, teaches us also that it is divine."

And Fichte writes that that morality which is but jurisprudence or legality, "forbidding injustice between man and man," suggests and passes on to a higher morality, which is the foundation or the gateway to religion. His words are: "Through the higher morality alone, and those who have been inspired by it, have religion—and in particular the Christian religion—wisdom and science, legislation and culture, art and all else that we possess of good and venerable, been introduced into the world."

J. C. L.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Recompense.

An idle page, turning a rusty key,
Made the strange discovery.

For years it had lain in the casket there,
Treasure long-lost and rare;
Envy of many a noble duke and earl,
A dead queen's splendid pearl.

By a chance as strange, proving greater wrong,
I found this poet's song;
Unhonored of men, whose slights he forgave,
He sleeps in a nameless grave.

The pearl was bestowed on the kingdom's heir;
The song saved my heart from despair.

CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

Our Every-day Charity.

A SUNDAY CIRCLE TALK.

Although we may sometimes be puzzled over just how far charity shall enter into the punishing of crime, we may be quite sure of this fact—that charity can be very safely exercised in nearly all our homes. It is a well-established saying that charity begins at home. But if charity within the home has been so universal as to give rise to this saying, why have we not happier homes? I do not refer to your home—nor to yours—but to some of those homes in the great world outside

—homes where the hearth-fires burn dimly, and the flowers of love and faith droop and wither for lack of just a little of the sweet dew of charity. Nothing of what the newspapers would call "shocking" occurs in these homes. There is no wife-murder, no husband-shooting, no beating of children to death, but yet there is death in the air—a slow death under the cold, dismal, everlasting, equinoctial storm of fault-finding, mean retaliations, persistent discouragements and petty exactions, which know no cessation. Charity has no beginning in these homes. And yet it is in them that the outside friend will be sweetly welcomed and the friend's child amused and petted; the table will be attractive, bright smiles will be worn, pleasant themes chosen for conversation, and personal faults and shortcomings be given as wide a berth as if they were dynamite bombs with the fuse smoking! But the guests depart, enfolded, so to speak, in pleasant good-nights and cordial good wishes, and—what then? The good cheer is turned down—along with the gas! The wife is perhaps upbraided for some little thoughtless speech, or the husband rebuked for a trifling neglect of etiquette. Charley has "eaten too much cake," little Grace is roundly scolded for the chocolate stain on her white apron, and both are hustled off to bed, without even one of the many smiles and good-nights that so pleasantly cheered the departure of the company.

Sons and daughters growing up in such homes become dwarfed and warped in the damp and depressing atmosphere. They leave home gladly, and are glad to go separate ways, and if they ever obtain happy and symmetrical moral growth, they owe it to outside aids, or to the unfolding of some divine character-seed, that has escaped the general mildew of home influence. And yet the people in these double-faced homes pretend to love each other! The scolding mother would give her life for her child; the brother who teases his sister into a crying fit would promptly knock down any other fellow attempting a similar facetiousness; and the husband who scolds and grumbles at his wife, year after year, and is never once sorry, would wear very deep and very heartfelt crape on his hat, if the object of his petty tempers should die. But what avails this most successfully hidden regard? It is not only in death or other occasions of grief that we most need the tender and patient side of love which is called charity. We need an every-day charity, a good, stout week-day charity, that will wash and wear, and always be as good as new.

It is everywhere considered great moral good manners to speak well of the dead. Why not speak well of the living? Why not be as tender of the heart that struggles beside us against the current of existence as of the pulseless and lifeless one that is laid away in the dust, deaf and unminding? Why can we not bestow our charitable feelings where they will pay best and bring the largest returns? Why should we persist in having

"Careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
Yet oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best?"

E. R. L.

Report of the Directors' Meeting of the W. W. U. C.

The directors' meeting of the Western Women's Unitarian Conference was held Thursday, December 1, at the headquarters, 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. There were present: Mrs. West in the chair, Mrs. Brown, of Hyde Park; Mrs. Warren, of Hinsdale; Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Hilton, of Chicago.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were submitted and adopted. Resignations from Miss LeDuc, of Minnesota, and Miss Roberts, of Chicago, were read and accepted—the latter with special regret, owing to her long service as director and former secretary to this conference. Mrs. F. M. Houts, of Decatur, Tex., was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mrs. Roberts' withdrawal, and the secretary was requested to correspond with Mr. Crothers, of St. Paul, in reference to a successor to Miss LeDuc, for Minnesota.

Letters were read from the directors, Mrs. Learned, of St. Louis, reporting for Missouri. From Kansas City the following: "The Women's Aid Society is in good working order. All seem enthusiastic, earnest and hopeful. They have paid one-fourth on a \$2,000 lot, the eventual sale of which is to go toward furnishing the church parlors. They are working for the poor, and have a literary club of old and young just organized." The church of the Messiah, St. Louis, have a Postoffice Mission Committee, and are distributing liberal literature. The church of the Unity, St. Louis, are doing earnest Postoffice Mission work with increased interest and vigor. The branch association of the W. W. U. C. has held four well attended meetings. The last was to consider the "Ideal Church," which aroused a discussion full of interest, and a declaration from several that they had never held a better meeting.

Mrs. Udell, of Grand Rapids, reported for Michigan. Detroit—"The Unitarian women are interested in three directions, namely: The raising of money by a Christmas sale, to be used for any good or needed purpose; the benevolent work for families outside the church fellowship, and the living interest in the conference, or "Independent Class," the papers and discussions of which follow the opening exercises of the Sunday-school, both men and women participating. "At Manistee and Jackson the women do no charitable work as a church; the former are active in a Ladies' Aid Society of the town; the latter in an association composed of all churches, and in proportion to its size, it does more than any other. The building of the church parlors is the result of their last two years' work. In East Saginaw they have a Woman's Society and Unity Club, and were never in a more prosperous condition. At Midland the women are helping to carry on the church work, but have no Unity Club or special church interest. Kalamazoo, Big Rapids, Grand Rapids, Grand Haven and Muskegon have little to report, and the societies are all more or less in a comatose condition. At Athens and Sherwood, Miss Hultin preaches once a month, and at the former town they have a sermon and Sunday-school each Sunday.

Miss Gould, of Davenport, for Iowa—"At Humboldt there is a Postoffice Mission Committee, but doing little for lack of means, though Miss Murdock is in hearty sympathy, and wishes to extend the work. A Unity Club is in active operation there. At Iowa City no organized work, but Mr. Beavis distributes A. U. A. tracts among the students. At Fort Dodge no services have been held since spring. There is quite a group of Unitarians there, but no unity of work. At Des Moines the Postoffice Mission Committee have started to work with considerable earnestness. At Sioux City the Postoffice Mission work is steadily growing in the hands of an active committee. At Davenport the society is very active." A Postoffice Mission Committee carries four registers, and proposes to raise money for its work by lectures rather than church collections—a suggestion that other committees would do well to note.

Mrs. Hiscock, of Denver, for Colorado.—At Denver "great enthusiasm is felt in all of our working departments." A Unity Club is in active operation, which dispatches one of the ten great novels each evening. The Ladies' Aid Society will give its usual festival in December, and the Woman's Auxiliary Conference has an increased membership, and is holding its meetings regularly for hearing papers and discussions on religious, literary, and reformatory subjects.

Miss Gale, of Cleveland, reports that the Postoffice Mission Committee keep an advertisement in the daily paper, and have frequent requests for papers and sermons. She is sure that "liberal thought is spreading fast in our part of the country."

Mrs. Jennings, of La Porte, for Indiana.—In Hobart the women are very active in their church work, and in the absence of a permanent minister the success of the society depends largely upon them. La Porte.—The most earnest temperance workers are Unitarians. The president and secretary of the Women's Christian Temperance Union are both Unitarians. Two free kindergartens have been established and controlled by our women, although the member-

ship is very general. The Unity Club is studying Emerson, feeling deeply the harmonizing and uplifting influence of the work.

Mrs. Roberts, of Aberdeen, for Dakota.—The Postoffice Mission work is largely in the hands of eastern friends. At Aberdeen need of money is the great hindrance to strong work.

A letter was read from Mrs. Sunderland, presenting her resignation as chairman of the Religious Study Class Committee, which was accepted, and Mrs. Learned, of St. Louis, elected as her successor. Mrs. Jones was elected our delegate to the Michigan Conference at Jackson, December 6 to 8. Canon Farrar's address on "Temperance" was submitted to the directors for consideration as a suitable tract to be distributed from this office, through the Conference. The meeting then adjourned.

While the above reports show good work being done, they prove that there are great opportunities for zealous Unitarian women of the west to serve their cause. Every woman in our denomination ought to belong to the Western Women's Unitarian Conference. Then we should not only have the great momentum which a strong body of sympathizers gives to a movement, but we should have the many single dollars which would make it possible to carry forward this work in the large and dignified way in which it should be done. Wherever there is a church, society or circle, there should be a delegate membership of \$5.00, sent by the women, which entitles them to three delegates to the annual session of the Western Women's Unitarian Conference. Among every such group of Unitarians there should be a Postoffice Mission Committee, advertising and distributing our literature. There ought to be among the women more distinctively religious study-classes, rather than so many purely literary. In the state of Missouri there are but four Unitarian churches; in Dakota, two; in Colorado, three; in Indiana, three; in Kansas, two; in Kentucky, one; Nebraska, three; Ohio, three; none in Oregon, Idaho, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Texas.

Ought not such facts to arouse our women to renewed energy—to realize as never before the great fields waiting for our labors, and to remember always that our organization exists to spread freedom, fellowship and character in religion? And let us be true to our trust.

FLORENCE HILTON, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT OF THE W. W. U. C., JUNE 14, 1887, TO DATE.

RECEIPTS.

By Mrs. L. K. Woodman, St. Paul, Minn.	\$ 10 00
By Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago	20 00
By Church at Madison, Wis.	1 00
By Geo. H. Greer, Tacoma, W. T.	50
By Miss Marie Mathis, Wichita, Kans.	5 00
By All Souls Church, Chicago (to be applied for two Life Memberships)	20 00
By Denver Society, Colorado	5 00
By Ladies' First Unitarian Society, Sioux City, Iowa	5 00
By Miss Donna Pervier, Sheffield, Ills.	75
By Mrs. H. L. Udell, Grand Rapids, Mich.	2 00
By Annual Memberships	69 00
By Cash in hand, June 14	56 06

\$194 31

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To Rent and Expenses	\$ 90 00
To Secretary's Salary	83 30
To Traveling Expenses for secretary	7 00
To Postoffice Mission work	15 23
To C. H. Kerr & Co.	3 05
To postage stamps and stationery for treasurer	1 65
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MRS. J. C. HILTON, *Treasurer.*

CHICAGO, ILLS., Dec. 1, 1887.

THE UNITY CLUB.

GREELEY, COLO., November 8, 1887.

MR. A. J. RICH, *Cor. Sec'y Unity Club Bureau.*

Dear Sir:—Your "introduction" for the work of the coming winter, published in last *UNITY*, was read with much pleasure and I am eager to do something that will help on the cause. For the last eight years I have been more or less closely connected with organizations of a local nature that had always for their object "stimulation of individual thought." My most interesting labor has been in mapping out courses of reading for individuals that should develop and liberalize at the same time; and one of the greatest sources of satisfaction is that I have "converted" a round score from a life of orthodox sloth to one of liberal activity.

Our club work will not be fully organized until we are able to offer something for individual as well as combined efforts at improvement—I mean until we have some plan by which individuals in isolated places can pursue a systematic course of study,—something, for instance, like the Chautauqua course, to which, in its place, I have always given my hearty approval. That course has done a vast amount of good, and there are very few liberals who can not say to its leaders, "God speed!" Still many liberals, and no doubt a few orthodox people, have often wished for something broader to be put forward,—a course of reading and study which should offer less restraint to individual development, which should have for its purpose development of thought rather than belief. I may not make myself understood, and may be wrong as to the inside workings of the Chautauqua course, but from a superficial examination of their text-books it has seemed to me that the ultimate object of their work was not so much to follow wherever the *truth* might lead, whether toward orthodoxy or heterodoxy, as to make from and of all its members rational and intelligent *Methodists*. I judge this from the tone of its text-books and the inclusion in its bounds of such works as the "Plan of Salvation" and the exclusion of all liberal or dissenting authors in scientific or philosophic fields. Thus far I do not recall having seen anything of such authors as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Gray, Spencer,

Fiske, Lecky, Draper, Buckle or Lewes, and no culture could be considered wide or thorough that did not include some of those authors.

* * * * *

Sincerely yours,

FRED E. SMITH.

The Unity Club and the Religious Life of the Church.

The major part of the work done by Unity Clubs relates to literary matters, to intellectual study—all of which is most commendable. But many Unitarians have received a false impression from the record thus far, and quite unjustly and hastily allot to these organizations no scope beyond literary lines, and so do not consider the feasibility of using them in the distinctive religious work of our liberal Christian societies. This is an error. A Unity Club is capable of most efficient service in developing the religious activities of a church. This article is to show, in outline, what can be done.

I. Such a club of workers can carry on a Department of Religious Study and Discussion. The old-time Bible class is to give way to a section of investigation and thought, answering to the thing put aside, but broader and deeper in its methods. To ask the minister to be responsible every Sunday for this department, is too much. He may enter when he can; but the responsibility shall rest on the club. Into this class the scholars, too old for the Sunday-school, may go, and those of any age who desire. Such a church section for religious instruction and discussion exists, I may say by way of pointing the theory with fact, in my own Sunday exercises, employing leaflets of our own based on Dr. Clarke's "Common Sense in Religion." Religious interest deepens when people can be made to think on religious topics; just as literary or historical zeal grows when studies in literature and history abound.

II. A Unity Club can have the care of festivals and church observances, such as Christmas, Easter, Flower Sunday, etc. By taking this as a duty, these celebrations in their regular course are smoothly conducted and firmly held to a dignified and impressive result. These great object-lessons and rallying occasions, when the religious sentiment can be stirred, are too often left for the minister and a few faithful women to arrange and fulfill. Instead of being passive spectators, many might be co-workers, receiving a stimulus of consecration from the mere fact of participation.

III. The religious fervor of a church is chilled or warmed a great deal by its habits of hospitality. The religious side of Sunday worship is not simply its praise and prayer and sermon; it is greatly in the aspect it offers to the public when the church doors are opened and the spirit says "come." What do the pew-holders say? A Unity Club can give life, heartiness, and a truly Christian repute to a church by seeing that ushers are in the aisles, and everything done to make the stranger welcome. Parish committees never perform this duty except spasmodically. To have this properly carried out, let eight or ten of the young men of a Unity Club take this as their part of the co-operative work in hand.

IV. I have found great aid from an organization of this kind, though not the same in name, in my own church, in the way of personal help, members acting as aids or agents to the minister in saving his time, in consulting with individuals upon purely religious matters, in maturing his plans.

V. Another channel is the origin and conduct of special meetings outside the usual church services. It may be the support of popular theater preaching, or school-house meetings, or poor-house or hospital exercises. A minister stands ready to broaden his religious work, to go out of his routine; but when he looks around for singers, and companions, and a little body-guard of inspiring supporters, he must call and rally each time, with indifferent results. A Unity Club ought to have resources for such enterprises.

VI. What a center of influence such an organization would be; it would naturally engender loyalty to the church, and diffuse zeal through the society. Taking hold of religious

work in such practical and earnest temper inevitably expels that apathy so frequently found in our churches, which need a consecration of working faith; faith, generally, they have in plenty.

VII. Unity Clubs could do much to distribute our literature, establish libraries in churches, place our tracts in church vestibules, and maintain a systematic sowing of liberal documents in the particular communities they occupy.

These are only a few practical hints. There is a great field for Unity Club work along religious lines. In the Unitarian denomination distinctive church organization is weakening; our elders do not talk religion with their children; the union and solidarity of intellect and emotion, of things "secular" and religious, is not clearly taught. The young people must be induced to feel at home in working for church and religion; they must be lead into naturalness of thought and action. We want a revival of church love and loyalty. The Unity Clubs can do a great deal to quicken denominational enthusiasm and rally our people around the things that remain. The culture that ends in something unrelated to religion is imperfect culture; the culture that does not correctly emphasize religion is deficient; and with imperfect and scant culture no Unity Club should be content.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

THE Unity Club at Denver divides its work into literary, musical and dramatic sections. The first section will study the "Ten Great Novels," the first evening being given to "Anna Karenina."

THE HOME.

Golden Keys.

A bunch of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.

"*Good Morning!*" that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes, "*Good Night!*" I say,
And close the door of each glad day.

When at the table, "*If you please,*"
I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "*Thank you!*" key.

"*Excuse me,*" "*Beg your pardon,*" too,
When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given,
With "*Forgive me*" key I'll be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind,
This is its motto: "*Be ye kind.*"

I'll often use each golden key,
And so a happy child I'll be.

Scattered Seeds.

Opportunity.

We have much to say of opportunity; but I complain that it is used only in the singular number. For always, unless much I miss the point, it ought to be used in the plural; nay, I think great troubles and ills in life come of looking at opportunity as if only a bachelor pirate or a lone siren. Shakespeare has given his great authority to this way of looking, in a splendid passage about opportunity, in "Lucrece." 'Tis opportunity, he says, that "executes the traitor's treason," that points the season after the sin is plotted, that "spurns at right, at law, at reason;" nay, he says opportunity never is the "humble suppliant's friend," nor "brings him where his suit may be obtained," nor gives "physic to the sick," nor to the pained ease; he cries,—

"The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee,
But they never meet with opportunity."

Now, who will set at naught the great bard, and say that he has sung both well and not well—that is, that he has made rich numbers to set a false stone? Why, that must I, even poor I; for a man on the eagle of a moral thought may fly even above Shakespeare if he have not the thought. Therefore, again I say that the great bard has gone far wrong to speak of opportunity in the singular number, and especially thus to say that then it is like a bachelor thief creeping to his crime, or like a maiden siren steeping the will in soft sounds. For I must maintain that opportunity goes never unmated, but always there are two at least, like "Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable," and in general many more than two. This appears in many ways, of which I will mention three.

First, it is plain that one opportunity never comes but that its mate, which is the opposite of itself, is with it; for if there be opportunity to do any wrong, there is at hand also the opportunity not to do it, but to do the right. Whence it is plain that never one comes alone, but always two together. And this is a very great point, and, if one will attend to it, will save a man from making many valiant excuses to himself when he ought rather to confess shame; for, if rightly he speak, he will not say that he was overcome by opportunity, but that two opportunities being before him, a fair and an ugly, he chose the ugly and turned the fair away. For no man can have opportunity to hate but therewith opportunity to love, nor chance to take life but therewith also a chance to save it, nor freedom to withhold but also therewith power to give; and so following, through ten thousand pairs; for no moral opportunity but has his mate and comes wedded.

But not only opportunity comes twofold, but many fold; for I know not in what case there is not a troop of them together. Now, here I will confess what brought these thoughts to me: it was that this morning I found, to my vexation, that the strong wind in the night had drawn out the fire of the furnace, which was cold and dark when I looked for warmth and light. At this I was vexed much, and was about to fall on the circumstance with ireful grumbling, when I bethought me that here was a whole host of opportunities,—not only opportunity to kindle the fire, mated with the opposite opportunity not to kindle it, but also no end of opportunities to do it handsomely, as without grumbling, and without a dust of flying ashes, and quietly and without calling everyone to the calamity; and, in short, in every way handsomely. This, I am sure, is a great point in life; which, if everyone would consider, there would be more peace in our households; for then there would be two graces in everyone, and I know not which of the graces the better—I mean a good deed, and a handsome manner in the good deed.

Now, as there are many opportunities always—I mean as they come never singly but in troops—this carries another opportunity, namely, to study that all the opportunities in a troop be discovered. This, I am sure, is another great point in life, if one will attend to it; for surely there can be nothing needful to be done which is not worth study as to all the good things to be got from it, and no good glass to be taken without a fitness of study how to drink every drop of it. Therefore, opportunities move in companies marshaled by a captain—that is to say, by the chief of them all, namely, opportunity to study all the others to make the most of them. Now, if one will do this, what beauty and happiness in all places will come about, and especially in the home! For if a man when about to do anything, will say: Let me study now how in this one point I can achieve many, and how especially I can turn it to account in this pleasure for that one, and in this help for another, and in that bit of love for another, truly his life will be like a crystal,—not only clear, I mean, but with a wonderful number of faces plain to the light.

J. V. B.

The wise man expects everything from himself: the fool looks to others.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go.—*Dumb Animals.*

UNITY.

Senior Editor: JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Associate Editors: J. V. BLAKE, W. C. GANNETT, F. L. HOSMER, SOLON LAUER, J. C. LEARNED, A. JUDSON RICH, H. M. SIMMONS, JAMES G. TOWNSEND, D.D., DAVID UTTER.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Michigan Conference met at Jackson, December 6, 7 and 8. A majority of the Unitarian churches of the state were represented by their ministers and lay delegates. George Batchelor represented the American Unitarian Association, John R. Effinger the Western Conference, Mrs. J. L. Jones the Woman's Conference. J. L. Jones, of Chicago, was on hand to preach the opening sermon. T. B. Forbush, who had removed from the state since the last session of the Conference, returned to take his old place as presiding officer.

From the opening sermon on Tuesday evening to the social reception which followed the adjournment of the Conference on Thursday evening, the exercises were full of interest. The reports from societies gave encouragement as to the future growth and prosperity of our work in Michigan. Mr. Connor, of East Saginaw, reported a congregation of 750 and many turned away on Sunday evenings.

On the afternoon of the 7th, the new church parlors of the Jackson church were dedicated with appropriate exercises. After hymn, reading by Mrs. Louie Bell, prayer by J. L. Jones, and response by the choir, came reports from H. A. Hodge, secretary, and A. M. Tinker, treasurer of the Building Committee.

We learned the history of the church parlors: First, a wish two years ago, then a settled purpose, then subscriptions and plans; and finally, by the purchase of shares in the Jackson Building Association, the ladies of the church raised the money—\$3,100 and over—to pay the whole cost of the improvement.

Ten-minute addresses followed, by Mrs. J. T. Sunderland, J. L. Jones, J. R. Effinger, Rowland Connor, L. R. Daniels, A. Walkley, E. L. Rexford, J. T. Sunderland and C. F. Elliott. In the evening there were three addresses by J. T. Sunderland, E. L. Rexford, and Rowland Connor. Brother Sunderland spoke for the Christian element in Unitarianism. He defined Unitarianism as natural universal religion developing in the light of the nineteenth century, and said that though Jesus brought no new truth to the world, and was doubtless mistaken in some of his conceptions, Christianity was possessed of the elements of a universal religion. It meant ethics, worship, humanity, or love to God and love to man, and in this, Unitarianism was synonymous with it. Unitarianism calls itself Christian because it sees no larger word, no holier work.

Dr. Rexford, of Detroit, Universalist, spoke on the Universalist position in regard to Christianity. He said: "I don't think God is any more interested in the Christian than the Jew; and I believe

a good Jew is nearer God's heart than a bad Christian. If I wanted to study Christianity, I don't think I would go to books at all. I would study man. The best man is the best Christian, no matter what his theology may be. A Christian is a person who bears a good spirit, and there is where I get the warrant for saying that the best man is the best Christian. God is educating the world. You can't put all people in the same class. The great work of this life is to keep our hands busy and our hearts warm."

Rowland Connor, of East Saginaw, spoke for the extra Christianity in Unitarianism. This he thought consisted in the absorption by Unitarianism of certain elements which were not in it at the beginning. It started with Christianity, but has assimilated to itself elements that were not of Christianity. Unitarianism is the only ism pretending to call itself Christian, which gladly recognizes the discoveries of modern science. It is the only one in the world that dares to do away with the dogmas which have been regarded as essentials of Christianity. We are all marching toward the same goals. He recognized all men as his brothers, and that the whole world was growing nearer and nearer together; and he did long for the day when all could work together.

The president of the conference, T. B. Forbush, congratulated the large audience present on the ability and breadth of the three addresses with which they had been favored, and remarked that though they were given from widely different points of view, it was the glory of Unitarianism that it was broad enough to take them all in.

On Thursday at 10 o'clock Ex-Governor Austin Blair, the old war governor of Michigan, gave a forcible and stirring address on "The Relation of the Church to Society," which was followed by discussion. At 2 p. m. T. B. Forbush read a paper on "The Growth of the Hebrew Bible," which called out much interesting discussion. At 7:30 p. m., the closing sermon of the conference was given by Reed Stuart, of Detroit. After the sermon a reception was tendered to delegates and visitors in the church parlors. Refreshments were served and racy addresses enlivened the parting hour. Thus ended a most stimulating and helpful session of the Michigan Conference. As at every State Conference the friends voted it the best conference ever held, the ministers the ablest, and the papers the most brilliant!

J. R. E.

Denver, Col.—Readers of UNITY may be interested to learn that the happy possessors of the new Unity church here are not idle. Work in all departments is moving bravely along. The pastor, after a momentary feeling of discouragement, in spite of many new duties and not perfect physical health, has resumed his evening services, and the trustees, in addition to an increased salary, have promised all possible necessary co-operation. Mr. Van Ness is devoting his Sunday evenings to a review of ancient eastern religions, and his morning themes embody the living issues of the day. The newly organized Unity Club has awakened great enthusiasm in both its literary and dramatic departments, and the Women's Auxiliary meetings are well attended. Perhaps no more encouraging sign of growth is seen than in the fact that new members are constantly being added. Several persons united on Sunday last. The chorus choir proves a most valuable adjunct, and altogether the entire service is satisfactory and uplifting.

A flying visit from Secretary Reynolds, and an impromptu reception for him, are among the pleasant features of last week.

The Women's Aid Society yet remains a necessity and is striving to make the forthcoming festival a pecuniary success.

Appended is a copy of the cards distributed last Sunday: "UNITY CHURCH.—1. Name a theme upon which you would most like to hear a sermon. 2. Do you think the church of to-day is doing the work it ought? How can it be improved?" Of course it remains to be seen whether the pastor will gain much enlightenment from the pews, but the request is certainly most complimentary.

E. H. H.

Charleston, S. C.—The Unitarian church, many of whose hymn books were destroyed in the promiscuous demolition of the earthquake, takes a step forward and adopts the Association's Revised Edition. The demolished organ is now receiving its new front of ornamented pipes; the young people's society, "The Helping Hand," has just renewed the upholstery of the chancel chairs and reading desks; and so, with home efforts seconding the great gifts of the friends abroad, the slow work of restoration goes satisfactorily on. —As to the quaking earth, though the local papers studiously ignore any vibrations within 200 miles, yet the tremors continue to that degree that the United States government is just now establishing a seismic station at Dorchester on the Ashley, about sixteen miles from Charleston, where is thought to be located one of the foci nearest the earth's surface, and so most favorable for study.

—On December 4 Mr. Brome preached in his own church in the morning, and in Savannah, Ga., 115 miles away, in the evening. The number of the congregation is not given, but the *News* of next morning says it showed that there are in Savannah many believers in the doctrines of that church, and pronounces the sermon a very interesting one. Mr. J. M. Barnard, son of our revered Rev. C. M. Barnard, of Boston, gave the "religious ambassador" most cordial welcome to his home, and that kind of conference and counsel an ambassador finds most valuable.

—The schism in the Independent Presbyterian [that is southern for Congregational church,] resulting in the return north of Dr. Bacon after one year's ministry, seems to be purely political, and one of the most stupendous instances of religious blindness and sectional stupidity on record, even in a country prolific in such things. He is confessedly the most talented preacher ever in Savannah, and had already done for that old church what had never been done for it before. But actual independence in thought and utterance is the last thing an independent Presbyterian church in this climate can stand. Dr. Bacon did not realize that "independent" is a word to put in the title-page, but by no means to put in practice.

—The Synagogue, a beautiful little Gothic edifice, is undergoing repairs and embellishments. "The Hebrews own Savannah," it is said, and they are spoken of as a very desirable and refined class, who have ample social recognition.

Chicago.—Rev. Mr. Mangasarian's lecture on Mohammed, before All Souls Unity Club, was so highly appreciated and there was so strong a desire expressed to hear him again, that the club will postpone its Monday evening Novel Section to listen to a talk from him on his native land, Armenia. Admission, 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

—While Mr. Mangasarian is in this section, it will be a misfortune to the interests of our churches and clubs if they let the golden opportunity escape of catching the spirit and lore of this child of the Orient.

—The People's Temple church (colored Unitarian) have secured permanent quarters at 2906 State street, where regular Sunday services will be held at 11 A. M. and 7.45 P. M.

Philadelphia.—An important and extensive movement is afoot here for the establishment of neighborhood guilds for the masses throughout the city. Weston has been the head and front of the project, which is to be in no way sectarian, and has enlisted the sympathies of many well-known citizens.

—Mr. Morse is about to put the finishing touches on his head of Carlyle. His success in this work is indisputable. The Carlyle is a mate-piece to the recent Emerson.

—Ames is to address the Camden Ethical Association on "Good Society" at its January meeting. Mr. May is down for an address on Priestley some time during the winter. I am told that the Camden Methodists are, many of them, considerably chagrined because of the ignorant attacks one of their preachers has made on Unity church.

—The *Press* is up in arms because a Philadel-

UNITY

Wendell C. W.
678 W. Fourteenth St.
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Dec 1887

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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[Continued from first page.]

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

[NUMBER 17.]

EDITORIAL.

**"The riches of sweet Mary's Son,
Boy-Rabbi, Israel's paragon."**

**"If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God;
the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty
of God, do enter into that man with justice."**

**"The history of Jesus is the history of every man,
written large."**

—Emerson.

WE can not pass by without a word the great treat offered to the cultured by the ten lectures on Dante, which we have noticed elsewhere in *UNITY*. Truly, we shall have high thinking in the midst of Christmas joys. We are also glad to learn that a reception will be tendered to the lecturers at the Art Institute, on the evening of Saturday, December 31, which will doubtless prove a most interesting occasion.

WITH "Peace on earth, good will to men," let the welkin ring, a sweet undertone singing its way through our hearts and into our lives. For Christmas is nothing if it mean not praise to God and love to man. In one of the liberal churches of this city, the Christmas season will be remembered in a truly Christmas spirit. All presents hung upon the tree are to be given to the poor little jail children, of whom there are many held in confinement awaiting trial, with nothing to lighten the dragging hours. Poor little waifs of humanity, God's poor! Truly, if "ye have done it unto the least of these my children, ye have done it unto me," and how many bare lives may not each one of us brighten in this glad Christmas time!

WE were interested to note that the Pundita Ramabai, on being questioned concerning her religious belief, confessed that in Boston they thought her a Unitarian, though she was not, nor a Trinitarian. Evidently the Pundita stands on that broad liberal ground which emphasizes not creeds nor dogmas, but simply noble living patterned after the pure life of Jesus of Nazareth. As she put it, Trinitarianism was not woven into the "convolutions of her brain in childhood," as Miss Willard declared was her case, and in the Bible she found not the word Trinitarian. Surely, this high caste Hindu woman has the clearness of conviction and earnestness of purpose which will make her labors for her unfortunate sisters over the sea of great moment to them and to her country.

HE would have enjoyed a unique entertainment, who should have spent the evening of December 15th at the club rooms of the Sherman House. There, under the auspices of the Illinois Woman's Press Association, was given a most interesting rendering of a musical programme, each number of which represented the musical compositions of women. They were largely those of "G. Estabrook," who composed all the numbers included in the term Ballade Recital. The original compositions for the piano were by Fraulein Adele Lewing, full of feeling, and well rendered by the artist herself, while several of the vocal numbers, notably "Adieu," "My Love is Coming," and a duet, "The Reconciliation," were enthusiastically encored; also a solo and chorus not down on the programme, and suggested to the composer by the recent victory for the woman suffragists in Wisconsin. It was

very spirited, and sentiment and music well fitted to each other. We understood from "G. Estabrook" that should a similar occasion present itself in the future, she hoped to make the programme broad enough to include the work of a number of women composers. We should say, Let the good work go on! Nothing so inspires excellent results as the wise encouragement of small but earnest beginnings. It is time women placed themselves creditably on record in this line of art here in our busy metropolis.

THE *Advance* strikes a good chord in the following: "The idea of proportionate giving is a matter which is arresting attention among Christian people. Is not the time coming when persons with comparatively large means will be found giving to the on-moving causes of Christian enterprises, not in the measures which betoken the narrow mind and the small heart, but in degrees of largeness of beneficence corresponding to their ability, 'as the Lord hath prospered them?' Within the past ten years there have been many shining tokens of Christian progress in this respect. All our great missionary societies are witnesses of this, as are also our Christian colleges all over the land. And yet it can not be denied that there is still a woful disparity between the sums lavished on selfish gratifications, in one form and another, and the amounts devoted to unselfish uses. Dribbling runnels of charity; flood-tides of luxury! But not always will it be so."

THE following noble words are found in the *Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*. In this age, of skepticism, such words should be whispered in the ears of our young men, who, in their revolt from the irrational dogmas of the popular theology, are apt to lose sight of religion itself: "The church spires that we see pointing heavenward in the cities are not as gloomy as stone jails with grated windows. They invite to peace. The forbidden prisons tell of punishment and woe. Who can hear the strains of devotional music swelling within churches, and not feel that the worshipping men and women can not at least be harmed by such exercises, and that there is an overwhelming probability that they are saving themselves from perils? Think as you will of dogmas, but beware of a hostile attitude toward religion and those who associate themselves to proclaim and extend it. Such an attitude is not only unreasonable, but it is full of danger to yourself. It makes bad men claim fraternity with you on the score of the common scoff. Can you afford that?"

LAST Sunday night All Souls Church of this city was crowded to overflowing to listen to brief addresses on "The Debt of the World to Jesus," by Messrs. Salter, Gannett, Mangasarian, and the pastor of the church. Mr. Salter found in Jesus the heroic believer in absolute justice, the noble soul discontented with the present. In him was a burning zeal for better things. Mr. Gannett traced the forces that lifted the sandaled Jesus from the carpenter shop to the Calvary heights, and the still more sublime forces that lifted the Christ from the Calvary heights to the throne of the universe. He found in the human loyalty of the one man and the religious hunger and ideality of the million of men causes for profound gratitude and high Christmas joys. Mr. Mangasarian found in Jesus the ideal of the centuries personified, and the nobler enthusiasms of men directed to permanent ends. The meeting closed with the thought that it was Jesus who dared speak to the Samaritan woman, to commend the deed of another Samaritan, and that his name was the last element in the seething chemicals of the spirit that precipitated into organic

crystals the diverse elements of nations and races. Jesus is the name that spans the distances from the Ethical Culture Society to the Catholic church. It overarches continents and bridges the centuries. In view of this great debt of the world to Jesus we hail the Christmas time with merry greetings, knowing that in every reasonable attempt to do justice to Jesus we heighten our power of appreciating his kindred, of whom the annals of the race are rich. Jesus is really known only by him who knows others. Jesus stands not alone, but is one of many. So knowing him, we know his song of "Peace on Earth, good will to Men."

WE do not need to help Santa Claus; he is getting very intelligent in these days; but happy is the boy or girl that finds on Christmas morning Robert Collyer's brand new book, "Talks to Young Men" (with asides to young women); Edward Everett Hale's new book on the "Life of Washington Studied Anew," or his old book in its elegant new edition "In His Name," or the new compilations from Thoreau's Diary, entitled "Winter," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The older ones will be glad of the one more volume of Edwin Arnold's poetry, "Lotus and Jewel," just out, or of the beautiful Lyrics from Browning, compiled, we understand, by Horace Scudder, published by the Houghton, Mifflin House, or the little parchment collection of poems by Edmund Rowland Sill, which will hold its place among the favorites, because it contains "The Fool's Prayer"—if all the others were valueless—not to forget the strangely fascinating story-embowered wisdom in the little book made by the pastor of the Third Unitarian church of this city with the help of his artistic parishioners, "Legends from Story Land."

MISS MARY E. BURT, in *The Intelligencer*, has an article on "Good Literature in the School-room," in which she not only gives her opinion on that subject, but also on written examinations. Miss Burt is the compiler of that admirable little book, "Seed Thoughts." She speaks right out of an experience of years—an experience in which she has not only put time, but life, thought, soul. She says a very large percentage of our children are compelled to leave school at ten to earn their living, without the ability to tell a good book from a bad one, and thoroughly infected with the examination fright—that cancer which is eating the vitality out of public schools." There is no question but that text-books, which should be made attractive and interesting to the children, are absolutely divested of most of their real helpfulness to the child's mental and moral progress by their association with "examination papers," and that the extreme nervousness of our children is in a large measure due to this school-room hobgoblin. We are told that our mothers were "born before nerves came in fashion." Aye! and they were born before "written examinations" became fashionable, too. I have in my mind the picture of two little ones who, under the strain of preparation for examination, had carried their books to bed with them. There they lay in the full light of the gas jet, the open books partially covering their pale, troubled faces, asleep only to dream of figures and failures. Said a friend at my side, "How I wish that picture could be put where it would teach its lesson!" Said another, "I've always been a strong advocate of our present school system, but this is a side of it I never dreamed of." Then, too, the strain on nerves, time and strength of the teacher! She must go carefully over all these papers, perfectly conscious, if she is a thoughtful woman, that they very imperfectly indicate the child's real attainments. She knows that thoughtful, conscientious Benny, in his nervous anxiety, has blundered all the way through, while rollicking, haphazard Tim, by "sheer good luck," has made his mark. And now for the result. Modest, self-deprecating Benny has lost all confidence in himself—he is discouraged and more or less disgusted, probably. Such a child's self-reliance is jeopardized by this process, while Tim has gained a cheap victory, and his life's aims and ambition are cheapened accordingly. Now, this is not mere theory, but the result of investigation and the

testimony of some of our very best teachers. How constantly are we reminded that we have to fall back on the country school house for our best public men! Now, why is this? Certainly not because culture is debilitating. But it is because this thing isn't culture. It is only text-book gymnastics. Says Miss Burt: "The first business of the public school ought to be to give a child a confirmed taste for good literature. If a child leaves school at twelve with a hunger for good books, he is started in the way of self-education." This is unquestionably true, and with the life of labor, which ought to keep a wholesome balance of the intellectual and the physical, this poor boy, with his mental digestion in vigorous active operation, will at thirty stand before the world every inch a man, while your boy who has been pushed on through the various grades—standing high in his markings all the way, graduating promisingly from the high school, and then from the university, disappoints all his friends—he has no taste for a profession, no adaptability to business. Why? Because he was *taught*, not *EDUCATED*.

S. C. LL. J.

If history repeats itself, it also apparently contradicts itself. Here have the papers been bubbling over, like a super-heated caldron, with ebullitions of wrath against our northern abuse of the negro on account of his color, and in the very midst of it all starts forth the anomaly of Thomas L. Johnson, the sable dish-washer, receiving tribute from a brilliant assemblage in Kinsley's banquet hall. The "why," which it is the duty of the latter-day philosopher to put to every unusual phenomenon, is in this case easily answered. While Thomas Johnson was first a slave and later a dish washer, he rose, and rose by rapid bounds to chief dish-washer, dining-room man, captain of the watch and head waiter. Then on to the missionary post in Colorado, to Spurgeon's College, London, and off to the dark continent as a missionary! Doubtless the white man, had he contented himself with only menial occupations, would now occupy the place of the colored race—providing, of course, the latter had fulfilled the duties now devolving upon his paler brother. The northern negro is at last well rid of his greatest dead weight, slavery, and will undoubtedly push forward in the future with constantly increasing strides. The colored race have in their make-up an element now absent from our civilization, which will in later years prove a valuable factor. And even now the people of the new Unitarian Temple church are showing us something of their grit. They have our Christmas greeting.

Some More Editorial Wanderings.

Again UNITY paragraphs have been dropping into the mail bag as the editor has been rolling around the country. Returning from the Michigan Conference (reported in our last) on Thursday, the 8th, on Friday, the 9th, he took the "cannon-ball" train for Philadelphia, finding hospitable shelter in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mangasarian, preaching next morning and evening from the platform of St. George's hall to large, earnest and fresh congregations. There is an elasticity about this independent movement, as in that of others of the kind, which suggests a constituency which belongs to Unitarian churches, which, must we not admit, from internal defects, we have not yet been able to reach. On Monday the senior editor gave his lecture on "Browning," before the New Century Club in the afternoon, and in Mr. Ames' church in the evening. On Tuesday he studied Philadelphia on those points which do most vitally touch the interests he has nearest at heart. The fraternity existing among the liberal churches of Philadelphia seems delightful. The three Unitarian churches of Philadelphia, the Camden church, the Independent Society at St. George's hall, with the patriarchal spirit of Dr. Furness, give five ministers who promptly respond to every call of co-operation.

Last Sunday a Round Robin exchange had been planned for, when every one preached in somebody else's pulpit; and it is intended to set the wheel going in this fashion once

every two months,—the results of which must be exceedingly gratifying. Tuesday gave time for a glimpse into the school-rooms of the Ethical Culture Society; the studio of S. H. Morse, whose beautiful head of Emerson the UNITY publishers have made available to western buyers; the Manual Training High School of Philadelphia, with its 300 boys, whose faces are illuminated with enthusiasm by the school, which to us seemed to be, all things considered, the most perfectly equipped and admirably managed institution of the kind we have ever visited. But the thing most interesting in Philadelphia to "ye editor" is the Children's Aid Society and Bureau of Information, which in five years' time has revolutionized the treatment of dependent children in the state of Pennsylvania, emptied the almshouses of the state of over 1,300 little ones, closed two "institutions" in the city of Philadelphia, and saved to the city thousands of dollars of money—all by following the divine method of "setting the solitary in families" as opposed to the human method of setting the solitary in "institutions." On Tuesday night we met a gathering of Mr. Mangasarian's people, and at midnight started for Boston. Thursday was Unity Club day at the Unitarian headquarters on Beacon street—the first of many institutes, we trust. Nearly forty different clubs and churches were represented. The addresses of Messrs. Hale, Cooke and Dole, and the papers of Messrs. Rich, Lyon and Spaulding, with the questionings and the answers intermingled, gave an impulse to thinking and studying activities of churches which we trust will justify the outlay of strength and time which the meeting involved. Thursday, 7 P. M., the editor started for Chicago, which he reached on Saturday morning in time for some communings with the genial and earnest Armenian, whose sincerity and eloquence charmed the six different audiences that were privileged to greet him, and in time to put the child-saving methods of Philadelphia into the last Sunday morning's sermon, and to find the accumulation of duties which conspire to impoverish these editorial columns, but not to dampen our holiday joys or to weaken our Christmas greetings.

Ideas of God.

"We See As We Are."

We see in God what we are in ourselves. We call ourselves finite, him infinite; but that which we think of as infinite for him is what exists as finite in ourselves. The difference to our minds is of degree rather than kind. At any given time, the God whom the nation worships is the reflex of its own highest conception of power and morality and intelligence. As man grows wiser and better, our image in the heavens takes on beauty.

It is so with things much less important than God's character and wisdom. Very long ago it was noticed that the Ethiopian gave his god a black face and woolly hair, while the Thracian gave *his* his own blue eyes and fair complexion. In our Christian art the Virgin's face betrays the nationality of the painter. Murillo makes her a Spanish peasant girl; Raphael, an Italian woman, with some Roman ruins in the background. The German artists made their angels round-faced fraus. Two or three hundred years ago a Dutchman wrote a book to prove that Dutch was the language of Paradise. But the old Epicureans thought that the gods probably spoke Greek; and Brigham Young said that English is God's language; and Swedenborg, with ear laid a little closer to the truth, reveals that the angels always seem to be talking in the tongue to which each listener was born. And thus it is throughout religion. If our idea of creation is mainly that of manufacture, then God is the great machinist, making and repairing his worlds; and anything but that will seem a little like "atheism." If our idea of providence be still that which the ancient Jew held, and very naturally held 2,500 years ago, then God is the arbitrary elector and pre-ordainer of a man's and a nation's destiny; and if one deny "special providence," and answers to petitions, he will seem to us a man with no religiousness. If our idea of divine goodness

and of justice be still that of Augustine's age, 1,500 years ago, then we can believe in the literal dogmas of transmitted guilt and transmitted propitiation and the fearful fate of unbelievers; and God will be the great merchant, then, bartering man's salvation for so much suffering paid over by another. Let one doubt the moral possibility of such a transaction and we shall tell him—at least, in this nineteenth century, dear friends tell us,—“You are not feeling the enormity of sin.”

This instantaneous creator, this special providence, this interposing God, this chosen nation, this supernatural deliverer and teacher, have had their place in the seeing of the past and really made men's joy and faith, because by these symbols their minds have best grasped the idea of God's life in nature and history. As men are, they see in nature and in history. To accept the theologic origin of the earth from the book of Genesis, is as if we should believe the nurse-girl's tale to the three-year-old boy about the origin of his little brother that has just been born into the home. The legends of the book of Genesis were noble science for their own day; they make a noble poem, but no science at all for our day. Or again, to judge of an historical question, like the "origin of Christianity," save from the standpoint of a somewhat wide study, is as if a man should lecture on the sun, knowing nothing of what the spectroscope and telescope have shown within the last thirty years. Very noble are the words of the New Testament; but he, again, who insists that their nobleness is utterly beyond parallel in other bibles, or that they are unmixed with intellectual error, or that they represent all moral ideals, or that the spiritual impulse Jesus and Paul gave to the Roman world, can not be explained except by miracle,—such a friend betrays his reverence, indeed, for his parents and his minister, but reverence rather than a sense of the greatness of the human mind and the wonder of the universe. He does not betray ripened knowledge. The vast good which a Jesus and a Bible do is to emphasize, and so to introduce, the better view. The harm which a Jesus and a Bible do is that the reverence for them keeps the old views prominent when it is time for farther change. That is not their fault, but ours. No,—hardly our "fault." Our fear of losing some vision that we know has been helpful, tends to make us disown the actually better vision that comes afresh to us, who have eighteen hundred years more of insight organized within us. It is true that one may not only rashly give up, but rashly lay hold of, the better thought; in which case it will not do him all its good. But the fact remains, that, with the broader reading of to-day into the long processes of man's development, the seeming exceptions disappear, and we are led on to grander glimpses of a God as uniform in history as in the operations of the rest of nature; led on to see that in accordance with great laws,—

"Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

This, the grander view, is the later one. Why? Because the earlier ages could not see the truth in it, man's eyes not then having acquired enough experience. As the light flows into our minds and shows us all phenomena in new relations, one by one the old ideas fade and vanish, not into nothingness,—we need never be afraid of that in regard to anything that has once been profound conviction of the world,—not into nothingness, but to give place to something *akin* to the old thought, which is truer than the old; and this in turn, no doubt, must suffer change into something better yet. Never think that you have got to the end of your thinking; never dream that there is not a truer and better yet than you ever thought.

And with that caution ever borne in mind, and openly avowed, it seems higher truthfulness to utter the best truth possible to our hour rather than to keep the shut lips in religion which some men prefer; higher truthfulness, for instance, to say of the One Almighty Force of the universe, "It is our Father," rather than to call it "the Unknowable." To that extent—its righteousness—it is not unknowable; the mystery lying not below, but above, all our ideas of human

personality and goodness, and life. God is all that we think and name, and infinitely more. I know we have our wonders over much in nature that looks heartless; I know we can not answer our own questions or another's about much in aches and tragedies in birth and life and death and history; I know that there is an easy-going "optimism" that is not the real "faith in goodness" so much as a real numbness to other people's pangs; I know that some of the very best men and women, those most sensitive to other's pangs, and whose life is a long self-sacrifice,—that some of these are among those most ready to confess their mental bewilderment over nature's seeming Calvinism. And yet I know, too, that tested by serenity in trial and by power of making others serene in trial, these very persons are often the very ones who make true Jesus' beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see—God!" Be pure, you see the pure,—for "you see as you are." Be the brotherly, you see the Fatherly and Motherly, for "you see as you are." Be loyal to the good, you can not help, deep in your being, seeing and trusting in that Good as source and end of all,—that is, seeing and trusting in what other men call "God;" for "you see as you are."

Trust that little spelling lesson of the five short words. It will spell us out life's deepest riddles finally. Let faith in it sustain us and make us brave if ever our minds feel compelled to give up cherished old beliefs and go wandering forth, at first not knowing what new shelter will take the place of the old homestead. It is often a great comfort when beset with religious doubts, or with the great life-darknesses of any kind, to remember that "we are seeing only as we are," and therefore that we never are seeing to the *bottom* of the fact; and that, meanwhile,

Our faiths are foolish by falling below,
Not coming above, what God will show;
That his commonest thing holds a wonder vast,
To whose beauty our eyes have never past;
God's fact, in the present, or in the to-be,
Outshines the best that we think we see.

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Discovery.

The flower I sought of early morn,
At home, in nooks of dew-strewn grass,
Another, coming travel-worn,
Had plucked upon the mountain pass.

Was the sweet secret his or mine?
I quarrel not that men have known
By other ways a glimpse divine
Of truths I deemed my garden's own.

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

Widows in India and "the Ramabai Circle."

Although India is often vaguely thought of as inhabited by semi-civilized heathen or by negroes on a plane with African savages, it is in reality a country that has had a settled and highly organized civilization for at least two thousand years, and its people are of the same blood as the ruling nations of the world. They have progressed little in many centuries, it is true; but with their elaborate social and religious systems, their educated class, their venerable traditions, they can hardly be regarded as barbarians.

One of India's most harmful characteristics is its degradation of women. Hindu women are of two classes only, wives and widows, betrothals and marriages taking place in childhood. All women are considered inferior to men. They exist for men, and not for themselves; they hold no property, receive no education, have no power. A wife is literally her

husband's slave—of use only to bear his children and do his work. A widow is even worse off. From the moment of her husband's death she is a creature to be despised and tormented. Dressed always in the garb of disgrace, she can eat but one meal of coarse food a day and must fast two days every month, abstaining from drink as well as food. She can attend no merry-making, no household or religious festival. She can never marry again. In the eyes of the people a curse rests upon her, and they shrink from her look or touch. If the betrothed husband of a child dies before the marriage, she too is a widow until death. It is believed that in some previous state of existence she has murdered this betrothed husband, and that now as a punishment he is taken away from her. Therefore her parents and friends hold it a sacred duty to carry out the punishment which is for the purifying of her soul. She is shut away from her companions, made to fast and do the meanest work, allowed no recreation or pleasure, and in every possible way made to feel that she is, and must always be, an outcast, cursed by heaven and despised by men. If, as often happens, she is in the care of her husband's family, she is regarded with hate, as being the instrument of his death, and all the necessary miseries of her position are aggravated.

The widow has no chance of escape except by death. If she runs away from her home she can hold no property, and so throws herself upon the world penniless. By this action she loses caste, and being both an outcast and a widow, no one, however low his social position, will either hire her for any kind of work or receive her into his house. Formerly she was encouraged to sacrifice herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband, thus gaining the highest place in heaven for herself, and also enabling her husband's soul to ascend quickly to its rest.

Through the efforts of certain Hindus, and by the intervention of the English government at their request, this custom has been prohibited, and now the widow's only chance for escape by honorable self-sacrifice is to drown herself in one of the sacred rivers. That act, she is assured, will purchase exalted happiness for herself and her husband; and numbers of these unhappy women avail themselves of this mode of deliverance.

No doubt natural affection to some small extent lightens these terrible burdens of widowhood; but it is a system rooted in thousands of years of custom, and demanded by tradition, by public opinion, by law, and above all by religion.

From this nation comes one of its women, and a widow, the Pundita Ramabai, asking for sympathy and cooperation in her life-work, the elevation of women in India. With the exception of her cousin, she is the only Hindu woman who has ever come to this country; her presence is as novel as her message is thrilling. Her father, one of the educated priestly class, held the view that women should have the same educational rights as men, and in the face of bitter persecution educated his wife and two daughters. When Ramabai was growing into womanhood he died, and his wife and older daughter soon followed him. One brother was left, and with him Ramabai traveled through India, studying its customs and religion, and finally began to lecture. She became a member of a school of eclectic thinkers, called the Brahmo Somaj, the members of which, having given up the degraded popular form of their native religion, accept the good things in all religions and try to live true lives according to their own sense of right, and through them Ramabai was led to become a Christian. Her brother died, and then followed her marriage with a man of her own choice, an educated native lawyer. Two years later he too died, and soon after she went to England, where for two years she held the chair of Sanskrit in a Cheltenham College for women, and gained during that time complete command of the English language.

In March, 1886, she came to this country to be present at the graduation of her cousin, Dr. Anandibai Joshee, from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and since that

* "The High Caste Hindu Woman," Philadelphia, 1887; 8°. Price, \$1.25. Address the Pundita Ramabai, 1400 North 21st street, Philadelphia.

time she has visited various places in the United States, with the view of arousing interest in her work. Her cousin was to have been her helper; but death that has been such a fate to her has deprived her of this support, and now she stands among us entirely alone. She is a small, gentle woman of twenty-nine years, with erect head, sensitive mouth and chin, and a soft, well-managed voice. She speaks with perfect ease and self-possession, and her words bear witness to a fine culture, a broad mind, a keen reason, a clear sight, and a cool, indomitable courage and persistence that puts to shame our theories of woman's incapacity and Hindu inferiority.

Her object is the elevation of Hindu women through education, and chiefly by the Hindus themselves. Natives would have an intimate knowledge of the people's needs and of the most effective methods of work among them. Not having to contend against the prejudice and aversion felt toward all foreigners, especially the English, they could work with far less friction and waste. The mission work in general is sadly hampered by this prejudice, and the mission schools for girls have especial difficulties. Pupils are obtained with great difficulty, and even then are allowed to remain in school but two or three years, being withdrawn by their parents by the time they are ten years old. They are not permitted to study at home; and their life after marriage is such as to counteract and obliterate whatever good they may have received during their short school days.

In view of all this Ramabai wishes to put the women in the way of helping themselves. She believes that work can be begun most effectively among the high caste women—that is, among the women of the class which already educates its men. Her plan is carefully thought out and defined. As soon as she has money enough to make a safe beginning she will return to India, taking one or two American women as assistant teachers, and in the most cultured portion of the country open a woman's school. Her pupils are to be educated with the ultimate object of going out as teachers for the women in their homes. The wives, of course, are not available; but the widows—especially the "child-widows," who are just of the educating age—have nothing to bind them to their homes, everything to force them away; and of these high caste widows alone there are 600,000 in India. In view of their miserable life and its utter hopelessness, the Pundita has ground for believing that they would gladly avail themselves of this avenue of relief and substitution.

The school is to give at least the ground-work of a thorough modern Christian education, teaching especially science and the English language and literature. Although it is to be entirely secular in the subjects taught, the Bible will be placed in the hands of the pupils, and they will be encouraged in every way to give it their private study and attention. By this means, by familiarizing them with Christian literature, and by the constant influence of the Christian lives of their teachers, it is hoped to win them from their perverted and inadequate religion to a practical Christianity. While no formal religious instruction will be undertaken, the tone of the school will be distinctly Christian, and the Christian principles upon which modern civilization rests will pervade its teaching.

As to the obstacles in the way of this work, there are doubtless many. In the beginning, at least, little co-operation can be expected from the Hindus themselves, for in the main they have not yet awakened to the need of the work. Little can be expected from the resident English. Ramabai hopes, however, that when once started the school will attract a good number of the unfortunate widows, and that, sooner or later, some among the educated men—a few of whom are already beginning to recognize the need of woman's education—may see its value and give it their aid and patronage.

In regard to her fitness to carry out this plan, no one who has seen the Pundita can doubt that her cool common sense, her practical methods, together with her knowledge of her people, her education, her devoted Christianity, and above all her quiet firmness of purpose, would make probable the success of schemes more doubtful than this. In support of

her project, she says: "There is no better way—as far as my knowledge of my own people goes—of introducing the kingdom of God and the gospel of our Savior in India, than by approaching the philosophical Hindu mind in a rational and practical way."

The school can not be self-supporting for some years. As women can hold no property, the pupils will be without money, and must be fed and clothed as well as educated; but Ramabai believes that ten years will either establish it on a self-supporting basis or indicate it as a failure, and she asks for help for that time only. Besides support and accommodation for pupils, teachers must be paid, books and apparatus bought, and various other expenses met; and the Pundita has estimated that there will be needed \$7,000 dollars a year for the ten years.

A few weeks ago, at the invitation of the young women of the Cornell University, the Pundita Ramabai came to Ithaca to speak regarding her work and plans for elevating Hindu women. Four meetings were held, and so great was the interest and enthusiasm aroused, that steps were at once taken toward the formation of a permanent organization to assist in her work. The result was the establishment of the "Ramabai Circle for the Elevation of Woman in India." The officers of the circle are a president, Miss Tupper; a secretary, Miss Cutting; a treasurer, Miss Edwards; and an advisory council consisting of Professors Oliver, H. S. Williams, and Jones. The pledge of payment of one dollar a year for ten years admits to membership. Communication with Ramabai is to be kept up, and meetings are to be called at the discretion of the president. The object is to furnish money for Ramabai's school, and it has been suggested that the circle endeavor to support one of the American teachers whom Ramabai desires to take with her to India. Already about thirty professors and fifty students have become members of the circle, and the sums pledged per year range from one to twenty dollars.

We would refer any who desire further details to a work* recently published by Ramabai, at the request of her American friends, in which, to use her own words, she has tried, as clearly as she could, "to give a correct idea of the high caste woman's life, her social and religious rights, her needs, and how we can meet them."

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, June 4, 1887.

The Three Stone Steps.

Dante, the great poet, was seeking a way up the mountain of Purgatory. Although Purgatory is described as a steep mountain, the poet intended its highest meaning to be to us the willing bearing of the pains and trials found along the rugged ways of life. Thus the soul becomes cleansed from sin. It is so natural to be impatient with our troubles. But Dante saw, as wise men all see, that the true course is to desire that frame of mind to turn these into good. The famous Latin poet, Virgil, was his guide. Yet sometimes he was obliged to turn to others for advice when the way became devious. Such was the case now. Since reaching the foot of the mountain they had looked in vain for the path to the summit, which signifies that it is not easy to learn how to bear ourselves in the various struggles of life. They had, in fact, wandered the whole day long, and the evening was now at hand. What made their position more difficult was, one they met told them that they were now liable to be attacked by a great serpent. "Yet keep on," said their informer, "until you reach the green dell hollowed out in the mountain side, where a company of people are resting, and two angels will protect you there."

The poets came to the dell. It was clothed in the most vivid green, and embellished with flowers of hues more beautiful than any Dante had seen on earth. The company were singing. Dante saw that they were kings, emperors, and others of authority, who had, on account of their many duties, put off till the last moment the day of repentance. Here they still lingered. So hard is it to overcome habits of procrastination.

nation! Suddenly some one cried, "The serpent!" In great terror Dante drew close to his guide. The horrid reptile came gliding through the grass and flowers, sometimes turning back its head and sleeking itself after the way of beasts. But even before it was seen, two beautiful angels had hovered downward, and now they moved protectingly near—one on each side of the dell. They were clad in green, their green wings being like gauze, and each bore a flaming sword.

At sight of their glittering weapons the serpent retreated. And now, as there was no further danger, the angels took their flight back toward heaven. By the serpent Dante meant the fear which glides into our hearts when all is uncertain before us; by the angels, he meant hope that springs up ever fresh and green. Hope will put fear to rout.

Dante's mood grew calmer, and he fell asleep. Because he had so patiently sought the way, and was so eager to be freed from his sins, help was to be given him. Another angel appeared, and gently bore him to a place not far from the true entrance to Purgatory. How surprised he was when awakening! Virgil bade him be of good cheer. "We are sure now of ascending the mountain," he said. Dante looked about him and saw what seemed a gallery of rock. But near by was a gate, with three stone steps leading to it. On the topmost step rested the feet of an angel, who sat on the threshold of the gate. Dante tried to fix his eyes upon him, but could not for the brightness.

"Whence come you?" asked the warder. "This man was brought here by a messenger from heaven," answered Virgil. "He may enter, then, if he is able to cross these steps." Dante hastened to examine them. The lowest was pure and polished white marble. The second was like dark rock that had long been burnt in the furnace, being cracked through its length and its breadth. The third was deep red, like blood—a glowing porphyry. He saw the meaning. Would he be able to cross them? First, did his mind clearly mirror forth to him his sin, with none of it concealed, as the white marble indicated? Next, was his repentance so sincere his heart was broken at thought of his guilt, bearing the sign of the cross, like the second stone? And, last, was he willing to give his life in the eager strife for purification, as the flaming, blood-red stone suggested?

Dante felt that he could answer, "Yes!" In humbleness, yet with great gratitude, he ascended the steps without faltering, and the heavenly porter "pushed open the sacred door."

ABBIE M. GANNETT.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Miss Curtis: A Sketch. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, pp. 271. \$1.25.

There is excellent discipline in reading such a book as "Miss Curtis." To those who happily have learned to enjoy life with undisguised adaptation to its disciplinary predominance, the volume offers rare opportunities. There is for them an exhilaration in the exercise of sustaining mental balance under difficulties. This book supplies such difficulties to a lavish degree, the ruling one being its subtlety, which really comprises them all. To one who is impervious to discipline—and we have known one or two such—who laughs, cries, is horrified, amused, exalted or scandalized in rapid succession by passing events, either in or out of a book, without a troublesome sense of personal responsibility as to the application of those emotions or their causes, this story is very beguiling;—especially if that one be living a life closely embedded in "social" intricacies. To the plain-going reader, who does not like to be perplexed, we do not recommend it.

The perspective of the narrative is an interesting feature. The whole spirit of it, as relating to the human undercurrent of life, is pathetically, "so near and yet so far," that it is filled with the odor of incessant tragedy from beginning to end; as there is no "plot" to the story, the cause of this tragedy is sufficiently invisible to resemble the dim, vanishing point of sight in a sharply perspective etching. One wonders whether the author intended to convey tragedy or comedy in

high life, or to be thoroughly realistic, which is as much as to say that each of these phases is artistically evidenced.

The remote and impersonally personal attitude of each of the specimen characters and their principles of action, throw the whole scene into a certain Japanese relief which is very striking. We might say the book is intensely modern, and stop just there, except that it would leave the less subtle, but mutually intense half of life in the modern, entirely unrepresented. It might have been called a fairy story outright, or a goblin nightmare, and have done with it. But it isn't. It is called a Sketch, and is aërated character study. There is a quaint, antique air with its modernness, which is peculiarly contradictory. That is sometimes one of the subtleties of highly frictionized society, where church and parish life and religious elements run through it all.

It begins with two children, who are not children, but offerings upon an altar of "character," "principle," and social demand. Their experiences in the first of the story are the most strongly marked features in the book. No such childish maladies as measles or mumps appear; but the little girl, while passing out of her childhood, and not yet a young lady, charges herself, in her journal, "in imitation of mock philosophy" with *being* something far more difficult to deal with—"a potentiality and a conscious personality." The mature decision and prompt action of the brother and sister are startling products of their surroundings and of the inculcated self-suppression of a minister's family. Miss Curtis, who figures as an eccentric benefactress, begins by being an ogress, is gradually warmed by the genuine spirit of the young girl, and ends by revealing to her at the last the undeveloped possibilities for tenderness that have lain hidden and encrusted all her life. Many points that we would like to speak of, we must pass over for want of space. The sketch is like an etching, because all that which is *not* there stands out in bold relief from the scarcity and sharpness of the outline which holds it together.

E. T. L.

Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. Thomas Gray. Illustrations by Birket Foster.

Ring Out, Wild Bells. Alfred Tennyson. Illustrations from Miss L. B. Humphrey.

That Glorious Song of Old. Edmund H. Sears. Illustrated by Alfred Frederias.

It was the Calm and Silent Night. Alfred Dornet. Illustrated.

Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud? William Knox. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey.

The Breaking Waves Dashed High. Felicia Hemans. Designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Lee & Shepard: Boston. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. Price of the above, 50 cents each.

Dainty little holiday books are all these, and beautifully illustrated. The poems have long since become a part of ourselves, and we love to see them again and again given to the world in new and attractive garb.

Faith's Festivals. By Mary Lakeman. Lee & Shepard: Boston. A. C. McClurg, Chicago. Pp. 65. \$1.00.

The story of a life beautifully told in four Christmas and one Easter occasion. A valuable addition to child literature.

THE HOME.

Christmas.

Swing in your steeples, swing,
O Christmas bell!
With melody ascending,
Your music swells;
While little children sing
Their happy voices blending.

This day, long years ago,
A life began,
And grew in heavenly beauty—
A son of man.
Men learned of him to know
The holiness of duty.

O dreaming soul, awake
From visions dim,
To find a joy unswerving,
Through following him!
In healing hearts that ache,
In lowly, faithful serving.

ANNA M. PRATT.

How Blossom and Royal Prolonged Christmas.

Christmas was almost there. Papa had been off on a long jaunt, and wrote that he would reach grandpa's Christmas eve and wanted wife and babies to meet him there. But mamma's arm had been "all bokted up" and was weak, stiff and painful; the roads were "all bokted up," too, and anything but inviting to hospital and nursery traveling, besides mamma had on her hands a minister who was "all bokted up," also, having resigned his pulpit, withdrawn from one denomination, and had come asking fellowship in another. Bessie had gone home for a regular Norwegian festival. The rain outside, the depressed guest inside, the maimed mamma, the absent papa did not seem to promise a very brilliant Christmas for Blossom and Royal, but they were a cheerful, loving little couple, full of "faith, hope and charity."

In the sitting-room hung a small wood-cut, called "Homeless." The forlorn, ragged little waif was a living reality to them, and they often tried to comfort him, especially as the holidays drew near, telling him daily that if he would only "tome Twistmas we'll vide our tandy wis you." The day before Christmas a lady called, saying that she was trying to get a bit of Christmas for two children near, whose father was a worthless man and the mother ill. The six-year-old girl carried milk to customers and had no mittens. The little boy was still younger. Mamma had just finished a pair of such pretty blue seamed mittens. Blossom had watched their slow growth with great interest, for mamma could only knit a few minutes at a time with her lame hand. They were done now, tassels and all, ready for wear.

The little couple had listened attentively to the story. Homeless had come sure enough, and brought his sister with him. Mamma gave the children the candy she had bought for their Christmas, telling them that they could do as they pleased with it—give it or keep it until to-morrow, but that she could not go out for any more. Roy took the candy, looked it carefully over, sighed, meditated awhile, looked at Homeless, who seemed more utterly forlorn than ever, and probably thought, "I only promised to *divide*;" then at Blossom, who said slowly—

"'Es dive it to 'em."

Carrying it heroically to Mrs. K., he said tenderly: "I've dot a dood papa, an' my mamma isn't in bed."

Blossom held the pretty mittens in her hands and looked at them, then at Homeless. These mittens had grown stitch by stitch, and there had been knit into them so many day-dreams, they matched her new blue plaid cloak, and papa hadn't seen them either, and it would take mamma oh! so long to knit another pair. She thought it all over, for mamma had said, "They are yours, dear, but remember how long it will be before you get others." She turned pleading eyes on Homeless, but there he sat as fixed in his woe as the weeping Niobe. Then she thought aloud (a habit of hers—)

"Her monner is sick. S'e has to tarry milk in 'e told, an' s'e's dot no mittens."

Thrusting them behind her, she backed up to Mrs. K., saying: "Tate 'em, tate 'em to 'e 'ittle dirl," and she ran into mamma's room and closed the door.

The little ones went to bed that night with their heads so full of the surprise in store for Homeless and his sister that they forgot all about their own stockings. In the evening a gentleman called with a package, saying: "Mrs. K. told me about the candy and mittens. This is for the children, and not for missionary purposes, remember."

Next morning Roy awoke, saying in surprise: "O-o-h! Blossom!! We fordot our tockin's nast night."

But the wise Blossom replied seriously: "Nezer min'. Papa dinka det home an' mamma touldn't do out, an' Bessie's done, so I duess it's no matter."

At breakfast mamma handed them the package the gentleman brought the night before, saying: "Mr. F. left this for you two, last evening." It proved a box of Gunther's choicest candies. Oh, how lovely! How came he to think of it? How good he was; and in the fullness of their gratitude, Roy exclaimed—

"Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! We'll det him a whole ballel of tatterpillers next summer."

"'Es," added Blossom, "an' toads, an' dear 'ittle snakes."

"An' tatoe buds an' gwasshoppers," chimed in Roy. "Oh, aint you dlad 'e ozer chil'ns has dot 'e ozer tandy, taus now we'se all dot tandy," he added.

"An' 'e ozer 'ittle dirl's dlad s'es dot sut nice mittens to teep her finders warm," said generous Blossom, as she looked out of the window and saw the air full of flurrying snowflakes.

Soon the expressman came with the Christmas box from grandma and the aunties. Then the "ohs" and the "ahs," and the dancing of feet and the clapping of hands—all the more intense because the little hearts had expanded, purified and refined under the influence of their self-forgetting. There was no reproach to them now in the attitude of Homeless. Had they not warmed him with mittens and comforted him with candy? Suddenly into their joy came a new thought. Couldn't they have another Christmas when papa came home? Taking out a few caramels to celebrate this Christmas, they put the candy and Christmas box away. The next five days were spent in devising all sorts of surprises; rehearsals were held, and no end of suggestions advanced.

New Year's Eve the kindergarten teacher must be invited, and "the stranger within their gates" was there still; papa had just returned, and after tea all were seated around the bright fire in the back parlor when Mamma and Roy quietly disappeared. Mamma returned soon, and Blossom looked very conscious and mirthful. Papa asked, "Where is Roy?" The answer was a bugle-blast on the other side of the sliding doors. "Oh! Papa! It's Santataus! Open 'e door twick!" cried Blossom, clapping her hands. Papa threw the doors apart, exclaiming: "No. It's Kris Kringle, our Christ child."

There in a sleigh, covered with a robe of fluffy white cotton, with a little red cap surmounting his crown of golden curls, eyes as blue as the heavens on a bright June day, and cheeks whose flush rivaled that sea-shell tint that ever mocks the artist's brush, surrounded by his gifts of sympathy and love sat Roy, a living emblem of "Peace on earth and good will to men." Blossom immediately became his little almoner, distributing the gifts with a suspiciously wise knowing who they were for. Every one was remembered more than once, and last of all came the box of Gunther's best for general distribution.

But lo! papa had disappeared, and just as little Kris Kringle thought he was through, a live Santa Claus, looking so like papa, slipped up behind and filled the sleigh in the rear. Again there was something for all, and another box of candy "for Blossom and Roy." This was unlooked for. "How did papa know we were doin' to have a Twistmas to-night?" He didn't, but he meant they should, and had come prepared accordingly. Such an exuberance of joy, in the midst of which Blossom suddenly caught a look in the minister's face that arrested her mirth.

"I wis' you' chil'ns was here," she said. "You'll has a Twistmas wis 'em when you det home, won't you?"

"I hope so," he replied sadly.

Then there was a little whispered conference in the corner, and she returned with the full candy box, saying: "Tate 'is wis you to he'p mate it." And these little messengers of love sowed the seed of still another Christmas, and increased and prolonged the joy and good-will on earth.

Is not the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil an ever-recurring event, where hearts are warm and generous?"

S. C. LL. J.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference met November 20-23, at Oakland, Cal., and was the largest and most successful session yet held. The presence of Rev. Grindall Reynolds, secretary of the A. U. A., and his companion in apostolic journeying, Mr. S. A. Eliot, of the Cambridge Divinity School, added greatly to the enjoyment and profit of the occasion. Mr. Reynolds has visited every church and mission of our faith on the coast, and speaks with great hopefulness of the outlook. The essays were by Rev. B. F. McDaniel, on the "Growth and Permanence of the Religious Sentiment"—a fine, thoughtful utterance; "Our Unitarian Need," by Mr. Massey, of Sacramento, who thinks us lacking in zeal; "Books and Morals," a fresh treatment of a hackneyed theme, by A. W. Jackson, and soon to appear in a magazine; Horace Davis' excellent paper on "Christianity in Japan," since published in the *Unitarian Review*, followed by Missionary Knapp's catholic enunciation of the principles and methods which are to guide him in his novel and important work in that country; Dr. Stebbins' admirable address on "The Future of the California Society," which the daily press printed in full; and the essay which produced the profoundest impression of all—Thomas Eliot's "Divorce and Divorce Laws." The latter will shortly appear as a tract in the conference series. It is a strong utterance from a wise and good man.

Here, surely, was variety and interest enough! The platform meeting on "The Outlook for Liberal Religion" was addressed by Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Greer of Tacoma, Mr. Goodenough, the Oakland Universalist pastor, and a liberal Jewish rabbi, who made the best speech of them all. The Sunday-school and auxiliary meetings were not given time enough, but this will be remedied at the next session. Strong temperance resolutions were passed and testimonies concerning the public school system and the gambling habit. The attendance during the day was from 50 to 150, and evenings from 200 to 500. An excursion was made to the California state university, at Berkeley, five miles from Oakland. A crowded sociable with pleasant addresses concluded the session. The report of the secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, was optimistic. He said in his report that publication work had been undertaken in a modest way, and various leaflets and tracts issued. The women's auxiliary societies had distributed thousands of printed documents through the mails, and conducted a missionary correspondence with sympathizers all over the coast. The conference had made its first concerted effort to raise money for domestic missions during the past year, and some

\$350 was sent to Tacoma—a small showing, but at least a beginning. To the Unitarian Association \$463.40 had been given by the churches of the conference, while the former had expended upon this coast \$5,782.85. The amount of this missionary aid needed would, however, be much reduced during the coming year. A young Japanese, he said, was about to enter a Unitarian Theological seminary at Meadville, Pa. The report next spoke of hopeful and thriving movements at Oakland, Spokane Falls and at Sacramento, and of projected societies at San José, Pomona and other places.

In March last Mr. Wendte visited southern California, and very cheering accounts were given of the Unitarian churches in those parts. In the view of the secretary, there is not a town of 5,000 inhabitants in any part of California where a Unitarian church could not be successfully started.

The relations between Unitarians and Universalists were discussed in a broad and genial way. The great difficulty, the secretary said, was the scarcity of able ministers and preachers, the Unitarians being particularly fastidious in this respect. It was hoped to start a Sunday-school and church service in Alameda in the near future. Santa Cruz, Napa, Stockton, Reno and Fresno were available points for liberal societies. The Starr King Monument fund was commended to the churches. Every Unitarian society on the coast was now conducted on the free seat plan.

In June last Mr. Wendte went north and visited Salem, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane Falls, Helena, and other places, in most of which Unitarian societies exist. He had traveled 4,500 miles, made 200 visits, written 1,200 or more letters, in addition to his work in Oakland. The visits of John Fiske, A. M. Knapp, Robert Collyer and Mr. Reynolds were pleasantly referred to. But the best results of the year were spiritual, and not to be set down in statistics.

The treasurer, Mr. C. A. Murdock, showed that the conference receipts had been \$689.07, of which \$365 had been contributed for Tacoma. It was resolved to raise \$750 for the A. U. A. the coming year among the churches, the amount to be apportioned, also, to raise an equal amount for home mission work. Every society, save one, was represented at the meetings, and the spirit throughout was hearty and unanimous.

DELEGATE.

Boston.—The demand for admission tickets to our Globe Theater on a recent Sunday evening, to hear the sermon of Rev. Edward Everett Hale, was very great. The house was crowded. A large part of the attendants were non-churchgoers. Whether now visible or invisible, the results of such people's meetings are certainly great.

—Rev. C. F. Dole's lessons at Channing Hall, on Thursday afternoons, before Sunday-school teachers and others, are well attended. They are highly instructive to young and old. In January the course of lessons by Rev. Francis Tiffany, on "Ethics," is expected to be widely popular.

—Rev. Henry G. Spaulding, our Sunday-school secretary, though in the midst of his winter's work of editing newspaper, festival services of song, and new Sunday-school manuals, and filling his leisure time in attending local conferences and teachers' unions, has accepted the invitation to join in the institute meeting of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs. Rev. J. L. Jones will be the guest speaker, and Rev. A. J. Rich the mainspring of the movement. Rev. C. F. Dole and W. H. Lyon and other clergymen will assist in making the bureau appreciated.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Jan. 6; subject: American Art.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Lavin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M. Rev. J. R. Effinger will preach; subject: "What Are We Living for?"

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 11 A. M., the annual Christmas festival joining with the congregation. No evening service. There will be no Unity Club work next week. Christmas festivities Wednesday, Dec. 28, from 4 to 7:30 P. M. Teachers' Meeting, Friday, 7:30; Choral Club, 8:30.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Dec. 25, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNITYS WANTED.—Two copies of the UNITY of Nov. 26, 1887, are greatly desired, and who-ever has a spare number of that date will greatly oblige us by sending to this office.

LITERARY SCHOOL.

Ten lectures on Dante will be given in the lecture hall of the Art Institute, corner Van Buren street and Michigan avenue, during the holidays, 1887, by Dr. W. T. Harris, of Concord, Mass.; Prof. Thomas Davidson, of Orange, N. J.; Prof. L. F. Soldan, of St. Louis; Miss M. E. Beedy, of Chicago; and Mr. D. J. Snider, of Chicago. The following is the programme (subject to some changes in the titles and times of lectures). These will begin, evenings at 8 o'clock; mornings, at 11 o'clock:

Monday evening, December 26, by Mr. D. J. Snider, "Dante's Place in the World's Literature;" Tuesday morning, December 27, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "Dante's Inferno;" Tuesday evening, December 27, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "The Teachers of Dante;" Wednesday morning, December 28, by Miss M. E. Beedy, "The Symbols of Punishment in Dante's Inferno;" Wednesday evening, December 28, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "The Mythology of Dante;" Thursday morning, December 29, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "Virgil and Beatrice as Guides;" Thursday evening, December 29, Prof. Louis F. Soldan, Friday morning, December 30, by Dr. W. T. Harris, "The Purgatorio and the Paradiso;" Friday evening, December 30, by Prof. Thomas Davidson, "The Vision of God—Interpretation of the Last Canto of Paradiso;" Saturday morning, December 31, by Mr. D. J. Snider, "Discipline of the Purgatorio."

Tickets for full course of ten lectures, \$5.00; tickets for half-course of five lectures (mornings or evenings), \$2.50; one admission, 75c.

Tickets to be had at A. C. McClurg & Co.'s or at S. A. Maxwell & Co.'s book stores. For information address D. J. Snider, Director of the School, Palmer House, Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notices must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 176 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Miss Curtis. By Kate Gannett Wells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Cloth, pp. 271. Price.....\$1.25
Monism and Mellorism; a Philosophical Essay on Causality and Ethics. By Paul Carus. New York: F. W. Christern. Paper, pp. 88. Price.....75
Science Sketches. By David Starr Jordan. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 276. Price.....1 50
Higher Ground. By Augustus Jacobson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 261. Price.....1 00

The Word for the Day. Text, Hymn and Prayer for every day in the year. Compiled by A. J. A. R. New York: John Ireland. Pp. 224. Price, cloth, plain, 75 cents; gilt, \$1.00; American seal, \$1.75; calf, \$2.50.
Columbia Bicycle Calendar for 1888. Issued by the Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass. Pad of 366 leaves. Letters to Elder Daughters, Married and Unmarried. By Helen Ekin Starrett. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Pp. 183. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50
Lotus and Jewel. By Edwin Arnold, O. S. I. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 263. Price.....\$1.00
The Little Flowers of Saint Francis. Translated from the Italian by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 228. Price.....\$1.00
Toto's Merry Winter. By Laura E. Richards. Boston: Roberts Bros. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 296. Price.....\$1.25
The Life of George Washington Studied Anew. By Edward Everett Hale. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 392. Price.....\$1.75
Talks to Young men. By Robert Collyer. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 283. Price.....\$1.25

The Fortunes of the Faradays. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 407. Price.....\$1.50

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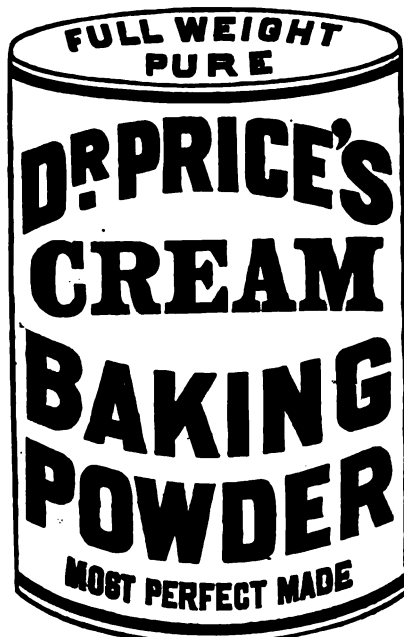
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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

[NUMBER 18.]

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

[NUMBER 19.]

EDITORIAL.

CHARACTER is contagious. Wherever it makes its appearance it is sure to spread.

THE spirit of religion has uses for names and words, but it is larger than them all.

LOVE, the primal force of the universe, is the ever-growing power in society.

WE read the records of the crimes in the world in the newspapers, but most of its virtues must go unrecorded, they are so numerous.

TRUE piety to-day seeks to denominationalize the charities, to unsect the philanthropies, to destroy the creed fences and break down the party walls of society.

LOVE is the only charity. The loving soul will make a home in a sod hut; but Vanderbilt has not wealth enough to make a home for a crippled newsboy without it.

THE case against Prof. E. C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, is to be placed on the calendar of the supreme court of Massachusetts, on appeal.

THE English Church receives in tithes about \$20,000,000 a year. Of this amount \$5,000,000 is expended in schools, hospitals, church buildings, etc., and the remaining \$15,000,000 goes to pay the salaries of the clergy.

THE *Messenger* asks a question full of significance: "While the church of Christ has been gathering in not more than three million of converts from the heathen world, the natural increase of that world has been twenty millions. Must not a tremendous advance be made somewhere along our lines of work?"

It has been said that the greatest magazine article of the year just gone is Gladstone's "Universitas Hominum," in the December *North American Review*. In this he foresees the commonwealth of souls that "will include the sum total of human life and human experience as lived and as gathered on the surface of the globe."

THIS year let us all work to convert our churches to the work of religion. Let us direct the enthusiasm of the competent to the lasting but modest interests of humanity, that the petty interest of the "creed" and the "scheme" may go. Let our churches direct the high energies of our men and women to the renovation of this world, and the next will take care of itself.

THE *Methodist Recorder* well says: "It is not the men who make the greatest display in public, and do the greatest amount of fine talking, that do the most good; it is the quiet, earnest, faithful, persevering workers who find something to do, and, instead of talking about it, go to work and do it, that in the long run, accomplish most for God and humanity. It is work that tells; and it is workers that the world needs. The mightiest forces in nature are the silent forces, that are always in operation, doing their work. And

the men who accomplish the greatest good are the men who are always about their Father's business, quietly and unostentatiously, it may be, laboring to save souls and extend the cause of the Redeemer. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."

WHAT a Japanese reviewer in a native magazine has recently said of Christianity will some day be said of it in all countries: "Its perpetuity in our country depends upon the general enlightenment and learning of its teachers, not on the value of its dogmas; its adjuncts, and not its doctrines, will decide its fate. To their claim to supernatural origin we are supremely indifferent; to the value of the influences which accompany its propagation and acceptance we are keenly alive."

Iowa and Kansas are giving practical illustrations of the possibility and the legitimacy of uniting the public sense and conscience in a righteous law against the innovations of a demoralizing traffic in a pernicious poison—a traffic which is lifted ever into dangerous proportions by vicious appetite and the greed for money. Said a skeptical, but intelligent and candid witness: "I have more respect for prohibition since traveling through these states." Says an Iowa gambler: "The shot that killed Haddock at Sioux City has shattered our business in Iowa for good."

Is it left for a Boston man to discover and announce the sacred antiquities of Chicago? Edward Everett Hale writes us: "Is it a matter of common talk in Chicago that La Salle called the Chicago river the divine river? His text is, '*Pour aller vers la rivière divine, appelé par les sauvages Chicagou*,'—in order to approach the divine river which the savages called Chicagou." We fear that the Chicagoans are not fully alive to the sacred traditions of their local Jordan; but in this respect they are not much different from their fellows in other parts of the world. It is high spirituality that discovers the sanctities of things near.

WE are sorry to hear a report that our contributor, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, of Syracuse, has been asked to resign his charge, on account of his interest in the Henry George movement. Mr. Pentecost, as will be seen from an extract in another note taken from his resignation sermon at Newark, N. J., attributes the final friction which necessitated the step to the same cause. A recent number of the *Nation* jeers at both these men and the movement they represent. Surely the Anti-Poverty Society will have to take up more collections to save its apostles from poverty. We confess our incompetency to arrive at even a working judgment upon the merits of the propositions of Henry George and his associates; but we have no difficulty in seeing that they are earnest men, grappling with momentous problems, and that the present relations of capital and labor, of wealth and citizenship, are not ideal, that many things are bad and need mending, and unless the pulpit has a right to take a hand in any attempt at improvement and better adjustment in the spirit of love and the humility of wisdom, so much the worse for the church. The world will love those who labor for its elevation, even though they blunder, and the church cast them out. We like much the prophetic spirit in the charge which was given at the installation of one of our western ministers not many months ago: "Young man, preach upon the living questions of the day, even though you make a fool of yourself."

provide training in drawing, clay modeling, tile-making, wood-carving, metal work, etc., to adults, free of expense, who desire to teach these handicrafts to needy children in the mission schools of the city. This normal class meets every Wednesday morning, from 10 to 12, in the modeling room of the Art Institute Building, corner of Van Buren street and Michigan avenue. "Six of the leading churches in the city are preparing to introduce handwork for boys." In Great Britain there are about 150 handwork classes in operation now, and "many of them have become self-supporting from the sale of work."

It is said that the pope received 2500 congratulatory telegrams on New Year's day, besides a magnificent array of presents from the crowned heads of Europe. A contributor sees in this an alarming sign, and fears that the Roman hierarchy is moving onward to the strength that may need bloodshed to thwart and break its power. We are no friends of priestcraft, and we see much to deplore in the Catholic church; but to us this church is still so instinct with humanity, so full of pathetic loyalty and persistent devotion, that we are willing to trust it in the world a while longer, and to believe that it, too, has its work to perform, its message to give.

ETHELBERT STEWART, in the *Journal of Industrial Education*, has a very telling article upon such education in relation to crime. Of all the facts such as statistics gather, what is the *most* common fact about our prison convicts? Not that they can not read and write: of the 552 convicts received into the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania in 1886, 477 had had a "fair common-school education,"—and that proportion seems typical. Not that they have not been to Sunday-school: of the 564 convicts received in the same prison in 1885, 515 had been Sunday-school scholars for longer or shorter times. Not that they are intemperate: of the 552, 104 were total abstainers, and of the 564, 99 were total abstainers. The most common, the most generic fact, is that *the convicts know no trade*. Of those 552, 39 had learned a trade by apprenticeship; 10 had been apprenticed, but had left before finishing; 62 had "picked up a trade or two by working at them;" leaving 441 "entirely ignorant of trade knowledge." Of the 564 received the year before, 459 had no trade knowledge. Of the 461 convicts received in 1884, 361 had no trade knowledge. Of the 471 male prisoners received in 1883, 378 had never learned a trade. Between 1876 and 1885, this Pennsylvania penitentiary received, in all, 1069 convicts under twenty-one years old; of these, 864 had fair common-school learning, but 993 had never learned a trade. How is it in a western prison? Of the 1494 convicts in the Joliet prison, Illinois, 151 are "illiterate;" 127 can read, but not write; 1087 have fair education; 129 are college graduates! That shows it is not lack of letters that takes men into crime. Of the same number, 413 are classed as "intemperate;" 764 as "moderate drinkers;" 317 as "total abstainers." That shows that total abstinence by no means keeps men out of crime. But light comes again when we learn that of the 668 received at Joliet between October and October, 1885–6, 478 had no trade knowledge. Do the prisons all around bear witness to the same fact? If so, it seems as if *the* weak spot in our educational systems lay plain in sight. After reflecting upon these figures, single out Chicago alone and consider three items more,—that Chicago spends yearly \$18.93 for each pupil in its public schools; that it costs her \$33.00 per arrest for each of her 44,261 arrests made in 1886, and that the city of Chicago never expended a dollar to teach a boy a trade. London pays from the city treasury \$385,000 a year towards the support of trade schools, and Mr. Stewart asks, "May there not be some connection between this fact and the fact that in 1883 there was in London but one arrest for each 48 of the population, while in New York during the same year, there was one arrest to each 21 of the population; in Brooklyn one to 23; in St. Louis one to 20, and in Chicago one to 15?"

197 Christmas Cards.

Concerning Christmas cards, a neighbor journal writes: "One clergyman, not long since, told the writer that he and his wife received the year before 197 cards, ranging in price from ten cents to \$3.00. When asked, 'What did you do with them?' he replied, 'Burned them' and added, 'It nearly ruined my wife's eyes acknowledging them all.' But why spend eyes on the acknowledgments? And why spend the ten cents and the dollars in the sending? And why condemn the pleasant custom instead of finding out a better way to practice it? If it is pleasant to hear the "Merry Christmas" from the house-mate, it is pleasant to hear it from the heart-mates a thousand paces or a thousand miles away. You have, perhaps, some twenty correspondents, but you have a hundred friends with whom this custom gives the chance of interchanging easy greeting once a year. The Christmas card is an unwritten letter to them all. It is the dumb message, "I remember you." It is the nod and the smile to the passer-by upon the distant streets. But to be this, the card should hold words after one's own heart; and to send it to your hundred or two hundred, it should cost but little money and but little time. One way to compass both of these conditions is to take in three or four like-minded comrades, select or write the greeting words together, have a thousand copies printed, and divide. Each card then will carry *your* message, and the sending to your whole wide circle need cost scarcely more than twice the postage. And, of course, it should be sent without expectation of acknowledgment. The joy lies in wanting to send it and in believing it is welcome.

W. C. G.

The Past.

Two great changes have occurred of late in men's ideas of the Past; the first concerning its *duration*, the second concerning its *disappearance*. Till some half-century ago nearly the whole Christian world held it for fact beyond suspicion that a little sheaf of six thousand years held the complete back history of our earth. How grandly the genealogy of Jesus, given in the New Testament Christmas story, chronicles the generations, only some eighty of them in all, back to "Enos, who was the son of Seth, who was the son of Adam, who was the son of God!" And this world of ours was just six days older than that Adam. "Creation" still heads the almanac in our bibles with the date "4004 B. C." Oct. 23 I once saw given as Creation-Day. A day and an hour there must have been according to the common notion of "Nothing—and then two elephants!" But that most important anniversary of all has somehow fallen out of the calendar. And once, while looking through an old religious book, I found in it the tracks of some earnest reader who had been reading it a hundred years before; he was a President of Yale College, too, I think. And he had left on the fly-leaf his sober computation, based on the long lives of those early bible-men, that "only four generations were needed to hand down the tradition of Creation as far as Abraham," when real history, it might be said, began. The *tradition* of Creation! To-day it is guessed that some of the Swiss lake dwellings may date as far back as 4004 B. C.; and it is considered settled that long before the lake-dwellers, European savages peeped from the mouths of their caves by the river banks to see their huge contemporaries, the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, come to drink, with other creatures of mighty bones and mighty names, whose race has all run out. For behind all written records we pass to the borderlands of tradition,—and tradition hands us on to legend, and legend hands us on to myth, and myth gives us into the guidance of language, which leads us far, far back along the human pathways to old Asian homesteads where our ancestors with cousin-nations, now for ages sundered by land, sundered

by speech, sundered by differing civilizations, once lived together as own brothers, thinking the same thoughts, using the same names, doing the same work. And even back of these word-fragments imbedded in our common speech, we have the fragments of old tools and weapons imbedded in those cave-deposits, to hint how life went on in days when men perhaps were still learning how to change their growls and grunts and groans to "talk." Bunsen, studying Egypt, asks for twenty thousand years as the theater on which to draw out the phenomena of human civilization. Darwin knows not what period will account for even the later steps of man's ascent from brute conditions. And this is human history alone; while human history, however long its span, is but as the last tick in the hour of life upon this earth. The geologists divide that earth life into three great zones, according to the kind of creatures that have lived. Twelve ages, three ages, one age, 12 to 3 to 1, shows the relative duration of these zones, by Professor Dana's reckoning; and man appears on the scene toward the end of the period designated by that final "one." Others, who venture to put their guess at Mother Earth's age into figures (it is all a guess, for she is a woman and will not tell her age), reckon from 1,000,000 to 9,000,000 of years for the organic life which has existed here; and these millions have to be multiplied past conjecture to reach the horizon of the time that represents the successive condensations, first nebular, then liquid, at last solid, which must have preceded organic forms of life.

That is the "tradition of creation," as we spell its record out in rocks and stars. Such is the past, as we have learned during this last century to conceive it. Contrast it with the earlier thought! Christendom, in its haste for a future eternity, has never appreciated the eternity behind. More than one of the older religions had a truer insight. The old time stoic, for instance, believed, as firmly as Herbert Spencer believes to-day, in great world-cycles, vast processes of evolution and dissolution. And the Buddhist speaks on this wise: "*A kalpa*," he says, "is the period during which a universe lasts. Now, if there were a high rock, sixteen miles long and sixteen broad,—and if *once in a hundred years* the rock should be touched by a bit of the finest cloth of Benares, that rock would be reduced to the size of a mango nut before a quarter part of one of these '*kalpas*' had run by." Thus stoicism guessed and Buddhism poetized before Christianity was born. But at last Christendom has begotten the sciences whose prose outdoes that poetry by actual computations. The western mathematics have caught up with the classic prophecy and oriental imagery.

The second change in the idea of the past concerns its disappearance. Not long ago we used to think of it as mostly dead. Now we think of it as deathless—hardly as vanished, even. It is like heat and light and electricity, which never die, but are transformed into other modes of motion, converted into correlates. No old experience which we have lived through dies; it is converted into inward correlates. A "dead" look on a face—it lasted but a moment when it was a look—is one of our companions now to comfort or to terrify the days. A "dead" word is playing marches for us still to keep us to the front. A "dead" belief is broadening from a petty dogma to the vision of some law of nature. A "dead" hope diffused has become the serenity of peace. A "dead" love has become the secret spring of sympathies in us. A "dead" endeavor has become that future which we now remember so consciously to bless. A "dead" sin's trail of retribution we are dragging still; and we believe in judgments to come because we see so well the judgments that are lasting on in our own life and in the lives that we have neighbored. No old experience dies; it is converted into inward correlates. We may forget it, but it never forgets us. That is the new doctrine of the Past that we to-day are learning to believe. Among the major prophets of the doctrine is that subtle analyzer of the soul, George Eliot.

And in yet wider scope this new conception is taught us by the men of science as the doctrine of "heredity." The ancestral past is deathless in us as our very self's. The inward correlations, however hidden, hold good in the race-life as well as in the individuals; so say the little Darwins and the little Spencers now—their name is legion—who write the histories, the essays and the poems, the editorials and the sermons, of to-day. It is getting hard to think of ourselves in the singular number, so conscious are we growing of our grandfathers: everyone is a "we,"—himself and all his forefathers. And wider still the new conception stretches, till the greater Darwins and the greater Spencers change the word "heredity" to "evolution," and the correlations of experience are dimly tracked from race to race, from grade to grade of body and of mind, at last from world to world! And all the Past is seen immortal in the passing instant. Such is the storage of time as we know it now. William Blake was called the mad poet: was it his insanity, or his sanity, that wrote—

"To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour!"

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

To Rev. Chester Covell on His Seventieth Birthday.

Seventy swings of life's pendulum
Seem many and slow to count;
Seventy rounds in the ladder of life
Seem long and toilsome to mount.

But every swing of the pendulum
Means life as well as time;
And the wider view from each ladder round
Should make us willing to climb.

Pendulum swings to you have meant
"Do good, do good, while you can!"
Ladder rounds said, plain as could be,
"Draw higher your fellow man!"

Pendulum swings—are they many more
Ere the last its word has said?
Ladder rounds—are they many or few
That your feet must slowly tread?

We, who love you, might swing too long
The pendulum of your years;
We might, in love, build a ladder so high
That its climbing bring pain and tears.

God, our Father, the pendulum swings,
And He will swing aright;
God, our Father, the ladder builds
That leads at last to the light.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Perfect Personal Liberty.

The constitution of the United States guarantees to every man life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In this western world the phrase should be more tersely put—the constitution guarantees to every man perfect personal liberty; for whether it be the far-rolling prairies, accustoming to limitless vision, or the invincible Puritanism within him, here man thinks himself but dead, robbed indeed of life and the pursuit of happiness, if he be not free to speak, to act, to govern. Like Sterne's caged starling, he will continually cry, "I can't get out." Not that the liberty of every man is absolute, for that would imply equal breadth in every soul, but that the Englishman, the German, even the volatile Frenchman, finds

a pleasing intoxication in the air; is, as it were, new born to his own possibilities. Hopes springs in even the most despairing peasant heart at the mention of America. A bigot in Europe turns into an American tolerant; the tolerant into a liberal; the liberal perhaps into an ultra liberal—but what of that; to be eccentric, even unbalanced, is it not better than to be dumb to the issues of life?

Not many days since a sermon was preached from a Charleston pulpit, and the following week the political machine, the press, the people, were seething with excitement, because the minister noted the fatal danger of opposing liberty, whether in church or state. Said he, "A morning newspaper is a sort of a missive or messenger designed to form our opinions and guide our action. As I laid down the paper a few days ago, having been greatly impressed by its contents, my eye fell on another page lying open on the table. This was likewise a missive designed to form opinion. It was a letter from Paul to the church in Corinth, and has been adopted by many churches since as good instruction still. One document said, spreading it on two pages, as if it were the one thing to be impressed, 'Independency in thought and action is fatal to the Democratic party.' The other, on which my eye immediately fell, said: 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.' " His conclusion embodies the thought as in a nutshell: "Accepting the verdict [of the Democrats] so offered us, two things impress me: 1st. The damaging effect of the confession on the party that makes it. 2d. The confirmation it gives to the method of the Liberal Church." In a word, either liberty is utter ruin to Democracy, or the lack of it is ungodliness. Which statement shall we accept, that of the Democratic party or of St. Paul? Which is truth? We need not hesitate for reply. Every great humane movement, intellectual growth or spiritual development was at bottom founded on the principle of liberty. The old, old story of Adam and Eve, whether regarded as fact or fable, demonstrates the utter impossibility of permanent limitations for the human mind. From the most conservative standpoint, supposing the scriptural record a plain statement of fact, that Omnipotence foresaw and permitted plucking the forbidden fruit, effectually proves the beneficence of the outcome—human freedom in the choice of good and evil. Every great wrong will, must right itself if the soul—the God within us—be left unfettered, for that feeds on truth, and truth in the end annihilates error.

In the early days of the anti-slavery movement, William Lloyd Garrison and Benjamin Lundy united in the publication of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*. The pure, true, kindly Quaker believed in *gradual* emancipation, and so wrote; Garrison in *immediate* emancipation, and thundered forth his doctrine. How reconcile the two voices! Finally Friend Lundy said to Garrison: "Well, thee may put thy initials to thy editorial articles and I will put my initials to mine." But the result may be easily imagined. To use Garrison's words: "My demand for immediate emancipation so alarmed and excited the people everywhere that where Friend Lundy would get one new subscriber I would knock off a dozen." The problem, however, which might have been a difficult one to solve, solved itself, Garrison being arrested for libel and thrown into a Baltimore jail. Such is the logic of events. We may fret under the difficulties of the temperance problem, of the woman question, of the trend of religious thought, and even while we fret event steps in with her magic wand, and lo! affairs ultimately arrange themselves as naturally and beautifully as the crystals fall in order from the solution of a salt. The law which provided for the growth of the human mind also provided for entire safety in the operation of that law.

With the most superficial vision, each of us may note the way the world is tending. The genuine apostle of freedom nobly demands not only for himself untrammelled action, but accords to all his fellow-men equal privileges. Jesus said: "I come not to destroy but to fulfill the law." So the Goddess of

Liberty brings with her a noble retinue—justice, peace, progress, hope, charity, and their attendant virtues. And the millennium—do we not see it coming, very, very slowly but surely?

Every mechanism in nature was constructed, so to speak, with a stop-cock or safety valve. So of personal freedom. "How!" thunders capital, "Do you call this liberty? Do you call it justice? I pay my men regularly every Saturday night, and when they choose, they say 'Look a here, boss, I want more money for this here job and I'll hev it or quit.' And quit they do, and whisht! I'm \$20,000 out of pocket. Now, do you call that fair?" The laborer says, on the other hand, "Do y' know what it is to slave and slave and never lay by a cent, and see another feller rollin' in wealth? Well, that's me. And if I ask for more wages, the boss says, 'Pshaw! You git out! I can get plenty more like y' at half yer price.' And so he kicks me out." Neither sees on both sides, and the result is, labor combines against capital, and capital against labor. After a long series of battles capital finds itself either supplied with unskilled hands or served in a dogged, devil-may-care spirit. Labor finds itself either unemployed or working under pressure. Neither party is content and at last they arrive at the truth, born of bitter experience and the resultant of entire liberty—that capital and labor, to work harmoniously, must work together, capital appreciating and rewarding faithfulness without labor's pleading, and labor working for his employer as himself, giving good measure, pressed down and running over. This is the necessary outcome of freedom and freedom only, for any large truth will seem but a half truth until its reverse fallacy is understood, which can only be through the possibility of failure. Hence the ponderous pivot on which turns human progress, physical, intellectual, moral, spiritual, is liberty, perfect personal liberty. To put it very strongly, and as the South Carolinian, before mentioned, thinks the broad Unitarian might put it, "Perish the party, split the machine, perish even the church, but do you, every man of you, think for yourself?" For thus you will elevate the party and infinitely upbuild the church.

BELLE L. GORTON.

The New Knowledge and the Old Faith.

All the old conceptions of Deity are forced to undergo a change. An individualized God creating and directing from without is an impossibility in an infinite universe. The prevalent theological ideas came into existence when there was no slightest apprehension of the true majesty and grandeur of the cosmos. Born of narrow thought, they are wholly inadequate to convey any proper sense of that boundless Being who gives matchless life and order to this infinite multitude of suns and worlds. We can not any longer familiarly name this Eternal, speak of his plans, discuss his attributes or speculate upon his purposes in the old, assured, careless way. The God of the theologies has forever vanished, and in his place comes a subtle consciousness of all-embracing Life and Power,—a sublime sense of a serene Presence,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

And if we still adoringly call this incomprehensible Presence by the old sacred name, it is not to claim familiarity, or to suggest knowledge, but because that name, God, is so ancient, so simple and so strong that our English speech has none better wherewith to indicate the ineffable Spirit which is the living soul of this vast universe. Although the old name is spoken, let none imagine that the old idea is cherished. The new thought transcends the old as the universe of science transcends the heavens and earth of mythology.

With this change in his thought about God there has come a correspondent change in man's thought about himself. It

lowers man's esteem when he realizes the cosmic insignificance of his little planet. He loses a little of his egotistic certainty that all creation is for his special use and behoof, as he stands in awed wonder before the vastness and multiplicity of being which his own intelligence has discovered. And how presumptuous grows the thought that the great cause and life of all has in any way withdrawn itself from its eternal ongoing to serve his purposes or to plan his salvation! All claims to favoritism of any kind shrink into nothingness when the stupendous distance between the individual and the universe is realized. Then man begins to realize that he can have no monopoly of God.

But while a wholesome consciousness of littleness is thus awakened, there also arises a cheering sense of kinship with and at-home-ness in the universe. Man no longer stands alone, a being specially created by divine will for a divine purpose, but lying under the deep shadow of divine displeasure. He is part of the unfolding of the eternal life within and around, is one with it all, partakes of the universal spirit, and is moving with the whole creation towards some mighty mysterious destiny. Born of the earth there is in him such power and such aspiration that he is steadily freeing himself from bondage to the earth and rising higher in the scale of intelligent being. He transforms the face of the planet with his cunning hands and soars beyond the farthest stars in his daring thought. There is much of the old, fierce, animal fire in his veins, but it gives him power; power to contend with the material forces which environ him, power to wrest from them their helpful secrets and to obtain mastery over them; power even to temper and control the very source whence it springs, to transform passion into reason, to replace appetite by conscience, to elevate a brother of the brutes into a child of the spirit. The old, ruined, condemned race has disappeared, and in its stead stands a noble, aspiring, conquering race, ever rising into brighter light and developing a nobler manhood.

How this change in our ideas about God and man destroys the whole fabric of old theology! The fall of man, the anger of God, the impending doom, the plan of salvation, the descent of Deity, his sacrifice on the cross, the conditioning of eternal life upon its acceptance, the awful shadows of penal punishment,—how they all vanish before growing knowledge, and “the places which once knew them know them no more forever.” And with them goes the old idea of divine sovereignty, considered as the enactment and promulgation of special, moral and religious laws for human government, which laws are supernaturally written in a book and interpreted by a priest. And in its place stand the great moral instincts and religious aspirations of mankind, born out of its steady contact with the all enveloping infinite and its manifold experience in solving the problems of life, and growing ever clearer and brighter, more powerful and more perfect, as it rises in intelligence and gains finer spiritual sensibility. The new thoughts are too vast and grand to be compassed by the old theories. Man's relations to God can not be the strained and artificial ones which those theories assert. The eternal Life beats in every breast and finds expression in every soul. There is no shutting out its presence, no intermitting its blessing. Whatever man's animality, he is not cut off from the infinite helpings and inspirations. He needs no mediator to bring him face to face with that Supreme Being in whom his own life inheres, no atonement to induce the Power which always “works for righteousness,” to aid him in every upward endeavor. Thus the old theological gloom which has so long clouded the heavens and darkened the earth melts away, the infinite blue shines over all, full of light and tenderness, studded with inspiring stars of hope and trust.

Nor is any precious thing lost in this great transformation. All that was ever real and true remains, and is more real and true than before. Nothing disappears but guesses and imaginations, but crudities and falsities. The great facts of God and his universe and that eternal order which men call Prov-

idence, are all here, all ours, and surround us more livingly and lovingly than ever. Our new thinking only brings us closer to the heart of these and makes them more wonderful and glorious. It is a fresh revelation of the divineness in everything. It does not destroy the verities of morality and religion, but manifests their true nature and sets them in right relations. The more we know of life the greater its mysteriousness and sacredness. The more we know of the ways of the incomprehensible Being whence all proceeds, the more deeply we marvel, the more reverently we adore. Let us not fear that true religion will suffer from increase of knowledge. The sun still shines, the stars stand in their old places, morning and evening are fresh and beautiful, the glad spring buds and blossoms, though man's thought about the laws and relations of the universe suffers change. And the great facts of God, duty and eternal life do not vanish because we grow into some better apprehension of their meaning and mightiness; they rather fill the whole arching heavens with clearer light and serener peace.—*From a Sermon by Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Milwaukee.*

A Delayed Christmas Greeting.

CLINTON, N. Y., Christmas, 1887.

MY DEAR UNITY—I have long felt a desire to express my love for you and yours. This morning I have jogged my pen to help me fulfill my neglected joy. It is a little easier to put it in rhyme.

Ho, western brothers! Do you not yet know
That thoughts, like Empires, have a Westward flow?
You could not, if you would, the East renew,
And dear New England on the prairies view.

Twice round the world, since history begun,
Has man rolled onward with the rolling sun;
And still he moves, with a propulsion strong,
On newer fields to wipe out older wrong.

Our Aryan fathers, that we left to hold
Our homestead, where the sacred Indus rolled,
Behold,—unchanged through twice five thousand years,—
Their children's progress with pathetic tears.

Those children, resting on the Persian plain,
Their offspring's roving restlessness complain.
But who the strong propelling will can stay,
That bears the Orient on its Westward way?

Till Nature shrines herself in Grecian art,
Finds new expressions for the human heart,—
Till where were only warriors, Christs are seen;
And Gods grow human in the Nazarene.

First poets sing, then Saviors lead the way
To fields of hope from out the far Cathay.
Shall Europe, conquered, swept of every foe,
Be able then to stay the onward flow?

Nor church, nor creed, nor ancient book hath power,
To make the dial mark the self-same hour.
Time laughs at fagots; is itself a screw,
To make stern bigots bend to visions new.

Go on, my Western brothers! plant the field
With that which will the larger harvest yield,—
Of manhood, Godhood, truth and liberty,
Till golden harvests touch the Western Sea.

From there you look straight to our fatherland,—
The Aryan homestead on the Hindoo strand.
So round the world man moves with steady pace,
Still gaining in intelligence and grace.

E. P. POWELL.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Unity Club Institute.

We met in Channing Hall, Thursday, December 15. It was a rainy day; and just a comfortable class of about sixty came together,—pastors, Unity Club officers, and members. Double as many would have made it an audience, and spoiled it as an institute. And yet, with wider notice and more time to get ready, we should be able to test the success of a much larger number, many feeling disappointed not to have known of the meeting. The idea was the Chicago Institute repeated. The programme was in different lines, for the most part.

Rev. Dr. Hale, president of the bureau, made the opening address, his special topic being the philanthropic side of Unity Club work, or, as he preferred to call it, "Public Spirit." I need not give in detail what he said; for all know very well how practical, helpful, earnest, humane, religio-industrial, scientifico-angelic, hand to hand, heart to heart, world-widely sympathetic work of club or church or state must be to meet his mind and be the true evangel. Death is coming to the clubs, as to any association, intellectual or religious, that does not connect itself with the great humane interests of man. So we had a rich and racy send-off. Rev. A. J. Rich then read the opening paper, on "Plans and Work of Unity Clubs" in the different sections of the country. It was only in part the same paper which he read at Chicago, to report which here would be to spoil it for a fuller publication, which may follow. His idea was that the Unity Club, representing the thought and study side of church life and activities, should not stop with intellectual life, but make that the basis and quickener of social and philanthropic work, everything centering in the well-being of the church and the community.

Rev. George W. Cooke followed, with an address on "Unity Clubs in Country Churches." His leading thought was that church life in most country parishes is exceedingly barren of anything literary, social, or life-satisfying, and that, as an antidote to bickerings and personal hatreds and petty gossip, which fritter away so much of the time and thought of the people, a Unity Club might prove a Godsend, be a healer and a stimulus to a better way of home, club, and society life. This would come about through the reading and study of great authors, which would tend, also, to re-enforce religious life.

Rev. Jenkin Ll. Jones, vice-president of the bureau, taking the chair, started discussion on the several papers and addresses, his own ringing words from a full heart and wide experience in club work and church work being gladly received by all. Mr. Jones took the ground that the Unity Club should stand primarily for co-operative study, for the intellectual life of the church. He would have the social and the philanthropic sides of church life emphasized, but would not connect them with the Unity Clubs, or, rather, having the intellectual well provided for, that would insure all else good for the church and for the community. And he would have old and young come into the club, which should have its different sections adapted to the needs of the varying tastes and capacities of the church constituency. Mr. Jones did not like the word "club," and hoped we should get a better term to express the idea. With him, it is a church movement; and, instead of membership fees, he has a ten-cent admission at each meeting, and the club is open to all in or outside the church who wish to come on these terms, unless the attendance becomes so large that it outgrows the capacity of the room, or grows too unwieldy for successful membership.

The afternoon came, with a paper to open with from Rev. W. H. Lyon, on "Half-hour Reading Circles," which he believed would be of great value in the way of intellectual stimulus and of actual and useful knowledge. It might be the only associated literary work of the clubs and classes, or it might supplement other intellectual work. Sometimes all the school teachers in a city or town join in this half-hour study,

and meet to compare notes, and find it of great interest, and helpful in their profession and socially. The suggestion is a good one, blending the Chautauqua and the Unity Club work most happily.

The next paper to follow was by Rev. H. G. Spaulding, on "The Study of Art," which was artistic in its presentation, and gave valuable suggestions to persons wishing to pursue the study. This paper will most happily supplement the leaflet just published by the bureau, on "The Study of the History of Italian Art," by Miss Ellen Hale. It is a good thing to see our churches waking up to the larger life that is before them, and opening ways of culture and of work for the young people, who have not so much to interest them in associated life or work connected with our churches as is to be found in other churches. If we do not have the prayer-meeting and missionary work to bring our young people together, it is well to have this intellectual nucleus and inspiration, which, religiously guided, may be a most excellent initiation into the more proper church life and work, and so hold them for ourselves.

Rev. C. F. Dole gave an address on "The Citizen and the Neighbor," suggested, I suppose, by his Sunday-school manual of that name; and a very fine study of social ethics it is. With his penetrating and telling way of putting things, the topic was made interesting to us all, and suggested the necessity of treating conscience with holy reverence, and of teaching and practicing a high code of ethics. This was the last set address which, together with the others, was discussed, Mr. Jones manipulating the meeting, and firing up each lagging part. A general feeling was expressed that the bureau needed money to print and circulate more helps and for other expenses. Clubs were urged to join the bureau, not so much for what they could get for the fee, as for what they could do for the bureau, in order that it might in time serve them.

Hardly daring to advertise this Institute, it being the first Eastern experiment, its great success encourages the managers to try it again for a more extended series of meetings. In executive session, the matter of next summer meetings was discussed, and the following committees were appointed: Rev. S. C. Beane, Rev. G. W. Cooke, Rev. A. J. Rich, to devise plans for a week's "Summer School of Theology and Science" at the Weirs, should it be deemed best; and to arrange for a similar meeting at Chautauqua, Messrs. Jones, Cooke, and Rich. It is the intention of the National Bureau of Unity Clubs to arrange for a public meeting in Boston during the May Anniversary Week.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Jones for his earnest and self-sacrificing efforts in making the institute a success, and in doing so much to help all our churches by stimulating the members to a livelier interest in intellectual studies, and, through that, to every other good thing.

There is more in this movement than seems on the surface. Let all be patient and try to help it on, only keeping in mind the need of making the Unity Club, or literary work under any other name, a means of culture as a means of re-enforcing the entire life of the church, and making it more and more a school for training men for all higher life.

A. J. R.

THE intense interest with which almost every one in America follows the course of events in Ireland, makes the present a specially favorable time for studying the history of that unfortunate country. Prof. William F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin, has done an excellent service for Unity and other similar clubs, by the preparation of a little pamphlet entitled "Outline Studies in the History of Ireland." It contains valuable advice for a general course of reading on this subject, and an outline of fifteen lessons for club study. The latter begin with the general topic, "Ireland and its People, Geography, Ethnology, Archæology," and then trace the history down to the present time, closing with the present "Social and Economical Condition of Ireland," and "Home Rule." The introductory note opens with this sensible bit of advice: "Clubs that wish to take

up the study of history are advised to select, each year, some nation or period which has special interest at the time ;" and no country at present meets these conditions more fully than Ireland.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Natural Law in the Business World. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Paper covers; pp. 222.

This is a popular edition of a work which has gained some very favorable comment from critics. It aims to apply the principles and tendencies of natural law to questions of political economy, including labor problems, socialism, arbitration, economic legislation, wealth and its distribution, panics and their causes, railroad consolidation, corporations, and numerous other topics. It is conservative in method, and opposes the theories of Henry George and other writers of like tendencies. It has met with favor among business men and conservative citizens generally, and is intended as an antidote to much of the literature of labor reform.

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated from the Italian, by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

This is an attractive volume, giving a sketch of the life of the founder of the order of Begging Friars, together with a number of quaint and pretty legends of him and his disciples. The actual life of Francis of Assisi, breathes an atmosphere of ecstatic devotion and self-sacrifice. Some of its events bore such resemblance to those of the life of Jesus that, after the death of the saint, a crowd of legends sprang up, making of him a second savior. While every tale contains its miracle, these legends differ from the Apocryphal New Testament stories, which are mere wonder-tales, in that these tell over and over of devout humility and loving tenderness and faith. Especially charming are the stories of Francis preaching to "My sisters, the birds," and taming the wolf of Gubbio. There is a tone of simple piety and devotion throughout the whole book, which gives it a very real charm.

The publisher need not have tried for quaintness by means of the old form of the letters, for the translator seems to have succeeded in her effort to preserve the "*naïveté*" and antique flavor of the original.

An Unknown Country. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, pp. 238.

The aim of this handsome book of travels in Ireland, is indicated by the following, from the first chapter: "Without presuming to come forward with any panacea for the ills of poor old Ireland, . . . it struck me that a woman—only a woman—Irish by blood, and English by education, old enough to possess a certain amount of experience as well as common sense, . . . might see things which cleverer people failed to see, and say things which less unbiased people dared not say, concerning a country which is so little appreciated, because so little known." In her journeyings through the picturesque country in the north of Ireland, the author made many observations, the record of which sets forth the land and the people in a new light. The book is filled with graphic descriptions of historic scenery, keen comments on the life and manners of the people, and much wit and wisdom of a general nature. The following is a specimen of the author's side observations, "I detest all religious warfare—the creed, not of love but of hatred, into which, alas! Christianity has been corrupted, until it is made by many to consist, not in holding fast your own faith, but in trying to tear limb from limb—spiritually, sometimes bodily—every one whose faith is different from yours. I believe that men of all faiths, nay, even those poor souls who have no faith at all, ought to live together in brotherly peace, neither meddling with nor condemning each other; sure that God can manifest Himself through the righteous of every creed or no creed; and that, however we may hate one another, he hates no man—except the bigot and the hypocrite."

The book is well printed, from large type, and embellished with numerous engravings illustrative of the text.

THE HOME.

The Souls of the Roses.

Where do the souls of the roses go
After they cease to bloom and grow?
They bloom and they fade and disappear,
Leaving no trace of their presence here,
In the air above or the earth below.
Then, where do the souls of the roses go?
Surely Infinite Beauty's ray
Lighted their loveliness day by day;
And something thrillingly tender ran
From the roses' blush to the soul of man;
Can Infinite Beauty fade and die,
And cease from the universe utterly?
When we wake to fuller life,
Leave our toiling and cease from strife,
Pure in spirit and perfect in grace,
Stand in the porch of the heavenly place,
The breeze will bear on its breath, I trow,
News where the souls of the roses go.

—Lucy L. Stout in *Young Days*.

The Bird and the Looking-Glass.

Do you know the little canaries you keep in cages are fond of mirrors? We have seen little girls, and older ones, too, who were fond of mirrors; but who ever heard of birds that used them? I will tell you about a little canary that lives at the house where I board.

Some time ago our landlady got a canary and put it in a cage alone. The little bird was taken from a large cage holding a dozen birds. He was very homesick and lonesome, just as you would be if taken away off among entire strangers, away from mamma, papa, sisters, brothers, and everybody you ever knew.

Just so our little birdie cried and moaned, and would not eat nor sing. It wanted to go home and see its mamma. That was too bad, wasn't it? The lady did all she could to comfort it and make it feel at home. She talked to it and petted it, giving it clean water, good seeds, apples, and everything she thought it would like. But it was of no use; birdie kept crying, and wouldn't make friends, but wanted to go home.

One day his mistress brought him a large piece of a broken mirror, as big as my two hands, and placed it on one side of his cage, where he could see it readily. Do you suppose he cared anything for that? Indeed he did. He hopped down, and going up close, looked in, appearing to be perfectly delighted. He chirped, and hopped about, singing and putting on all the airs he was master of. He was not homesick at all after that. He spends much of his time before the glass; and when he goes to sleep at night, he will cuddle down just as close to the glass as he can get. You see, he thinks he is sleeping close beside that other little bird. His mistress often lets him out into the room where he can have more liberty. She may put that glass anywhere in the room, and he will find it, and spend most of his time before it.

One day the little fellow acted very naughty. I think I shall have to tell it just as it was. He got real angry and tried to get into a fight! It all happened because he wanted his own way and could not get it. He went up to the glass so lovingly, and tried to coax the other bird to come and play with him somewhere else. The looking-glass bird would not follow him, but went the other way every time. Then the canary got provoked, and flying at the bird in the glass, tried to have a real fight with him. He tried it only once, and then he looked so ashamed of it. The blame, you see, was all on one side, and shows how foolish it is to get angry and pick a quarrel. He washes himself before the large mirror in the room, pluming his feathers, and making his toilet with much satisfaction, and like all folks that spend much time before the glass, is getting very vain.—D. M., in *Youth's Instructor*.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston.—Secretary Reynolds, since his return from California, has taken great pains to inform eastern inquirers about the hopes and prospects of the Pacific churches. He finds many purses ready to help as occasion may require, and hopes to find young ministers to become the needed missionaries. Oakland, Cal., just closed a fair, adding \$600 to their building fund, and Brother Wendte is starting a project to erect soon a church. His hall is now filled weekly, and standing room is growing valuable.

—Rev. Thos. R. Slicer gave, before the Monday Club, an essay on "The Emperor Julian and the Pagan Afterglow." The audience was large, and the subject was treated in an enthusiastic as well as a scholarly manner. Julian, born A. D. 331, died A. D. 363. Severely moral and temperate, his religious character eclipses that of his uncle, Constantine the Great, who made Christianity the religion of the Roman Empire. The decline of Rome and the rise of Christianity both followed fast upon Julian's death. The lives of Constantine and Julian would be excellent studies for Unity Clubs, and an abridgement of Rev. Mr. Slicer's essay would make a valuable Unity Manual. The Monday Club will next week discuss Unity clubs and the National Bureau.

Denver, Colorado.—The Unity Club of this city has been on a search for the Ten Great Novels, on their own account. At a recent public reception of the Club the result of the quest was read, and the *Republican* of that city publishes the individual preferences of a large number of public men, including the state officers, newspaper men, preachers and educators. The following is the list receiving the highest number of votes. It will constitute the one that the Club are to study: "Les Miserables," "David Copperfield," "Scarlet Letter," "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," "Romola," "Jane Eyre," "Adam Bede," "Ben Hur," "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The eleventh book on the list is "A Tale of Two Cities;" this is followed by other novels in the following order: "Middlemarch," "The New-comers," "John Halifax," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Mill on the Floss," "Henry Esmond," "Anna Karenina," "Don Quixote," "Vicar of Wakefield." One preacher in a neighboring town puts down "Papa's Own Girl" in his list, and a prominent judge selected "the book of Genesis." "Stepping Heavenward," "Miss Gilbert's Career," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and a great variety of books by an infinite number of authors appear on the lists sent in. Rev. Mr. Van Ness read some of the more interesting lists last evening, and interlarded some very humorous

remarks with his reading. "She" received two votes. The favorite authors with Denver readers, according to the lists presented, are Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Hawthorne. In some three or four names nearly all the lists agreed. Outside of this they varied greatly. George McDonald, Tolstoi, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Dr. Holland, Rider, Haggard and Alexander Dumas have evidently many readers here. As a matter of course a club working sincerely upon these lines must be a prosperous club. It counts a hundred members, and the best forces of Denver are represented there.

Chicago.—Mr. Jones led the Union Teachers' meeting Monday, and commented upon the 10th chapter of Luke. The chapter divides itself into three parts. First, the sending out of the seventy missionaries, which gives a glimpse of what seemed to be a flash of success in that Galilee country. It suggests also Jesus's relation to the Gentile world. Was not Paul the first world-inclusive missionary? The second division contains the parable of the Good Samaritan, which story, with the parable of the Prodigal Son, the leader said, would keep alive the name of Jesus in the world if all else were lost. The element of danger in the neighborhood of the wounded man, was emphasized; to stop and help was to run the risk of a similar attack from the banditti, so the Samaritan exemplified courage as well as charity. The question was raised whether such an incident could occur to-day in this country. Is there ever a "Priest or Levite" who would pass by to-day? The third passage is the Mary and Martha incident. The leader did not like the modern fashion of wrenching the true lesson from the paragraph by glorifying Martha. He thought it very probable Mary could make the better bread. At least she was the best home-keeper, even if Martha was the best house-keeper. The distractions of many cares should not overshadow our interests in great truths and high living.

—Brother Batchelor, after spending his holidays at home, in Massachusetts, is among us again, and will continue his tour of inspection among the churches of the west. He expects it will take till vacation time to get around. He was cordially greeted by the worshippers at All Souls last Sunday morning, and he occupied a seat on the platform with the pastor. His genial face lights up headquarters with the radiance of good-fellowship. Let him go on until he knows western Unitarianism as it is, and be able to report it with the ability and fairness that is his.

Philadelphia.—The two addresses given by Coit before the Ethical society, in December, are to be published. One of them treats of the ethics of Shakespeare, and the other makes some statement as to what the ethical movement contains. —The Camden *Post* gave almost a full report of a recent sermon from Haskell, upon the Shakespearean text—"There's a divinity doth shape our ends," etc.

—On the second Sunday of Mangasarian's absence west, Mr. Ames occupied his place at both services, while Doctor Furness and Clifford, the first in the morning, the second in the evening, substituted on the Spring Garden platform.

—The Henry George party is about to start a weekly paper in this city. Among its editors is W. H. Johnston, until a couple of years ago an Episcopal minister at Muncie. Mr. Johnston has spoken for Mr. Haskell both at Vineland and Camden.

—The Contemporary Club gave a reception to Irving on the 20th ult., on which occasion the actor read an address treating of his English predecessors upon the stage.

—The union meeting in January is to be held at the First church.

—The Camden fair netted between four and five hundred dollars.

—I heard Krauskopf's New Year's sermon, treating of "Past and Present," and can now well understand, as I did not fully before, the attraction he may have for the large numbers of those who

seem so eager to hear him. He is a strong speaker, alive to the newer thought, and healthfully disregarding of Jewish traditions.

Quincy, Ill.—"This church is starting out on the new year in excellent spirits, out of debt, good-natured and wide-awake." Parson Bradley and his wife are being acclimated by the goodness of his people.

Moline, Ill.—There was a delightful Christmas tree for the poor children, erected at this place, largely directed and inspired by H. G. Stevens, pastor of the Unitarian church. Other ministers joined in. Forty dollars in money and gifts to 200 children were gathered from the branches of the tree.

Duluth, Minn.—We clip the following from the letter of a Duluth correspondent as an interesting and inspiring bit of news: "You may not enjoy cutting your way to church as I did yesterday, with axe and snow shovel, through a mile and a quarter of ice and sleet up to your knees, with occasional drifts to your eyes."

Cincinnati.—The Unity Club's series of Sunday afternoon lectures, ninth season.—Its programme is before us. It contains ten lectures, by the best known lecturers in the country, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore opening the course. Ten tickets are sold for a dollar; single admission, 15 cents. We know of no other club in the country that has begun to utilize the Sunday afternoon in so high and beneficent a manner as this one in Cincinnati, and its example ought to be followed in many places.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Uter, minister. Sunday, January 15, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Jan. 20; subject: "Charles Sumner."

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, January 15, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, January 15, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, January 15, services at 11 A. M. Subject: "Love." In the evening, H. H.'s "Ramona." Monday evening, Dickens section of the Unity Club. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M. Conformation Class, Saturday, 10:30 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, January 15, services at 10:45 A. M.

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The Art of Conversation. By J. P. Mahaffy. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 174. Price.....\$1.75

The White Cross: Its Origin and Progress. By E. F. De Costa, D.D. Chicago: Sanitary Publishing Co. Paper, pp. 28. Price.....10

The Story of the Nations. Ireland. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. With some additions by Mrs. Arthur Bronson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: T. Fisher Unwin. Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Cloth, pp. 485. Price.....1.50

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[NUMBER 21,

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THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY.

By C. T. Stockwell.

"It may be stated, with little fear of contradiction, that the two great questions ever uppermost are God and immortality." These are the opening lines of an essay by C. T. Stockwell on "The Evolution of Immortality," published by C. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, which seems likely to attract not a little attention among thinking people. If one were to repeat the remark to one of those who are known as "practical men" in our day, he would probably reply that such questions no doubt affect the remote future—what is called "the hereafter"—but that the great question for this world is, "how to get a living." No doubt there is in this rather dreary view a substratum of truth; and yet the man who takes it would probably live very differently, if he thought he had fifty years to live, from what he would if he thought he had but fifty minutes. But whether this be true or not, Mr. Stockwell's essay is one which will commend itself to the thoughtful reader as full of pregnant suggestion.

The author admits that one is impressed with the feeling that everything that can possibly be said on the subject of personal, conscious immortality has already been said, but thinks that this impression is too sweeping, and that, though demonstration is impossible, much may be said by way of suggestion from a study of our antecedent life as far as we can know it.

The author accepts the doctrine of evolution, of course, as the settled belief of the age, and argues that the development of the future must be along the prolongation of the lines up which we have followed in the past, and with methods and processes governed by the same laws and necessities. Following back along the line of past progress, Mr. Stockwell finds that the life principle which is the *I, myself*, was born into this larger world from the embryological world, at which birth the body which it had developed for itself in that world died,—that, earlier, it was born into that world from a lower form, leaving behind it, as later on, an outgrown and, consequently, dead body, and behind that, again, still simpler forms of cell-life, and, further, that go as far back as we may, we find ourselves confronted at the limit with a yet earlier form or manifestation of life. Further, that as we go back, passing at intervals "successive births and deaths," each form of body we come to is of a lower order than the one which follows it, and, finally, that this orderly progress from lower to higher forms of life is made by the same life-principle or personality—continually expanding, indeed, but still the same. No atom of matter which goes to make up the body of the child is found in the body of the matured man—the child-body has "died," been transformed into other forms of matter, but nothing even of it is lost, and still less is the original, personal identity lost.

Now, argues the author, there is no reason to believe that natural laws—or God's laws—are mutable, operating uniformly up to a certain point, and then abruptly ceasing. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that they are uniform in their operation, and that their continuity of operation will be co-equal with the continuity of that upon which they operate. So thinking, the author reaches the conclusion that "our present physical body

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stands in similar relation to the spiritual body to be, as does the placenta to the embryo, the graafian vesicle to the ovum, or the membranes of this cell to its nucleated content. . . . And so, when this physical body shall die, the spiritual body, its nucleated content, will go forth, freed from the limitations of its physical being, into a new sphere of greater possibilities and larger scope, carrying with it the same life principle which it has inherited from the great past, reinforced and ennobled by its legacy of human experience and acquired consciousness—the priceless result of this stage of our existence.” In other words, the life-principle of this individual man, beginning back of the simplest cell-life form of which we have any knowledge, evolves for itself successive bodily environments, suitable to the successive stages of its own expansion, to be laid aside when their functions are completed, which laying aside is what we call death—looking at it from one side—but *is*, looking at it from both sides, only a passage from a lower to a higher form—a death on one side and a birth on the other.

It should be explained that by “spiritual body” the author does not mean the common notion of spirit as opposed to matter. He believes in the “oneness,” as he chooses to term it, of God and matter, and that it is “impossible to conceive how mind can have any existence independent of matter, so called, in some form; how consciousness can be without organs of sense; how organs of sense are possible separated from an organism; how an organism can have any being, simple or complex, independent of something to organize.” He does not put it in terms; but he seems to entertain a thought, more than once expressed in these columns in treating of similar themes, that just as there are gases, cognizable by some of our senses, which are not so to sight or touch, but yet are as essentially matter as the coarsest block of granite, so there may be other substances, still as essentially matter, but utterly beyond the reach of any of our senses or of our conception. To us such matter would be as spirit if manifested through force, and so it is not inconceivable—more than the idea of infinity at all—that this shading and grading may go on and up into divinity itself, without the existence of any point where it may be said that matter ends and spirit begins.

The author's thought seems to be that self-consciousness is the acquisition of this state of existence, whose initial point is the coalescence of the two cells from which is evolved the human embryo; but, whether this be true or not, is of small consequence to the general argument. The effect of this is to fortify the belief in individual immortality from the side of the doctrine of evolution. This seems a work well worth the trouble of doing, since it has been so often said that that doctrine is destructive of all belief in immortality. So far is this from truth, that Mr. Stockwell has, in this little book of sixty-nine pages, constructed about the most convincing argument for immortality which has fallen under the observation of the writer of this notice, based wholly on the truth of this doctrine of evolution.

Mr. Stockwell says nothing of the school of philosophic thought which has been called materialism; but a careful reading of his little book will suggest a reflection that to this writer, at least, seems substantially new—which is, that this school has not had, even from its friends, the credit to which it is entitled. It has been so much the habit to separate, or try to separate, mind and matter, spirit and matter, and set them over against each other, that it has bred another habit of thinking of matter as essentially gross. Materialism has done human thought a service in dignifying matter,—in more or less taking away from it the association of grossness; and this author goes a step farther, and reverently identifies it in essence with the divine. Nor can it be fairly said that this is in any sense a degradation of the idea of divinity. On the contrary, rightly looked at, it is a process of leveling upward, not downward.

But this must suffice for the present. Mr. Stockwell's book is small, but it is packed with thought from first to last. There is not an idle or meaningless phrase in it, and whether one agree or not with its conclusions, no one will deny that it is compactly and cogently written, and in a very high degree stimulative of thought in the reader.—*Chicago Times*.

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

[NUMBER 21.]

EDITORIAL.

THE Unity Club Bureau has just issued, through the house of Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, "A Lecture Circular," which will help societies and clubs working in this direction.

GEORGE W. COOKE, who has won fame as interpreter of Emerson and George Eliot, is giving three lectures on Robert Browning in the New England Women's Club Rooms, Boston.

Is the religion of love inefficient? Has it no power to constrain the evil-doer? A friend frankly admits that the religion of love and reason is very desirable among cultivated and rightminded people, that he himself finds food in none other; but this religion, he thinks, has but little power over the vicious and no terrors for the sinner, consequently he pays his money for the support of a church that still deals in hell-fire tortures for the benefit of the ignorant and the depraved. Is the position of our friend right? What have we to say in answer to such? We would like to hear,—postal card lengths,—from our UNITY readers on this subject. If the response to this request warrant, we would like to publish a short meter symposium upon the subject.

THE Universalists of the West Side have embarked in what is to them, we understand, a new line of religious work—revival meetings. Their pastor stated at the first week-day meeting, of Monday, January 9, when Prof. David Swing lent his presence, that they should hold these services in their own way, and that they hoped by their earnestness to do great good in the community, interesting those who had no church home. Mr. Stanford Mitchell, a Universalist brother from the East, a most expressive singer, with a rich sympathetic voice, leads the music, himself giving now and then a solo. While this Universalist mode of religious life may not be our mode, it has undoubtedly been entered upon with great earnestness of purpose, and we hope Universalism may reap from it the very best results. The number of attendants the services are drawing certainly offers encouragement.

THE *Christian Union* prints the following: Have we improved upon the Puritan Fathers? What did they have in their Sunday which we might still desire? "A Puritan Sabbath was thus described by Professor George Harris, D. D., of Andover, at a recent meeting of the Lowell Congregational Club: 'Let us spend a Puritan Sunday together. It is Sunday morning in a village of forty or fifty houses closely together. Saturday night had been religiously kept, and every one had got up a little earlier than usual, which was necessary, as every one went to church at nine o'clock. A drum or a fife is heard or a flag is raised as a signal that it is time for church. There were no bells because they could not afford it. The people issued from the houses in groups, variously clad. In times of danger the men attended church with their guns and dogs. The congregation was seated in accordance with their wealth and social standing, those of the most prominence occupying the front seats, the men on one side and the women on the other. The pastor, the teacher, and the ruling elder occupied the pulpit. The deacons occupied a lower platform. The function of the pastor was to expound and explain, that of the teacher to preach the doctrinal sermon. The ruling elder had the office of administration, and the deacons served the communion and saw to it that the pastor's salary was collected. An order of deaconesses looked after

the poor of the town, and kept the children in order. A fifteen minutes' prayer was made, all standing and saying amen at the close. Then a hymn was sung, which was lined out by the ruling elder. The pastor then read two or three chapters, and commented on it at some length. The pastor then preached his sermon, the hourglass being set up in full sight, and he was expected to preach until the sand all ran out. If he preached a shorter time he had his salary shortened. Then the notices were given and the benediction pronounced. In the afternoon a similar service was held, with baptisms, if there were any, and a collection was taken up. The congregation came up to the altar, one by one, and it was pretty well known who gave and who didn't. The family were instructed in the catechism after supper. There were no religious services at the funerals, and weddings were solemnized by civic authorities."

THE Sixth Presbyterian church of this city, one of the largest and most prosperous churches on the south side, whose revenue last year aggregated nearly \$10,000, has decided to abandon the pew renting system, for the next year. The trustees in their annual report carefully reviewed the subject, and have printed the reasons *pro* and *con*, which we are glad to reprint, hoping that it will convert some other society and lead them to abandon, what to our minds, is one of the most debilitating weights upon the modern church. It is a financial method which is *convenient*, but it is arbitrary, and causes a grievous tax upon those of limited means, and releases the wealthy from a large share of the burden which they ought to carry in the church of their conviction. If the young man pays \$25 a year out of an income of \$1000, how much ought the man to pay whose income is \$50,000?

Here are the reasons for:

1. Other churches have tried this mode of raising the church revenue, and have found that the sum realized materially exceeded the amount raised by renting pews.
2. It is likely to secure the regular attendance of some who feel unable to rent a pew, but who would attend and pay something. It would leave others without excuse, to themselves even, for non-attendance.
3. It would remove a feeling of humiliation from our own church members who feel it a duty and a privilege to attend church, but who feel that they cannot afford to rent a pew, or even a sitting at the present price. It is certainly a duty to prevent this feeling of humiliation if it can be done. We should all be equals in God's house.
4. It is reasonable to believe that many, especially of our young people, who now pay nothing, would willingly pledge to pay, and would regularly pay something. Under the present system, where the head of the family rents a pew, the children, even when able, see no necessity for paying, and hence are losing a valuable part of their proper Christian training.
5. It would give ample opportunity, accompanied with urgent necessity, for those who are able to pay more than the rent of any pew to do so.
6. It would educate all of us into a very much higher idea of our privilege and duty. We are not likely to esteem this privilege as we ought, or to measure our duty correctly when we draw a check to pay a specified bill. Paying for a seat may be well enough in its place, but we all have ample opportunity to do that for a like privilege elsewhere.

And here are the difficulties and dangers:

1. The changing character of our population. We are quite unlike the population in older cities or in smaller towns. The first of May usually shows considerable change in our congregation and church membership. Newcomers might not be as prompt to seek an opportunity to make a pledge to contribute a stated sum as they are to inquire about, and even to rent, a pew. More time might be lost before a committee of the board of trustees would feel at liberty to ask a pledge than would be necessary for the same committee to offer to show a pew.
2. Temporary inconvenience about getting a regular seat, no doubt, would have to be endured. No one will underestimate the desirability of a regular place to sit, nor the importance of families being seated together. Experience, however, proves that this difficulty is more imaginary than real.

3. Unless the pledges obtained should exceed the estimated current expenses, there would be a certain loss to the sinking fund.

4. Some quite irregular in their attendance, who under the present system rent a pew, or a part of a pew, might altogether decline to pledge to pay at regular stated times. It would be unwise not to look for loss from this source.

5. Some now paying high pew rent might pledge a much smaller sum than is now paid for the pew occupied, and it might even prove that some, if left to their own decision, would pay nothing. It should be stated here that we know of no one who would do either of these.

THE following item from the *Christian Union* is a bright omen of the better day that is to come to our churches. There is more cause for congratulation over one minister who rebels against the low ethical standard of the churches, than in the resignation of ten ministers for doctrinal reasons; because religion finds its permanent foundations not in creed but in character. The dictates of reason are important, but those of conscience are indispensable. When the church will begin to elevate the business standards of trade, and to discourage the speculative and gambling instincts of commerce, by beginning at home and reforming its own methods and suppressing its own tendencies to inflation, then the church is to be heard from. "The Rev. H. B. Townsend, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, has resigned. Recently, at a church festival, the ladies filled a bottle with beans and offered a prize to the person guessing nearest the number, the object being to raise money for the church. The pastor opposed the scheme on the ground that it was a species of gambling, and his course led to a difference between the pastor and his flock."

JOHN CHADWICK, of Brooklyn, speaking of the noble life of one of his parishioners, Richard Henry Manning, speaks for many a minister and tells the real source of many a sermon, when he says: "For me it was an inexpressibly wonderful and pathetic thing that this man, to whom I always looked up as an intellectual teacher and a moral guide, should come so steadily for three and twenty years and listen to my word, as if I had anything for him of help or inspiration. He had much for me, however little I might have for him. The knowledge that he would be here, many a time, I know, steadied my thought, guarded my hasty phrase, and sent me back upon my argument, to make it, if I could, more deep and firm. But he did for me much more than this. He helped me as no other man has ever helped me—not by his words but by his life—to that 'daring faith' which is the best possession that I have to share with you; which is not only faith that there can be morality of the highest order without dogmatic theological affirmation, but that without such affirmation there can be religiousness of a more lofty character than, for the most part, co-exists with the dogmatic confidence of the majority of Christian men. . . . For religiousness declares itself less by dogmatic assertion or by confident assurance than by the gravitation of the mind to fundamental mysteries of life and death."

The Ramabai Circle.

We commend to our readers the following appeal from the secretary of the Chicago Ramabai Circle, and would remind our readers that these circles any more than this work are not limited to women, neither are they restricted by theological or denominational lines. On the board of the American organization are representatives of the Methodist, Episcopalian, Congregational, Unitarian and doubtless other organizations, as will be seen by referring to the full list which we publish in our Notes from the Field columns.

"The central Ramabai Association has been formed in Boston and local Ramabai Circles may now go to work with the full assurance that the plan of the school for the education of child widows in India is in safe hands. The delay in forming the association came only from the fact that the principal movers in it waited for letters from native gentlemen in India, which should throw more light on the probable success of the proposed school. These letters proved eminently satisfactory, and now a general attempt should be made to raise the neces-

sary funds at once. The board of trustees in Boston are to decide all questions of a financial and business nature, aided by an advisory board of responsible men in India. The Ramabai Circle formed under the auspices of the Woman's Unitarian Association of this city calls on all its members to do their utmost to interest others in this inspiring work. We have now nearly sixty members and we might easily have many times that number. No one who reads the story of the Pundita Ramabai or understands anything of the conditions which make this school desirable, can refuse sympathy to such a cause. The movement is absolutely unsectarian, as will be seen from the list of officers published in another place. This attempt marks a new departure in foreign missions. It claims the help not only of those who have worked long in missionary directions only to realize the insignificance and unsatisfactory character of the work accomplished, but it deserves the careful investigation of those who profess not to believe in foreign missions at all. We hope to receive the names of many new members not only from this city but from other towns where UNITY goes. To be a member means the payment of \$1 each year for ten years, in which time it is confidently expected that the school will become self-supporting. If you do not know the story of the Pundita Ramabai and the details of the work she is trying to do, send to the secretary of the circle, who will be glad to answer letters or furnish information. A still better way is to order the book, 'The High Caste Hindu Woman.'

"EMMA E. MAREAN,
"Secretary Ramabai Circle."

The Field-Ingersoll Letters.

We often hear it said that popular interest in theological questions has largely ceased,—that the average man is indifferent to these to-day. It is happily true that the emphasis in religion, for some time has been steadily shifting from its speculative creeds to its ethical import and requirements; and this tendency has every sign of continuance. But if one needs evidence that popular interest in theological discussion has by no means died out, he may find it in the space given to such discussion in the secular journals and reviews of the day. These periodicals have an eye to business, and do not publish what the public mind has no care for. The denominational "Confessions" in the *Forum* some months ago were an attractive feature of that attractive review, and have since been gathered into book form. A late number of the *Boston Sunday Herald* devoted a page and a half to the replies of representative clergymen to its question, "What are the strongest proofs and arguments in the support of the belief in a life hereafter?" The current number of the *North American Review* contains the fourth, and, apparently, closing letter in a series of four which have passed between Henry M. Field, D. D., editor of the *New York Evangelist*, and Colonel Ingersoll. It is of these we wish to speak. The first appeared in the form of "An Open Letter to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll," in the August number; the second was Colonel Ingersoll's reply, "The Agnostic Side," in the November number; the third, "A Last Word to Colonel Ingersoll," appeared in December, to which reply is this month made in "Another Letter to Doctor Field."

The first noticeable feature in this correspondence is the large measure of courtesy that pervades it. In their intellectual attitudes the men stand widely apart, but each recognizes things in common, and respects in the other the man within the opponent. Surely the religion of love and good will has made no small advance in the world, when two such different representatives can so amicably discuss subjects on which both alike feel strongly. This, of itself, is of good influence. There is a Christmas sermon between the lines. As to the matter of the letters, it has the merit and defect incident to this form of presenting one's views. The personal element gives piquancy and interest. The thought is live and warm. The same element also tempts at times to those "asides," so to speak, wherein the real principle or truth in-

volved is dropped for a specious retort or a bit of irrelevant sparring. In this respect Colonel Ingersoll yields the more readily, as might be expected of his abounding humor and his well-known forensic art.

The extended discussion covers too many points for us to refer to them all. Touching the existence of God, if Doctor Field does not demonstrate it, he simply fails where wiser men have failed before him; and his opponent fails equally to establish the negative. In this matter what Mr. Emerson once said of his own belief in immortality holds true, we think—that we are all better believers than we can give reasons for. But, in our judgment, Doctor Field says nothing weaker on this point than such words as these, for example, from his opponent: "Why should infinite goodness leave the existence of God in doubt? . . . The sentence 'There is a God' could have been imprinted on every blade of grass, on every leaf, on every star." (!) It is this wholly outward way of dealing with the subject that characterizes Mr. Ingersoll's position, as if the deeper experiences of the individual soul were not also facts in the universe to be accounted for, and a life could have no assurance for itself of that which it may be unable to demonstrate to another. The same outwardness marks also his treatment of prayer. "When and where has the prayer of any man been answered?" he asks. "Did God hear the prayers of the slaves? Did he hear the prayers of imprisoned philosophers and patriots? Did he hear the prayers of martyrs?" Of course, the answer depends upon one's conception of prayer. We are inclined to believe that their souls' longing and cry had answer in some real help and strength, though we know of no prayer-gauge by which this can be proved to one who doubts it. We are reminded here of the fugitive slave who was speaking of his escape with great religious fervor, when one said to him (it might have been our friend, the Colonel), "I guess your feet helped you more than your knees;" to which the man answered, "But you see if it hadn't been for my knees first, I shouldn't have had any courage for my feet!"

The most interesting part in this discussion, and that in which, in our judgment, Colonel Ingersoll most clearly has the advantage of his opponent, is that concerning future retribution. Doctor Field pictures a mother beside the grave of her son, and he says: "What will you say to that mother? By that grave you cannot speak; for if you were to open your lips and tell that mother what you really believe, it would be that her son is blotted out of existence, and that she can never look upon his face again." If Doctor Field had read Colonel Ingersoll's words beside the brother's grave, or his words over that policeman's dead child in Washington, he would have qualified the foregoing sentences. Mr. Ingersoll justly answers: "Upon the question of immortality, you have done me, unintentionally, a great injustice. All I have said on this subject has been to express my hope and confess my lack of knowledge." And he adds: "You have had the goodness to invite me to a grave over which a mother bends and weeps for her only son. I accept your invitation. We will go together. Do not, I pray you, deal in splendid generalities. Be explicit. Remember that the son for whom the mother weeps was not a Christian, not a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, nor in the divinity of Jesus Christ. What must you say? Do not desert the Presbyterian creed. Will you read a portion of the Presbyterian Confession of Faith? Will you read this?" Here follow certain passages, too long to quote, but which the reader familiar with the Confession of Faith will recall. "What could I say? Let me tell you," continues Mr. Ingersoll; and in what follows, the honest agnostic seems to us to have a decided advantage, as a bearer of consolation, over the honest believer in the Westminster Confession.

In his second letter Doctor Field returns to this subject of future retribution; and here he seems to us to take a much stronger position. But it is a position which involves the open abandonment of his professed Confession of Faith. "I believe," he says, "that in the future world every man will be judged according to the deeds done in the body." As to

this retribution [endless], "some whom no one will deny to be devout Christians, do not believe it at all" (!) and Arch-deacon Farrar is quoted with open allowance, if not with full sympathy, as holding that, "This life is not 'the be-all and end-all' of human probation; but that in the world to come there will be another opportunity," etc. Doctor Field proceeds to "rest the argument for it [future retribution] not on the Bible, but on principles which you yourself acknowledge. You say, 'There are no punishments, no rewards; there are consequences?' Very well, take the 'consequences,' and see where they lead you." He then proceeds to show that the consequences of our present life must follow us into the future; that no forgiveness obliterates these; that retribution follows even the forgiven man "within the heavenly gates; for if he does not *suffer*, still that bad life has so shrivelled up his moral nature as to diminish his power of enjoyment." "There are degrees of happiness;" and "he who begins wrong will find that it is not as well to sin and repent of it as not to sin at all. He enters the other world in a state of spiritual infancy, and will have to begin at the bottom, and climb slowly upward." All this sounds very rational and follows along the lines of what here we see and know. But it lies as far from the interpretation of future retribution set forth in the Doctor's accepted standard of doctrine, as reason from unreason, or as light from darkness. Mr. Ingersoll of course sees this, and aptly replies: "My dear Mr. Field, you have outgrown your creed."

Touching the interpretation of pain and suffering in the world, the discipline of life, there seems to us more of spiritual grasp and insight in the remarks of Doctor Field than in the rather light and off-hand utterances of Colonel Ingersoll. The problem perplexes us to-day as it has perplexed souls before us, as doubtless also it will continue to perplex those who shall come after us. But human observation and experience are not without some rays of light upon the mystery; and, taking the world we are placed in, all in all, though Colonel Ingersoll is reported to have said that in his own judgment he could have made a better one, we are rather glad it is given him only to modify it a little, and that it is not wholly committed into his hands for that larger experiment in which he appears to have such confidence.

We spoke at the beginning of the large measure of courtesy observed in this discussion. That courtesy would have been yet kinder by the omission of a few expressions into which Colonel Ingersoll has allowed his wit or sarcasm to lead him, and which do not add either to the dignity or the clearness of his vigorous style. One remark, not personal to his opponent, however, we cannot refrain from censuring. It is where he allows himself to speak of Agassiz's well-known hesitation to adopt Darwin's theory as prompted by his "preferring the good opinion of Harvard for a few days to the lasting applause of the intellectual world." To those who have known and listened to that noble, child-like soul (as we think Colonel Ingersoll cannot ever have done), the insinuation seems wantonly illiberal and unjust, and the story of the life is its ample refutation.

There are other points in this discussion which we should like to notice, but we pass them by. In conclusion, we are glad to count ourself of that larger church, wherein Colonel Ingersoll, and all of us, may be yet more and more consistent members,—in which consistent membership involves more of charity and insight than we have any of us yet attained to,—the church of which he says at the close of his last letter: "I belong to the great church that holds the world within its starlit aisles; that claims the great and good of every race and clime; that finds with joy the grain of gold in every creed, and floods with light and love the germs of good in every soul."

F. L. H.

Do that which is assigned you, and you can not hope too much, or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these.—*Emerson*.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

To a Maid of Eighteen.

Gather it up and fold it away
 With rosemary leaves and lavender spray,—
 Sweet Seventeen;
 Wrap it in memories of tenderest hue,
 Warm with the life that once thrilled them, and strew
 Fair hopes between.

Wondrous the alchemy of the Past!
 Fixed beyond changing it prisoneth fast
 Each winged day;—
 Moments of ecstasy, fleeting as fair,
 Rainbow-hued fantasies, painted on air,
 Loved now for aye.

Every sunset that fades into gray
 Paves but a pathway to meet a new day,
 Brimming with light.
 Look to the east, where the sky is aglow,—
 Challenge to joy and endeavor! Below
 Sleeps yesternight.

LILY A. LONG.

The Church and Social Problems.

The author of "The Decay of the Christian Church"* is an earnest believer in the church of the future, and as earnest a doubter of the church of the present. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that his views of the church as it now is, are colored by his own recent experiences. Perhaps the church, "rebuked by the scholarship of the world, taunted by the victories of science," ought to "sit in sackcloth and ashes, bemoaning . . . the loss of a power which she may never regain;" but the writer's assertion that she does so is a violent figure of speech, which nothing in recent Methodist or Episcopal conferences has borne out.

Nor is it true, in any general sense, that "humanity is given over to injustice and fraud, offering pawn upon life itself, and grinding down the poor for self-aggrandizement." These exaggerations are repulsive, and detract from the force of an earnest protest against the subserviency of the church to the present order of things, and its failure to insist on even newer and better modes of life.

Mr. Grumbine attributes the alleged decay in the church to "the difference of opinion about essentials—the worldliness of church members, and the timidity of ministers—and the secularity of the age, and the growing power of science." The first he considers due to evolution, and is confident that the final outcome will be, "that error must yield to truth, and wrong to righteousness," albeit he says of the efforts now put forth to broaden the creeds and make them practical, "this attempt at compromise is not destroying doubts, but creating them, and a more dissatisfied religious people never appeared upon the globe, than those who, claiming to be Christians, are in doubt as to whether they are honest even with themselves."

In speaking of the second cause, he instances attempts to attract people to church, and secure money for its expenses by making it a social center, with perilous amusements,—gambling at fairs and socials, taking money from men who "procure it at the card table," or by a "business policy which, but for the ethics of trade, would be considered . . . open robbery and fraud," and much of the same kind, which is well deserved in some instances, but yet is hardly a fair presentation of the case.

With regard to ministerial timidity, he is nearer the mark; and yet may not caution, lest they sanction error, more frequently than fear of their richer parishioners, be the reason that so few ministers preach "Land Reform" or the "Anti-

* "The Decay of the Christian Church: the Causes and Remedy." By J. C. F. Grumbine. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Paper, pp. 32, 15 cents.

Poverty Society's" doctrines? At any rate, it is true that the most popular preachers in the land are men like Thomas, Swing and Phillips Brooks, who preach the most earnestly and courageously.

The author gives some instances of oppression and distress, especially among sewing girls, that are only too true; the moral he enforces is that the church ought to take strong ground on social questions; that her ministers miss their opportunity when they are not leading their people abreast or in advance of the best efforts of the day in social reform. Meanwhile let us be fair to orthodoxy,—let us be more than fair, let us be generous and appreciative. It is true that the best hope for humanity, the solution of all our social problems, is in the coming of the day of universal brotherhood; but what is Christianity, if not the proclamation of that highest truth? And if ministers feel this, and believe that the religion in which they have been reared is the highest and truest Christianity, can we blame them because they think to win mankind to right by the process of bringing men to Christ? There is a great heart of right in the most orthodox creed. Parallel with the truth that creeds decay and systems fail, is the truth that religion survives, and ever finds new creeds to clothe herself withal.

The world moves, and with it the church; and the day is coming,—the very advance in secularity which our author deplors, is bringing it on,—when churches shall recognize that the affairs of this world are the chief concern of religion, that man is to be saved here and now, that heaven is to begin on earth.

Godspeed the new movement for a free, unsectarian platform, of which Mr. Grumbine tells us. Every man who leaves a church as he left his—because he could not remain and preach whatsoever he believed to be true and necessary—will help it. But the greatest gain after all will be made in the old churches, liberalized and secularized, by the public opinion which such movements create.

A. GOATHERD.

Responsive Services.

PREPARED BY JOHN R. EFFINGER.

I. TRUTH.

HYMN.

Introductory Reading.

Thou must be true thyself,
 If thou the truth wouldst teach.

He that feeds men serveth few;
 He serves all who dares be true.

Think truly, and thy thought
 Shall the world's famine feed;
 Speak truly, and thy word
 Shall be a fruitful seed;
 Live truly, and thy life shall be
 A great and noble creed.

Responses.

Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord and stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not inclined his soul to falsehood nor sworn deceitfully.

Let not thy tongue say what thy heart denies.

Let not truth forsake thee. Buy the truth and sell it not.

Great is truth and mighty above all things.

All the earth calleth upon the truth, and the heaven blesseth it: with it is no unrighteous thing.

She is the brightness of the everlasting light, the breath of the power of God, the image of his goodness.
She is more beautiful than the sun and above all the stars.

She is the strength and kingdom and majesty of all ages.
Truth endureth and is always strong: she liveth and conquereth forevermore.

With her there is no acceptance of persons or rewards.
Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness.

She is glorious and never fadeth away.
She is seen of those who love her, and found of those who seek her.

And in all ages entering into holy souls she maketh them friends of God and prophets.
Wherefore speak every man truth with his neighbor.

For this cause are we born and sent into the world,
That we may bear witness to the truth.

Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good repute, whatever virtue there is and whatever praise—let us think on these things.

Let us think on these things, and we shall know of the truth, and the truth shall make us free!

PRAYER.—(All Uniting.)

Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, we thank thee for the truth and beauty thou dost spread before our minds. We thank thee that thou hast put some ray of thine own life in our souls, whereby we are taught of that which is true and divine. Let thy life appear in our lives! Let thy truth be spoken in our words! Let thy tenderness and holiness shine from our faces, and be manifested in all our ways! We would depart from evil and do good. We would love our brother men and deal with them in truth and gentleness and humility of spirit. When we see the right, we know thy strength will help us as we try to live in it. But if we are wrong, we know thy strength will hinder us, to teach the better way. And for the certain help and for the blessed hindering we thank thee. Amen.

(Here may be read an appropriate poem or Scripture passage, old or new.)

HYMN.

SERMON.

BENEDICTION.—(All Uniting.)

Now may the grace of a gentle, helpful, truthful spirit, even the grace of God abide with us! And may the love of God, and the communion of all high and holy thought, and endeavor be our inheritance forever! Amen.

II. RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN.

Introductory Reading.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife;
Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled;
While he who ever acts as conscience cries
Shall live, though dead.

Responses.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.

The righteous Lord loveth righteousness,
The upright shall behold his face.

Create within me a clean heart, O God,
And renew a right spirit within me.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness:
Let thy way be plain before my face.

For the kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace and joy in the holy spirit;
Righteousness is an everlasting foundation.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
The end of that man is peace.

For light is sown for the righteous,
And gladness for the upright in heart.

The path of the just is as the dawning light,
That shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The stars in their courses uphold the righteous;
The stones of the field are in league with him.

Wherefore walk thou in the path of the good,
And keep the way of the righteous:

Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot;
Yea, thou shalt be steadfast and without fear.

Thy life shall be clearer than the noonday;
Thou shalt shine as the morning light.

The work of righteousness is peace,
And the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever.

PRAYER. (All Uniting.)

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

(Here may be read an appropriate poem or Scripture passage, old or new.)

HYMN.

SERMON.

BENEDICTION. (All Uniting.)

Heavenly Father, lead us on
In the way of truth begun:
Let the light of love divine
All along our pathway shine.
Heavenly Father, lead us on
By the way of duty done:
Day by day and hour by hour,
Onward, upward, evermore.

AMEN.

THE UNITY CLUB.

FREQUENT requests come to this office for Shakespearean studies in Unity Clubs. As yet no leaflet has been published by the bureau, but a great many of our clubs have done from time to time excellent work in this direction. The following programme, arranged for the Shakespeare Club, at Natick, Mass., we print in full, names and all, to show how definitely and confidently the successful club takes hold of its work. The appearance of the names in the neatly printed programme is what carries the assurance of success and makes easy the management of each evening, and where there is faith and zeal on the part of a few, very rare are the small towns, either in the east or the west, but what will not afford material for some such a club as this at Natick.

KING JOHN.

EVENING I:

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|---|----------------|
| 1. Shakespeare News, | - | - | Miss Bigelow. |
| 2. Story of Play, | - | - | Miss Wilson. |
| 3. Historical Setting of Play, | - | - | Mr. Ripley. |
| 4. Act I, Outline; Relation to Play, | - | - | Mrs. Peloubet. |

5. Reading: I; 1, 182-220, - - - Mr. Bigelow.
6. General Discussion:
 - Sources of Play.
 - Possible historical reasons for Shakespeare's selection of King John as the first historical play.

EVENING II.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Miss Bigelow.
2. Act II, Outline, - - - Miss Hattie Bacon.
3. English Possessions in France, - - - Mr. Peloubet.
4. Character Study of John, - - - Judge Bacon.
5. Selected Readings from Gervinus, Coleridge, Dowden, or Schlegel, - - - Mrs. Lincoln.
6. Read lines 1-201; 516-598. (Rolfé's edition.)

Philip, - Mr. Mulligan.	Elinor, - Mrs. Walcott.
Lewis, - Miss Peloubet.	Blanch, Miss M. B. Bacon.
Constance, Mrs. Peloubet.	Falconbridge, Mr. Gale.
Chatillon, Mrs. Cook.	Austria, Dea. Wilson.
John, Mr. Ripley.	1st Citizen, Dr. Cook.

7. General Discussion:
 - Characters of Philip, Falconbridge and Blanch.

EVENING III.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Miss Bigelow.
2. Act III, Outline, - - - Miss Wood.
3. Read Scenes III. and IV.

John, - Mr. Gale.	Philip, - Mr. Peloubet.
Elinor, - Mrs. Bigelow.	Lewis, - Mrs. Bacon.
Falconbridge, Judge Bacon.	Pandolph, - Mrs. Walcott.
Hubert, - Mrs. Nichols.	Constance, - Miss Bigelow.
4. Condition of the Church as illustrated in this Play. - - - Dea. Wilson.
5. Character Study of Constance, - - - Mrs. Mulligan.
6. Character Study of Elinor - - - Mrs. Ella Wilson.
7. General Discussion:
 - Characters of Constance and Elinor.

EVENING IV.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Miss Bigelow.
2. Act IV, Outline, - - - Mrs. Walcott.
3. Read Scenes I. and II.

Arthur, - Mrs. Gale.	Salisbury, - Mrs. Ripley.
Hubert, - Dr. Cook.	Messenger, - Miss M. Bacon.
John, - Mr. Bigelow.	Falconbridge, - Mrs. Bacon.
Pembroke, - Mrs. Cook.	
4. Children of Shakespeare, - - - Mrs. Bigelow.
5. Everyday Life in England, in time of King John, - - - Dr. Cook.
6. Open Discussion.

EVENING V.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Miss Bigelow.
2. Act V., Outline, - - - Mrs. Morse.
3. Read Scene VII.

Henry, Miss H. Bacon.	Pembroke, Miss N. Wilson.
Salisbury, Mrs. Ripley.	Falconbridge, Mr. Gale.
4. Magna Charta, - - - Mr. Mulligan.
5. Locate places mentioned in Play, - - - Mr. Peloubet.
6. General Discussion:
 - Keynote of Play.
 - Quotations.

RICHARD II.

EVENING I.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Mrs. Cook.
2. History from John to Richard, - - - Mrs. Gale.
3. Reading: Act I. scenes I., II., III., 119-309.

John of Gaunt, - - - Dea. Wilson.
Richard, - - - Mr. Ripley.
Bolingbroke, - - - Miss Kate Wood.
Norfolk, - - - Mrs. Nichols.
Duchess of Gloster, - - - Mrs. Walcott.
Aumerle and Marshal, - - - Miss Bigelow.

4. Quiz on Text, - - - Conducted by Dr. Cook.
5. Wager of Battel, - - - Judge Bacon.
6. General Discussion:
 - Sources of Play.
 - Relation of Act I. to Play as a whole.
 - Comparison of Richard and John.

EVENING II.

1. Editions of Richard II., - - - Mrs. Cook.
2. England, Politically and Socially, - - - Mr. Bigelow.
3. Reading: Act II., scenes I., III., 81-170, IV.

Richard, - Miss Mead.	Willoughby, Miss Peloubet.
John, of Gaunt, Mr. Gale.	Ross, Miss M. B. Bacon.
York, - Judge Bacon.	Salisbury, Mrs. Bigelow.
Northumberland, Mrs. Lincoln.	Captain, Mrs. E. Wilson.
Bolingbroke, Mrs. Bacon.	Queen, - Mrs. Cook.

4. Quiz on Text, - - - Conducted by Mrs. Peloubet.
5. The John-of-Gaunt Family, - - - Mrs. J. O. Wilson.
6. General Discussion:
 - Condition of Ireland in Richard's time.

EVENING III.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Mrs. Cook.
2. Reading: Act III., scenes II., III., IV.

Richard, - Mr. Mulligan.	Salisbury, Miss M. B. Bacon.
Bishop Carlisle, - - - Northumberland, Miss H. Bacon.	
Mrs. J. O. Wilson.	Percy, - Dr. Cook.
Bolingbroke, Mrs. Peloubet.	Queen, - Miss N. Wilson.
York, - Judge Bacon.	Lady, - - Mrs. E. Wilson.
Scroop, - Dea. Wilson.	Gardener, - Mr. Gale.
Aumerle, - Miss Peloubet.	Servant, - - Mrs. Cook.
3. Quiz on Text, - - - Conducted by Miss Abby Wood.
4. Wyclif and the Lollards, - - - Mrs. J. W. Bacon.
5. General Discussion: Anachronisms.

EVENING IV.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Mrs. Cook.
2. Westminster Hall; Its History, - - - Miss M. B. Bacon.
3. Reading: Act IV., 107-333.

Richard, Dr. Peloubet.	Bolingbroke, Miss Bigelow.
York, - Mr. Gale.	Abbot, - Mrs. Bacon.
Bishop Carlisle, Mrs. Walcott.	Aumerle, - Mrs. Gale.
Northumberland, Miss A. Wood.	
4. Quiz on Text, - - - Conducted by Miss N. Wilson.
5. English Universities in 14th Century, - - - Miss Hattie Bacon.
6. General Discussion:
 - Deposing of Richard, and Divine Right of Kings.

EVENING V.

1. Shakespeare News, - - - Mrs. Cook.
2. Windsor Castle, - - - Mrs. Nichols.
3. Reading: Act V., scenes II., III., IV., V., 67-118; VI.

Richard, - Dea. Wilson.	Percy, - - Miss Bigelow.
Bolingbroke, Mr. Bigelow.	Exton, - Mrs. Bigelow.
York, - Mr. Ripley.	Groom, - - Miss H. Bacon.
Duchess of York, - - - Mrs. Mulligan.	Keeper, - - Mrs. Lincoln.
Aumerle, - Miss Peloubet.	Fitzwater and Servant, Mrs. Gale.
4. Quiz on Text, - - - Conducted by Mr. Mulligan.
5. Character study of Richard, - - - Dr. Peloubet.
6. General Discussion:
 - Courtiers of Richard and their influence on him.
 - Quotations.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Life Notes, or Fifty Years' Outlook. By William Hague, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, pp. 362.

This volume consists of personal reminiscences, extending over a period of fifty years. Like all books of reminiscence, it depends upon the personality of its author for its chief value. Those who wish to know how the principal events of

fifty years looked through the eyes of Dr. Hague, will read this volume with interest. Its author was a scholar rather than a philosopher, and the book is remarkable for its variety and fullness of contents rather than for any profound estimate of the men and events of which it treats. Covering, as it does, a period of our national life, rich in material for history, it can not fail to borrow a certain value from the importance of its subject; and even when we do not agree with the author's estimate of persons or events, we read his impressions of them with interest.

Dr. Hague came early into somewhat intimate relations with Emerson, and speaks of him as "a unique, transparent personality; a free, self-reliant mind, uttering itself without restraint and without guile; not fluent, as that of a trained talker, watching the impression he is making, but with speech aptly winning, spontaneous as that of a little child impelled to find expression for the thought or feeling of the moment." He seems not to have understood Emerson's attitude toward the church, and to have improved every opportunity of private conversation to find out just how much of a heretic Mr. Emerson was, and what was the direction of the unbeaten path which he had marked out for himself. Dr. Hague thought Mr. Emerson's demand for "a religion by revelation to us" was an "appeal to the century against the primary claim of Christianity." The author's estimate of Emerson is well suggested in the following: "Can any higher style of character or any better moral issues be fairly looked for from any religion whatsoever, old or new, that can ignore a personal God, ignore the reality of sin as a positive force, and affirm as one of its *dogmata* that 'evil is only good in the making?' No, never!"

Legends from Story-Land. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Boston: George H. Ellis. \$1.00.

Both tender and strong are these shadowy little stories, gathered from the stores of that old-time fancy and mythology, which have come to us as an inheritance from the child races. They are told again in this volume with a quaint simplicity of diction which fits well with the subject. Happy the child who is thus led to the marvel stories of literature and taught to catch glimpses of the earlier thought in them, and to recognize not only their poetic beauty, but the insight into truth which is confined to no one age or race. Perhaps not many children will read these stories through with the intensity of interest a less valuable story book might awaken; but they are certainly most available for reading aloud, and thus the explanations may be no less interesting than the stories. Mothers ought to feel grateful for such an addition to their books. E. E. M.

THE HOME.

Which Loved Best?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then forgetting his work his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And left her the water and wood to bring.

"I love you, mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can.
How glad I am school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
'Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?
Joy Allison, in Kindergarten.

The Talk of the Horse Chestnuts.

"Good morning, sister; good morning!" said a fine chestnut tree to her neighbor one rather dull September morning. "Do you think the sun is going to shine much to-day?"

"I am sure I hope it is," answered the sister; "for my leaves have been drooping and feeling low-spirited, and say they cannot do their work well for want of more sunshine, and I know that my food has not been well prepared. I fancied the sap they sent down the stem rather tasted of oxygen, and that I object to, don't you? I wonder those queer creatures, those boys and girls who so often play under our branches, like oxygen so well; I have heard it said they cannot live without it. I am sure they are quite welcome to all our leaves set free for them. As I said before, sister, those boys and girls are queer creatures. I wonder, now, as they pass under our branches, if they ever think we are working as hard as they, though we don't make quite so much noise about it. Ah! if we were not now working very hard there would be no leaves on the trees next year, and then they would be surprised. 'Spring here, and no leaves! What is the matter?' Do they know that our nice little leaf-buds are already formed, and we are now busy trying to wrap up our wee, wee, baby buds, oh! so cosily, our precious treasures, for next year? Don't you think, dear sister, we had better cover them as usual, with the silky, downy quilt first; and then the winter leaves, overlapping all, just like the tiles on the roof of that cottage opposite, will make a nice little cradle, especially if we put a kind of sticky glue all round the cradle to keep out the rain and the snow. Yes! they will then be safe and warm; they will rock all through the winter until the sun shines warm again next April, and then—yes, and then—" "But I am talking instead of working; I must be quick to do my work, and I am growing so sleepy. I almost wish we lived with our cousins, the chestnuts, in Spain; we should not then need to wrap up our buds so much, they have so little cold to fear."

Now all you boys and girls who walk under the chestnut trees without noticing what they have to say, go listen to their chatter. Look for the chestnut tree—if you live in the country, in the lanes; if in the town, in some of the parks.

The horse chestnut may easily be known, even in the depth of winter, by its usually large buds, set on the extremities of the branches, and in the axils of the branches.

A German naturalist in the winter season gathered one of these buds, not much larger than a pea. The outer covering was composed of seventeen scales, winter leaves, cemented together by a gummy substance, protecting from moisture the silky down. Removing both scales and down, he discovered four leaves surrounding a spike of flowers, in which spike he could distinctly see sixty-eight little florets.

When next you take a walk, will you notice the horse chestnut? Take a little branch in your hand, and look below the little buds; you will see what looks like the footprints of a horse. These marks are left by the falling leaves, and the five or seven little dots, looking so much like nails, are caused by the broken mid-ribs of the leaflets. It is from this appearance that the tree receives its name of "horse chestnut."
—H. F. F., in *Young Days*.

WHEN General Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, a poor woman at Washington, who had a large board bill against a department clerk which she could not collect, sought in her despair an interview with the President and told him her trouble. The President told her to go to the clerk and get his promissory note, then come back. When she returned, the President took the note and wrote across the back *Andrew Jackson*. In due time the note was placed in a bank for collection and the clerk notified. He paid no attention, but when informed who had endorsed it, quickly got the money and paid the note. Next day he was notified that his services in the department were no longer wanted. . . . We read this little incident with as much pleasure as anything in the life of Andrew Jackson.—G. T. A.

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

The Ramabai Association.—The following is the list of officers of the National Association recently organized in Boston for the purpose of advancing the interests of the child widows of India, of which we speak in our editorial columns. We print the names as a guarantee of the importance and reliability of the project.

President, Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D.; Vice-presidents: Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D., Rev. George A. Gordon, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Mary Hemenway, Dean Rachel L. Bodley, M.D. Board of Trustees: Hon. A. H. Rice, Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, Mrs. Phebe G. Adam, Dr. Vincent Y. Bowditch, Mr. Augustus Hemenway, Mrs. Henry Whitman, Miss Ellen Mason, Prof. Charles C. Shackford, Mr. T. Jefferson Coolidge, Jr., Treasurer. Advisory Board in India: Dr. Ramakrishna G. Bhandarkar, Ran Bahadur M. Ranade, Ran Saheb Deshmukh. Executive Committee: Mrs. J. W. Andrews, Miss Phebe G. Adam, Mrs. A. Hamilton, Mrs. B. F. Calef, Mrs. J. S. Copley Greene, Miss Hannah A. Adam, Mrs. Bernard Whitman. Recording Secretary, Mrs. Elliott Russell. Corresponding Secretary, Miss A. P. Granger, Canandaigua, N. Y.

Chicago.—Mr. Utter discussed the 11th chapter of Luke at the noon meeting. Various readings of the Lord's Prayer were dwelt upon, but he recommended that the children be taught the common version found in the English Prayer Book for liturgical purposes. The value of the doctrine in the temptation clause was discussed. The localization of heaven was suggested as the probable import of the phrase. The personalizing of evil, according to the most approved rendering, showed that the respect for this prayer as a fetich must break down in order to save it as a gem in the literature of the spirit. The standard of morals in the parable of the importunate neighbor was recognized as very low. Jesus' refusal to wash his hands before dinner, it must be remembered, was defiance to a ceremonial law, rather than indifference to the requirements of cleanliness. Tombs were whitewashed not for hygienic nor artistic reasons, but for ceremonial reasons, so that their presence could be readily observed, and so the Jew the more readily could avoid the polluting contact.

—The four Unitarian churches of this city have just held their annual meetings. Each of them starts out on another year's work free from debt and in earnest spirit.

—We are glad to call attention to the work which Mr. Utter is about to undertake in the way of art lectures, notice of which is seen in our announcement columns.

Philadelphia.—Mr. Gilbert has delivered, both at Vineland and in Camden, his statement of one year's experience outside the orthodox ministry. His position in Vineland seems to satisfy both the people there and his own sense of spiritual congruity.

—*Unity Journal* for January contains, beside the editorial, news and reprint matter, a pretty full extract from the "Tower of Babel," as spoken here by Mr. Jones, in Mangasarian's hall in December, a column from one of Mr. Coit's addresses, and somewhat from the junior Jastrow's sermon on "The Old and The New," delivered both in the Spring Garden and the Germantown churches.

—The series of afternoon lectures by Ames and May, in West Philadelphia, have been opened. They are a repetition of institute papers.

—The American Unitarian Association gets \$500 from the Germantown society this year.

—The next meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary is to be held in Camden.

—The Vineland people have a reading circle, which is to study Emerson.

—Rev. Mr. Clifford repeated his New Year's sermon on the Sunday of the 7th, and the *Independent* then printed it in full.

—Longfellow's sermon on "Ethics, Humanity, Piety," delivered at Germantown, has been printed in pamphlet form. Its special feature is in its elaborate expression of fellowship with those engaged in the ethical movement. He substantially occupies *Unity's* position in that respect.

—Mr. Ames, at the suggestion of others, is to give a series of domestic sermons in the course of the winter.

—The united reception to Dr. Furness and Rev. Mr. May, on the 12th—the celebration of the many years of one and the few of another—was eminently a matter of interest to liberals here. H. L. T.

Boston.—At the late public reception given by the Channing Club to the ministers of Boston, the club pledged itself to do the needed public work of the churches, and the ministers assured the members that their co-operation in winter courses of sermons and oversight of weak churches would add strength and courage to our church workers.

—On Sunday evening Rev. Brook Herford gave, to a large audience in Rev. M. J. Savage's church, the history of Unitarianism in England,—a sermon in our young people's course. On the same evening, Rev. Edward E. Hale preached at the Globe theater to a good audience, and Rev. E. A. Horton held his first vesper service of song and Scripture lessons.

—During January, in the afternoon lectures of the Sunday-school Society's course, Miss Lucy Wheelock will give her two fine illustrations of primary class work, and Rev. T. R. Slicer will begin his four "Talks" upon "Early Christian History."

—At the next meeting of the Unitarian Club Secretary Reynolds will tell the story of his recent California travels.

—Dr. E. E. Hale and Rev. R. R. Shippen, of Washington, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

—Rev. Alexander McKenzie gave, on Sunday evening, the last theater sermon of the Harvard series. About eight hundred persons have uniformly attended these meetings, though two evenings have been stormy.

Rev. Chas. F. Dole gave to the Sunday-school Superintendents' and Teachers' Union a useful lecture on Old Testament study. It was old truth in a new and attractive dress.

—Rev. Brooke Herford's late address before the Unitarian Club, on "Business Enterprise in Church Management," was full of excellent suggestions. It encouraged business men to believe their services are very valuable to their minister, and it recommended ministers to absorb, in pulpit habits, and study habits, and in parish methods, the alert, emphatic mode of their successful business friends.

—The new treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, Thomas N. Hart, says that he should enjoy signaling his first year of office by reporting a larger subscription made early in the year—and by entering upon his cash book the gift of \$50,000 to the church building loan fund.

—The new plan of opening the house free for "the people," lately adopted at the orthodox church on Berkeley street, is a pronounced success. Strong sermons, aided by good music, hold large weekly audiences; and the movement is financially well sustained by inside and outside help.

—Rev. George W. Cooke read an essay before the Monday club on "Increased Spirituality in the Churches." In all denominations spiritual life and insight and purity must come from warm, sympathetic hearts, and clear, intelligent heads. Mental activity and good educational methods, daily growth by daily observation and experience, wide interest in the world's progress, and some industrious labor for the ignorant and needy at our doors, are the tokens of sound, spiritual growth in any soul. The essay was an enthusiastic indorsement of the Chautauquan Circles for study, and of the Unitarian National Bureau of Unity Clubs.

St. Paul, Minn.—Rev. H. Price Collier began his month's work in St. Cloud, Minn., on Sunday, January 15. Mr. Collier preached in Unity church, St. Paul, in the morning, to those who were brave enough to come out in a temperature of 37° below zero, and left in the afternoon for St. Cloud for the evening services.

Lectures.—The Unity churches of Hinsdale, Ill., and Helena, Wis., are arranging for courses of lectures. Mr. Jones opened the course at Helena, Friday night, January 20, and the course at Hinsdale will be opened with his lecture on Browning, February 2.

Wichita, Kan.—An Unity Club has been organized at this place, with the Rev. Mr. Hoggeland as president, and it is in search of the ten great novels according to the local vote. The local paper shows that they have found out how to have a good time.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, January 22, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Jan. 20; subject: "Charles Sumner."

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, January 22, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, January 22, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, January 22, services at 11 A. M. Rev. David Utter will occupy the pulpit in exchange with the pastor. In the evening Mr. Jones will speak on "Les Miserables." Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M. Confirmation Class, Saturday, 10:30 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, January 22, services at 10:45 A. M.

ART LECTURES.

Five illustrated lectures on art subjects will be given February 3d, 10th, 17th, 25th, and March 2d, Friday afternoons, from 4 to 5, in the ladies' parlors, Church of the Messiah, for the benefit of the Ladies' Industrial and Benevolent Society, by Rev. David Utter. Tickets, \$1.00. They will be on the following topics:

- Feb. 3d. Introductory.
- Feb. 10th. Teachers of the Masters.
- Feb. 17th. The Great Period.
- Feb. 25th. The Decline.
- March 2d. Christ in Art.

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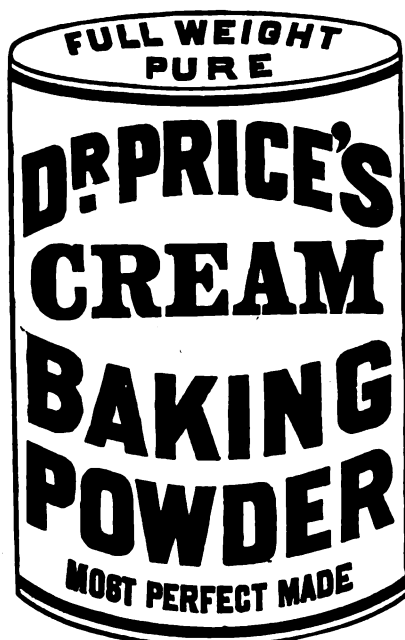
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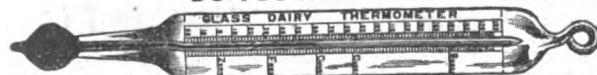
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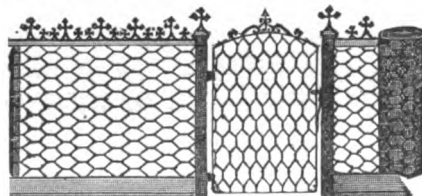
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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY

[NUMBER 22

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UNITY

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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1888.

[NUMBER 22.]

EDITORIAL.

THE whole of Emerson's works have recently been translated into French by Mme. Jules Favre.

THE *Christian Union*, judging from recent addresses, declares that Father McGlynn has become not only a Protestant, but a radical Protestant in his teaching.

WE agree with the *Inquirer* of London, when it says: "If we must have soldiers, let us confess there is little to be proud of about the system, and the terrible amount of evil which is interwoven with it is shameful and humiliating."

THE article on "How to Help the Poor," found elsewhere in our columns, and written by the Rev. Henry D. Stevens, of Moline, Ill., for a local paper, contains so much sense that we are glad to reprint it for the benefit of our readers, as of interest to all.

MR. COIT, for some time past associated with the Ethical Culture work of Professor Adler, of New York, is to go to London next spring to take charge of an Ethical Society that is to meet in the chapel formerly occupied by M. D. Conway's society.

THE unexpected discovery of natural gas, in small quantities, in several of the deep wells in and around Chicago, may not figure much in the financial affairs of our city, but it is provocative of thought; it is another hint of the inexhaustible and irrepressible universe, the resources of which are so varied, so present, so little understood, so poorly utilized.

THE *Unitarian* for January appears in a neat cover, enlarged in size and advanced in price. The name of Brooke Herford disappears as senior editor, and reappears in an enlarged list of contributors. In workmanship, in its news, and in its inclusive and pacific spirit, it is all commendable, and we congratulate Brother Sunderland on the improvement and bid the *Unitarian* "good speed" on its mission.

THE answer of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, N. J., in reply to the request of his old parish as to what conditions would induce him to reconsider his resignation and return to his old charge, is a manly one. It bespeaks the clear vision which is sometimes sadly wanting in those who hold advanced positions in orthodox pulpits. He says, "Yours is an orthodox Congregational church. The minority, in this instance, represents just what your church stands for—orthodox Congregationalism. I could not become your pastor again except such changes were made in your manual as would be practically inconsistent with orthodox Congregationalism."

THE following letter from Frances Willard to a Brooklyn gentleman found its way to the columns of the *Christian Union*, which suggests that the purchase should be made and the home be converted into a rest resort or headquarters for the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Why not that, or something like it?

WOMAN'S NATIONAL CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE
UNION, PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,

Evanston, Ill., Dec. 22, 1887.

KIND FRIEND:—The early home of John Greenleaf Whittier, America's and woman's laureate, a home celebrated in some of the most cherished verse yet penned, ought, like Mt. Vernon, to belong to America. When

I visited it, near Haverhill, Mass., some years ago, it was in the hands of tenants whose habits of living were such as to make my pilgrimage a penance.

To purchase the old place and a few adjoining acres would be an easy matter. Were I rich, I would do this at once, and present the sacred old home hearth to the commonwealth of Massachusetts. But can not many women who are not rich combine to raise the money? If some great American newspaper would stand as leader of the movement, it would soon march to success.

If some eastern ladies will begin, we of the west will do our part.

Sincerely,

FRANCES WILLARD.

WE gather from *Justitia*, the following interesting facts concerning Chicago literary women identified with the Illinois Woman's Press Association. "Out of one hundred and one members, sixty-two are in active work; thirty-one fill editorial chairs; forty-two are editorial correspondents; twelve have published books during the past year; one is a musical composer, and ten are in the publishing business." This is an excellent record, and as woman becomes more intimately identified with the periodicals of the day, we may look for some of those beneficent results on public opinion which she could not heretofore produce directly.

Are We on the Brink of a Revolution?

WE sometimes wonder if the great fraternity of public school teachers is quite aware of the amount of discontent with the methods and results of public education? We are led to ask this question because so little is done by the school authorities, more especially in our large cities, to modify a system which has long since ceased to satisfy a very large constituency of intelligent tax-payers and citizens. The last twenty years, it is safe to say, has seen a very great abatement of enthusiasm over our free schools. There is, perhaps, no relinquishment of the idea that public education is fundamental to the maintenance of a republic; but that the existing methods are anything like what they ought to be is widely doubted.

Two things have served to suggest this subject; one is the recent election of a new Board of Directors for the St. Louis public schools; the other, the appearance of Prof. C. M. Woodward's treatise on "*The Manual Training School*." It has been apparent for some time that a crisis in the school system was coming. The dissatisfaction of patrons was unheeded. Principals made no attempt to conciliate those even who might be supposed intelligent enough not to make wholly unreasonable complaints. The system had grown inflexible. To please every class of the people, had not nearly every conceivable branch of useful or ornamental studies been introduced? What more would they have? But the complaints took the form of over-work, of superficial results, and of the utter failure of the standards of classification. Time was needlessly spent in the mere machinery of the school-room. Useless exercises consumed it and deadened the interest of the pupils. Private schools multiplied, and were even patronized by those who could ill afford it. Finally, with a constantly increasing pressure on the finances of the school board, and no prospect of an increased taxation, it fell behind in its accounts, when the demand for retrenchment rose so clamorously that a full expression of public opinion was given.

Very nearly a clean sweep of the old school board was made. The new men were pledged to retrenchment—cutting off, first, all German instruction below the high

school. At the citizens' meeting it was with some difficulty that the platform was prevented from being saddled with resolutions to close up the high school and the kindergartens. It is undeniable that a large element in the community would favor this; and especially considering the fact that so numerous a class of scholars in our cities are non-attendants, and yet unprovided for in our primary and grammar grades. Indeed, there are thousands of children of school age in this city for whom there is absolutely no room in the schools.

And Professor Woodward says: "Whatever may be the reason, the fact is, that the education offered, beyond the rudiments and elementary studies, does not seem to be just what is wanted. It is not attractive to pupils or it is out of their reach; or parents and business men are of opinion, secret, perhaps, but firmly held, that a higher education oftener unfits than fits a man for earning his living." His plea is for less recitation and more *doing*, less theory and more *practice*. Superintendent Seaver, of Boston, finds drawing shorn of half its use unless embodied in construction, unless worked out in material designs. "Studying physics (says our author) without handling and using apparatus is like eating a meal of cook-books. It doesn't nourish; it sounds well, but there is no real knowledge in it. Add the manual elements, with their freshness and variety, their delightful shop exercises, their healthful, intellectual atmosphere, and the living reality of their work and *the boys will stay in school.*" Abridge the hours given to books; cultivate manual dexterity as a true method of educating the brain, and so get rid of listlessness and monotony and torpor. "There is plenty of time if you will but use it aright. Throw into the fire those modern instruments of mental torture—the spelling and defining book. Banish English grammar, and confine to reasonable limits geography and word analysis. Take mathematics, literature, science and art in just proportions, and you will have time enough for drawing and the study of tools and mechanical methods."

The same conditions have risen in foreign lands. An educator of Sheffield, England, frequently quoted in this book, writes: "There is at present absolutely no sort of connection between the school-room and the workshop; between the present training and future employment of boys; work, workshops, tools, materials, or workshop problems are never mentioned in the school; they have no place there; all reference to these things is excluded as a sort of necessary evil, which it will be time enough for the children to deal with when they are obliged. But the grinding, aimless system of mere book learning and cram is not destined to live much longer in its present form."

One thing must be said at the outset in reference to this proposed reform of methods. Its advocates have a definite object in view, and they are terribly in earnest. Moreover, they already challenge attention to the results reached in the few years that manual training has been on trial. They claim that it is no longer an experiment. Even if it should cost more than the present system, it will give thoroughness, self-control, practical skill, and satisfaction, where now there is so large a per cent of complaint and failure.

But whoever wishes a full and clear presentation of this subject in all its bearings; its history, its wide-spreading interest, its advocates, its course of study, its results, its cost, its tools, its aims, its economical, intellectual and moral advantages, must read for himself, Professor Woodward's fully illustrated book. If any teacher, organizer or writer on this theme can be called an authority, it is he.

It seems clear to us that the province and limits of governmental education are yet to be satisfactorily defined. It may be within the legitimate powers of government to make all instruction, even to the highest work of the university or professional school, free to all. But no system which is not satisfactory to the people, though it aim to give only a rudimentary education, will continue to secure financial support. And it begins to be apparent in our large cities, that unless extensive modifications are permitted, and new

hopes of the common-school system are excited, it will be difficult, in some cases impossible, to raise the rate of taxation another mill—and then embarrassment and deterioration will be the inevitable result.

L.

Love and Theology.*

Since we first bade welcome to Mrs. Woolley's book in our columns, a few months ago, the critics have had their time with it, and we trust that most of our readers have had their pleasure in the reading of it. The book is good enough to abide its time for a more deliberate though tardy word in these columns. It is a significant book,—one which, we trust, will set many people thinking on the serious problems of the day. It is a brave work, inasmuch as it dares to deal frankly with the delicate questions which even in these times of boasted toleration are still largely tabooed from the social intercourse of men and women of differing creeds. This book is a reflection of the honest ferment of our times. We like it because it shows penetration, the insight which finds the material for poetry, romance and heroism in the life of to-day; because it shows that the problems of the times are inseparably connected with the culture of the times, and that the so-called "heretical tendencies of our day" spring out of the serious, not out of the flippant side of the life of to-day. The characters in this book are nineteenth century characters, and the perplexities of thought into which they are plunged bespeak growth, not degeneracy. We like this book because it recognizes that thought is an element in love, and that the head has its sacred rights, to ignore which is to desecrate the sanctities of the heart. We like this book because it so intelligently recognizes certain indispensable elements in "happy matches" and felicitous home-making, which are so much ignored in courtship days, so keenly felt in married days. We like this book so well that we wish it were better,—the courage that dared bring the living theological issues into the pages of a story might well have ventured to give us more of the bright discussion, the searching dialogue, the frank soul revelations of which our author gives us tantalizing bits. We find in the pages of this book some traces of the debilitating characteristic of the recent society novel which is afraid of searching seriousness and dodges a continuous strain upon the sympathies, the imagination or the intellect of the reader with external turns of incidents, and whenever the writers find themselves approaching the deep waters of life they retreat under cover of a joke, and parry the awful solemnities of living with repartee. The characters in this book are so well conceived that they might have been trusted to hold the interest of the reader without the help of some of the artificial and improbable turns in the plot. As it is, this is a story of incidents with thought in it, instead of being a story of thought with incidents in it, which it came very near being, and which the world hath more need of and, we believe in the long run, the world will like the better. We would have liked to have overheard the conversation between the inquiring student and his confirmed and confident orthodox pastor. We wish that the cigar smoke in that camp in the woods had not obscured and interfered with the serious conversation of the two young men in their vacation retreat. We also confess to a disappointment in the development of the heroine in the book. Rachel Armstrong had too much heart for so weak a head. Our author has shown us the beautiful development of Lucy Hunt, under the strong guidance of a thinking pastor. "He had taught her how to think, and it was impossible that at the same time she should not have learned how to feel." But the reverse truth is not so successfully illustrated in the case of Rachel Armstrong, inasmuch as he taught her how to *feel*, it was impossible that at the same time she should not have learned how to *think*. Indeed, love to-day disintegrates the harsh theologies of the past much more effectually than either logic or science. The power of the author is best

**Love and Theology*. A Novel by Celia Parker Woolley. Ticknor & Co.: Boston.

revealed in the strength and delicacy of the minor characters and attendant plots.

The "Chapter in Social Science" is to our mind the finest and most artistic, because most searching chapter in the book, and the match between Virginia Fairfax and the Episcopal rector is one that pleases the reader, because it seems so natural and inevitable. But upon second thought it is one that sickens the heart, because it is a match so frequently realized in actual life,—matrimony dulling the ideality of both parties, a home built on a compromise which, though prompted by love, ends in these distressing "successes" that form so large a part of conventional society, conventional philanthropy and conventional religion. The present writer has many a time been a grateful guest at firesides like those of Judge Hunt's, and he has had his perplexities over more than one Tom Fletcher. We wonder if he and Lucy live up to their privileges since they have moved to Chicago?

If we see traces of the modern society novel in this book which we deplore, we are glad to testify that we see much more evidence of the influence of George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Emerson, and other deep-hearted and great-minded writers of the age in this book. Witness the many pregnant sayings that enrich its chapters. "Poverty is becoming only to a few; I doubt if you could have lived up to it." "Suffering seemed to have promoted the growth of Arthur." "Do you want me to call it a dispensation of Providence, and insult God?" "She had the pride of conscious rectitude, that mars the character of many good women." "Indifference is often a harder thing to cure than the active forms of vice." "It is settle down in this world or settle up in the next." "There is no cure for a lawless will like absolute freedom to pursue its own way." Space forbids further citations. We commend this earnest book to our readers, and thank the author for this praiseworthy contribution to a literature that must grow. May it be rapidly.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Diversities of Gifts.

The stream that babbles on its rapid course
Toward the encircling and receptive sea:
"Lo! glen and mead immovable, my force
O'ercomes all barriers; I alone am free!"
Wears only on its shallow breast the leaf,
Or painted bubble, plaything of the sun,
And bears of summer's largess not one sheaf,
Content to sing with unimpeded run.
But the deep waters their majestic way
To the great sea in silence sweeping down,
Calm in their strength, resistless in their sway,
Bear the great ships that feed the crowded town.
Both reach the haven of their hopes and needs;
One fills the world with song and one with deeds.

SARAH E. BURTON.

The Evolution of Immortality.

This is the subject of a small but very interesting book just issued, whose full title we give below.* When the subject of immortality, or the future life, or "personal continuance," as John Weiss liked to call it, is taken up now by any writer, and especially by a new one, the result is sure to be very noble and enlivening or very worthless and depressing. When the writer is a physician, and when he treats his great subject from the view-point of the facts of his own special studies, and when he brings from these, novel thoughts and arguments based on Nature's continuity and uniformity of method and movement, many uncommon conditions seem united for an inspiring treatment of the great theme. Such is the

*The Evolution of Immortality; or, Suggestions of an Individual Immortality based upon Our Organic and Life History. By C. T. Stockwell. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Cloth, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 69. Price, \$1.00.

author and such the nature of the little work before us, little in size, but large in this, that its worth either is beyond expression or is nothing, viewed as an argument; but either way, it has the dignity of challenging careful attention at the outset. The author believes firmly in personal or individual continuance after death, and leaves the reader in no haze or doubt on that point. Let us go at once to his novel argument. This is set forth at once and completely in the second and longest of the nine divisions of the work. This second division or chapter is entitled, "Of Embryological and Cell Life." All that follows, with the exception of a few remarks, in which other writers have preceded the author, is an enlargement, unfolding and illustration of the argument of this division. This argument is as follows, put in brief propositions, which for convenience we will number:

1. Nature follows one method and movement throughout.

2. If, therefore, it proceed by contemporary and indivisible acts of birth and death as far back as we can trace life, it is conclusive that we may expect to go on from this present stage in the same way.

3. All cells, the maternal cell and the paternal cell included, have an inner and an outer structure, "an external membranous body and an internal nucleated body."

4. All cells, in process of development, dispense with the external body (death) when the internal body is ready to get along without it (birth).

5. In our own lives, traced back so far as we can follow on the maternal side, we find first the graafian follicle, or cell, with an inner nucleus and an outer membrane.

6. The membrane (outer body) is broken and put away, that is, dies, and the nucleus (inner body) sets forth independently, that is, is born, and then is called an *ovum*.

7. This ovum in turn has "an external and internal distinction or body."

8. The paternal cell has a history quite analogous or similar to the maternal.

9. When these meet, the external body of the ovum grows into the placenta, the internal into the human embryo.

10. When the time is accomplished and all is complete, the placenta (outer body) is dispensed with, that is, dies, and the embryo (inner body) comes forth independent, that is, is born, and emerges into this present conscious stage, on this earth.

11. If, therefore, Nature go on by this same method, this embryo thus born, that is, our present body, must have an inner body which is busy developing; and when it is ready, the present outer body, which, in the previous or placental stage, was the inner body, will be dispensed with, that is, die, in order that the present inner body may come forth independently into its own stage, that is, be born into the next life, or, more properly, the next stage of the one continuous life.

12. Either, therefore, we are to live on continuously beyond death, or Nature at this point suddenly deserts the line and method followed in the other changes and stages as far back as we can go.

That it may appear plainly that we have done the argument no injustice, we will give here the author's own summary of it: "All cells present an external and an internal body; an external membranous body and an internal nucleated body. The graafian follicle has a nucleus which, being evolved, and after it reaches a state independent of its follicular body, we call an ovum. This, in turn, is found to possess an external and internal distinction or body. Being vitalized, or quickened, by the paternal life, its membranous, or external body, develops along certain lines, indicating a temporal existence—placental,—while the germ center or nucleated body develops into a state or form denominated a human embryo. The placental body dying, it, the embryo, is born into this stage of our existence, still being—according to the latest histological researches—a vaster cell, or a vitally connected unity of cells. This being so, is it not reasonable to suppose

that our present external bodies possess nucleated bodies that, in turn, shall also evolve into forms suitable for external bodies as we pass on one step more?" (P. 31.)

* * * * *

"Now the laws of organic evolution must cease to apply further, or else this external body of ours has an inner or nucleated body that is being, at this moment, developed, and will ultimately pass out of this external body, that we see and know so well, into an existence as independent of it as we today are independent of our former placental bodies. There would seem to be left us but one of two inevitable conclusions: Either we pass on to a higher stage of organic evolution, independent of the present state, or the uniformity and continuity of Nature's laws no longer have application and relation to us as individuals. Either we continue to live, or God's laws must seem to be mutable." (P. 32.)

We frankly confess that we have not the knowledge needful to take hold of this argument scientifically and critically. It is the argument of a specialist, and must be dealt with by specialists, at least as to the verity of the analogies claimed in it. But this we say, that it is exciting to the mind and stimulating to thought, and that it has a certain nobility about it moreover, and that it rests, if it have any place at all, on that oneness of form and method in Nature which is the most glorious of all thoughts and most entrancing of all sights.

If, after this general view, we enter on any criticisms, we should say that the author's use of the term "law," when he says, "The identity of law with God seems clear," is not careful, for law is simply *continuity of form in the exercise of force*. Again, when he says, with seeming entire confidence, in the preface, that "other forms of life below man do not possess viable spirit, and, consequently, do not have the quality or property of immortality common to man." We would like to be told how he knows that, and also why his argument is not just as good for the immortality of any mammal as for that of man. Here we are reminded of a remark of Francis E. Abbot, whose mind and spiritual insight we admire warmly, which seems to us far nobler than our author's, and filled with a very fine courage of thought. We were talking with him and said we had found no argument or even hint of the future life which applied not to the lower animals also, and he assented. "But," said we, "we find no stopping place anywhere." "And I want none," said Abbot. "But," we persisted, "we shall have to include the oyster." "Well," said Abbot cheerfully, with a warm, peaceful smile. "I like the oyster." Again, the author is not very satisfactory in the division entitled "Life and Matter," and on this subject throughout there is a lack of unity. For example, in one place he says (the italics ours): "The 'I Am' of any organism is something else than *mere matter*," but in another place he writes, "The dividing line between the physical and spiritual can no more be definitely drawn than can the exact division between the animal and vegetable kingdoms or the 'organic and inorganic worlds.'" In one place he says, "The union, or oneness, is so complete, that if we say matter is God's organic body, or the form inhabited by Him, through and by which he manifests Himself, we should very nearly state the truth;" but in another place, speaking of the human soul, he says, "Its real father is God; its real mother is Nature." Putting these two places together, it seems plain the language is unfortunate in one or the other. Again, the author is far from uniform in his treatment of the body as a factor in our moral and spiritual experience; in one place he says, "Great souls, however, feel that they can 'get on' without these physical bodies; that they hinder the full expression and activity of their essential selves;" but in another place he quotes with approbation Browning's

"All good things

"Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

To leave these points of objection and turn to the author's virtues, we may repeat that his argument is novel and wholly dignified and earnest. We like the following remark: "If

evolution, as some have claimed, relates simply to the perpetuation and gradual improvement of the race, ignoring the individual; if there is to be no spiritual consummation as the result of the infinite past that relates to the physical development of man, then 'nothing but the Infinite Pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.'" We say we like this in spite of our creed that life is a good in itself, even if this life were all. The author also asserts nobly the importance of the *individual*; in which not only we agree with him most earnestly, but we have thought for a long time that in very truth, this is the last outcome of the facts and philosophy of evolution. On another, but related point, the author says strongly: "Whatever may be said of the 'inexorable logic of Love,' in reference to an individual immortality, any human being that has arrived at that stage of his unfoldment denominated *self-consciousness*—'spirit birth'—and knows something of the depth of meaning that is involved in the term, may, upon the moral basis of the *inexorable logic of justice*, demand an immortality." This recalls Goethe's saying, "To me the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity. If I work incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me another form of existence when the present can no longer sustain my spirit."

Nothing need be said of the author's style, save that it is earnest, and has the glow of genuine feeling. The long quotation from Edwin Arnold, which ends the book, is noble. In fine, the whole work is dignified, high, thought-compelling.

J. V. B.

Glimpses Into a Post-Office Mission Parish.

The following extracts are like bits of mosaic, quite worthless in themselves, but when added to other Post-Office Mission details may fit in with those bits, and form a picture which has already been seen by all earnest Post-office Mission workers. If you see the outstretched hands and eager faces of our applicants as we do, you will feel their needs, and help us to give more freely still the spiritual truths they ask of us.

Most of our people live in isolated settlements or small towns, where libraries are unknown, and where the only preaching to be heard is of the least enlightened orthodox sort; few of them are able to afford magazines or weekly papers, yet nearly all are intelligent, earnest people, who hunger for the very food we can give.

A young medical student, to whom we first mailed literature at the request of his former teacher, is trying to make a systematic study of Unitarianism, borrowing books from Chicago, and buying what he cannot borrow, to fill out a course suggested by our minister. In an eight paged letter received from him after his recovery from a long and serious illness, he says: "My life has been spared for some *good* end, and I shall devote the remainder of it to accomplishing that good, whatever it may be. . . . I spent many pleasant hours with those sermons and papers you sent me, when I could read but little." This young man's letters show increasing interest in all he reads, and the fact that when he was too ill to write he had his brother send a note explaining the long silence, shows that he has a sense of loyalty to the Post-Office Mission.

A woman in the state writes, "I have never had anything come to me like the Unitarian belief. I have been anxiously looking for more light upon different points of different creeds, and found it not. Now, I feel the clear light of heaven has truly shone through the darkness, and given me a place where I may rest. . . . Your selection has been all that I could ask. I cannot tell you how much good they [the sermons] have done for me, or how anxiously I look for them." In a later letter she says: "I have been *very much* interested in the 'Bible for Learners;' it has not only been a great pleasure, but a great comfort to me, for it has explained so many passages that seemed *almost* incredible, and has given me new and beautiful ideas of the old Bible which I never could have had without reading it, . . . There is so much I

would dearly love to say to you, but I am one of the million of toiling women, with my share of care, and not very strong. I will have to wait until my life has a little more *leisure* in it, which I hope will come, and for all women; at least, enough to give them time to read. . . . I am always anxious for whatever you send. . . . I have enjoyed all so much I can scarcely make a choice, but have been interested in Channing, Brook, Hall, Peabody, Sunderland, Ware, Chadwick, Parker, Savage, and last but not least, J. F. Clarke."

A young man writes, after receiving sermons several weeks: "I would like anything that I can get *information* from. I have found some of the sermons quite interesting. I have never had any very serious thoughts on religion; have tried to live an upright, moral life."

Early last summer, a teacher in an Iowa town, wrote: "I am a member of the Congregational church—orthodox in the main, but somewhat liberally inclined. My purpose in requesting sermons is to brush away my ignorance in regard to Unitarianism. . . . I have for a long time greatly admired E. E. Hale. . . . I will gladly read Unitarian sermons, especially of a doctrinal character, by the prominent men of the faith." After receiving sermons all summer, in September this correspondent wrote: "Please accept thanks for all sent."

I read all with much interest,—particularly the leaflet on Worship" [by Howland, Blake and Gannett]—and gave a new address, requesting to continue mailing to him till further notice. He is still on our list, and now thoroughly interested in Savage's sermons. One of our devoted parishioners says: "I always read the tracts, put them away—read again, and then pass on to some one, thus passing along the good and grand thoughts." He speaks of himself as a *land-poor* farmer, and regrets that he can do little for us, yet he sends us postage stamps occasionally, distributes tracts freely, and has sent us a number of valuable correspondents. Speaking of the people about him, he says: "They are not Unitarians; just liberal, most of them, though, composed of the kind of material that Unitarians are made of; all they need is the right kind of education. They need only to be properly informed, to be liberal Christians." As to his preference for our sermon, writers, he says: "The sermons you send are like the Yankee's apples—all best. . . . 'The Religion of Jesus,' by Simmons, is like a barbed wire fence—points from one end to the other. . . . I arrived at my present standpoint—Liberal Hill, I call it—via Catholicism, Methodism, Universalism, Materialism. Have read a little of everything that has ever been said on the subject of religion—ancient, modern and present time. . . . Still, I read all you send with much pleasure. . . . No doubt thousands will receive Unitarian literature through the Post-Office Mission that would never have seen it, or, for that matter, never have heard of it, and yet be *Unitarian* all the time, as I was myself. Will do all in my power to help the Post-Office Mission."

One of my most earnest inquirers is a mechanic and inventor, a foreigner by birth, and a man who has had a peculiar history spiritually. "The years of my childhood," he writes, "were one continued prayer for light, and for sufferings of all kinds that would be necessary to prepare me to *aid others*." After a rather neglected boyhood he joined a strict Baptist sect, and was "expelled from it in Chicago for denying the fearful theory of eternal torment." He then joined the Seventh-day Adventists, and was sent to another state to "advocate their faith" among people of his own tongue. This work gave him time to reflect that he was still in the dark, and he turned to modern Spiritualism for light, but although he learned some valuable truths of Spiritualists, he did not feel at home with them, and seems to have drifted about, much to his dissatisfaction, until he began reading our sermons. Of these he says: "I like the spirit of the pamphlets sent me very much—have been spiritually benefited by them. . . . The silent influence following your mission work is daily at work prompting me to investigate my private life." He makes some confessions about his lack of *spiritual* energy, and pleads: "Do not cast me off as a lazy vagabond. My moral standard is high, and I can never be happy until I can raise my

head to look at it, without feeling ashamed. . . . I have forgotten how to pray; besides, I do not like beggars; I cannot see any other way for me than to work; to gain strength by self-exactions." This man has bought eight or ten of our books, and is *studying* all he receives from us. He once wrote: "I am not a Bible-believer; take very little interest in that book, but am nevertheless an earnest believer in God, and a future life for all mankind." I lent him the "Bible for Learners" and very soon received word that, 'The Bible for Learners' you and Miss Graves so kindly sent me will aid in removing the prejudice against the religion of old, and make me look at it in a truer light. I love to read it, and think I shall purchase a copy, so that I can take more time to study its pages."

Responsive Services.

PREPARED BY JOHN B. EFFINGER.

III. LOVE.

HYMN.

INTRODUCTORY READING.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

So to the calmly gathered thought,
The innermost of life is taught:
The mystery, dimly understood,
That love of God is love of good;
That to be saved is only this,—
Salvation from our selfishness.

RESPONSES.

Beloved, let us love one another; for love is the fruit of the spirit; and every one that loveth is born of God.
And this is the message we have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.
Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love,
I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge,
And though I have all faith so as to remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned,
And have not love, it profiteth me nothing.
Love suffereth long and is kind;
Love envieth not;
Love vaunteth not itself;
Doth not behave itself unseemly,
Seeketh not her own, thinketh no evil;
Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth.
Love never faileth,
Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.
Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three;
But the greatest of these is love.
If thou bring thy prayer to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath aught against thee, go thy way!
First be reconciled to thy brother—then come and offer thy prayer unto God.
He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

PRAYER. (All uniting.)

Thou Divine Love, whose providence is like the sky that containeth all, thy peace be with us and with all men. Daily

thy hand leads us, daily thy bounty feeds us, daily thy light, liberty and law shine within us. Help us daily to rejoice in thy goodness with thanksgiving, and to follow thy law faithfully. Help us to love our brother men and to walk in gentleness and humility of spirit. May we think only clean, kindly and noble thoughts. Thou hast made our lives brighter every day with love. We would make other lives gladder with our love. To-day may we heed thy voice without us and within us, and be drawn unto thee in love and obedience now and evermore. Amen.

(Here may be read an appropriate poem, or scripture passage, old or new.)

HYMN.

SERMON.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION. (All uniting.)

May the Lord bless us and keep us! The Lord make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us! The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace! Amen.

IV. GOD.

HYMN.

INTRODUCTORY READING.

O God within! So close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign.
Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still!"
They ever seem to say, "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way!"

RESPONSES. (From R. W. Emerson.)

Men speak of revelation as something long ago given and done, as if God were dead,
But ineffable is the union of man and God in every act of the soul.

Forever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable.

It inspires awe and astonishment.

How dear, how soothing to man arises the thought of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments!

It inspires in man an infallible trust. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being.

There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead.

There can no evil befall a good man.

When a man says "I ought;" when love warms him; when he chooses, warned from on high, the good and great deed,

Then deep melodies wander through his soul from Supreme Wisdom.

For the dawn of the sentiment of virtue on the heart gives assurance that law is sovereign over all natures; and the worlds, time, space, eternity, do seem to break out into joy.

When a man says "Virtue, I am thine; thee will I serve, day and night, in great and in small;" then

is the end of the creation answered and God is well pleased.

O my brothers, God exists! There is a soul at the center of nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe.

We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word.

But if one would know what the great God speaketh, he must go into his closet and shut the door, as Jesus said; he must greatly listen to himself.

And God shall be to him a sweet enveloping thought; he shall learn the revelation of all nature, and all thought to his heart—this, namely, that the highest dwells with him.

We desire of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness to be led into the truth. So may it be by our lowliness and seeking!

This we ask of the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness.

PRAYER. (All Uniting.)

Infinite Life, Power and Beauty! Eternal Voice speaking in our souls! Thine is the wisdom of the saint and seer. thine the light shining on the eyes of holy prophets, and thine the love that answereth and filleth every prayerful spirit. We bless thee for all the holy souls that reveal thee, for all unknown and lowly people whose daily lives are offerings heroic, sweet and beautiful to thee, and for thy voice that speaketh within us. May we heed thee and be called into the liberty and joy of thy faithful children. Amen.

(Here may be read an appropriate poem or scripture passage, old or new.)

HYMN.

SERMON.

HYMN.

BENEDICTION.

If I would pray,
I've naught to say
But this, that God may be God still;
For him to live
Is still to give,
And sweeter than my wish His will.

How to Help the Poor.

In a great and humane sense there are no unworthy poor; none but are worthy of some aid or encouragement, in need of some form of help which is always due from the stronger to the weaker. We are bound together, rich and poor, the strong and weak, the fortunate and unfortunate, for our own good or evil. What is an injury or neglect to one, is a harm and a detriment to all; what is good for one is a blessing for all the others. Whether we accept it or not, it is true we are, each of us, the "keeper" or helper of our brother. On us is laid the duty to keep him out of wrong-doing, out of ignorance, from self-injury, and to help him regain his feet again and his independent position in society. Of our strength and wisdom we must give liberally, lovingly, withholding not. It must be a personal giving of our best gifts, or we can not be of much help in the elevation of these unfortunate neighbors of ours. We must give of our time, our work, our money, our sympathy and our practical wisdom. Of the harmful ways of doing, thinking we are "helping" poor people, these are the most common:

1. Giving to every one who asks aid on the street, in the office, or at the back door. As a rule, this is blind, and therefore harmful charity. Only in rare cases should it be done.

2. The giving of money. See personally that the one greatest need is supplied in the wisest way.

3. Encouraging families in which there are able-bodied adults to expect relief of any kind.

4. Giving at arm's length. Make it as much a private matter as possible.

5. Thinking the poor and unfortunate want money, food or clothing as much as advice, help to get work, friendship and encouragement.

6. Thinking there is Christian charity and another kind of charity. He is always kindest who is wisest. The head and the heart should work together when they enter the homes of the poor.

Among the wisest ways to aid the poor the following have been found the most practical.

1. Putting yourself in their place.

2. Aiding to find work, and seeing that they do not become discouraged.

3. Helping freely in times of sickness and trouble, and whenever help is most needed.

4. Stopping promptly in the relief when the family can become self-supporting.

5. Doing those things which will cure the poverty by removing its causes; working for the permanent good of the poor.

6. Strengthening their self-respect and regard for cleanliness and decency. Let them feel sure of your respect, and of your real friendship.

7. Visiting often as a friend, even when not in need of aid, and keeping fresh the cause of a common humanity.

8. Remembering that whatever may be some one else's duty toward the poor, and sick, and neglected, does not relieve you of your duty.

9. By keeping open at all hours a central office, or better yet, a friend's house or church, where all, in distress of any kind, should feel free by invitation to present their needs.—*Henry D. Stevens.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

What and Where is God? By H. B. Philbrook, editor "Problems of Nature," and author of "Work of Electricity in Nature," etc. Chicago: Philbrook & Dean.

This book is said to be "A discussion of the cause, character and operations of the Creator." A discussion of the "cause" of the Creator is something unusual; and, after a somewhat careful study of the table of contents of these chapters, it is found that this part of the subject is not made very clear, nor indeed given much space in this book. Almost every one will find life too short to read the book. The author has spent many hours in preparing it, without doubt, and with as little doubt loves his own thought and theories very sincerely; but the world is too old to give much attention to an author who is pleased to clothe his thought in a terminology so peculiarly his own as is here followed. His theory is, simply, that God consists of the great forces of nature, the electrical and other currents that produce nature's phenomena. This theory might once have been very heretical and caused the author some trouble. He now thinks he has made a great discovery; but he will be sadly disappointed, for the world will receive these thoughts with absolute indifference.

The New Catholic Church; with Thoughts on Theism, and Suggestions towards a Public Religious Service in Harmony with Modern Science and Philosophy. London: Trübner & Co. Cloth, pp. 171.

This little book discusses, in a rather discursive manner, various questions of theology. It is suggestive rather than exhaustive, exciting thought by presenting problems rather than satisfying it by solving them. The book is liberal in spirit, and truly catholic in aim. It is enriched with numerous quotations from leading thinkers of modern times; and to many the quotations will prove the most valuable part of the book, representing as they do the attitude of the foremost minds toward the fundamental ideas of religion.

THE HOME.

Grown-Up Land.

"Good-morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?"

"Oh, this way and that way,—never a stop.
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,—
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood Town!"

"Just wait, my brave lad, one moment, I pray.
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?"

"Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,—
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand.
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,—
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town!"

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in Grown-up Land.

—*City and Country.*

Her Conscience Lately Aroused.

"I have a genuine trouble," said one Roxbury girl, in a low tone, to another in the horse-car the other day.

"How lovely! What is it?" asked her friend, sympathetically.

"Everybody stares at my hat."

"I should think they would," replied the other, whose own prim little felt turban was adorned with nothing but a big ribbon bow. "How any Christian girl can go around with five birds on her hat is beyond my comprehension."

"Yes, but you know very well I have them left over from last year, and it would be more wicked and wasteful to throw them away than it is to wear them. I might give them to one of the girls in my mission class, but what a dreadful example that would be for me to set! I hadn't thought anything about its being wicked to wear birds a year ago, but now since so much has been said about it it rends my heart every time I put my hat on to see all those poor darling little birds that you know I paid so much for. And people stare at me awfully, just as if I were a cruel creature and had skinned the birds alive myself. If I wear a veil over my hat I look foolish; and if I let the birds show, I not only appear hard-hearted, but out of style too."

"Oh, I suppose they aren't altogether out of style. Grace—'s mother has just brought her home the loveliest little bonnet from Paris, with three humming birds on it," said the girl in the plain turban.

"Now that's downright wicked," cried the girl with the birds on her hat. "If one has a pretty old hat, with birds on it, and it's becoming, I should think one might be forgiven for wearing it; but to buy a new bonnet with humming birds, of all birds, on it, is simply inhuman."

"But it's Parisian," argued her friend.

"I don't care. It may not look very consistent for me to preach with five birds on my hat, but a girl who will get a new hat this year with humming birds on it is unpatriotic and unprogressive and unchristian and inartistic."

"I told Grace she'd be sinning in the light to wear her new bonnet, but she said she thought it would be wrong to throw it away, just as you think about your old one."

"Well, that's so; it's a dreadful problem," and the girl with the five birds on her head sighed heavily.—*Boston Record.*

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Chicago.—Messrs. Utter and Jones exchanged pulpits last Sunday, and so did Mr. Milsted, of Unity Church, and Mr. Conklin, of the Church of the Redeemer (Universalist), on the West Side. Thus is the cause of good fellowship enhanced.

—At the Monday noon teachers' meeting, the 10th and 11th chapters of Luke were taken up by way of a review lesson. Mr. Blake was leader, and he said, first, that these two chapters seemed more permeated with the spirit of the aftertime than almost any other passage of equal length in the Gospel. The instruction given the apostles, sent out two and two, was cited as an example of the way the doings and words of Jesus changed in the telling by the environment and the mind of the writer. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among wolves;" "Shake off the dust of your feet," as a testimony against the city that would not receive them,—such expressions could only arise from the facts and experiences of the apostle's preaching after Jesus had left them. In regard to the Mary and Martha story, Mr. Blake laid down the principle that, if Martha was doing necessary things, Mary was supremely selfish; but if she was doing unnecessary things, then Mary was right. On the question of the extension or enlargement of Christianity beyond the Jewish conceptions, it was said that the Gospels are two-faced in this matter. On one side they are all temporal, Jewish, and monarchical in their idea of the kingdom and of Jesus's place and mission; but in another set of passages their tone on the subject is wholly spiritual. Which view came from Jesus? Probably the spiritual wholly. The external view came from the Jewish prejudices of the disciples. Only in Paul did these prejudices seem overcome so far as to widen into a humane enthusiasm which made Christianity a world-wide influence.

Philadelphia.—The second of the Union meetings was held in the First church, on the evening of the 15th, Revs. Mr. Haskell, Mr. May, Mr. Ames, Mr. Clifford and Mr. Mangasarian participating. It was an interesting occasion, which brought together a large audience of a diverse character. After the prayer by Mr. Haskell, Mr. May briefly stated the evening's subject, which referred to Parker's phrase asking what "religion may do for a man." Revs. Mr. Clifford, Mr. Ames and Mr. Mangasarian then followed in order, treating of religion as applied to the universals, to society and to the individual. Mr. May at one point entered into a consideration of the features in Channing and Parker which gave

them to-day their representative position in Unitarian thought. Mr. Clifford described the broader views made necessary by scientific research, and the naturally higher functions of religion in estimating the more significant relationship of things. Mr. Mangasarian put into two or three paragraphs the larger conclusions of the times, in respect to the idea of God. What is prayer? Where is God if not within? No more should we ask an external power to help us than solicit the sun to shine. The divine is in each man's own bosom. Mr. May closed the exercises.

—On the morning of the 22d Mr. May and Mr. Haskell exchanged, and the latter, at his evening service in Camden, spoke of "Anarchism."

—George Willis Cooke is to lecture in Camden February 3, and to speak at Unity church on the Sunday following.

—The last meeting of the Contemporary Club was given to a discussion of International copyright, in which George Haven Putnam, R. Pearsall Smith, Henry Carey Baird and Doctor Wayland, of the *National Baptist*, participated.

H. L. T.

Hinsdale, Ill.—The Unity Club lecture course consists of a series of four lectures, to be given fortnightly on Thursday evenings during February and March. It embraces the following subjects: "Robert Browning," "Courage," "The Education of Froebel," and "Christ in Art," the last to be illustrated. Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William M. Salter, Francis W. Parker, principal of the Cook County Normal School, and Rev. David Utter are the contributors to this treat, the lectures beginning on February 2.

Princeton, Ill.—Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, lectured here under the auspices of the Sunday Circle, to a large and interested audience. Says a correspondent: "He had eight hundred people to hear him and the attention was perfect, and such a buzz as it has made! . . . Two of the village pastors are to reply. . . . Nothing for years has stirred us theologically as this has." The Doctor is doing valiant service in the cause of liberal Christianity. Let him be heard as widely as possible.

Warren, Ill.—The Western secretary was called to Warren last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. A. Clark, mother of S. A. Clark, a woman of sterling character, and much beloved by a wide circle of friends. Mr. Effinger remained over Sunday, preaching to a full hall. The Unitarian friends continue their services from month to month and feel much encouraged. Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians are frequently seen in our congregations.

Boston.—The numerous friends of Rev. James Freeman Clarke are happy to learn that their apprehensions of some unfortunate result from his run away accident last Sunday, while returning home from church, are not at all realized. He feels sure that rest for a few days will quite restore his nerves to usual strength.

Buda, Ill.—W. A. Coffin, late of Meadville, has been called to succeed Rev. Chester Covell in the Buda pulpit. We hear the best things of Brother Coffin's work at Buda, and shall expect the best of his ministry there. He is fortunate to follow in the footsteps of Chester Covell.

Tacoma, W. T., boasts of a Home-Church just dedicated to the Unitarian cause, by the Revs. G. H. Greer, S. A. Eliot and T. L. Eliot. The building has an auditorium that will seat 225 persons, and is said to be perfect in its acoustic qualities. We congratulate these far-off workers.

St. Louis.—Rev. George Batchelor has been visiting the brethren of this city, preaching in the pulpits of Messrs. Snyder and Learned, and visiting between times the American Unitarian Association Mission at Shelbyville.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Rev. H. Price Collier, of Hingham, Mass., is preaching for a month at this place.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, January 29, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Feb. 3; subjects: "New Orleans" and "Southern Literature."

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, January 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laffin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, January 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, January 29, services at 11 A. M.; subject: "Humility." In the evening the pastor will speak on the "Tale of Two Cities."

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, January 29, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNITON TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Jan. 30, at noon. Rev. Mr. Jones will lead.

ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Nickel talks about early Chicago will be given each week through the remainder of January, and during February—for children on Saturdays, from 11 to 12 M., and for adults on Thursday evenings from 8 to 9, beginning this week. The subjects are:

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- II. The Indians, by Prof. Leslie Lewis.
- III. The Dearborn Family, by Daniel Goodwin, Jr.
- IV. Old Fort Dearborn, by John C. Long.
- V. Early Saints of Chicago, by John W. Ela.
- VI. Personal Reminiscences, Judge John A. Jenson.

The reading room is open every day from 3:30 to 9 P. M. Circulating library open Sundays from 12:30 to 1:30 P. M.; open Mondays from 7 to 8 P. M.; open Wednesdays from 3:30 to 5 P. M.; open for consultation at any time.

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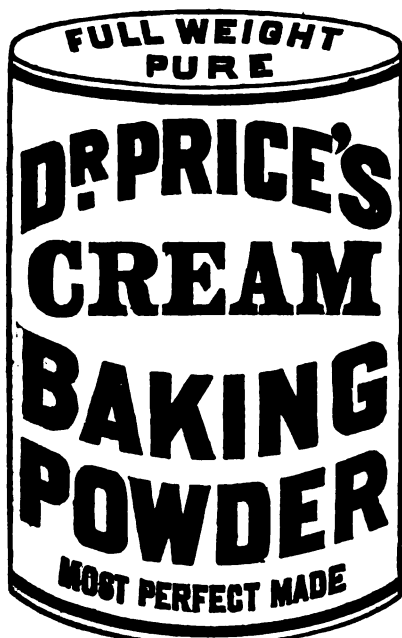
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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

[NUMBER 23.]

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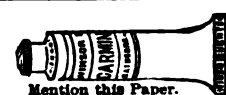
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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

[NUMBER 23.]

EDITORIAL.

A GENTLEMAN in Kent, England, has started an "Industrial Inebriate Farm," to be a refuge for the drink-smitten who desire to reform.

THROUGH the hand to the brain is beginning to be the cry of the educationalist. Probably through the hand to the conscience is soon to be the word of the reformer.

THE theologian in some quarters continues to say, "Doubt miracles, particularly the miracles of Jesus, and the whole scheme of salvation falls to the ground;" to which the scientific student replies, "Establish miracles, in your theological sense, and the whole fabric of human knowledge falls; for there is no dependence on testimony, and no trusting the uniformity of Nature."

THE lightning rod really protects, not by catching the forked lightning in its flight, but by quietly conducting the accumulating fluid from the atmosphere, before it is overcharged, into the receptive earth. This illustrates the highest spiritual service of the church. It should be a quiet, persistent force, controlling discordant elements, checking wayward impulses, and restoring equilibrium to distracted lives.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is undertaking to get a law through the English Parliament which may well engage the attention of our American legislators. It is for the regulation of the children of the street. "Under the age of eight no child is to be allowed to sell at all; and under the age of fourteen, not after 10 P. M. in summer, and 9 P. M. in winter. Children arrested will be detained, but not in a prison. The bill is intended to apply to all towns of 30,000 and upward of inhabitants."

AT the request of Archdeacon Farrar, the poet Whittier has written the inscription for the memorial window to Milton, to be placed in St. Margaret's church, London, the gift of Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The inscription is as follows:

"The New World honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure;
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

IN these days of controversy, discussion is inevitable; aye, destruction of many old ideas is also inevitable; but let him who enters this arena remember Emerson's words: "No good man vaunts disbelief, but only aims to put a real motive and law in the place of the false ones removed." And let him work in such a way as in some measure to merit the words which Oliver Wendell Holmes applied to Emerson: "An iconoclast without a hammer, who took down our idols from their pedestals so tenderly that it seemed like an act of worship."

AN English exchange reports a discussion on board an Indian Ocean steamer between four gentlemen—a German, a Swede, a Dane and an Englishman—concerning the future national leadership of the world. They had been passing ten or more years in the far east. They unanimously agreed that England holds that ascendancy now, but they also agreed that in the future China was to assume such an ascendancy. A corroborative hint was found in the fact that there were thirty-four government students aboard that ship on their way to study navigation, mining and military engineering in England and France. Good St. Agatha, in George Eliot's poem,

said it was grand to go on pilgrimages, but sometimes it takes the conceit out of one. If one wants to preserve the faith that he and his are the best and biggest things in the world, he must needs stay very close at home.

MR. BARROWS in last week's issue of his paper, the *Christian Register*, gives an interesting account of a visit to the Elmira Reformatory, which we wish might be read by every voter in the country. To secure it we wish every reader of UNITY would subscribe for the *Christian Register*, because he is to continue the study in a subsequent issue. In this article he says: "The more rational idea of prison management is good light, good food, but no luxury; for luxuries enervate. But in this institution the visitor cannot help feeling that there is a power of mind and conscience at work."

WE learn that an International Council of Women, called by the National Woman Suffrage Association, is to be held in Washington, D. C., opening March 25, and closing April 1, 1888, and that it "will be by far the most important and influential gathering of women that the world has ever seen." Aside from the direct good accomplished by such organizations as this and the Association for the Advancement of Women, there is certainly a vast indirect helpfulness in the noble spirit of unity which it encourages, as well as in the mental and spiritual development induced by intellectual friction.

WE quote the following pathetic recital from a little article by Frances Willard on "Our Bondage." "During sixteen blessed years," she says, "I had feet uncramped, limbs unfettered, trunk unbandaged, hair untwisted, and, largely as a consequence, spirit blithe as a singing skylark. Living in the country, and in much isolation, my dear mother permitted to her daughters the almost unexampled bliss of freedom in both body and mind. There was no hill too high to climb, and no tree, for that matter; no valley too deep to explore, no brook too wet to wade. Out-door air, simple food, eight hours' sleep in every twenty-four—all these beatitudes were ours. But there came a day—alas! the dark day of my youth—on which I was as literally caught out of the fields and pastures as was ever a young colt; confronted by a long dress that had been made for me, corsets and high-heeled shoes that had been bought, hair-pins and ribbons for my straying locks, and I was told that it simply 'wouldn't answer' to 'run wild' another day. Company from the city was expected; I must be made presentable; I 'had got' to look like other folks.' That was a long time ago, but I have never known a single physically reasonable day since that sweet May morning, when I cried in vain for longer lease of liberty. Those 'adornments'—the inquisition of fashion—changed my outlook on the world. A caged bird became my fitting emblem. Of a shy, sensitive nature, I yielded at once to the inevitable. But my high heels threw me out of poise, and I wouldn't try to walk more than was necessary in the clinging folds of that long, tight-fitting gown. Hence I ceased to be a denizen of God's beautiful out-doors; was a rambler and climber no more, but gave myself to books, and have remained in my cage—the house—right on through the years." She concludes as follows: "Instead of the walk I would like to take, had I the old-time conditions—the modest, simple, short dress, loose jacket, and broad-rimmed hat of auld lang-syne—I pen this jeremiade, and bid God-speed to the earnest-hearted woman who, in roaring Gotham, plans for us women a costume that hints at better days." To such a feeling appeal

from the woman of sense the woman of fashion cannot certainly turn a deaf ear, while all students of the practical science of fitting clothes for women will doubtless be spurred to more suitable invention, to which the delicate tribute paid to Annie Jenness Miller must urge them on.

ACCORDING to recent reports there appears a new phase in the opposition to Professor Woodrow, of Columbia, S. C., and his qualified acceptance of evolution. It will be remembered that Professor Woodrow was dismissed from his chair in the Theological Seminary on this account some time ago. Since then, however, he has continued his work as a professor in the university of South Carolina. It seems now that some of the theological students desire private instruction of the professor, which he declined to give, lest he should appear to be pushing his views into the circle from which he had been dismissed. These students then matriculated in the university, in order to hear his lectures. Says a New York *Tribune* dispatch: "When the seminary faculty ascertained this, a boycott was determined upon. The students were visited, and told that attendance upon Woodrow's lectures was injuring the seminary; that outside friends would withhold contributions; that the support of those who persisted in attending would be cut off; and that the attendance upon the lectures of Doctor Woodrow was in direct opposition to the will of the church. The boycott was for a time complete, but some of the seminary students have informed the faculty that they purpose to continue attending the Woodrow lectures. No other action has been taken by the faculty." This warning about the loss of "contributions" does not reach a very prophetic plane when the issue is one between what is true and what is not true. It is not confined, however, to Southern Presbyterian theological schools, and persons of very short memories can recall something of the same warning in the discussions of more liberal households of faith. We appreciate the value of money in all moral and religious work; but in the long run it is much less than the power of just principles and ideas. These comes out ahead at last, whether rich men endow them or not. That was a homely saying of Lincoln, and wise as homely: "You can fool all the people sometimes, and you can fool some people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time!"

THERE is cold weather in the city, but there is winter only in the country. One night recently the senior editor went to sleep in the city with the thermometer dipping towards zero, and woke up next morning a hundred and forty miles away, to find himself in the heart of winter, splendid winter; whiteness, everywhere—snow, drifting, piling, deep, cumulative snow on everything. The thermometer had got down eighteen or twenty below, but this was splendid winter, and about six in the morning he found himself standing on the platform of the railway station of Spring Green, Wis., wondering what had become of the twenty-seven years that intervened between that morning and the time when he was a busy member of the village school. The air seemed just as electric now as then, and there was more of an appetite for a sleigh ride. Three miles across the snow, over the new Wisconsin river bridge, and he saw for the first time the Hillside Home School, finished, equipped and running, with its five teachers, fourteen family pupils, and fifteen or twenty day pupils from the neighboring farm houses. To the writer the gratification was keen over this flowering of the old homestead; but one day was all he had to give to this his country parish, his oldest charge. Croup, lung-fever and others of their ominous ilk had been around, so some of the children could not be out in the evening, and the Millet pictures had to be shown for their benefit at one of the farm houses in the afternoon. In the evening, the lecture and the pictures were given in the chapel to a good audience, some of whom had ridden three or four miles through the cold. The showman had to hurriedly pack up after the lecture, and skim along that three miles of snow to head off the ten o'clock train, which came leisurely and laboriously along at one o'clock next morning, and the city pastor was five hours late the next day, disappointing his confir-

mation class. The city class could little understand that their pastor had been metamorphosed meanwhile, and for twenty-four hours he had been the farmer boy, the Wisconsin missionary, and a country parson all in one. He *had been home*, and still was *back home again*.

THE January *Unitarian Review*, among many other good things, contains an interesting sketch from the pen of the Hon. George W. Julian, of anti-slavery fame, entitled "A Search after Truth." After speaking of his Quaker associates, of his early readings and of his indebtedness to such minds as Parker, Lucretia Mott and others, he says: "I accepted the necessity of the case as well as I could, still holding on to my conservative Unitarianism as the best thing I could do, but as a sort of provisional faith, the real foundations of which I hoped in some way to ascertain at some future time. I went about my daily business, but with an unappeased interest in theological problems; and it was more than a dozen years later before I found myself logically compelled, as a finality, to surrender every form and quality of supernaturalism, and to take my stand with the radical wing of the Unitarian body, and such independent thinkers as agreed with it, in demanding absolute freedom of thought. I had been most anxious to reach a different conclusion. I had earnestly sought the blessing of mental repose in a divinely authenticated faith; but I could not purchase that blessing at the cost of my understanding. I became convinced of the natural origin of Christianity, because I found it impossible to believe in the supernatural. I reached this final theological landing after much mental anxiety, a good deal of reading, and by a train of thought which yielded me no intellectual peace till I allowed it to have its way. My reason compelled me to agree with Mrs. Child, that 'the idea that Christianity is a special revelation, made up all at once, and entirely by itself, is as irrational as to suppose that the world was made in six days. Christianity was a *growth*. The past flowed into the present, and left much of its deposit; and even so will the present pass into the future. There is a perpetual process of evolution in things of the *mind*, as well as in the forms of matter.' My Unitarian experience during the years I was struggling to be satisfied with my semi-orthodox faith in some respects strikingly resembled that of Harriet Martineau, as detailed in her charming Autobiography; but I did not follow her into Positivism, and the disbelief in a future life. I did not abjure religion altogether, because one of its accepted foundations gave way; while, in bravely facing the great duties and trials of life, I gradually found strength and tranquillity of mind. During the long years of the anti-slavery conflict I found that, just in proportion as I gave my heart unselfishly to the work, the doctrinal doubts and anxieties that had so troubled me faded away, and seemed unworthy of a man who loved his neighbor and believed in the brotherhood of his race. My whole moral nature was lifted up by sincere consecration to my grand task; and I realized at last that 'with the heart man believeth unto righteousness,' that 'the tree of knowledge is not that of life,' and that the only safe 'plan of salvation' is that of personal duty and endeavor."

As regards my early devotion to Unitarianism as a sect, a wider acquaintance with books, and forty odd years of active life and practical contact with men of all opinions, have somewhat modified my views and tempered my zeal; but, as a powerful and heroic protest against false dogmas, and a great stride towards the inevitable goal of free thought, I honor it, and thank it more than words can express. Nor am I left without religious faith and hope. For reasons which satisfy my understanding without any support from supernaturalism, I am a theist. I believe in personal immortality on the strength of the human affections, and because I can not believe that the unappeasable hunger of the soul for so priceless a blessing was implanted to be ungratified and mocked. I believe in the simple humanity of Jesus, and the renovating and ever-unfolding power of his life and teachings in lifting humanity to higher and yet higher conditions. While I

accept these ideas as rational and satisfying, I am not a scoffer at any form of faith, because I believe all forms are the product of causes from which they have inevitably been evolved, and that this continuing process of evolution will at last give the world a perfect religion, as the outcome and counterpart of a perfected humanity. I do not, therefore, believe in the gospel of human despair, and that the work of creation is an abortion, but that 'all we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,—not its semblance, but itself.'"

THE *Christian Union*, in an editorial note (Jan. 19), thinks that "in such a time as this, when all faiths are undergoing re-examination, and many minds are in a state of more or less doubt respecting what have been regarded as fundamental doctrines of orthodox theology, a large catholicity is demanded, and a large latitude for difference, not only in methods of statement, but of theological opinion respecting even the more central doctrine." In the same note it says frankly: "We do not insist upon the dogma of the Trinity, which is a philosophical deduction from, and not an expressed declaration of, Scripture. But it stands as a representative for loving reverence for the Father manifest in nature, the Son revealed in Jesus, and the Holy Ghost indwelling in the human consciousness, and it is truly entitled to be treated of with respect by all who have respect for the deepest experience of humanity." It is safe to say that some element of truth has hidden in every great and widely prevalent belief, however inadequate its expression; not only safe, but wiser to think this and to discern that element of truth than to lose sight of it in easy ridicule of the imperfect expression. We disparage that essential nature in which we all have interest and share, when we admit that any large portion of humanity ever found help and comfort in unmingled falsehood and error.

The War Prospect.

Isaiah predicted the time when swords should be beaten into plow-shares; Cicero taught the "universal brotherhood of mankind;" Lucian said the human race would yet "cast aside its weapons, and all nations learn to love;" and Jesus made peace and love the foundation of his religion. But war has still held its own. Christians soon reversed Jesus' principles; for centuries waged religious wars for him who gave his chief blessing to peace-makers, and sacked cities in the name of him who said, "Love your enemies." Nor do they yet condemn war so much as they do the doubt whether Noah built the ark.

But more and more the evidence grows that Jesus and Cicero were right, and that the prophecy of Isaiah and Lucian will yet come true. Wars are themselves the most powerful argument for peace,—an argument which is beginning to tell on the public mind. They are quite too costly a custom;—and the *New York Nation* once said the cost of that little one in Afghanistan alone would have bought out the Irish landlords, and honestly and forever settled the Irish question. War is too criminal a custom; and men are beginning to ask why we should hang a highwayman for killing one man, and honor Napoleon for killing two millions? Is the moral law altered by epaulets?

And after all the cost and crime, wars accomplish so little! Usually they have only, as Lowell says, "shifted the boundaries on the map, and put one ugly head instead of another on the coins which the people paid to the tax-gatherer." Froude, though friendly to the British government, said the Zulu war had left the troubles there worse than it found them, and had brought England only a debt for murdering 12,000 defenders of their native land. The industrial classes are learning that wars are only a wicked waste, paid out of their own pocket, and giving nothing but grief in return. The waste is, besides, ever growing greater and more barbarous with progress in the invention and use of explosives.

But this very increase of the evil is bringing a new hope of its end. Its mere cost is threatening to bankrupt nations; and very significant was that memorial for international arbi-

tration recently sent to Washington from military England, and signed by over 200 members of the House of Commons. Sir Lyon Playfair, in introducing it, said that the "whole world is startled at the new aspect of war," which the progress of science is bringing,—and that the cost of European armaments had increased twenty-five per cent in the last ten years. At that rate the world will soon have to pay so much for its fighting that there will be nothing left for food. The increasing fatality of war works to the same end. A morning paper, commenting on a new dynamite gun, which promised to be able to annihilate all our present forts and navies,—called it a "peace-maker." Possibly we shall yet reach the "Vril" which Bulwer fancied,—and which by its very deadliness ended war, and forced nations to be peaceable.

H. M. S.

ONE of the Stuart kings of England asked the release of a number of Huguenots, who were languishing in the Bastille for no offense but their religion. "What would your master say," retorted the French king, "if I were to ask the release of the criminals he keeps under lock and key in Newgate?" "He would let you have every man of them if you claimed them as brethren," was the clever retort of the English ambassador.—*Exchange*.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

A Winter Sunset.

The brown earth shivers
As the night wind blows,
Cold it blows from the dark'ning North,
O'er prairies bare and sluggish rivers
Straight from the land of frost and snows.
The sunset has lighted
Its fires in the west;
The bare boughs reach toward the welcome glow;
The buds 'neath their blankets quiver excited,
A vision of June disturbing their rest.

ALICE GORDON.

The Saving Power of the Religion of Love.

In response to our note in the issue of January 21, we have received various answers to the question, "Is the religion of love inefficient?" from which we print the following, and hope our readers will re-read the paragraph which called them forth, in order that they may be better able to understand the statements of our correspondents, and that they may consider and reconsider for themselves. We forbear comment, but hope that our readers will give these topics serious consideration.

The teaching of fear may have a more immediate effect, but it is an effect which is lost when the pressure is removed. Depravity is ignorance, and love is the greatest educator. Fear gives the soul it oppresses a weapon to turn against itself,—defiance; love, by disarming them, puts them at its mercy.

L. A. L.

If love has proved inefficient for the cure of any evil, it is because no leverage has been found for the efficient application of its mighty power. Steam needs an engine, or its force will be dissipated in cloudy and profitless vapor. Do not say that love is anything less than omnipotent until its virtue has been fairly tried. Recall the fable of the sun, the wind, and the traveler's cloak.

c.

All true religion, doubtless, is embraced in the grand summary of love to God and man—the religion most prominently taught and inculcated by Jesus Christ and the Apostles, and pre-eminently and emphatically the religion best calculated to restrain the vicious and depraved.

BEVERLY SHELLEY.

In UNITY of Jan. 21, you ask, "Is the religion of love in-

efficient? Has it no power to constrain the evil-doer?" Desire answers, Yes, love has such power, and is the only power of restraint. The evil-doer must be taught that he suffers in consequence of wrong-doing, and that love cannot and would not prevent this result. There are persons who are not deterred by natural consequences, but who fear arbitrary punishment. Ought preachers to threaten these with God's wrath? No; because such deterrent makes them no better in character. I know a number of men who are honest, they say, because they fear the fire, but they are characterless. If the fear of after-death punishment were destroyed, they would yet be honest, notwithstanding their denial. The fear of the law and of public opinion, of dishonoring family, etc., is sufficient to deter; when these fail the state proceeds to restrain the evil-doer. So the state takes the place of future retribution. The pulpit has no right—because there is no need—to preach that men will be arbitrarily punished; further, because such a theory is not true, and an untruth cannot make men better.

J. W. CALDWELL.

I have always had an impression that "right minded" meant accountableness, duty, allegiance; but I did not dream that it could be twisted into dead letter, evasion and repudiation. The fire-worshiper who argues Hades for the redemption of ignorance illuminates the world on the principle of a magic lantern; you know that is a machine by which small objects painted on glass are reproduced and magnified to any size desired.

M. B. D.

Is it proper for us to aid with our money a church which makes use of the fear of hell, when we believe that the love of goodness is the highest and best means? Yes, for two reasons. 1st. There is no church in the civilized world which does not make quite as much use of the constraint of love as the restraint of fear. 2d. It is a general rule, though by no means absolute, that men do not embrace a form of religion which their judgments (such as they are) do not approve, and in which they do not find comfort and betterment. I am fully persuaded that at this time, as at all past times, religious beliefs and forms tend to harmonize with their surroundings. In all such questions, I think a logic based upon narrow premises is harmful to the growth of enlightenment.

The above reply is given from the stand point of one who views Christian theology as mere mythology, but at the same time sees great beauty and comfort in what men have been pleased to name the Christian spirit.

G. M. ALVES.

"Is the religion of love inefficient? Has it no power to constrain the evil-doer?" It is through the religion of love that mankind must be humanized; none other will ever "make the whole world kin."

I am surprised that the *professed* followers of Christ lose sight of the great fundamental principles of his teachings. How mild his reproofs! How kindly his "Neither do I condemn thee, go thou and sin no more." When man loves his brother man, as the divine Father loves all of his children, he will have no desire to wrong him in any way—then all his promptings will be to do him good. It is to the religion of love that we look to break down false barriers; to do away with all forms of class distinction as well as the idea that only those who believe in certain formulated creeds and dogmas are Christians.

The little experience gained in our penal institutions, in dealing with the vicious classes with the law of love, points unerringly to the fact that that doctrine will obtain where threats and force will utterly fail.

Whatever tends to broaden man's faith in humanity also quickens his sympathies and stimulates him to a better life—helps to hasten the millennium when the gospel of love shall reign; when all the world will be a common brotherhood and every man will be a law unto himself.

VIE H. CAMPBELL.

Will you allow an orthodox answer to the question, "Is

the religion of love inefficient?" As to the religion of fear for the ignorant and depraved, I believe that they lie in many ways more open to the touch of love than some who count themselves cultured and of the heights of fashion. If fear must frown, it is more in place frowning upon the hardened brother in the high places of life whose heart's juices are dried up in grinding the face of his poorer brother, minting gold and seeking the power of self-gratifying pleasures. But of all those things which appeal to the baser in man, the ignorant and depraved classes have enough, and within are quite hungry for love when it comes down to them across a really loving heart, over really sympathetic, hopeful lips. I go to-night into a revival meeting in my own church, and my brother of another denomination will speak, and of nothing but the love of God, and under his preaching hearts will be touched, lives ennobled. The other night a young man, ignorant, and, as he himself said, seeking eagerly the ways and delights of sin, listened to nothing but the fullest setting forth of the pure love of God,—a love that would never cease to love, with the thought, of course, that sin shadows and wounds and debases the life; and this young man after the meeting most heartily thanked the preacher for, as he put it, "the good talking to you gave me." The educated, from the UNITY stand point, among my people are few, many of them indeed being unable to read; and I find that the fear idea moves them so far, when they relapse, but the love idea steadies and deepens their religious lives.

A leading Baptist minister in a certain state read a paper on his reminiscences of fifty years in the ministry. He said when young he thought no one could be saved but a Baptist, but thanked God he had learned better, and now believed that many even of the Catholics would be saved. He told of a revival of religion which had occurred in two churches situated in neighboring towns. In the one the dominating element was fear. The converts were many, the church membership largely increased, but the permanent fruits in strength to the church and fidelity of Christian character were little. In the other the motive was love, and there was a like large increase in the church's membership. And the permanent fruits in character and the strength of the church were great and abiding. Let sin be shown as a degrading power here and hereafter, bearing its punishment in its own bosom, and then over that shadow of shame let shine the love of the Father, the infinite mercy of the Saviour. This is the method of Jesus, and nowhere to the ignorant and depraved is any other word than the word of love spoken by him; nowhere the hearts of publicans and sinners scorched with an awful hate or withered with a horrible fear. Toward the self-righteous, the polite, selfish, loving not their brother, there were flashes of words far otherwise, and he moved men as none other, his story being a story of love.

J. M. S.

The Greatest Cause of Crime.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—Your issue of January 14 contains an editorial article, quoted largely from one by Ethelbert Stewart contained in the *Journal of Industrial Education*, in which the writer formulates the opinion, as drawn from numerous statistics given, that one, if not the great cause for crime, is a lack of proper industrial training for the young, and that if the trades were more generally learned crime would be materially diminished. Admitting the writer to be more than right in his reasoning, I hold that there are other causes, and more prevalent ones. In our large cities, and it is from these the great majority of criminals are sent, the young men make up the large proportion of the wage-earning population, and perhaps more particularly in the large cities of the west. This class are almost totally non-resident. They have left homes in the towns of the east, and have come to these places to find fortune. Without friends, and in most cases with little money they meet a stranger's welcome. And that, without that magic "sesame," money, is very apt to be a cold one. For a while they struggle on, battling against the many odds they find in their way, some surmounting the difficulties

and pushing ahead, while others drop to where every temptation awaits them,—victims, as I believe, of the selfish, unsympathetic natures of their fellows. Here they fall. Some, when found not too late, may rally and be brought back into the highway again; but such cases are not numerous enough to make it a rule.

While the trades open a fairly sure avenue for work at all times, I cannot believe that it is the lack of a more general knowledge of them that makes crime so prevalent. There is in our present form of life an over-abundance of selfishness. Money has become the ruling passion. The weak, if he can not battle for himself, must fall, for no helping hand is there. Had we the hardihood of the stoics, there might be fewer failures. Could our young men be taught that well-enough is almost always best, if let alone a remedy would be found that might banish a part at least of the cause. They should be satisfied with the home, at least, until they have strength to fight against all odds. Human sympathy is a far more needful instrumentality in the lessening of crime than any form of education. The human heart naturally yearns for brotherhood, for kindly recognition from its fellows.

"Blessed are the ties that bind
Our hearts in human love."

And how blessed they would be if we could but see them exemplified in the daily walks of life! But human sympathy has limited itself to kindred, and sometimes hardly that. Industrial education is good, and should be advanced, but true human sympathy, if rightly practiced, will be the bearer of the more perfect fruit.

W. O. V.

St. Paul, January 7, 1888.

Sunday Circles.

By JOHN R. EFFINGER.

WHAT IS THE SUNDAY CIRCLE?

It is a company of people who have outgrown the methods and beliefs of the churches in their neighborhood, but are conscious of religious needs and aspirations. They are too few in number to build a church, or even hire a hall and call a minister; yet they feel that something may be accomplished by meeting together to consider those great themes which belong to the moral and spiritual nature of man, and to seek for themselves personally, inspiration and guidance in the way of life.

The idea of the Sunday Circle is slowly shaping itself. The Iowa Unitarian Conference, in November, 1886, took the lead in this direction by organizing a "Society of Lay-Leaders," and the following resolutions were adopted in June, 1887, at the meeting of the Illinois Unitarian Conference held in Buda:

Resolved, That the Illinois Conference believes that the next missionary step forward should be the development of the Unity Sunday Circle,—the little church cradled in a home parlor before even the hall is reached; believes that this, the next missionary agency to be organized, may become a worthy second to the Post-Office Mission.

Resolved, Therefore, that the Conference requests the Western Unitarian Conference and the Woman's Western Unitarian Conference to take the matter into their special consideration as a thing to push *this year*; and that a committee to consist of Mr. Covell and two others whom he may select be appointed by the Illinois Conference to carry out the above suggestion as far as possible.

At the October meeting of the Conference in Hinsdale, this word was reaffirmed and a committee appointed "to carry out as far as possible the above suggestions in the state of Illinois.

It is believed that there are throughout the country many places where such circles might be formed, where a few people are heartily ready to come together for the purposes above indicated. They are waiting for the suggestion. Here it is:

HOW TO GET IT.

Let some one who feels the need, go to others whom he believes to be in sympathy with him, and invite them to meet him at his own house, or at some other convenient place. Let him not be discouraged by doubt or distrust in other

faces. The determining factor is the one brave soul who goes ahead. He says, "Come and let us consider whether the themes which belong to the higher life are of sufficient importance to us and our children to bring us together regularly." If two or three are agreed, they will join hands and trust to time and the warmth they may be able to generate, to attract others. It will not be necessary for them to spend time and energy in constructing a doctrinal basis of fellowship. The laws of spiritual affinity will silently determine the metes and bounds of the circle. It will need hymn and service books and printed sermons,—all of which can be furnished at moderate cost. (See list on page 4.) So, for a trifling expenditure of money, the Sunday Circle can be supplied with songs, services and sermons. It can exist without a minister.

HOW TO CONDUCT IT.

This will depend largely on the taste and spiritual attitude of those composing the circle. "Given a simple service and songs in which all join, given a friend at the melodeon or piano, given a noble sermon printed, given a good reader, now one and now another, and given that in the reader which makes the listeners feel it natural he should read noble things aloud,—given this, and all this regularly, and the habit of coming together for this clad in one's best mood and coat and with the children,—given this, and we have, without a pastor, a large part of a good pastor."

"The best parlor for the purpose is the one where the welcome is the heartiest, and everybody is most apt to feel at home; or if no parlor is convenient, the school-house comes free. There is some one in the company able, and only too glad to be able, to be at the parlor organ every Sunday, rain or shine. There are others who agree together that they will open their mouths and sing, and they prepare themselves accordingly—and the result is that pretty nearly all join in. There are others willing to take turns at the reading, and they prepare themselves for that part so as to do it at their best."

Gradually the circle will grow until it develops into the liberal church that is destined to become a power for good in the community.

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By J. R. E.

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THE HOME.

Some Real Fairies.

"I don't like to read fairy stories; it makes me wish so much that there really were fairies."

"Wouldn't it be nice if there only were!"

"Oh! Then we could have everything we wanted! Dresses, and candy, and gold rings, and books, and houses, and —"

"Beautiful dolls with elegant clothes," added Amy, rapturously, whose soul delighted in fine fabrics, but found its chief expression for that delight through the latent spark of motherhood which dwelt in the heart of the little woman. Many an older mother has nourished her own fondness in like manner, when the object of her devotion was not stuffed with sawdust, but with much more pervertible material.

"But Cousin Addie says there isn't any such thing as fairies living up in the clouds or in flowers, talking to children and giving them things," said Marion, conclusively, "and Cousin Addie ought to know, for she went to Europe with her father and mother, and so has seen a great deal of the world." Cousin Addie was twelve years old. The reflection consequent upon the last remark drew a deep sigh from the speaker, as a picture of how much more Cousin Addie had to make her happy than she herself had, came into her mind.

That was her way of looking at it. The things we have not are just the ones we are sure will make us happy.

I was sitting by the sunny south window sewing; the children were in the next room, but now came to their table near me.

"What is it about fairies and Cousin Addie?" I asked, as I recalled the listless face of the little cousin who had visited us a few weeks ago.

"Nothing, Aunty,—much, only she says there isn't any."

"No fairies?"

"None, really; all these nice stories are just made up to please little children, who are silly enough to believe them. I don't believe them, I'm sure!" Marion declared with a sage air. Amy could not quite give it up yet, and, not being afraid of my thinking her silly, said:

"But why should there be such nice stories about them, if there isn't anything at all like them, Auntie?"

"Now you are coming to the question, little Amy. What is your idea of a fairy?"

"Oh, they are very, very little,—at least the stories make us think so," Marion hastily replied, getting interested. "Yes, and good and kind and beautiful," added Amy slowly, picking up a blossom which had dropped from a pot of nasturtiums in the window, and petting it gently. "They love us, and like to make us happy."

"But there are bad fairies, too,—in the books; they are not all good and loving," put in Marion, quickly guarding herself against the unconscious assumption of their existence, which had slipped into Amy's share of the description.

"I don't remember any bad ones," murmured Amy, smiling to her flower, while she rolled the petals over to look like a bonnet, as if she were forgetting to care whether there were fairies or not.

"Neither of you has said how you imagine fairies look,—what sort of forms they take."

"I always used to think they were little atoms of creatures, just like ourselves." Marion generally answered a question while Amy was thinking about it.

"I thought so, too," said Amy, "but I like to play the flowers are fairies. When I was sick, and had begun to get better, you used to put a fresh flower on my pillow every morning, and I played at first that a fairy lived in it; so I talked to it and loved it. Then pretty soon I began to forget about the fairy, and talk to my flower itself. The pansies had such funny faces, it was easy to talk to them; when you gave me an arbutus I could ring the bell for school, or for church, or for a fire, and play all sorts of things were happening."

"You turned the flowers themselves into fairies by fastening your love upon them, and then letting them play freely with your imagination. Probably that's the way all the fairy stories started. We can have plenty of fairies that way, in all the beautiful things Nature gives us to do this with. I like to trace figures in the clouds. You can outline whole cities there sometimes,—perhaps that's the safest kind of 'castles in the air'."

"Papa says he likes to find pictures in a grate full of glowing coals, like this." And Marion threw herself on the rug to try and get acquainted with a new set of fairies; for, with the present light on the subject, she almost began to believe she could even manufacture her own fairies, and it was decidedly pleasant to feel her faith in them being restored to her.

"These are a kind of fairies that take visible shapes to your eyes, although they are not little beings like ourselves. You can see the figures in the clouds, in the bright coals; you can hold the flower in your hand,—can touch, handle it, and smell its fragrance. Then these shapes reflect back into your inner life, to awaken and minister to you through your thought or imagination. I believe the flower on Amy's pillow did more to help her get well than the doctor's medicine." Marion's fairies in the bright coals not appearing as promptly as she had counted on, she rose to the question anew.

"But that's so different from the book-fairies! They sit

in the flowers and drink dew, and when anybody picks the flower they tell them some secret, and then fly away."

"Does it seem any less fairy-like or mysterious because it was only a familiar flower that helped quicken Amy into new life, instead of a wee bit of a creature with a silver crown and wand, a filmy dress and starry eyes? I think it is more wonderful and beautiful. At first she played there was a fairy in the flower; but as soon as she got the secret and found that after all it was the blessed blossom she was talking to, the fairy flew away, and she loved the flower for itself. The fairy-thought had brought her nearer to the flower, it is true; for all the myths and fairy-lore do bring us closer to the heart of the source from which they spring,—from which they 'drink their dew'—and if when they have whispered their secret they fly away, we are dullards, indeed, if we persist in bemoaning the fairy when she has left us the flower! We had much better bestir ourselves to understand the secret she whispered, and work it out for ourselves. If we are not willing to do this, but push too greedily for another flower, expecting to find another fairy and be told the secret over again without trying to understand it for ourselves, we miss the blessing. If the fairy does not fly away, the real 'comforter will not come.'" Both the girls looked up with a sudden new light in their faces and came close to me, eyeing me earnestly as they recognized the quotation from their lesson of last Sunday, while their hearts felt out the connecting link.

"This is where we grown folks get our fairy gifts,—from all the beautiful things that God has given in the world around us, and in the new life that these things awaken within us, if we use their secrets wisely, working them out, as much as we can, for ourselves. There is our bit of a canary bird trying to put in his opinion on the subject."

"Then you think everything that is beautiful and teaches us to love God better is like a fairy to us?" queried Marion.

"That is what my fairies are, and I ought not to let you think it is only the beautiful things that help us; for the unlovely, the painful, and most bitterly distasteful things have often opened the most wonderful and beautiful secrets to me. I believe *everything* is a messenger from God if we will but take the secret from the fairy and use it, instead of fearing when the painful things come, that they are from—never mind who,—and so try to shrink them."

"Why, then the world is just *full* of fairies!" cried Marion, clapping her hands, "instead of there being none!"

"Fairyland really here," thought Amy, half aloud and half to herself, as if she were not wholly sure that she found any more happiness out of it than she had before, the ratio of things having in truth not changed much for her.

Marion felt as if a part of her real self had been restored to her, and the energy of her spirits must have a vent. She flew to the closet where hung the jackets and hoods, and, jumping into her overshoes in a jiffy, stirred up the quiet soul of her sister with a rousing,

"Put on your duds, little one, and come out for a snow-balling!"

It was like a war-whoop in an Indian camp, for just at the same moment three neighboring playmates knocked at the back door, and immediately there burst in upon us such a chattering and laughing and bouncing about, that fairyland was transformed into Babel until the merry hearts and lively bodies were fairly gone. And then it was only transferred from the fireside within to the snow-drifts without, while I at my window must needs drop my sewing sometimes for a good laugh with the snow-ballers, when, at some special feat, they claimed the applause of their audience of one. E. T. L.

If You Would be Happy.—

Keep your temper.
Gain a little knowledge every day.
Make few promises, and speak the truth.
Give full measure and weigh with a just balance.
Consent to common custom, but not to common folly.
Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it.—*Good Housekeeping.*

UNITY.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Princeton, Ill.—Dr. Thomas has been raising a tempest in this town. He spoke some weeks ago under the auspices of the Sunday Circle, in the largest hall in town. He spoke on the religious issues of the day, and greatly roused the opposition of the existing churches, and they have been holding union meetings, answering the Doctor over their pulpits and through the press. The *Bureau County Tribune* thus contrasts and characterizes the two disputants and their arguments: "The one was calm, placid and persuasive. The other was eager, determined and authoritative. The one unfolded a faith which, as he voiced it, came to waiting ears like the music of sweet bells rung afar off; came to waiting hearts like gentle showers to tilled fields; came as the balmy breath of spring to the thinly clad; came as the gentle warmth of the rising May sun, which floods the brown earth with glorious light, kisses her into radiant smiles and quickens her dormant energies into such vigorous life that in the wealth of her joy and gratitude she arrays herself like a bride for the nuptials, clothes herself with brightest verdure and adorns her bosom with perfumed blossoms whose sweet odor is even like unto the sanctity of the Most High; while Nature's children, the sweet songsters of the wood, warble the glad songs God Himself taught them; and beauteous Nature, with laughing brook and swelling buds, and the voices of her myriad creatures tuned to joy, proclaims the loving reign of a benign, unchanging and unchangeable God, whose surpassing power, majesty and glory all the writers of Scripture and the fathers of the church knew not of, nor conceived of, more than could he, who imprisoned from childhood, could conceive of earth from the bare hillside which he daily gazed at through one small window. The other defended a faith. He represented not only Protestant orthodoxy, but particularly in his own person a peculiar faith. And there was something in the manner, something in the method, something about it all—possibly a heat begot of zeal—which carried to many a suggestion of a nearly spent wave from that hot place which they of the faith would not have cooled,—a faith which, to unfold to millions of sensitive human hearts and yearning human souls, is like casting a yet darker shadow upon the blackness of a starless night. It comes with no smile of greeting, has no song of joy, no caressing hand for the aching brow, no soothing word for the bleeding heart, no tidings of cheer for the despairing soul—but it opens the door from your dungeon to the gibbet." Let the good Doctor's missionary work go on!

Chicago.—Rev. Francis Tiffany, author of "Bird-Bolts," and known among many as "a friend of those who would live in the spirit," enlivened UNITY office with his welcome presence on Friday last. He was en route to the east from Minneapolis, where he has been lecturing on art, tobogganing and defying the thermometer at 42° below zero. UNITY will always give Mr. Tiffany hearty welcome to the west.

—At the Union Teachers' Meeting, Monday noon, Mr. Jones was leader. He said that a tabular statement, like a table of contents, made of the last chapters of Luke treated in our lessons, or of any chapters, will show how the gospels came to be—the matter is so fine, but the connection so loose. As a mere biography, the book could hardly be worse done, the arrangement more disorderly or disjointed. But if we regard it as a final deposit of floating material sifted through tradition of forty years, and colored all the time by the local conditions, then we should expect it to be just what it is. All the matter is pertinent. For example, the miracles seem no longer either credibilities or intrusions, but legitimate portions of the narrative, to be expected from the time and manner of the formation of the book. Then we begin to understand their meaning and value. This is the way in which we should bring them before the children. In this lesson, chapter xii, Jesus acknowledges, and faces squarely the issue between him and the clannish (Pharisaic) Judaism, and warns his friends that it means trouble, opposition, perhaps loss and suffering. As to the sin against the Holy Ghost, Mr. Jones explained it as meaning an unfaithfulness to our own higher thoughts; but Mr. Utter said it was a thought that grew, after Jesus' time, out of the anxiety of the disciples to have the miracles credited, and so they denounced it as blasphemy when any one ascribed the wonders to any evil power and denied them as works of divine goodness.

—The Chicago Women's Unitarian Association met on Thursday, January 26, at the Church of the Messiah, the president, Mrs. E. W. Conger, in the chair. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and approved, Mrs. J. L. Jones gave her usual racy report of current religious events for the month. Mrs. Marean, secretary of the Ramabai Circle, reported the completion of the National Ramabai Association, in Boston, Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, president. The co-operation of several native Hindoo gentlemen in India has been secured, and the prospect for the Ramabai school for high caste Hindoo widows seems most encouraging. Mrs. Caroline Brown spoke for The Woman's Protective Agency, and asked for the help and co-operation of all good women in the work of caring for the unprotected and helping the helpless. Mrs. G. F. Shears then read an ab'e paper on "The Wages of Sin," as seen from the physician's point of view. A spirited discussion followed, in which Mrs. George F. Bartlett, Mrs. Ware, Mrs. E. T. Leonard, Mrs. W. C. Gannett, Mrs. C. P. Woolley, Mrs. E. W. Galvin and others took part. The association adjourned to meet on the last Thursday of February at the Third church.

L. E.

The Liberal Revival.—On Wednesday evening last, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones filled the pulpit in the church of the Redeemer (West Side Universalist) at the request of the pastor, and delivered an earnest and telling message, of which we should speak fully, but that we fear our word might be suppressed by UNITY's senior editor. The audience was attentive, and we could not but wonder if the speaker realized how splendid the opportunity for dissemination of liberal thought. For these revival audiences, strangely enough, have had a strong orthodox constituency, and we feel sure that Mr. Jones' forcible illustrations have, as it were, nailed some of those liberal views, so that they will not out of the mental tissue. G.

Geneva, Ill.—Revs. J. L. Jones and John R. Effinger were present on Wednesday evening, February 1, at the ordination service of Rev. Thomas P. Byrnes.

Boston, Mass.—Miss Lucy Wheelock last week gave, at Channing Hall, her last lesson on primary class Sunday-school instruction. Several stranger children, from the childrens' mission, made her illustrative class. Her mode of explaining the parable of the sower by object teaching was original. Six boys and girls stood holding each a flower pot. Pupil No. 1 filled his pot with good loam, but neglected to plant any good seed. No. 2 had good loam, and planted a pebble. No. 3 filled his pot with stones, and planted good seed. No. 4 had hard earth, and placed seeds upon the surface. No. 5 covered his earth and its planted seed with a thick grass sod. No. 6 had good soil and good seed. The audience was fair in numbers, and appreciated Miss Wheelock's suggestion to make Sunday-school lessons, first distinct, second emphatic.

—Warren Street Chapel.—Rev. Chas. I. Barnard's model Sunday-school and church will hold its fifty-second annual meeting next Sunday.

Japan.—Rev. A. M. Knapp, the missionary of the American Unitarian Association, has arrived at his destination. In a letter to the *Register* he describes his voyage thither, in which he speaks of twenty other "sky pilots," missionaries like himself, going hither to preach their gospel. He says: "It has been reserved for your representative, at this relatively late date in his life, after travel in many lands and after varied intercourse with human kind, to meet here, for the first time, with ministers of the gospel who really believe in the message of despair, who actually preach the power of death as the mightiest in the universe, and who in their blind veneration for the letter of the Scripture refuse to put their trust in either God or man."

Denver, Col.—Unity church has published an annual containing an interesting historical sketch of the church, a description of the new church, its present activities, and a list of the officers and members of the parish. It is one of the handy tools of the modern church. It contains a portrait of the pastor, and a picture of the new building. With characteristic American shrewdness the annual is turned into financial profit, doubtless, by interleaving it with local advertisements; but we hope that few churches will be induced to follow this example. Not but that this is a good way of doing it, but the other seems to us a better way.

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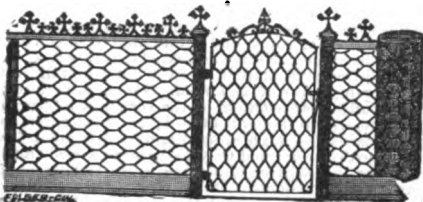
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Feb. 5, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Feb. 17; subject, Charles Egbert Craddock. Art lecture, by the pastor, on Friday, Feb. 10; subject, Teachers of the Masters.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Feb. 5, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Ladin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Feb. 5, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 5, services at 11 A. M.; subject: "To Questioners." In the evening, "Daniel Deronda." Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club. A Browning section has been added to the Unity Club, to meet Friday afternoon at 4 P. M. The number is to be limited to fifty. Those wishing to join are requested to send in their names as soon as possible. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M. Confirmation Class, Saturday, 10:30 A. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Feb. 5, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Feb. 6, at noon. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notices must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley. By John James Platt. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, pp. 180. Price.....\$1 25
Brooklyn Daily Eagle Almanac. Copyright, 1888, by Brooklyn Daily Eagle. Paper, pp. 242. Price.....35
English in the Schools. By F. C. Woodward, M. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper, pp. 25. Price.....25
English in the Preparatory Schools. By Ernest W. Hufcutt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper, pp. 28. Price.....25
Letters, Sentences and Maxims. By Lord Chesterfield, with a Critical Essay by C. A. Salnte-Beuve. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 387. Price.....1 00
Looking Backward. 2,000-1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston: Ticknor & Co. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 470. Price.....1 50

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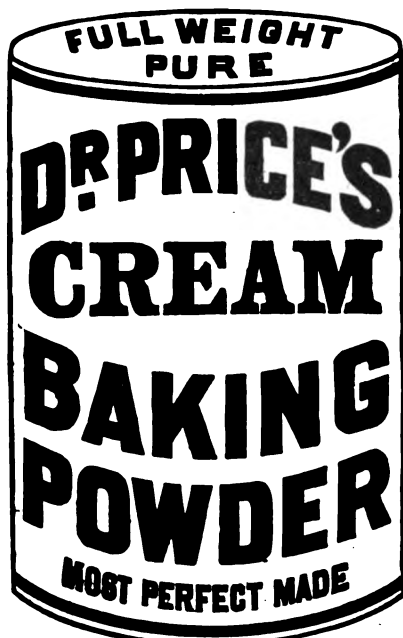
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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

NUMBER 24.

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THE EVOLUTION OF IMMORTALITY.

The reception of this book among both writers and buyers continues to be most favorable. We give this week by permission an extract from a letter to the author of the book, Dr. C. T. Stockwell, by Mr. George S. Merriam: "I am sincerely glad you have written and published the book. It seems to me a remarkably lucid exposition of a very rich and various line of thought. I found the perusal to be very invigorating to the mind, very fertile in suggestion, and carrying in its whole impression, a strong appeal to one's best sense of reality. The thoughts are very clearly expressed; the style is direct, and fit to the subject; the temper is reverent and religious, and the arguments very suggestive. You have not claimed for them a high demonstrative force—nor do I believe the idea of immortality admits of such—but in the line of analogy, possibility, suggestion, your views seem to me to carry much weight. It is a striking manifestation of a new approach to the old problems; and I think it is in an unusual degree helpful and stimulating. One of the features I like most is the insistence on the immortal *quality*—not a mere continuance, but a noble stage, to be entered upon even here."

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

[NUMBER 25.]

EDITORIAL.

HE is a poor advocate of Christianity who seeks to advance its interest by obliterating moral distinctions and ignoring or apologizing for unscrupulous standards.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us to explain our meaning of the word "supernaturalism." Far removed from our thought is that which seeks to resolve all the phenomena of life to the terms of matter. We believe in the sovereignty of law in spirit as in physics, and find no room for miracle in the sense of interference with the methods of God, the uniformity of law.

"Out of the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old."

It tells the secret of a life, this "sentence" which shall follow, and we pass it on to spring up like seed in other "expense-books" and albums and Bibles and memories and lives, and perhaps in some society somewhere that will adopt it as their motto and call themselves the "Postponers." But it must be a *secret* society. The letter that brought it said, "This sentence was written in dear Aunt Hannah's expense-book, and her sister sends it to you with her love :

To postpone my own pleasure to others' convenience,
My own convenience to others' comfort,
My own comfort to others' want,
And my own want to others' extreme need.

A VENERABLE subscriber of UNITY kindly writes us this week that he must drop UNITY in order to avoid "mental disturbance." "Not because," he says, "I find fault with its theology based on its broad Christian foundation—I am a Unitarian in its most liberal sense—but because it coquettes with the *isms* of the day,—questions of socialism, woman's suffrage, taxation and so forth." We are very sorry to part company with any kindly, old-time reader, but we are ready to plead guilty, not of *coquetting*, but of directly, honestly *courting* such an acquaintance with the *isms* of the day as will enable us in some poor fashion to contribute our mite towards solving the problems of the day. We have no social panacea to offer and no hobby to ride, but we do believe profoundly that there are wrongs yet to right, and that this last quarter of the 19th century is "about the Father's business" when it is wrestling with these wrongs and groping for these rights. In social and political matters, as in theological and religious matters, we believe the open position, the forward look, the unbarred gate to be the true one.

Two new tracts are ready in the UNITY SHORT TRACT series. No. 18 is the "Ministry of Sorrow," by Rev. Joseph May, of Philadelphia,—a sermon printed in the *Unitarian* a few months ago. In that form it attracted the attention of one of the earnest Post-Office Mission workers at the east, and by her request and help it enters our band of pamphlet messengers. She wrote, "Before moving in the matter, I tested the worth of the sermon by sending it to two friends. I was sure it would go to the hearts of those who have accepted sorrow, but it is those who rebel for whom I have the most solicitude, those who have never dreamed that sorrow has a 'ministry.' One of the two to whom I sent it wrote, 'It is truly the best I have ever seen, and should be kept near, and read often to help to keep one aright.'" The other new tract, No. 19, is the sermon lately printed in UNITY by John C. Learned, on "Religion not Theology." It is really a word

concerning revivals, and will be useful in neighborhoods that in "getting religion" are forgetting reason and charity and moral discernment. The price of each tract is one cent ; 60 cents per hundred copies.

MR. SALTER spoke last Sunday at the Grand Opera House, in this city, on the evils of child labor. Of this iniquity across the seas, in European coal mines, or even in New England cotton mills, there is some vague general intelligence ; but when he brings it home to Chicago, and speaks of things right here among well known business houses, it makes us gasp and makes us ashamed of ourselves. There is no class of business men in this city who are probably making more rapid strides to wealth and the respectable position which wealth brings, than the retail dry goods men ; and still, of these men and their business, Mr. Salter makes the following terrible arraignment : "Do you know the system of fines in the retail shops? In one of them there are sixty floor-walkers, whose business is not so much to detect shop-lifters as to maintain the system of espionage upon the employees. A child is fined from 5 to 20 cents for talking, or laughing, or yielding a moment to the weariness and languor that are forever weighing the young spirit down ; and it has even been stated that the floor-walkers are expected to impose fines sufficient to make up the amount of their weekly salaries, so as to cost their employers nothing. A girl was fined for accidentally creaking a door, another was fined 50 cents for breaking a mirror that sold for 35 cents. These facts are mere illustrations of a system. Women and children are the victims of this espionage. You will not find that fines are imposed upon men. Why not? Why are strong men exempt from this persecution? Because they will not stand it. The system is really a mere money-making device to wring a few pennies from those who are too weak to resist."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Register* is much alarmed lest the Unity Clubs, devoted as they are to sincere study and to the finding of fellowship on the high grounds of human thought and feeling, as expressed in the noblest outcome of the human soul, as found in literature, art, science, history and religion, should kill Unitarian churches. Over every church thus deceased let it be written, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." They are better in their graves than above ground. Alas, for the spiritual life that is afraid of the product of the spirit ! This correspondent instances in proof of this suicidal theory the case of "a young man of high ability and of noble consecration who has been repelled from our ministry and led to accept a settlement in the orthodox body, largely because one of our ministers told him in all seriousness that skill in the management of reading clubs was essential to the work of our ministry." [The italics are ours.] We suspect that young man has gone to the right place. We have known a great many ministers who have concluded to remain in orthodox harness upon being told that, other things being equal, the salary of a Unitarian minister was less and the opportunity of work more precarious. Only those who find a sublime necessity laid upon their souls to present the problems of life, death and eternity, the thought of God, man and duty to their fellow-beings in a way and from a stand-point that no honest soul can in an orthodox pulpit, will find a congenial place among Unitarian workers. The difference between the Unitarian position and that of the orthodox is not a difference concerning bands and buttons, but a difference fundamental

and soul-searching,—a difference that makes a difference of methods a joyous necessity, a splendid life-forming and heart-warming privilege.

WE never saw a portrait of Jesus which embodied what we conceive him to be, as the Gospels portray him. In the great painting of Muncacksy, which Mr. Wanamaker purchased for \$125,000, the face of Christ is that of a fanatic. But look at the image the Gospels give us of him. He was not as John, an ascetic, but came eating and drinking, was often at the feast, and took part in the social festivities. He was, moreover, capable of a great anger, taking a whip of cords, and driving the money-changers out of the temple. His "I say unto you" shows a strong, positive nature, yet Christ is painted with attenuated form, womanly face, with ethereal, unearthly look. But as he is seen in all the Gospels, there is something strong, rugged, even brusque about him. We would paint him broad of brow, broad of breast, large of hand,—a granite pillar covered with roses. To us in his personality he seems born to command, strong of intellect, large in moral genius—a being of kingly power, but who used all that power for mothering and serving. Born to rule, he walked this earth with kingly tread, yet never crushed a "flower or a poor human heart." So we look upon him who is called the gentle Nazarene as large natured, of wondrous enthusiasm, a magnificent physique, and a voice like the music of the sea.

J. G. T.

The Study of Art.

Prof. W. T. Harris, who interested so large a constituency at the Dante School, held in this city during holiday week, has been engaged to give a course of five lectures or interpretations of art on consecutive Monday evenings, beginning February 20. Among the pictures to be interpreted are the Madonnas of Holbein, Raphael's Transfiguration, Angelo's Last Judgment, Da Vinci's Last Supper, as well as the masterpieces of sculpture by Angelo and others. Simultaneously with the course here, he is to give the same lectures at Indianapolis, Terre Haute and St. Louis. This is a tempting and much-neglected field for the missionary of culture. Art as an accomplishment, a decoration to wealth and leisurely lives, sooner or later ends in mental debility and affectation, the legitimate fruit of which is the enervating bric-a-brac craze and the Oscar Wildeish languor. Art is intimately related with the highest intellectual life of the race, and cannot be understood except by those touched by intellectual and moral seriousness. Hunt, the artist of whom America is justly proud, said that Michael Angelo was so great that the subsequent generation have furnished no man large enough to interpret him. To understand any great work of art requires far more scientific acquaintance with the antecedents and the environment that produced it than is necessary to the understanding of a great battle; and the picture in turn is a much profounder interpretation of the age that produced it than is the military campaign. The genius of might belongs to the coarser and cruder side of human nature; but the genius of beauty is related to the most subtle and lofty elements of the soul. When our schools will make our children as conversant with the names of great artists and their masterpieces, in all ages, as they now are with the names of generals and their great battles, they will make more intelligent students of history of them, and wiser citizens. To study art in this way implies a stalwart love of truth much more than some nimble finger dexterity which is supposed to reveal the embryonic artist. Indeed, only to the seeker after truth is beauty in its highest combinations disclosed. The great artists had great minds, and they stood solidly upon the earth. The students of these artists must needs bring along all the brains they have, and they must keep their feet upon the ground. We know that there is great temptation under certain philosophic predilections for the interpreter of art as the interpreter of literature to read all creation, including John Smith's brindle cow, into every masterpiece. To yield to this temptation is unscientific and debilitating.

What we want is not rhapsody, but rational appreciation; but this indulgence is not so much to be dreaded as the debilitating removal of art and artists into the realm of luxuries—things to be enjoyed, like silks and satins, if one can afford them.

We trust Mr. Harris's lectures will have large hearings. They ought to be heard not only in the lecture room of the Art Institute, but in the Labor Union halls of Chicago, and by all the upper grammar grades and high school children of our city; and Mr. Harris, and not some lesser mind, is the one needed to carry art to those who must needs walk the labor paths of life. Thus would he enable those who may fail to realize the ideal still to idealize the real.

Is Woman a Unit or a Fraction?

Social evolution has been a steady growth from the simple application of physical force to the subtle recognition of spiritual freedom. The word of the primitive man was "might," the word of the coming man must be "right." The time was, and perhaps still remains when *brawn* carried or carries regal authority; the hour cometh, perhaps now is, when *brain* wears or will wear the emblems of royalty. The reign of muscle is gradually developing into the reign of nerve. Thought is now the strongest force in society, and feeling is a better defense of the state than armies. Under the old regime he who could deal the heaviest blow became chief of the clan? Saul was made king because he towered head and shoulders above the others in the camp. Then the most warlike clan became the center of the nation, and the conquered became slaves to the conquerors. Then man wooed woman with a bludgeon. The husband captured his wife as he would a deer, and led her home as he would a horse. Once there her unquestioned duty was to submit. Both law and religion merged what little individuality she may have had as a maiden into that of her husband. She was lost, and became a part of the possessions of her liege and master. All earlier religions thus recognize the dependence of woman upon man. The Mormon faith of to-day, which shuts the gates of Paradise against all women who are not led hither by a man is but a religious anachronism, a curious revival of primitive thought. Our courts and customs are full of such reminiscences; our standing army is a relic of the dreaded king whose prowess was a terror to the neighbors, whose strength was a tyranny to the citizens. Slowly but surely society finds the finer rhythm of the spirit, it grows more plastic to the rights of a soul. In this larger adjustment woman has steadily come forward as an individual character, a separate entity, a self-centered *unit* in the spiritual commonwealth. The growth of a state may be measured by the scope it grants to woman. Not because woman has any special charm of sanctity, but because it is a recognition by the state of the intangible, the immaterial forces that pertain to spirit rather than to the physical and brutal forces that pertain to matter. History proves what the law of justice would predict, that the most perfect home, the truest state and the most spiritual church are found where man and woman find their equal counterpoise in an individuality equally sacred; a personality equally defined, each possessing spiritual natures committed to the same law, bound by the same standard, judged by the same code. A woman can neither be a slave nor an angel in the domestic relations without marring them. She must be a *woman*, standing alongside of man, shoulder to shoulder with him. The old ages of chivalry, around which romance and minstrelsy have thrown a false glamour of sentimental light, were ages of coarseness and injustice, because men regarded woman as an elegant attachment, an angelic luxury. Such an estimate generally ended in treating woman after marriage as a slave and chattel. We discard the angel theory of woman, and for the same reason discard the devil theory of man. One is not essentially white, neither is the other essentially black. Women's hands have been capable of all the crimes that masculine cupidity has perpetrated, and on the other hand masculine feet have climbed all the heights

of saintliness that woman's spirit has ever graced. Men and women are compounded of the same clay, beset with the same limitations and endowed with the same possibilities, and the highest domestic felicity is found in a frank recognition of these facts.

What is true of the home is true of the state. The state that rests upon the bayonet is either dead or dying; the state resting upon the brain and conscience of the individual has come or is coming in its stead. The state that existed for the governing is well-nigh gone out of the world. Monarchy is but a trinket of state-craft; the realm no longer belongs to the king or the queen, but the king or the queen belong to the realm. Government exists for the governed now. "No taxation without representation" carries with it a far-reaching logic. Wherever there is intelligence, wherever there is conscience, wherever there is the power to direct labor or to conserve the results of labor, there exists, in justice, a factor of government. And these qualities nowhere run parallel to sex lines. Man has achieved fame in no department of life which woman has not by this time penetrated. Even the battle-field has its Boadicea, its Joan of Arc, and its Mother Bickerdyke. John Howard is balanced with Dorothea Dix and Clara Barton. Herschel, the great astronomer, found that his sister Caroline could sweep the skies with a telescope as she would the floor with a broom, and pick up as many new stars in an evening as he could. In the field of political economy, Harriet Martineau taught as men could not, and Harriet Beecher Stowe and Frances Willard have pierced public sins and aroused public conscience, developed the consciousness of state obligations in a way that no man's name outshines them. We make no special claim for woman's sagacity,—no, not even her ethical sense. We do not think in the large estimate it will be found to be much superior to that of man. As Mrs. Poyser says, I think "God Almighty has made the women mostly fools to match the men." But in the name of justice, in the interest of that poise of sex, the rhythm of life, in the name of religion that has endowed men and women with living souls, loaded each with equal responsibilities, we demand the right of citizenship to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, such as the law already vouchsafes to Jack, the drunken fisherman, of whom she has written so pathetically. We demand, in the name of all fairness, that the municipal privileges and responsibilities which the city of Boston gives to her coachman be granted to Mrs. Mary Hemmaway, one of the most intelligent and munificent philanthropists residing in Boston to-day,—she who spends thousands upon thousands of dollars each year in educating the boys and girls of Boston in the traditions of their country through the Old South historical work; in the economies of the fireside mill, through her cooking school; for the practical exigencies of life through her kitchen garden, industrial and manual school patronages. In the name of our state, and for the love of our beautiful country, we demand that Mary A. Livermore and Frances Willard be called in to help, even as we have called in the help of Fritz, Hans, Pat and Sambo. Our country needs the help of these exalted citizens, and it will not refuse the uplifting right to these humble novitiates from foreign shores.

That country alone can resist the disintegrating forces of time that combines the cohesiveness, that makes a unity of the whole to resist all the invading forces of death and disintegration; and also that elasticity that recognizes the sanctity of the unit, that secures freest play to the complex forces, and greatest encouragement to the new ideas and diverging tendencies. The course of social evolution has been up through the tribal—the confederation—to the national life, that culminates in the individuation of every particular unit in the commonwealth. There is no poise for the state until man grants to woman the privileges vouchsafed by brain that have been denied by brawn, and until woman is willing to accept her share of the serious responsibilities which now too exclusively rest upon the shoulders of man.

But it is urged that the "home and not the individual is

the unit of society." This is a sentimental fiction denied by history and unwarranted by science. The home itself is obliterated the moment you ignore the sacred fact that it is made up of units whose rights are inalienable and unquestionable. That the home is the unit of the state, and that man represents that unit, and that woman must be content to shine through him as a candle through a lantern, is a doctrine that belongs to the age of the wigwam, the traveling herd, the harem and the belated Mormon. The doctrine of modern science, as well as the code of the modern state, to say nothing of the demands of spiritual religion, is that the unborn babe has rights which no head of the family can encroach upon with impunity. The daughter has a mind and soul which are as sacred in the presence of the father as they are in the presence of God. The woman, married or unmarried, is, or should be, the arbiter of her own conscience, the administrator of her own property, and the possessor of her own person, and every court in the land will defend her in these rights. In practice, the most conservative woman is ready to claim this right; they that are so willing that their husbands should hold their proxy upon election day do not hesitate upon a Sunday to insist upon the right of attending a church which the husband disapproves of, and they feel aggrieved if he will not accompany them to listen to doctrines he does not believe in. We yield to no one in our regard for the sanctity of the home; but the home is made up of *man and woman*, neither one of which finds his or her complement until the indestructible, globular quality of soul is recognized. After such recognition the special functions of each will be more nobly fulfilled. There is no need of building fences to keep the chickens out of the water. Nature will take care of her own distinctions, if human nature will demolish the arbitrary ones. From this high ground of equality the mother realizes that the safety of her cradle is dependent upon the purity of the executive mansion; and the father sees that the nation is served by every pair of baby shoes he buys, and that international justice is closely linked with the sweetness of his own fireside.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

To The Century Plant.

Abide with me !
 Let, now, the years evolve in thee
 A mighty wish to be
 Sweet influence, uplifting good,
 Left with the human brotherhood
 Eternally.

Thou shalt, thus fraught,
 Climb heavenward like a speeding thought,
 Thine every fiber taught
 To yield itself a sacrifice
 Most joyful, when for human eyes
 A flower is wrought.

Is this the best
 Of all the human race has guessed ?
 What stirs within my breast ?
 What whispers of a life to be,
 A future task laid by for me
 At God's behest ?

A life I miss
 Till in the perfect flower of this
 It takes its root ; to kiss
 Self-sacrifice as pure as thine,
 And find another portion mine
 From time's abyss.

Is't joy or pain?
 The pangs attending growth remain;
 A human soul which fain
 Would bear the woe that God conceives
 For noble ends, on Him believes,
 I must maintain,

And seeks a joy
 God meant should lead it, and employ
 Its natural love; alloy
 Of low desire God may despise,
 Hold to this high self-sacrifice,
 Yet not destroy.

For things there be
 Harder to bear, sweeter to see
 Than this thou teachest me,
 Else would no dream have reached us here
 Of that which bound our narrow sphere,
 Infinity.

MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

The Religion in It.

Dr. McGlynn, in his anti-poverty speeches, never tires of expressing his joy on account of the religion that is in the movement. In this he has the sympathy of thousands, among them many who had been atheists, and who have had a father in heaven revealed to them first through "Georgeism." Where would one naturally have looked for the most practical exposition of the doctrine of "the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man?" As I read the glowing words of an excommunicated Catholic priest in explanation and application of the Lord's prayer, the Sermon on the Mount, and the Declaration of Independence, while professed liberal Christians turn a deaf ear to his theme, this text comes to mind: "He came to his own, and his own received him not." But they will. Some of them are only looking too high on the mountain tops for the sunrise.

Those of us who must believe in a good God or in none at all, would long ago have become atheists had not our trust in God's goodness far exceeded our actual knowledge. How glad we are to find a farther justification of this "larger hope" in the new land doctrine! To be able to see that God is really wiser, and better than the condition of human affairs has made him appear to be; to know that "on earth as in heaven" his will may be done and his kingdom may come so that every child born into this earthly life may at the very gate of birth find conditions that make possible to it, in a full, glad sense, "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I know of no more clear teaching of the doctrine of the equal "right of all to the use of the earth" than is found in the ninth chapter of Herbert Spencer's "Social Statics." That in itself is not Georgeism, though it is the foundation principle—that the ownership of the earth by individuals is wrong, since all have an equal right to its use. This is admitted by many who can see no way out of the present conditions. Evidently it would never do to parcel out the land among any set of "present inhabitants," thus defrauding other generations. And then some situations are much more desirable, and so more valuable than others. All do not want land, even to build on, to say nothing of cultivating it. Yet there is a way of equalizing the land privilege, of giving each one his or her share of the common estate—our earth. It is no patent remedy for a disease that Mr. George offers. He has discovered a great wrong, a deep injustice at the foundation of our human relations, and he simply says, "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well." That is the religion that is in it. In other words, "What doth the Lord require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly?"

What gives money value to land? Take any city lot which has never been improved—is it not the growth and enterprise of the whole population that causes its rise in value?

Does it make any difference in the increase whether the owner is lazy or industrious, whether he is intemperate or not? To the public which created that rise in value, the "unearned increment" belongs. The man who "owns" it may have invested his last dollar in its purchase, like the "poor widow" who, a generation ago, was supposed to have her little all invested in a few slaves. The proclamation of emancipation took away the widow's slaves, giving her no recompense. The George theory takes no man's land from him, nor even requires of him restitution for the land values he has already drawn as rent or as increase in value from our common estate. It only puts an end to the taking of the state's natural revenue by private individuals. Let the man (every man and woman) keep his land if he wishes to,—keep it and use it and pay the public for the privilege. He cannot afford to keep it unless he does use it in some way, so as to get back the price of the ground rent, or land value tax which he will be required to put into the public treasury. Those who have the best situations—business lots, water fronts, fine views, mines or valuable wells—must pay for their extra privileges. Thus it will happen that the land value tax on a single city business lot will often exceed the tax on a large and valuable farm. The national W. C. T. U., under competent advice, does not hesitate to promise a yearly rent of \$35,000 for the piece of land upon which it proposes to build a temperance temple. Suppose that all these rentals went into the public treasury instead of into private pockets. It might cause many to work for a living who now live in idleness upon the labor of others; but what might not that treasury do for them as a part of the public, and for us all? Could not the necessary expenses of government be met by the tax on land value alone? Think what a lessening of government expenses that change would make!

In the natural rise of land values wherever population increases and improves, we see now, with reverent delight, a most beautiful provision for the increasing needs of a growing population. This is the natural revenue of the state, a simple tax on the value of land without reference to its improvements; or ground rent from those who use the land which is our common inheritance.

That is all there is of the famous land doctrine—that every one may use the land, but no one may own it; that all who do use it shall pay for the privilege, if the land they use has acquired a money value because of the scarcity of that particular kind of situation or privilege; and the revenue from this source is supposed to be so ample and so sure and safe that all taxes on products and improvements can be dropped; the state need no longer "confiscate" private property to make good its loss from the stealings of individuals. Land may no longer be considered private property; only that which is produced by labor of hand or brain is private property, and the public has no right to take that by taxation (often ruining some business or discouraging improvements by the tax on industry and enterprise), unless in some emergency it may need more than its natural revenue from land values, and so vote further contributions from us, the people.

This change in the method of taxation is not all that Mr. George advocates in the way of reform; but it is the first step, the one without which no other reform can avail much, but which, once accomplished, makes every other step far more easy and effectual than without it.

The change of taxation may cause temporary hardship to a minority, while greatly lightening the "doom of the majority" in this world. But all must profit by the great improvement in the general welfare. Speculators will drop great quantities of land now held "for a rise," and much land easy of access, now lying idle, can be taken for homes and shops and for tillage, giving work to the unemployed, and causing a natural rise of wages as the crowd of those who must work for almost nothing or starve grows less. With taxes removed from products and improvements, food, and clothing and utensils will grow cheaper. The terrible strain upon the nerves of those who are in the race for wealth, or clinging to the rag-

ged edge of poverty, liable at any time to get "out of work" and slip into the abyss where an increasing number suffer in hopeless wretchedness—this strain will be greatly relieved, and rich and poor alike will have less craving for stimulants, more of that wholesome rest of body and mind which health requires.

No one knows what the public fund from land values will give us,—perhaps light and heat in all our houses, free galleries and libraries and gymnasiums and baths and free transportation. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the beautiful co-operation that may result, when we have realized the fact that Our Father has given our planet for the use and blessing of our whole human brotherhood, that here on earth his will may be done as it is in heaven.

F. E. R.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Trial and Death of Socrates.

OUTLINE STUDIES FOR FOUR EVENINGS.

The "Apology," the "Crito," and the "Phædo" are the three dialogues of Plato to be studied. The first purports to be Socrates' defense, when tried for his life on the charges of impiety and corrupting the youth; the second is an account of his refusal to escape from prison after sentence of death had been pronounced; the third is a conversation concerning immortality, said to have been held with his friends in the prison on the last day of his life.

Each member of the class is supposed to read each dialogue at home before the evening spent together on it. Miss Mason's "Socrates," an admirable translation of the three dialogues (the less important parts of the "Phædo" being omitted), with introductions and notes, is the best and cheapest textbook for the class. (Charles Scribner's Sons: New York. Price, 50 cents.) The introductions should be carefully read, if no other aids are used. F. J. Church's "Trial and Death of Socrates" contains the same three dialogues, with the "Euthyphron" (concerning "Piety") added, and a good introductory essay. (Macmillan & Co.: New York. \$1.25.) Professor Jowett's is the standard English translation of Plato; its first volume contains the dialogues we need, each with its introduction and analysis. (Four volumes, \$8.00. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

But to come face to face with Socrates, two other portraits from his own time must be studied, namely, Xenophon's "Memorabilia," a more authentic picture of the master than Plato's (read, at least, Book I., and the closing chapter of Book IV., for these concern the trial); and the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, the burlesque played in the theater of Athens, 423 B. C. The latter is a very humorous caricature, which uses Socrates's well-known figure as type of all the derided philosophers and sophists of his day. Read, also, Miss Mason's second book, "A Day with Socrates in Athens," containing parts of the "Protagoras" and "Republic," to get "one of the most vivid pictures which have come down to us of the age in which Socrates and Plato lived and taught."

Any good history of Greece will give the time-and-place frame; and any general history of philosophy, like Überweg's or Lewes's will have its tribute to, and criticism of, the method and the influence of Socrates. Among the most careful is Zeller's "Socrates and the Socratic Schools."

Helpful essays:—Grote's "History of Greece," volume VIII., chapter 67, defending the "Sophists;" and chapter 68, on Socrates. The latter chapter is by all means to be read. See also Grote's large work on Plato; Blackie's "Four Phases of Morals," chapter 1; Church's introductory essay, already mentioned; Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," volume III., chapter 46,—picturesque and suggestive. Socrates and Jesus are compared in this chapter by Stanley, in the *North American Review* for January, 1885; and in the *Unitarian Review*, volume II., 1874.

The programmes that follow will be found to crowd a two-hours' meeting, unless the "papers" be each but ten to twenty minutes long; the "discussions" do little more than open subjects, grow interesting, and pass resolutely onwards, and the whole conduct of the meetings be crisp and brisk. A leader who will keep talk to the point, keep it moving, and keep it general, is almost essential; but it is no bad plan in Unity Club work to train leaders to do all this by throwing the responsibility of doing it successfully on different members in turn. Where longer papers and more thorough discussions are preferred, it would be better to omit part of the programmes, or make each one serve for two evenings. But this, if done, should be done by deliberate plan beforehand, not driftingly.

FIRST EVENING—THE "APOLOGY" OF SOCRATES.

"Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I shall obey the God rather than you."

"A life without cross-examination is not life at all."

"There can no evil befall a good man, whether he be alive or dead."

(1) *Great Words.* A round-the-class exercise; each one give from memory the noblest sentence that he finds in the "Apology."

(2) *Paper.* "Athens in the Day of Socrates."

The place-and-time frame.—The wonderful city in the wonderful century. The war of uplift. The age of Pericles,—democracy, drama, art. The war of ruin. Describe the city. Show pictures, if possible.

(3) *Notes and Queries.* Short oral explanations of

(a) Allusions to the Athenian Democracy; for instance, the *citizens* as distinguished from the other residents and the slaves: the *Assembly*; the *Senate*; the *General Court*; the *Eleven*; the *Prytaneum*, etc.

(b) The Greek Oracles.

(4) *Paper.* "Greek Philosophy before Socrates, and the Sophists of his Day."

The thought-frame.—(a) Decay of the myths. Rise of philosophy with its problem of the One in the Many. How the Physicists, the Pythagoreans, the Ontologists, the Atomists, severally answered that problem. What Socrates, the "philosopher of the market place," said to it. (b) Early Greek idea of education. Effect of democracy upon it. The new Rhetoric and Dialectics. Rise of the Sophists. What were they? Is their bad repute deserved? Socrates's relations to them: was he one of them, or one against them?

(5) *Discussion.*

(a) Socrates's character, as shown by the "Apology:" suppose nothing were known of him but this defense, what qualities would we sum up as "Socrates?" Was Socrates a "Christian?"

(In reading the three dialogues at home, note down passages akin to Bible passages, for use on the fourth evening.)

(b) Socrates's "dæmon:" what was it,—guardian spirit, Quaker light, or what? Anything like it in your experience.

(c) Socrates's religious belief: was it a belief in the "gods," or in God, or in both? Was his teaching dangerous to the popular faith? (Plato's would-be banishment of the poets as myth-makers: see his "Republic," Books II, III, X.) In our day, is there any similar distinction between the faith of the people and that of the "philosophers?" In such cases is the one faith "true," and the other faith "false?"

(d) Socrates's test of wisdom, and his method of applying the test: would he find to-day the same "conceit of knowledge without the reality" among the same classes? How would it be among our theologians? And how would such a "gad-fly sent of God" to-day fare at our hands? What class of men would give him the best welcome?

SECOND EVENING—"CRITO."

"It is not mere living which should be valued above everything else, but living a good life."

(1.) *Great Words.* The noblest sentence in the "Crito," around-the-class from memory exercise.

(2.) *Paper.* "A Day in Athens with Socrates."

A sketch of his life, looks and ways. Follow him round among the streets and shops. (See the "Memorabilia," and Miss Mason's second volume named above.)

After-talk.—Would you know him if you met him? And would he nettle you or charm you? Each one imagine his neighbor's pet ideas cross-questioned by the Great Examiner.

(3.) *Paper.* "The Three Socrates,—Aristophanes's, Xenophon's and Plato's."

The two described. Which is the real Socrates,—Xenophon's or Plato's? Compare the Jesus of the first three Gospels and the Jesus of John's Gospel. How account for such differences? The ancient custom of *pseudonymy*; and its ethics.

After-talk.—What is an "historic" character? A Master's three-fold personality,—the actual man, the disciples' man, the man of later reverence or obloquy.

(4.) *Paper.* "The Apology of Xanthippe."

"As curst and shrewd as Socrates's Xanthippe,"—says Shakespeare; but give *her* side of the matter: Imagine Socrates at home.

(5.) *Discussion.* Some one introduce it with a word about the Greek Citizen's relation to his State. Then—

(a) What does "Higher Law" mean? Its relation to the State's Law? If they conflict, which should the individual obey? Is the State right in enforcing its law? How, usually, are bad laws made better?

(b) Was Socrates right, in the "Apology," in refusing to obey the Athenian people? Was he right, in the "Crito" question, in refusing to *disobey* the laws? Were the two refusals consistent with each other? Was the verdict of the Court just or unjust? How would *you* have voted?

Compare American fugitive-slave laws; English marriage laws; laws against freedom of speech, press, religion; anti-anarchist laws. W. C. G.

THE STUDY TABLE.

A NEW window has just been erected in St. Margaret's, Westminster, in honor of the Queen's jubilee, for which Browning wrote the following verse:

"Fifty years' flight!" Wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?
This—England echoes his attesting voice:—
Wondrous and well—Thanks, Ancient Thou of days."

This suggests certain other lines of this poet, not included in the otherwise excellent and beautiful American edition of Robert Browning's poems recently published by the Houghton Mifflin House, of Boston. We print below the omitted lines with the suggestion that those possessing the above named "complete edition," should make it still more complete by pasting in it these omitted lines. Perhaps some of our Browning students may miss others; we will be glad to know of them.

"Thus I wrote in London, musing on my betters
Poets dead and gone, and lo, the critics cried:
'Out on such a boast!' as if I dreamed that fetters
Binding Dante, bind up me! as if true pride—
Were not also humble!
So I smiled and sighed—
As I ope'd your book on Venice, this bright morning,
Sweet new friend of mine! and felt the clay or sand—
Whatsoe'er my soil be—break, for praise or scorning
Out in grateful fancies—weeds, but weeds expand
Almost into flowers, held by such a kindly hand."

This is an additional stanza to the lines, "*Touch Him - Ne'er So Lightly*," written in Miss Edith Longfellow's album, first published in *Scribner's Magazine*. The following is "The Names:"

"Shakespeare! to such name's sounding, what succeeds,
Fittly as silence? Falter forth the spell,—
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only; if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven and hell,
Would own! 'Thou did'st create us.' Naught impedes.
We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly: let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as—below—above—
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread, this finite from that infinite."

This foregoing was published in 1884, in the Shakespearean Show Book:

"Only the prism's obstruction shows aright
The secret of a sunbeam, breaks its light
Into the jewelled bow from blankest white;
So may a glory from defect arise:
Only by deafness may the vexed love wreak
Its insuppressible sense on brow and cheek,
Only by dumbness adequately speak
As favored mouth could never, through the eyes."

The above was written in 1862 to a statuary group of the deaf and dumb children of Sir Thomas Fairbairn.

Encyclopedia of Living Divines and Christian Workers of all Denominations, in Europe and America. Being a supplement to Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Rev. Samuel Macauley Jackson, M.A. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth, pp. 271. Price, \$3.00.

This book is so well described in its title that but little further notice is needed. The large, double-column pages are printed in clear type. The names are printed in a full-faced letter, which makes reference an easy task. The biographical notices are generally brief, but full of facts. The scope of the book is comprehensive. A glance through the C's shows the names of George L. Cary, John W. Chadwick, William Henry Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Robert Laird Collier, Robert Collyer, M. D. Conway; and in other letters, the columns are well sprinkled with names of workers for the liberal faith. The denominational connection of every person noticed is given, and generally the doctrinal preferences are shown by brief phrases, such as, for instance, "liberal," "radical Unitarian," "Channing Unitarian," etc. The work will prove very useful to all interested in religion and religious workers.

Bible Studies from the Old and New Testaments, covering the International Sunday-school Lessons for 1888. By Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D. A. S. Barnes & Co.: New York and Chicago.

The International Sunday-school Lessons for the first half of the year are upon the New Testament, the second half upon the Old Testament. Fifty-three lessons in all, and a commentary, amounting upon an average to four pages of closely printed matter by Mr. Pentecost upon each lesson is herein set forth. Mr. Pentecost's comments are, in the main, made up of the easy sort of moralizing of which the modern preacher can do so very much with so very little trouble. And yet no doubt this book will be very useful for the purpose for which it is intended; it will, for the time being, make every Sunday-school teacher who uses it as good a preacher as Mr. Pentecost. The whole trouble in the matter is, that all the real questions of all kinds are ignored rather than discussed, and the time and space are used for simple preaching.

Fortunes of the Faradays. By Amanda Douglas. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago. A. C. McClurg & Co. Cloth, pp. 407. Price, \$1.50.

This is rather a fairy-like recital, showing how a refined and intelligent family were by a series of fortunate happenings raised from comparative poverty to a position of wealth, enjoying its attendant refinements and luxuries. The family were thus afforded an opportunity to develop and cultivate native talents, and were profited in various ways. The story ends in the good old fashioned way, happily for all, and is told in a cheerful manner.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Justice.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. LL. JONES, AT CHICAGO,
JANUARY 8, 1888.

(Published by the Congregation.)

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—MICAH VI: 8.

I.

"TO DO JUSTLY."

What is religion? I hope you have given this question so much thought as to render you dissatisfied with any stiff, concise or sectarian definition of the same. I trust that you have outgrown all dogmatic definitions or doctrinal tests of religion. I hope that no one article, no thirty-nine articles, clipped from the proceedings of any ecclesiastical convention, can offer adequate answer to this besetting question of all minds. The word religion covers an experience so broad that no one race can monopolize it, nor can any one age exemplify it. Religion overhangs humanity as the cloud drapery of the sky overhangs the earth,—now black and portentous, now lighted up into surpassing beauty; now the central sun pierces its folds with warmth and light, and anon it is melted into a glory too dazzling for the earth-trained eye to look upon. Let me change the figure. Religion, as interpreted by the sympathies and conceptions of the noblest, looms up before us like one of the great mountains of the world. Its base is buried in grassy slopes familiar to human feet, its sides slope upwards through the blue haze; its peak pierces the cloud that seems to rest upon its brow; its summit is clothed with the solemnity of perpetual whiteness. Our feet seldom reach the upper heights; our vision is too limited to discern its accurate outlines, our instruments are too imperfect to measure its dimensions,—but there the mountain stands, nevertheless, a solid, lasting sublime verity. Taking either figure or dispensing with both, I think religion everywhere and always presents to us certain universal elements, among which are the following: It besets the finite mind with a sense of infinitude; it ever confronts the human soul with a pressing mystery of life, it haunts the created with a sense of the Creator, with the questions—Whence? and Whither? Equally universal, I think, with these elements is the sense of inharmony between the finite and the infinite. Religion reveals a gulf between the actual and the ideal. First it is a chasm of terror,—the finite dreads the infinite power,—but later it becomes a sweet attraction. The soul yearns for wings, it asks for the powers of flight that will carry it towards the divine. It longs to bridge the chasm between the transient and the permanent. There is a hunger for the eternal.

Again, there is a cohesive power in religion that unites heart to heart, and in some very forcible fashion all to God. These universal forces in religion come in as correctives into human life; they enable men and women to achieve the highest that is possible to them within a given time. The testimony of history and of experience proves, I believe, that religion deals with substance, not shadows; realities, not forms. There is that to be symbolized back of all symbols. This morning I would try to push this search for the universal in religion a little farther, and see if we may not discover one abiding quality at least,—find something permanent amid the changes and wrecks of form. Rites and rituals, creeds and names change with the generations. What is it that ever remains? Micah from the prophetic hill-tops of Judea struck some of the enduring chords in this "harp of a thousand strings" when he sang "He hath shewed me, O man, what is good. And what doth the Eternal require of thee but to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." On the placid plains of China, beneath the scorching suns of Persia, in the shade of Indian palm trees or mid the busy streets of London or Chi-

cago this text holds because it represents the indispensable, universal elements of religion,—justice, love and humility. To-day I will concern myself with justice only.

What is justice? Let art answer with its symbol, a pair of scales. Justice is balance, poise, equilibrium. The physical universe is order, not confusion; cosmos, not chaos. All evolution is a movement toward a more nice adjustment of part to part, of force to force. Attraction and repulsion strike their balance among the atoms, and they become solid granite. The centrifugal and centripetal forces tug away at the planet; both forces are obeyed—the straight line is curved and the planet continues its unjarring flight through space. Gravitation is that subtle poise of contending forces that permits the bird to flit through the air and hold all the stars in their courses. Emerson predicts the time when the teacher of religion will follow these shining laws until he sees "the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart." There is that in religion that stands for the law of balances. Society is an adjustment of conflicting forces, and when the laws of trade and labor are as well understood and as obediently followed by men as the laws of motion, chemical affinity and gravitation are obeyed in matter, then men and women will move in their social order as rhythmically and divinely harmonious as the stars. Justice implies this poise, and religion is a search for it. Take the nearest word-equivalents,—erect, correct, upright, downright,—and they all indicate a reaching after this balance; this proper relation of part to part. To be true is to discharge every obligation. "Ought" is the payment of what I owe. Duty is the settlement of my dues. Justice, then, is not mere conformity to the laws of the United States, the laws of Moses, or any other external code, but it is the conforming to the laws of the moral universe, which are as inexorable when defied and beautiful when obeyed as are the laws of the material universe. Justice is not conforming to the dictates of your own conscience, but it is conforming to the conscience of the universe. Justice thus understood insists that there is a place for every individual in the moral universe as there is for every atom in the material universe, and when in its right place every individual, like every grain of sand, has rights which Deity himself is bound to respect. Justice thus interpreted, you will readily see, is a prophetic and not a popular requirement of religion. Men have hardly learned how to pronounce the word justice yet.

This recognition of the universe as an unit, and of God as the uniform and persistent power of which the universe of matter and of mind are manifestations, is just dawning upon the souls of men. It is insisted upon more often by the teachers of science than the teachers of religion. Rhys-Davids, perhaps the greatest authority on Buddhism, says that Buddhism should be classed among the very latest productions of the human mind. In this large time view we may well say that justice is a recently introduced element in religion. Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, and all the great Bible religions have sprung out of modern times comparatively speaking, when we think of the unnumbered thousands of years through which the race in its childhood has crept through unlettered ignorance and unclassified thought. We can see readily that religion was in the world before morality, and that they had found word or words for God before they had found a word for justice. The crude thought and primitive feeling that belong to the childhood of the race still survive in our religious vocabulary and institutions; even yet, as in the days of pagan Greece and Rome, the very gods men worship are selfish, partial, changeable and unjust. Like the ancient Athenians the devotees at the altars of religion confess themselves tired of the word justice, and they ostracize him who makes it the prime requirement of his life, as Aristides was ostracized from Athens long ago. A life shaped by justice is even yet sometimes characterized in our pulpits as more dangerous than a life of wickedness, and "righteousness" is compared to "filthy rags." In the great creeds of Christendom there is more about the *Trinity*, the *Immaculate Conception*, *Atonement*, *Sacrifice*, *Hell* and *Bodily Resurrection* than there is

about justice. Read any of them, and note how small is the emphasis placed upon this central word. Article XII of the thirty-nine articles of religion frankly states that good works, although pleasing and acceptable to God in Christ, cannot put away our sins, and do endure the severity of God's punishment. Article XIII goes still farther and urges that good works, arrived at in any other way than through the theological avenue recommended, "are not pleasant to God, neither do they make men meet to receive grace." And it naively concludes "we doubt not but they have the nature of sin." The pulpit themes most familiar to church-going ears are still those that relate themselves to problems of baptism, sacraments, church extension, and what is to become of scientists and infidels in the next world, rather than the ever-present, pressing demands of justice. The hymn books of the past have had more to say of pearly gates, jasper walls, angel wings and the chorus of seraphim and cherubim than the claims of our neighbor and the demands of the Golden Rule.

This line of thought, and the large class of facts developed thereby, presents itself to me this morning, not for the purpose of theological controversy, but as illustration of the great law of development, without an appreciation of which our study of religion would end nowhere. Try to realize how slowly and painfully have the higher conceptions been evolved, how laboriously are the higher rounds of the spiritual ladder attained. I would show you the long way of the past, that we may better appreciate the high vantage ground of to-day, and the more confidently reach after the still higher ways of the future. I would call your attention to the fact that even Christianity, one of the latest and best ministrants of soul, has fixed the gaze of man so steadily on the blood-stains on Calvary that it is in danger of forgetting the deep injustice that set that blood flowing, that still wounds and crucifies the anointed right. The Christly virtues of love, honor and truth still have their Gethsemanes and Golgothas. I would hasten the time when righteousness, the great word of Hebrew prophecy, the battle-cry of the Old Testament, will lay aside its formal garments with which it has been clothed, and when it will come forth draped in the warm, loving, living attributes of the heart's noblest passion. This can not be done until we realize that justice is the constitution of the kingdom of God. It is more than the Ten Commandments, though they were engraved by God's own hand on thunder-capped Sinai. Justice is more than paying your debts and letting other people alone. Its demand can not be determined by appealing, Shylock-like, to what is "nominated in the bond." Mythology was the theology of the untutored—the poetry of untrained minds. It has grown out of the fertile but unenlightened heart of humanity. Among the deities in this Pantheon was Astræa, once the goddess of Justice, who walked on earth until man fell from his golden estate; then she was metamorphosed into one of the stars of heaven. Art has blindfolded this mute divinity. She has been elevated to the dome of our modern court houses; but religion insists that the bandage be torn off, and that she preside within the court house a living intelligence, using all her senses.

Justice, if it is the rightful moral relation of things, is the key to all our modern perplexities. It curbs my liberties so that they co-ordinate and not overshadow those of another. It will not allow us to stand in each other's way; there is a place for both. This thought of justice, arrived at through the slow inductions of human experience, enforced by the careful generalizations of science, demands a readjustment of our thought of God; indeed, it gives us a new idea of God. The gods of polytheism were querulous,—they tried to thwart each other's treachery with cunning. A candid study of the Old Testament shows up the Jehovah of the Hebrews as a partial, jealous deity, whose special favor and love were limited to the inhabitants of a strip of land some 180 miles by 70 on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. He hated the Gentile world and slaughtered Egyptian babes and whelmed the Egyptian warriors in the waters of the Red Sea. Much

of the so-called Christian theology gives us an omnipotent Shylock for God. So exacting is he for that which is written "in the bond" that he permits the innocent to be executed that the million guilty ones may go free. Under the domination of such ideas can we emphatically say "Do justly?" The soul must stand upon the serener heights from which he sees all the forces of the universe moving with divine certainty towards holy and impartial ends. They represent a just God, who enfolds the weakest in his protecting law. The king on his throne, the priest at his altar, and the swallow on the house-top, in Him find shelter. When we recognize that the forces that paint the violet, and pierce the crystal with light as divine, and know that God is on duty preserving the balance of function in the most obscure recesses of the universe, as well as in the large events of human history, then will justice to the smallest and weakest become within us a religious passion; truth and right will become the prime words in our devotion, and the devotees will exclaim in the words of Carlyle, the stalwart prophet of the gospel of justice, "Know, O brother man, that the great soul of the world is just. At the bottom all is justice. Forget that and you forget all, and the whole universe is against you."

This larger thought of God of course gives us a larger thought of providence—God's method of dealing with men. Religion now insists, in tones that can not be misunderstood, that you and I and all men are dealt with now and always with exact justice. There is no wavering from this by the providence of the Almighty. "O Lord, if we had had our just deserts we would long ere this have been cut down and cast into outer darkness," has been the language of many a devout one. But religion to-day says: "Hush such blasphemy! You have had your just deserts up to this present moment—nothing more and nothing less; you are to-day held at your exact valuation at the market of God, for He is just." "Just my luck," says the faithless in the presence of disappointment or disaster. No, not luck; your fault or somebody's else. There is sure and direct cause for it all. There is no "luck," for all is law, and God is just. Men used to say "God's Providence," when some worthy plan failed; now, with more wisdom, they say "man's improvidence." Men used to talk of the "fated ship," when the vessel went down with her living cargo; now they talk of careless or incompetent shipmasters.

A little over sixteen years ago the world was startled by the news that Chicago was burned by what reporters called the "fire-fiend." Can we not say to-day that it was burned by the "fire-friend?" God was so good to this city that He would not change His beneficent law to its hurt. Just in proportion that men feel that they are dealt with *exactly* in this universe, that God deals out justice, nothing more and nothing less, whether they believe it or not, then will they begin themselves to do justly as they never have done before. You say this is terrible doctrine to the poor sinner! No, not terrible, but beautiful consolation. Saving strength to the sinner is this doctrine. It is the power of life unto salvation to him. Should our prayers to be saved from the consequences of our own actions be answered we would lose far more than we would gain. The young man arraigned before the court burst into tears when his attorney assured him that justice would be done him and exclaimed, "That, sir, is what I am afraid of." He little understood what heavenly benedictions uncompromising justice had for his guilty conscience. Ned Bratts and his wife, uncouth characters in Robert Browning's poem of this name, who voluntarily brought their unsavory lives to confession before the court and on bended knee begged the Majesty to make haste and hang them that they might have done with their bestiality and face the light, were nearer the truth than this trembling criminal at the bar. But Mildred Tresham, in another of Browning's stories,—whose pathetic confession she sobbed over and over:

"I was so young—I loved him so—I had
 • No mother—God forgot me and I fell!"

saw deeper into the workings of divine justice than either of these. When later on she was not afraid to speak before her God her full defence, she could say :

"I dare approach that heaven
Which has not bade a living thing despair,
Which needs no code to keep its grace from stain,
But bids the vilest worm that turns on it
Desist and be forgiven."

Let me try to be a little less theological, and bring home the subject on its human side. When we can think of justice, not as some cold system of book-keeping or mechanical arrangement of our obligations, but as an imperative, cosmic law enforced by the movements of the universe, we will give it more attention—yes more devotion than is our custom. Our thought of justice must grow like all our other thoughts ; it means all it has in the past and more. Justice demands that we pay our debts and more, that we give fair days' wages for fair days' work, and more. Justice sometimes says give bread to the hungry and clothe the naked, but not always. But it always says, "You must not occupy more standing-room than belongs to you in society." To quote Carlyle again, "Justice is truth acted out." But it is more than that. It is truth thought out, felt out in regard to all the other beings who share the bounty of creation with you. What mean all these discordant notes that fill our ears,—the strife between labor and capital, between producer and consumer, between the governed and the government, between sect and sect ? Why has not the rumble of cannon balls and the clash of armament passed from the face of the earth ? It is because the canker worm of injustice is still gnawing away at the core of society. Religion has not taught men to be mindful of this law of poise. The false balance is still an abomination to the Lord of the universe. But men have been very slow to realize it. Our religion has had too much to say about "charity," too little to say about justice. If the criminal and the pauper were granted full justice, they would have little need of what we falsely denominate "charity." You see the limp, inefficient hand held out for the dime to "buy a loaf of bread" that he may not starve, and you ask, In the name of sweet charity will you not allay the pangs of that stomach ? But religion says in the name of sweeter justice : "Nay, withhold the blighting, the debilitating dole. Give him instead the open path to honest industry, to fair remuneration. Then, if he refuses to walk therein, let him receive the divine persuasions in the way of pain and hunger. Aye, do you give him justice, and then if he refuses to walk in the path thereof do you follow the divine justice. Let him starve himself out of the life that can do him no further good into whatever possibilities there may be in store for him in another." When the vicious begs in pity's name at our hand, let us in justice remember how he fell on the slippery place where we scarcely stood with all the helps which he had not. In justice let us remember that he was crowded to the wall because we very likely occupied more than our share of the secure ground. That low forehead, that hungry heart, that narcotized frame, arraign what we call the best society before the criminal bar at which he stands, and make of those who represent the latter perhaps the greater criminals. Let not the judge in pity shorten his sentence, but in the name of high justice let him also pronounce theirs—let him demand that they

"Put a thought beneath his rags
To ennoble the heart's struggle."

We boast so proudly of our so-called charitable institutions, and upon them rest our claims to be a Christian people. I would not underestimate the genial impulses that gave these institutions existence ; but in the last analysis they are monumental witnesses to the injustice of our times. They aggravate the disease they are meant to cure. With our tender left-handed charity we nip off here a bud and there a bud of violence and cruelty, while with our thoughtless and greedy right hand we water diligently the great tree of injustice that grows Upas-like to yield its harvest of direful fruit, our inefficient charities, our narrow soul-saving institutions, our protective laws, all of them justifiable and necessary when com-

pared to the mountainous injustice of man toward man. The greed for money and lust for power remind us of the man running with his hat to stop the leak in the ship's side through which a cannon ball had pierced. It is Mother Partington trying to keep back the Atlantic ocean with her mop.

When Jesus gave religious recognition to publicans, when he granted fellowship to sinners, which, in New Testament phrase, means transgressors of the ecclesiastical, not the moral code, when he threw his protection over the fallen one he was simply standing for even-handed justice, which we debase when we call it charity. He only did what was right and what all others ought to do. I do not understand the intricacies of trade or the complications of politics well enough to know where the sin lies or how the remedy is to be applied, but I know that there is injustice in the land ; labor and capital are not adjusted by the perfect balance, and there is power in the hands of those where reason, fairness and rectitude are not found in adequate counter-balance. While this is so, I will look with interest and profound gratitud upon the labors of such zealous, devoted (and the word here suggests its companion word "devout") workers as Henry George, Father McGlynn and their associates of the Anti-Poverty Society, and will keenly regret that I do not know enough to take hand in the solemn discussion, and to take part in the holy war against injustice somewhere. And I will be patient and sympathetic with the ill-advised and misdirected agitation, because I think there is a hope for justice wherever there is a blind sense of injustice making miserable the life and unsettling the artificial in society.

In putting justice first among the requirements of universal religion, making its demands the highest among the sanctities, we give thereby intellect a high place in the spiritual life,—we make reason an essential element in piety. A child can give alms to a beggar, but only a wise man can do justice to him. Whoever would shape his conduct on the lines of the universe must seek an ever-growing acquaintance with the methods of this universe ; and the only church that permanently blesses a community is the church that expands the souls, enlarges the minds, increases the life of the members of that community. Justice and judgment have common roots, and they travel the same route ; both are based on the laws of the universe, and they are revealed through the rational nature of man ; justice is impossible to the ignorant. No man can be just without much thought. No state can be just that is not intelligent. No church can serve the cause of justice that is not rational. Dishonesties of thought breed more injustice in the world to-day than dishonesties of action. A dishonest banker visits cruel injustice upon men,—he robs the widow of her pittance and the mechanic of his earnings ; he breaks down men's confidence in trade and renders uncertain the commercial transactions upon which rest the material prosperity of the community. But a dishonest thinker, a timid or shiftless priest, who, at the sacred altars of religion, debauches the reason of men and women, does an infinitely greater wrong to society because he breaks down men's confidence in the spiritual verities ; he confounds the laws of thought, he blurs the conscience, debauches the reason, robs the mind of its integrities. Upon these eventually rest all commerce and all industry.

Justice is, therefore, the fundamental element of the mind as well as the heart. It is fundamental in religion because it is fundamental in morals, because it is based deep in the constitution of things ; it is the burden of God's revelation to man. It is revealed to him through the accumulated experiences of the ages. The intuitions of thoughtful generations have become to us the intuitions of right. When this dearly bought knowledge becomes baptized with the sanctities of religion, when morality is crowned with piety, then justice indeed will flow as a river. Then the Golden Rule will become the ritual of the soul, and conscience will be as delicately poised in the moral universe as the stars are in the physical. The great Lisbon earthquake in 1755 sent its disturbing wave clear across the Atlantic, and many days after the upheaval the

sands on the American shore were disturbed in consequence thereof. Even so sensitive is the poise of the spiritual universe. Every deed of wrong, aye, every unjust thought, gives rise to a disturbing wave upon the sea of life that will continue its work of violence until it disturbs the humblest atom on the farthest shore. Surely then justice, justice, justice must be the last behest of religion, whatever may be the first. Micah crowns the prophetic mountain, the base of which rests in the simple croonings of barbaric fear and superstitious ignorance. Sun and stars, thought, feeling, conscience, all the forces of the world within and the world without, are high sheriffs of God commissioned to enforce His commands. O soul of mine, be thou just that thou mayst know the God of justice, and find thy brother man, who is revealed to thee only in so far as thou dost weigh him in the just balances. O church of ours, become the church of justice. Do thou champion the rights of those who have none to plead their case. Do thou befriend those whom injustice has rendered friendless. Let this simple altar plead the cause of the outcast; be a Providence to the improvident, and be a home to those who have been made exiles by their thinking and rendered homeless by their sincerity. O church of ours, may it ask of no man, dole in the name of religion, but demand of all that come within its power that patronage of time, talent and money which is the right of religion, the just equivalent for service rendered. O church of All Souls, study well that divine justice that holds in respectful poise and delicate balance every grain of sand and every throb of spirit. Serve well those "shining laws that reveal the identity of the law of gravitation with purity of heart; and show that the ought, that duty is one thing with science, with beauty and with joy." O heaven-born religion, bring to us this energy of justice; link each to each in the bonds of equity, rebuke the lust of self, teach us to relinquish our unjust claims, inspire our souls so that all their energies may be bent in paying all we owe and settling all our dues. Thus wilt thou make duty and ought regnant words in our confessions of faith, the king-words of our religion. Then discord of life will become harmonious and dissonance will melt into melody; strife will melt into co-operation, and righteousness will appear to man as it always has appeared to God, the only road to heaven.

ASTRÆA.

"Jove means to settle
Astræa in her seat again,
And let down from his golden chain
An age of better metal."
BEN JONSON, 1615.

O POET rare and old!
Thy words are prophesies:
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies.

The universal prayer
And hope are not in vain;
Rise, brothers! and prepare
The way for Saturn's reign.

Perish shall all which takes
From labor's board and can;
Perish shall all which makes
A spaniel of the man!

Free from its bonds the mind,
The body from the rod;
Broken all chains that bind
The image of our God!

Just men no longer pine
Behind their prison-bars;
Through the rent dungeon shine
The free sun and the stars.

Earth own, at last, untrod
By sect, or caste, or clan,
The fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man!

Fraud fail, craft perish, forth
The money-changers driven,
And God's will done on earth,
As now in heaven!

THE HOME.

The Apple Lesson.

A beautiful, rosy apple
Came into my hand one day
From the hand of a kindly neighbor,
Who dropped pleasure along his way.

"Could anything be more perfect?"
I said, as I turned it around;
"Perfectly lovely in color,
Perfectly sweet and sound."

But, when, with pride and pleasure,
I cut my gift in two,
The winding house of an apple worm
Came clearly into view.

How do you think he got there
To the heart of my beautiful treat?
How did he find a chance to spoil
So much that was fair and sweet?

Only one way could it happen:
Far back in the sunny spring,
When, instead of the fruit was a blossom,
(A delicate, tender thing,)

Right into the heart of the blossom,
An enemy thrust an egg,
So that when the little worm was hatched
He had neither to work nor beg.

For home and food were ready,
And then, as the apple grew,
The havoc made by the little worm
Grew steadily larger, too.

Did you ever think, dear children,
That young hearts are blossoms, too;
And the trouble that came to the apple bloom
May easily come to you?

Then watch you well in the spring time;
Let not *little* wrong come in
To grow as you grow, till, one day,
You'll find your fruit marred within.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

An Incident.

A glimpse of real life in a kindergarten comes to us in the following:

The children were sitting around in a circle playing the "shoemaker." The Directress stopped between two of the verses of the song to tell them about the funny little raps the cobbler gave the pegs in the shoe; then she told them of the carpenter's heavy blows on the big nails used in the wood. She told the children to look around and find some nails in the floor, and behold, not one to be seen! "Why, what holds the floor down?" "Well, little people, you go home and ask your papas, and tell me all about it to-morrow." Seven little ones came in the morning and reported that their papas said "the nails are there, plenty of them, but you can't see them," and they tried in their childish way to tell how they were "driven under." One little girl brought two pieces of pine board, each several inches long and two or three wide, which her father had whittled with his pen-knife, showing her how the boards were fitted together, with the tongue and groove; and showing, too, where the nail was driven deep in the groove. The children had a fine talk over it, and little Lily was sent home at noon with a big "thank you" for her papa, whom she found at the door, eager to know how his explanation had been received.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Denver, Colo.—Another department has been added to Unity church, in the form of Saturday evening social religious meetings. In these an opportunity is given for the asking and answering of any questions pertaining to religious views, though some definite topic is always announced. How we came by our present New Testament, was the theme on Saturday last. Sunday evening's discourse was upon Martin Luther, and we were shown that his bravery and love of goodness need more followers to-day. His bigotry and narrowness were deplored. A church directory has lately been issued, containing a photograph of the pastor and one of the church, in addition to matter usually found in directories. Nearly three hundred members' names appear, though these by no means represent the number attending services. The pastor's Annual Reception, held last week, was, to the recipients of invitations, a very pleasant affair. Only male pew-holders were favored, but there were enough of these to form a large party. A fine supper was given, with the ulterior aim of arousing enthusiasm in lifting the church debt, and the amount subscribed equalled the expectations. The Ladies' Aid Society has planned an entertainment to liquidate their assumed portion of the debt. At the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary Conference, held last Wednesday, a paper on temperance was substituted for the one announced in programme, and it was greatly enjoyed, and called out many earnest questions as well as differing views. E. H. H.

Woman's Gain.—"The English Woman's Review" sums up some of the gain of woman—no gain of mankind. The women of Belfast, Ireland, are availing themselves of their newly-won privilege of franchise. The Woman's Liberal Association has established a federation, of which Mrs. Gladstone is president. Women on both sides of the water are taking their places as guardians of the poor—not in the ancient way of doling out old clothes and cold victuals at the back door, but in the larger and more helpful way of overseers and assistant overseers. And we find that the newly-appointed inspector of lace manufacture in Ireland is a lady. We sincerely hope that the business of inspecting our laces before we get them may not unsex her. You know that this has been our greatest danger in breaking from old customs. In England they are trying to introduce, with the precedent of New England to aid them, the appointment of police matrons."

Chicago.—The union teachers' meeting was held as usual Monday noon. Mr. Blake, the leader, being absent, Mr. Jones took up the lesson, in Luke, 14th chapter. This seems to be a chapter largely devoted to lessons from feasts. Jesus, sitting at the table of one of the chief Pharisees, comments upon the manners and selfishness of his fellow-guests; later tells a story or parable to impress quite a different lesson. Mr. Blake arrived at this point, and remarked first upon the visiting and cheer upon the Sabbath that appears here in the narrative. The Sabbath, though a holy day upon which no work must be done, was yet a holiday. Then taking up the matter of the feast, the choosing out the chief rooms was explained in reference to Oriental customs. Each guest measures himself in comparison with all present as to his rank, and takes his place accordingly, but if a more honorable guest then arrives the master of the feast may have to rearrange the guests. It may also be his duty to correct any errors that guests may have made in their own estimates of their rank. As to the other feast, the parable, Mr. Blake said that the bidding the blind and the poor was a common thing among Orientals. The parable, as a whole, in Jesus' mouth, might have had two meanings. First, a purely kind and benevolent intention—sympathy for the poor; but secondly, a meaning that Luke would chiefly see and remember it for, namely, that if the Jews do not enter in and possess the kingdom of the Messiah other outsiders will be asked to come in. This is Pauline Christianity, to be sure; but the meaning is in the story as well as in other verses of this and the preceding chapter.

—The monthly meeting of the Chicago Women's Unitarian Association will occur on Thursday next, February 23, in the Third Unitarian church, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. The president, Mrs. S. W. Conger, will read a paper on "Contact with Children as an Educating Influence."

Newark, N.J.—The "Unity Congregation" of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost continues to attract large numbers; the hall is crowded each Sunday evening. The same sermon, if we understand it, is given the same day at Masonic Hall in New York city in the morning, and at Brooklyn in the afternoon. Each Sunday's programme is neatly printed with hymns and responsive services. An unique feature is the printing on the fourth page the financial statement of the week, which keeps the money problem of each week before the audiences and the movement on a solid financial basis. Mr. Pentecost has a frank way of talking. We do not wonder that large numbers like to hear a man who knows how to say what he means and who manifestly means what he says. Here is a sample from his sermon on "Parasites": "The next class of parasites are the intellectual—the people who won't do their own thinking, who never know anything about the President's message, or the labor question, or politics, until they have read their favorite newspaper; who always vote with their party blindly, because it is easier to vote that way than to vote thoughtfully; the helpless ones who, when they see an editorial in a newspaper that presents a different view of a thing than accords with their own likes, write a letter to the editor right off, telling him to stop their paper. These are intellectual parasites. They are in a condition of moral and mental degeneracy."

Cleveland, Ohio.—Dr. W. N. Hailmann, superintendent of public schools in La Porte, Ind., gave two lectures, February 10 and February 11, under the auspices of the Froebel Society. The first lecture, upon "The Essentials of the New Education," was given in Unity church parlors, before an appreciative audience largely composed of teachers. The second lecture, upon "Sense and Nonsense in the New Education," was given on Saturday afternoon in the rooms of the Board of Education. Both lectures were instructive, and were much enjoyed. On Sunday morning, by invitation of Mr. Hosmer, Dr. Hailmann spoke in Unity church upon "Culture and Efficiency" to a large congregation. Dr. Hailmann is a man of thought, warmed with earnest purpose, and has won friends by his works in the Forest City.

Muskegon, Mich.—Good Major Davis is no more in the flesh to bless his city with his benefactions, to be the center of the Unity circle in this place, to be the unwavering friend of UNITY and the Western Conference, to cheer them with his frequent visits, and to sustain them with his money. His funeral was held at the Opera house last Monday, Rev. Reed Stuart, of Detroit, officiating. Chauncy Davis belonged to that type of stalwart souls, matured by western pioneering, made tender by hardship and intelligent by activity, of which we hear much, but not enough, to secure the appreciation which they deserve. He began his career at twenty years of age, like so many others, by teaching school on the pioneer line in New York, and came westward with that line, and his growing career touched Chicago, Kenosha and Muskegon. Much of his life he was engaged in the lumbering interest, which would have made him very rich had he not been very generous and very just. *The Morning News*, at this place, estimates that he has given over a hundred thousand dollars for the public good in Muskegon, not in any one great thing to perpetuate his name, but in many good things to bless his town. Railroads, bridges, schools, halls, churches, libraries, all knew the patronage not only of purse, but of head and heart.

Champaign, Ill.—Acting in co-operation with the American Unitarian Association the Illinois Unitarian Conference has inaugurated a series of twelve liberal lectures to be given on Saturday evenings, and of twelve sermons on the Sundays following. The ministers of the state, with one or two from adjoining states, are to give their services, the eastern association bearing the incidental expenses. The visits are to be made fortnightly; six of them this spring and six of them next autumn. Mr. Jones, of All Souls Church, chairman of the committee, opens the course to-night (Saturday, the 18th) with a lecture on "The Relations of Religion and Culture;" to-morrow he preaches on "Spiritual Health."

Sioux Falls, Dak.—The blizzard still holds its reign of terror over this country, and railroads are often blocked, so the dedication of the Home Church is postponed until the flowers come. But the happy pastor, Miss Bartlet, will lead her large congregation into the new church for the first time to-morrow, and UNITY sends its greetings.

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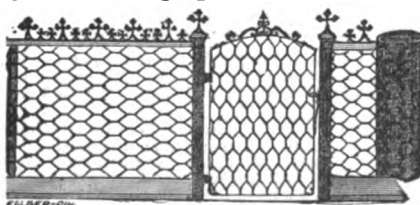
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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, March 3; subject, Clara Barton. Feb. 19, 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class; subject, Egypt. Feb. 24, 4 P. M., Illustrated Art Lecture, by Mr. Utter; subject, The Decline.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 11 A. M., Rev. J. R. Effinger preaching. In the evening Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones will read a paper on Co-education of Parent and Child. Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club. Browning section, Friday afternoon at 4 P. M. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Feb. 19, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Feb. 20, at noon. Rev. Mr. Jones will lead.

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Catalogue of Vaughan's Seed Store.

The annual issue for 1888 is just at hand, and we must say in behalf of Western enterprise that as a work of art it excels anything in this line we have ever seen, both in its exceedingly beautiful gold and colored cover and in its readable print and handsome wood engravings. It should be in the hands of every one who plants a garden, and can be had by sending five stamps to J. C. VAUGHAN, 88 State Street, Chicago.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

All books sent for notice by publishers will be promptly acknowledged under this heading. Further notice must be conditional on the state of our columns and the interests of our readers. Any books in print will be mailed on receipt of price by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The Method of Creation. By Henry W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S. London: The Sunday-school Association, Essex Hall, Essex street, Strand, W. C. Cloth, pp. 180. Price.....\$0 50
Bible Stories for Little Folks. By Isabel Lawford. London: Sunday-school Association. Paper, pp. 72. Price.....35
Prophecy and Prophets. By Jacob Straub, A. M. Chicago: S. W. Straub & Co. Cloth, pp. 188. Price.....1 00

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VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 1911

[NUMBER 25.]

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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[NUMBER 26.]

EDITORIAL.

THE cross has no healing power until it is taken up and carried. To the hand that seizes it there is warmth; to the soul that bears it there is strength.

THE *Indian Messenger*, published in Calcutta, is elated over the success of the work done by the Pundita Ramabai in America, and says: "The training she is receiving is just the thing needed to fit her for the arduous duties of a reformer and philanthropic worker in her own country."

A WRITER in the *Ymofynydd*, the organ of the Welsh Unitarians, quotes Spurgeon as having once said that he "smoked to the glory of God," but thinks that that is a dangerous line of justification, and asks the pertinent question: "How can a minister effectively preach self-denial while he himself conspicuously practices self-gratification?"

THE least justifiable of all bigotry to-day is Unitarian bigotry, because the chief justification of Unitarianism lies in the fact that it is a protest against bigotry; it is an appeal from external authority to internal sincerity. In all questions of dispute, the Unitarian should "move the previous question,—the question of right doing and loving."

THE *London News* says: "An American critic is very angry with Mr. Browning because that gentleman's poetry is unintelligible to him. Mr. Browning might use the retort of another great poet, and reply, that 'the clearest handwriting is not decipherable by twilight,' but he will probably preserve a dignified silence. It seems hard that a man can't write as he likes, since no obligation is imposed on anybody to read him."

WHAT a grand idea of the patience of God does the new science furnish us when it tells of the slow progress of man's growth on this one little planet! Eighty thousand years, perhaps, since the primitive savage first showed his manhood by chipping a stone for a tool! If he has waited a hundred thousand years for the first glimmering of conscience, may we not learn to have patience with our own struggling generation?

Is conscience the "voice of God in the soul of man?" Of course He does not dictate human action. That is left to the individual judgment. Through whatever way it has come, whether through the slow process of growth, becoming stronger by every act of obedience, or not, the sense of obligation in conscience tells of a Will not our own. But how do we know that Will is worthy of trust? Only by trusting.

A CORRESPONDENT to the *Germantown Telegraph*, alluding to the reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford, spoken of in our news column, indulges in the following bit of prophecy, based on history, which runs so parallel with UNITY's faith and aims that we are anxious to pass his words along to our readers: "Looking upon this scene, I could not but contrast it with the impossibility of such a gathering as this twenty years ago, when the word 'Unitarian' carried with it an opprobrium which few outside of its pale had the courage to question. The growth, as far as numbers, has been slow, but as regards influence it has been sure and strong; it has gone out as a leavening process, removing barriers, widening thought, and strengthening reason,—that soul-given quality of man. The world perhaps is loth to admit this truth, but Unitarianism has liberalized the orthodox church, as homeop-

athy has mitigated the doses of allopathy. With this liberalizing of thought, this bringing together of all denominations in generous expression of good will, evinces to my mind the dawn of true Christianity—the expression of brotherly love, the keynote of Jesus's teachings. And this is the lesson of the hour!—a dawning of that millennium when all sects can meet and clasp hands on the common but sacred ground of 'love to God and love to man.'"

A PRIVATE letter suspects that the following story "is too profane for the pages of UNITY," but we think it contains so much pathos and tender humanity that our readers will not think it irreverent. A kindly woman, before whose place of business a small squad of Salvation Army people had marched for months, was aroused on one of the bitter nights in January once more with the tambourines and the "Jesus marching" song. And the kindly voice of the motherly soul artlessly said: "There they go again, poor creatures! Still a following Jesus. I do hope they will soon overtake *that man!*"

WE are not disturbed by the apparent alarm in some quarters, lest either our Unity Clubs or our Unitarian Churches will lose their sanity over Browning any more than over Emerson, Socrates or the Book of Job; eventually all these will go for just what they are worth; but from time to time, as space permits, we will continue to offer such helps to the study of all these students of soul as come in our way, to show that there is sense even in the most forbidding of the Browning poems to those who apply sense to the study of the same; we print elsewhere the results of such a search among the lines which even the Browning student is generally inclined to skip, "The Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau."

THIS bugle note of alarm from the *New York Observer*, the organ of the Presbyterians, is a significant sound to all won to the liberal fold of faith and more rational modes of thinking: "Unimportant, unsubstantial, ephemeral as 'new theology' may appear to the historian or philosopher, it is nevertheless a power in the present. It has taken possession of some of the heights of Zion in New England. Not only at Andover, but in New Haven, it is an appreciable element in the religious atmosphere of the churches and the schools. It is influential in some of the churches in Boston. It is believed to have a standing in other theological seminaries where its position is not prominent." The heaven is working, almost faster, the pessimist might say, than we could have hoped. And that the new theology "is believed to have a standing" in seminaries not openly given over, is good orthodox evidence of a fact long since patent to impartial and intelligent observers.

THE idea of ownership has been of incalculable assistance in the evolution of society. But all the history of evolution teaches us that even the most helpful of human ideas must pass away and give place to others broader and deeper. Property rights can not be the eternal basis of social laws, because they are not adequate measures of the soul-realities. What if the next great advance in social evolution were to substitute trusteeship for ownership, property as an obligation, not an indefeasible right! This is the higher law of the Gospel: Life is a trust put into thy hands. "Give account of thy stewardship." There is food for thought in this passage from *Morgan's Ancient Society*: "Since the advent of civilization the outgrowth of property has been so immense, its forms so diversified, its uses so expanding and its management so intelligent in the interests of its owners that it has become, on the part of the people, an unmanageable power."

The human mind stands bewildered in the presence of its own creation. The time will come, nevertheless, when human intelligence will rise to the mastery over property and define the obligations of its owners. A mere property career is not the final destiny of mankind, if progress is to be the law of the future as it has been of the past. The time which has passed away since civilization began is but a fragment of the past duration of man's existence, and but a fragment of the ages to come. The dissolution of society bids fair to become the termination of a career of which property is the end and aim; because such a career contains the elements of self-destruction."

THE following bit, which is going the rounds of the papers, recently lit up at least one Emerson class, and it is good enough to make a text for a searching talk in many other Emerson classes,—perhaps to suggest to some one the possibility of starting an Emerson class, which means the bringing together of a certain number of souls in the sincerity of the spirit, the acuteness of intellect and that fellowship of heart that will transfigure common problems and shames the common flippancies of life. "An old washerwoman in Concord, at work one day, as it began to grow dark unrolled her sleeves and said she must go home and get ready for Mr. Emerson's lecture. 'Why, are you not too tired to go?' she was asked. 'Oh, no, indeed; it always rests me,' was the reply. 'But do you understand what the lecture is about?' continued her questioner. 'Well—no,' was the answer; 'but it does me good to see him stand up there looking so beautiful and telling us all we are just as good as he is!'"

PROFESSOR BLACKIE says, in his article on "Festivals," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*: "To trace the festivals of the world through all their variations, would be to trace the entire history of human religion and human civilization." This is strikingly illustrated in the festival of St. Valentine, just celebrated,—the lightest and most secular festival of the year; but even this leads us back of Christianity; back of Rome itself to the old Lupercan festival held on the Palatine hill in honor of Lupercus, the "Protector from Wolves,—" the divinity of a shepherd people. The feast of the Lupercalia came at nesting time, when the currents of life began to flow more genially; when the flocks went forth in search of tender grass. The story of the festival all the way down is instinct with humanity, and the childish prattle of to-day is the distant echoes of old time reverences. Their mirth is the silvery refrain of antique solemnity. The frivolities of this week lead us back to the temple door, and the study of them enlarges and deepens the life.

WHY did not somebody think of it before? Mr. Simmons, the president of the Board of Education for the city of New York, is in the way of making himself famous by his suggestion of putting the American flag into all the public school-rooms of America. His "reform" is greeted with enthusiasm from all parts of the country. In connection with this, it is suggested to make a regular feature of patriotic songs and the celebrating of National anniversaries in our public schools. When we remember what a large population of foreign birth there is to be educated in this country, and that there are thousands of native born children of German and Scandinavian parents who can not read or even understand the English language, we continue to wonder why this thing had not been thought of before. While so many school boards are agitated over the question of German in the public schools, it may be well for some one to move the introduction of "United States" into the schools, whose main purpose ought to be the making of intelligent and noble citizens of the United States.

THE *Andover Review* for February gives to the much-abused, so-called "lost" heathen a great message of hope. We clip from it the following editorial statement of no uncertain sound: "The theory which confines the redemptive work of the spirit to this life, not only runs counter to the current of Biblical representations of the nature and purpose of

that work, but empties history of its religious sincerity and reality. . . . Probably the chief reason which now holds men back from admitting this 'hypothesis' [of the spirit's temporal mission beyond the limit of death] is its supposed bearing on the seriousness of present opportunity under the gospel. But a right conception of the spirit's mission would supply the necessary cautions, and at the same time avoid fettering it with conditions which, to say the least, are apparently incompatible with its true and glorious universality." A little more generous taking down of the bars and the whole flock of the fear-stricken, honest doubters, who have so long trembled before their conception of divine justice, may once more lift hopeful eyes to the future.

Editorial Wanderings.

Last week the senior editor was on wheels again. After launching his own Unity Club on Monday evening into the study of George Eliot's "Felix Holt," with a paper on the same, and enjoying with his Tuesday evening class that most brilliant chapter of John Fiske on the "Genesis of Man Intellectually," he severed unceremoniously the many subtle and vital strings that bound him to Unity and All Souls, and took the cars Wednesday morning at 8:30 and enjoyed a vacation of five hours, at the end of which time he was landed at Lafayette, Ind., the seat of the Purdue University. This represents one-third of the higher educational institution of the state. The industrial and technical branch. The literary and classic third is at Bloomington, and the Normal third at Terre Haute. It was in the afternoon that he visited this institution, resting placidly upon the ample lawn of its two hundred acres' experimental farm—"the richest land in the world, the best of the Wabash lands, which is the best anywhere," is the way they put it. The class rooms were closed, but the boys were at work in the shops. Lathes and circle saws, forges, pattern-making tools and molding troughs made bright the eyes and flushed the cheeks, that somehow we feel have a pathetic tendency to be sad and blanched in Indiana,—the land of malaria, the ancestral home of the ague, and the traditional market for quinine and cholagogue. How manly did these boys look at their benches, how easily did it seem in that presence to make toil classic and to compel labor to give cultured dignity to the laborer. But Purdue believes in co-education, and there are girls on the campus and in the halls, bright, healthy, legitimately boisterous. The catalogues and programmes, as well as the testimony of the professors, show that they carry off their full share of the honors of the institution, and that they are equal to its tasks; and when we went in search for *their* manual training and technical culture, we found traces of it in rather cramped quarters, where some creditable wood-carving is being done—oak leaf ornaments for bedsteads, rosettes for the corners of looking-glasses, etc. We found a bright class at work painting in oils a vase that stood on the stand, and learned that they have opportunities to train their fingers in modeling and drawing. This is very well. We hope that the public spirit of the place leads the boys to seek these same things; but why should not a girl know how to saw to a mark and to drive a nail without hitting her thumb? Why should she not learn how to dovetail a box, make the pattern in wood, and even mold the same in sand? None of these tasks require as much muscle as washing clothes, ironing or sweeping; and if there is brain culture in this kind of activities for young men, why should not the young women avail themselves of the same discipline? We were told that there is nothing to prohibit girls from taking such training at Purdue, except that the girls do not ask for it. They have not quite courage enough to take it. We wait for the girls who *will* have courage enough to take these tempting, life-giving courses of instruction offered in our technical institutions. There are fine careers waiting such girls.

But Purdue is not unmindful of the wealth of letters, and Mrs. MacRae, the Professor of English Literature, is wise enough to take her classes into those fields where help is needed, rather than waste the college years in the reading of

those things that need no study, and the acquiring of facts and dates which can always be kept within reaching distance in a \$15 encyclopædia. Her classes have wrestled with Emerson's "Nature" and cognate thought and writers, and are just now entering upon the study of Browning, to aid and abet which was the object of the editor's visit. Perhaps 150 people gathered in the lecture room of the second Presbyterian church down town in the evening, the faculty and students of the college being well represented. Thursday evening he told the same story to a parlor full of people in Indianapolis, in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Horace McKay, and in the afternoon had time to visit the phenomenal Plymouth church, shaped and directed by the independent minister, Oscar McCulloch. Some friend, mingling an architectural fling with a spiritual compliment, has dubbed this church, "The Providence Depot," so unconventional is it in form, so full of benefactions is it in its activities. Here the "gates are never shut by day." Institute work, like that of the Athenæum in this city, the Charity Organization Society, and lecture-room work, with many fresh and vital phases of church life, are all realized in this building.

Friday morning the editor breakfasted at home. On Saturday morning he was again on wheels, leaving his own pulpit in the hands of Secretary Effinger for Sunday morning, and Mrs. Jones for Sunday evening while he went to inaugurate the University course of Liberal Lectures and Sermons at Champaign, the seat of the Illinois State University. This work is inaugurated by the combined efforts of the Illinois State Unitarian Conference and the American Unitarian Association, the former giving time and labor, the latter paying the incidental expenses. Prof. S. A. Forbes, State Entomologist, chairman of the local committee, had the plans well matured, and, although the weather was of a kind to dampen ardor, over 200 people were out at Armory Hall to listen to the lecture Saturday night, Professor Peabody, Regent of the University, introducing the speaker. On Sunday afternoon the Congregationalists hospitably tendered the use of their church, and over a hundred people were present. All the indications are that good will come of this movement. Six fortnightly visits are arranged for this spring, and six more for next autumn. The editor's coach called for him at 2 A.M., and the wheels brought him home to a Monday morning breakfast.

"We See as We Are"—in Men.

"Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still:
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,—
But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

So said the listening Emerson. And the song that he heard in "the mud and scum of things," the ear is growing in many men to hear. Oppressions linger, and crimes and ignorance abound among us,—still, look *around*, and then look *back*, to see how the spirit of society toward its younger and poorer members and lower classes and more degraded races is changing for the better. The change will be a cause, but it is also, and it is first, the consequence of a finer moral tone within ourselves. "We see as we are." In men to-day we are seeing more because we *are* more ourselves; because the average amount of manhood incarnate in 150 pounds of flesh and bones and nerves is greater than it used to be.

For example, the *school*: the "New Education" assumes that the child is a being all wings and faculties, and that the teacher's part is not to put knowledge into a mind-box, but to tempt the wings and faculties to grow. To the right-seeing teacher the school of to-day is an angel-garden. Again, the *prison* has long been the den where the most dangerous could be herded out of society's sight; for those whose fangs proved most injurious nothing better than killing could be devised. It is not the

discovery of this century that our criminals are men and women like ourselves, that souls and consciences go behind the barred gates and into the striped clothes; but only after all these centuries of growth have our eyes come to see that fact plainly enough for us to think of prisons as reform schools, and of reform schools as a kind of public home. To-day the aim in the best prisons is nothing less than to create a citizen,—to give back to society a self-supporting, self-controlling, self-respecting man in place of the untamed creature that went in. The sacredness of the human being is growing in our eyes, and we see more to respect in these our troublers, because we have more to respect in ourselves; we *are* more, and as we are, we see. So, too, with the treatment of the *insane*, and of those maimed from their birth in mind. It is but a century since men saw in them beings past the touch of reasonable and kind address. To-day we watch miracles of resurrection wrought by the touches of human sympathy and human patience. The insane asylums of our land have been radically changing the last ten years to adapt them to the system followed so successfully in certain English and Scotch asylums,—a system of unbarred windows, scarcely locked doors, open fire-places, and homelike entertainments for the maimed in senses: think of a Dr. Howe feeling his way to Laura Bridgeman's imprisoned soul, and finding that soul, and bringing it forth to society along the pathway of a single sense,—the sense of touch, left in the palm of Laura's hand. The feeling for and finding of Lieutenant Greeley in that hidden cove of the wild iceberg land was nothing to it. Dr. Howe's act of discovery is the type both of the science and the humanity of this century.

And thus it is in all our relations with each other, all human relations. The nation's conscience has at last begun to stir, even in our relations with the *Indian*. The savagery of *war* grows more horrid in the light of Healing Commissions and Peace Tribunals. Yes, even the savagery of that minor war that with audacious honesty we call "*sport*"—I mean the war man makes upon the races lower than himself, the tribes of brute and bird and fish; the "*war*" on them in mere pursuit of human fun,—bear-baiting, bull-fights, fox-hunting, pigeon-matches, squirrel-matches, and the common hunting and the common fishing, too; for, so far as these last are done for sport, they have to class with those discarded cruelties; and war, again, upon these humbler lives in mere pursuit of human decoration,—women's feathers; even this, I say, is growing over-bloody for nineteenth-century eyes, over-thoughtless for nineteenth-century minds and hearts. In the very brutes we are descrying more man-likeness, and in their natures ground for applying the Golden Rule, "Do by them as you would be done by were you a brute," as fast as we become more man ourselves.

Within a young man's memory the word "*slavery*" has become an abomination in people's ears. Garrison's motto no longer seems too strong,—"*a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell.*" John Brown "wins the world through shame." The readjustment of the *laborer's* relation to capital is the great question at issue now; no doubt will be the great question for the next few hundred years, for it is but the modern form in which the mediæval, or rather the chronic, problem of emancipation confronts the civilization of to-day. How it stared us in the face here in Chicago when those men, martyrs in their own eyes of a sacred cause, were waiting death! Death which will brand our civilization two hundred years hence,—murderer-martyrs though they be, and necessary as it is that in some way bomb-throwers be disabled from trying again their deadly ways of reformation. But the fact that so many of our best minds are already engaged upon the problem in full sympathy with the laborer, shows how different our vision of what have been called the "*lower classes*" is from that which has hitherto prevailed. Now, even when a prophet like Carlyle speaks slightly of the masses,—"*England is twenty-seven millions, mostly fools,*"—and especially when he writes of ourselves, "*America is eighteen million bores,*" we only laugh and pity the seer. When Emerson speaks of the "*guano-races*" of mankind, we re-

member his "Boston Hymn" and the other noble utterances, and that his grim phrase is but the terse way of stating a half-truth. Never before, I suppose, has there been such a widespread hopefulness for mankind's future on the earth, or off the earth, and never so much charity of heart and helping of hand to those men and classes and races who seem the farthest down among their brothers.

"Power to become sons of God!" What grander text in all the Bibles of the world than that one out of John's mystic explanation of the Divine Light that has transformed the world from chaos to order, and men from brutishness to glory! "Power to become sons of God,"—it is the great cry ringing through all the earnest struggles upward of the oppressed, and the great inspiration which nerves every man to do his utmost by and for and with a poorer friend. "We see as we are:" do men appeal to us in this way as beings with power in them to become the sons of God? Are the streets full of souls to us, or only of bodies more or less clean, more or less agreeable, more or less fashionably clothed? A look of scorn in my eyes, a feeling of indifference or contempt in my heart, at any ignorance or shame I might see in a shanty or a street car, would convict me to myself of *being* something like what I thought I saw. If I *were* the son of God, I should see the sonship in all others, even in those bomb-throwers. Or look from streets right into our own homes: how is it with the children and the sick and the feebler-minded, in our homes? What do we "see" in them? The slowness and the bother and the ill-temper and the weak will? If that be all, then alas for us! "We see what we are;" and he who sees no more than that reveals how little more there is within himself. *The best man thinks the best of others.* Perhaps the secret of Jesus's power with the common people was that of many another of their best teachers,—he saw more in them than less pure eyes saw. If we use the name "God," then, because God stands for best of all, none thinks so much of you as he! It *must* be so, according to this law of insight; and is not that encouraging?

The Christ sees white in Judas' heart,
And loves his traitor well;
The God, to angel some new heaven,
Explores his lowest hell.

Through the degradation and the ignorance and the sin the pure eye pierces to the live soul deep within,—that slumbering embryo in which humanity and civilization and eternal life lie folded up. And if ever we feel despondent at the long delays of history and the seeming worm-likeness of human life, the trouble may be that we are seeing too much as we are ourselves. Perhaps we had better murmur to ourselves the verse from Mrs. Whitney's poem about the "larvæ," and with humility we may regain our patience:

"What if God's great angels whose waiting love
Beholdeth my pitiful life below
From the holy heights of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with *this* worm till its wings do grow?"

W. C. G.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Sea-Mosses.

Frail, delicate sea-moss,
Born where the wild tides toss,
Where pale pink coral clings,
Where mermaids and sea-kings
Sport, laughterless and mute,
With dolphin, shark and newt,
Or cleave the cool, green tide
By the sea serpent's side—
Crude, undeveloped thing,
Created but to cling
To some rude, ragged rock
That breasts the ocean's shock—
What message have you brought
Meet for a poet's thought?

Softly the silence stirred
In answer to my word:
"In Nature's lowest forms,
As highest, God's love warms
And thrills the universe;
In love all being stirs—
The savage beast's low cry,
The poet's threnody
Are one, when once is shown
God's life in Nature's own.
From sea worlds up to suns
One loving purpose runs;
Seas roll, worlds swing, stars shine
By the same love divine
That thrills my life and thine,
My message, God's—His, mine."

JULIA MILLS DUNN.

What Can Unitarianism Do for the Heathen?

The above question was asked, but not answered, by the *Christian Advocate*, in its issue of December 29, 1887. Had the writer of that remarkable article asked, "What can Unitarianism not do for the heathen?" his reply to a self-made inquiry might have been as satisfactory to others as the attempted reply was presumably to him. Perhaps the writer is still anxiously seeking light as to the possibilities of the "ism" which he so ridicules, and the following suggestions may be of service to this inquirer, and perhaps to some others:

First. Unitarianism can carry correct views of God to the heathen. It can teach and preach that "God is love," that He is a "present help in time of trouble," that they shall have none other gods but him, that He is a Father, Saviour and Friend. This will work a great reformation among heathens who have long sat in gloom over ideas of an omnipotent butcher and revengeful fireman,—ideas which were unknown in foreign lands, until popular Christianity had planted its banners within their bounds.

Second. Unitarianism can carry to the heathen correct ideas of the unchangeable nature of God. It will not represent God as now loving, now angry, cruel, hateful. It will not represent Him as now present to bless, and now absent from his needy creatures. It will teach that God is always near and at hand to bless and cheer all classes of men whenever they call upon Him. It will teach that God's love is that of both father and mother, in its abiding and tender nature; nor will it confuse the mind of the heathen by preaching the existence of three gods, all sovereign, equal in power, yet so divided as to render it difficult to know whom to worship.

Third. Unitarianism can carry to the heathen a salvation which saves men, not in their sins, but from them. It will demand righteousness of the individual, and not goodness based upon another better than himself. It will demand confession and repentance as means of atonement, such as is genuine and followed by an upright life, rather than a reliance upon an innocent substitute. It will never make the pure Jesus a scapegoat for the sins of men, but leave him as an example for all time, and as one in whom God was manifest as He can be in others.

Fourth. Unitarianism can preach an immortality full of hope in foreign lands, as it can and does at home. It will not preach hope to its intelligent auditors at home, and preserve hell for its inferior hearers abroad. It will be honest the world over. It will eventually overthrow the idea that the creatures of God, to the extent of millions, will, in a future state, cry out for mercy from burning brimstone, to receive mocking responses from their Creator. It will teach that the Maker of us all is less a devil than they have in many instances already been taught. It will teach that punishment is corrective, and that it ceases upon the accomplishment of its purpose. God deliver us from theological bondage. God send us more laborers into the world's great harvest, laborers that shall be both sane and sound, sincere and zealous.

Fifth. Unitarianism can accept service from natives who will be loyal to God and to conscience—who will be true to all that is good in the Koran, the writings of Buddha, and who will gladly teach and preach all that is beautiful and good in the Bible. Unitarianism will insist upon loyalty to conscience, as superior to stooping to churches, creeds and forms, and can, if it will, accomplish wonders among heathens as yet unknown to missionaries of any nation, sect or name.

Lastly, if the "ism" to which our inquirer belongs makes hell a necessary part of its gospel, the "greatest good it can do for both itself and the world is to efface itself as quickly as possible." When that "ism" emphasizes practical religion as much as it does formal, then shall we gladly regard it as a competent instructor, and readily lend our ears to the lips of its teachers.

E. W. SYMONDS.

Browning's Statesman.

PRINCE HOHENSTIEL-SCHWANGAU, SAVIOR OF SOCIETY.

Those of us who are inclined to demand "reform" very urgently from our public men and legislators, will do well to study this presentation of the point of view of a statesman. Both have their place: he who boldly agitates a moral question and he who brings about a practical advance in its treatment—Garrison to thunder against slavery and Lincoln to accomplish emancipation. It is well to understand the motives and acknowledge the services of both. In this poem we find Browning's idea of the latter.

Hohenstiel-Schwangau's "revelment of myself" begins with his rule of life:

"Namely, that just the creature I was bound
To be, I should become, nor thwart at all
God's purpose in creation."

He is not one of the rare regenerative natures, but

"A conservator call me, if you please,
Not a creator or destroyer; one
Who keeps the world safe.
Some dervish desert-spectre, swordsman, saint,
Lawgiver, lyrist,—oh, we know the names!
Quite other these than I. Our time requires
No such strange potentate,—who else would dawn,—
No fresh force till the old have spent itself."

Here is encouragement for those many faithful workers who can not originate, but endeavor to popularize and deepen the appreciation of the great originators:

"To shoot a beam into the dark, assists:
To make that beam do fuller service, spread
And utilize such bounty to the height,
That assists also,—and that work is mine."

He has held the balance straight for twenty years, not representing this or the other interest.

"Neither friend would I content,
Nor, as the world were simply meant for him,
Thrust out his fellow and mend God's mistake."

No upheaval of society does he want, and no "hazarding the main result by hoping to anticipate one-half in the intermediate process." Government must be for the mass of men.

"Oh those mute myriads that spoke loud to me,
The eyes that craved to see the light, the mouths
That sought the daily bread and nothing more,
The hands that supplicated exercise,
Men that had wives, and women that had babes,
And all these making suit to only live!"

Theorists from all sides cry out with what Spencer calls "the must-do-something plea." He replies that once upon a time he himself

"Was like all you, mere voice and nothing more,"

crying,

"Unfettered commerce! Power to speak and hear,
And print and read! The universal vote!
Its rights for labor!"

but

"Once pedestaled on earth,
To act, not speak, I found earth was not air.
I saw that multitude of mine, and not
The nakedness and nullity of air,
Fit only for a voice to float in free."

Yet these mute myriads did not make him "believe one whit less in belief, take truth for falsehood," nor cry for bread alone.

"Not bread alone, but bread before all else
For these; the bodily want serve first," said I."

Here is a hint to help those dwellers in a great city who are distracted by widely varying calls for their help. Men need help in intellectual life, in morals, in religion. The richest in money are often poorest in inner life. And yet so long as there are "men with the wives and women with the babes, and all these making suit to only live," why, then, "The bodily want serve first," say I, and keep up the charity section in your church, even if the Browning club languish. For if the body be not cared for in

"Earth's space and the lifetime,
Where is the good of body having been?"

He will

"Resolve to let my body live its best,
And leave my soul what better yet may be
Or not be, in this life or afterward."

It would be too long to describe how Hohenstiel-Schwangau carries out his aims, in spite of many temptations from Sagacity to secure present good at the sacrifice of the future, to

"Imperil, for a problematic cure
Of grievance on the surface, any good
I' the deep of things, dim yet discernible."

This is his answer:

"Least, largest, there's one law for all the minds,
Here or above; be true at any price!
'Tis just o' the great scale, that such happy stroke
Of falsehood would be found a failure."

Though a believer in peace, and describing the "Jingo" temper with indignation, he finds war necessary.

"Hear the truth, and bear the truth,
And bring the truth to bear on all you are
And do, assured that only good comes thence,
Whate'er the shape good take! While I have rule,
Understand!—war for war's sake, war for the sake
O' the good war gets you as war's sole excuse,
Is damnable and damned shall be."

But

"For truth and right and only right
And truth,—right, truth, on the absolute scale of God,
No pettiness of man's admeasurement,
In such case only, and for such one cause
Fight your hearts out, whatever fate betide
Hands energetic to the uttermost!
Lie not! Endure no lie which needs your heart
And hand to push it out of mankind's path!"

That has a ring like our Lowell's "To front a lie in arms and not to yield." And thus he governed.

"For the many first,
The poor mean multitude, all mouths and eyes;
Bid the few, better favored in the brain,
Be patient, nor presume on privilege,
Help him, or else be quiet,—never crave
That he help them, increase, forsooth, the gulf
Yawning so terribly 'twixt mind and mind
I' the world here, which his purpose was to block
At bottom, were it by an inch, and bridge,
If by a filament, no more, at top."

Thus he did his part;

"The man's, with might
And main, and not a faintest touch of fear,
Sure he was in the hand of God, who comes
Before and after, with a work to do
Which no man helps nor hinders."

FLORENCE F. GRISWOLD.

THE idea that education is dangerous to religion and morals is the fear of a timorous and sceptical person, who secretly suspects that religion and morality have no solid basis, and that if too much light is let in, people will find it out. It is half-education that is dangerous. It was a wise man who said that a little learning tends to make people sceptical, but profounder knowledge inclines them to faith.—*Woman's Journal*.

Give.

"Good Teacher, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" (Mark x: 17; Revised Version, marginal reading.) Jesus first repudiates the adjective "good," as savoring too much of worship. "None is good save one, even God." He does not tell the inquirer to believe, but "Thou knowest the commandments: Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor thy father and thy mother." These six commands pertain to the duties of man to his fellow man, or to morality. The other four commands, based on man's relation to Jehovah, are not mentioned.

According to Jesus, then, morality is the prime requisite to one who would "inherit eternal life." The closing passage in Mark makes belief the prime requisition; but even orthodox scholars confess that the passage is probably spurious, as any one can see by consulting the Revised Version. Satisfied with the good morals of the man, Jesus "loved him," and said unto him, "One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor." What was lacking? Not morals, but love. He had been a hard-faced, strictly just and in every way moral and a worshiping man; but had not concerned himself for poverty-ground humanity. He had grown rich in a land where poverty constrained men to pray "Give us this day our daily bread"—no provisions in the cellar and no money in the bank (very different from the case of the well-to-do, who now use that prayer three times on Sunday) and where people were so poor that if a woman lost a little piece of money she lighted a candle and searched till she found it, and then called in her neighbors, saying, "rejoice with me for I have found the piece which was lost."

This man, then, though moral and a worshiper of Jehovah, had never learned love's lesson, that "It is more blessed to give than receive." He would not take a penny more than belonged to him; neither would he give one that did belong to him. Jesus tells him that if he would live on in blessed memory in future ages, he must build himself a monument, not with stone, but with self-sacrificing deeds. As Stephen Girard lives to-day by Girard College, and J. Lewis Smithson by the Smithsonian Institute, and Peter Cooper by the Cooper Institute; as Jesus, himself, and Buddha live to-day in the thoughts and hearts of millions, so this man, if he would immortalize himself, must do it by the same means, and the only means, which in a good sense immortalizes other men, viz.; self-sacrifice. Give. Sell and give.

PERRY MARSHALL.

Resistance or Non-Resistance.

In an extract from Prof. E. D. Cope, published in *UNITY*, some time ago, I find these words: "If resistance to evil were more general, the world would be better." I say unto you, "Resist not evil," are the word of Jesus. Now do Jesus and Professor Cope teach antagonistic doctrines? If so, I must accept the teachings of Jesus rather than of Professor Cope. Did not the Shakers resist evil in the most effectual manner, and in the spirit of the precepts of Jesus, when, in their early history, they faced their persecutors, not with swords and clubs in their hands, but with stern and stinging rebuke, telling their persecutors that they were contending against the spirit of truth, against the teachings of Jesus, against their own sense of right, when they scourged, imprisoned, fined and tortured them for no crime of theirs, for no harm they had done, or wished to do, but because they worshipped God according to the dictates of their own conscience, and taught the members of their community to obey to the letter the precepts of Christ? It seems that this kind of resistance towards their enemies and persecutors proved effectual in quelling their hate and enmity, and soon made them their defenders and friends. We wish that Professor Cope would explain the exact methods we are to adopt in resisting evil. Are we to resist evil by doing evil? Is the old Mosaic code, "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," to be practiced now that Jesus has given us a different and, as we think, a better rule to go by? J. S. B.

Philanthropy.

If anything ail a man so that he does not perform his functions, if he has a pain in his bowels, even—for that is the seat of sympathy—he forthwith sets about reforming the world. Being a microcosm himself, he discovers—and it is a true discovery, and he is the one to make it—that the world has been eating green apples; to his eyes, in fact, the globe itself is a great green apple, which there is danger, awful to think of that the children of men will nibble before it is ripe; and straightway his drastic philanthropy seeks out the Esquimaux and the Patagonian, and embraces the populous Indian and Chinese villages; and thus, by a few years of philanthropic activity, the powers in the meanwhile using him for their own ends, no doubt, he cures himself of his dyspepsia, the globe acquires a faint blush on one or both of its cheeks, as if it were beginning to be ripe, and life loses its crudity and is once more sweet and wholesome to live.

I believe that what so saddens the reformer is not his sympathy with his fellows in distress, but, though he be the holiest son of God, is his private aid. Let this be righted, let the spring come to him, the morning rise over his couch, and he will forsake his generous companions without apology.

If, then, we would indeed restore mankind by truly Indian botanic, magnetic, or natural means, let us first be as simple and well as Nature ourselves, dispel the clouds which hang over our own brows, and take up a little life into our pores. Do not stay to be an overseer of the poor, but endeavor to become one of the worthies of the world.

—Henry D. Thoreau.

To do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one national act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass to the property man, and look after Lazarus at the door-step. For there is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church that ever was, or ever shall be.—*Ruskin*.

A New Version.

The child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," seems to regard "the Lord" as a stranger, certainly not as a relative. It puts fear of death into the mind of the little one, and that at the most unfavorable hour, if it were ever allowable, and suggests a doubt in regard to the child's well-being in case death should occur in sleep. Our little ones have used the following, which I offer, instead of the time-honored "Now I lay me:"

Now my Father, while I sleep,
Kindly watch-care o'er me keep;
When I wake in morning light,
Help me live the day aright.
Ever trusting in thy care,
May I feel thee everywhere;
I would see thy loving face,
I would thank thee for thy grace.

P. M.

Record of Virtue.

William Bijlborough, an obscure member of Spurgeon's church, had a heart full of sincere though unobtrusive religion, and will be gratefully remembered by many women. In a back street he kept a second-hand furniture shop, in the window of which he placed the following notice: "Any poor and unfortunate sister that requires a good home, will she kindly inquire within?" He was the means of rescuing many, and he preserved a record of one hundred and forty-eight who persevered and are now honest women.—*Journal of Woman's Work*.

THE UNITY CLUB.

The Trial and Death of Socrates.

Continued from last week and concluded.

THIRD EVENING—"PHÆDO."

"That man should be of good courage about his soul, who, having adorned her with no foreign ornaments, but with those which alone befit her,—moderation and justice and courage and freedom and truth,—thus awaits his journey to the world below, ready to set forth whenever the voice of fate shall call him."

"Bury me just as you please, if you only get hold of me."

(1) *Grammar Words.* Noble sentences of the dialogue, from memory. A round-the-class exercise.

(2) *Notes and Queries.* Short oral explanations with reference to *Æsop*; *Greek Slaves*; the classic idea of *Suicide*; the *Greek Mysteries*; and what did Socrates mean by his last request?

(3) *Paper.* "Journeys to Purgatory, Heaven and Hell—by non-Christians and Christians."

See "Illustrations" at end of first volume of Longfellow's "Dante;" and Alger's "History of the Doctrine of a Future Life." Also at the close of Plato's "Republic," the story of Er and the revelation made to him.

After-talk.—Does metempsychosis seem to you unlikely? The immortality of brutes,—why not? What think you about personal pre-existence?

Read part of Wordsworth's ode,—*"Intimation;"* etc.

(4) *Paper.* "Plato's 'Phædo' and Emerson's 'Immortality.'"

The two essays analyzed and compared.

(5) *Discussion and Readings.*

(a) The fear of death: do many fear it? Who fear it most? Is the fearlessness of it proportioned to clearness of belief in immortality?

Read Robert Browning's "Prospice."

(b) Is our assurance of immortality—or our doubt of it—an instinct or a reasoned theory? What is your name for the assurance—is it hope, belief, faith, or knowledge?

(c) Which class of reasonings most confirms your faith,—The evidence appealing to the senses? (Jesus's resurrection, mediums, etc.)

Or the possibilities which physical science suggests? (Etherial bodies, evolution, etc. Such books as Tait and Stewart's "Unseen Universe," Fiske's "Destiny of Man," Stockwell's "Evolution of Immortality.")

Or arguments based on the nature of the Soul,—its instincts and powers? (Plato's, Emerson's, Wordsworth's, etc.)

Or those depending on the Moral Law? (Justice due to our implanted longings and our love; the law of compensation, etc.; the goodness of God.)

Read the close of Emerson's "Threnody." Does George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" satisfy you? And what say you to Matthew Arnold's sonnet, "Immortality?"

If the class will spend a second evening on this subject, Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and Robert Browning's "La Saisiaz," might each be made the theme of a paper and discussion.

FOURTH EVENING.—THE INFLUENCE OF SOCRATES.

"Such was the end of our friend, a man whom we may well call, of all men known to us of our day, the best, and, besides, the wisest and the most just."

(1) *Bible Resemblances.*—A round-the-class exercise. Those who have noted passages in the three dialogues akin to Bible words now compare their lists in the class.

After-talk. Is Christianity in all respects the higher faith? Take the question on three sides,—as to moral ideals, the thought of God, and the thought of immortality.

(2) *Paper.* "Socrates the Teacher, and his Influence."

His *Subject*: in what sense was he "parens philosophia?"—His *method* of "intellectual obstetrics;" his "two innovations;" in what sense was he "father of science?" Socrates and Bacon.—His *theory of ethics*, "virtue is knowledge." Was he a "utilitarian?" His *moral ideals*.—In what did his greatness lie? His place among the world's great thinkers.

After-talk.—Was the oracle right? Did he over-estimate his "mission?"

(3) *Tributes to Socrates.* What does the world think of him? Read short tributes.

For instance, what does Plato say of him at end of the "Phædo?" And Xenophon at end of the "Memorabilia?" And Cicero, in "Tusculan Disputations," v. 4? And John Stuart Mill, in his essay on "Liberty?" Grote, in his "History of Greece," VIII., 457, 488? Stanley, in his "History of the Jewish Church," III., 245, 252? Emerson, in the Plato chapter of "Representative Men?" etc.

(4) *Paper.* "Socrates and Jesus."

Compared as to outward circumstances; as to character; as teachers; as martyrs on trial and in death; as sources of influence.

After-talk.—Do you agree with your essayist? (All should read beforehand parts of the "Memorabilia" of Socrates, and re-read the Sermon on the Mount and the account of Jesus' trial and death, in the Gospels.)

THE STUDY TABLE.

Idols and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley.—By John James Piatt. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25

Mr. Piatt has done wisely in here collecting in one volume the poems bearing directly on western life, for he is pre-eminently the poet of the Ohio valley. The local color is perfect in every idyl, yet the whole landscape is bathed in "the light that never was on sea or land." Mr. Piatt's metres are severely simple; his effects are unstudied; he has the gift of seeing the poetry in everyday life. As direct and natural as Wordsworth, his is the subtle instinct the other sometimes lacks, which discriminates between the common and the commonplace.

The atmosphere of the book is the atmosphere of Indian summer, of dreamy reverie, of tender pathos, best illustrated by his own perfect quatrain, "Torchlight in Autumn:"

I lift this sumach bough with crimson flare,
And, touched with subtle pangs of dreamy pain,
Through the dark wood a torch I seem to bear
In Autumn's funeral train.

A. W. B.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. A Symposium. New York: T. Whittaker, Bible House. Cloth, pp. 243.

This volume contains the following chapters: Ethnic Inspiration, by Archdeacon Farrar, D.D.; Ancient Egyptian Systems, by George Rawlinson, M.A.; Ancient Canaanite Religions, by Rev. William Wright, D.D.; Earlier Hellenic Religions, by Rev. Edwin Johnson, M.A.; The Jewish Faith, by Rabbi G. J. Emanuel, B.A.; Islam and Christianity, by Sir William Muir; Buddhism and Christianity, by T. W. Rhys-Davids, LL. D., Ph. D.; Ancient Scandinavian Religion, by Hon. Rasmus B. Anderson; Positivism as a Religion, by Prof. J. Radford Thomson, M. A.; The One Purely Moral Religion, by Rev. W. Nicolson, M.A.

The character of this book is guaranteed by the writers of its chapters. It is very interesting, full of information, and generally broad and catholic in its treatment of the subjects above mentioned. The book is a reprint of articles originally published in the *Homiletic Magazine*. It will prove of value to all students of comparative religion.

A Garland for Girls. By Louise M. Alcott. Roberts Brothers: Boston. Price, \$1.25.

A collection of short stories. Each story is woven about the flower from which it takes its name. The lessons of self-sacrifice and kindness to others contained in these stories cannot fail to help the youthful readers, so earnestly are they presented by the author, who has endeared herself to girls.

UNITY CHURCH-DOOR PULPIT.

Love.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. J. LL. JONES, AT CHICAGO,
JANUARY 15, 1888.

(Published by the Congregation.)

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—MICAH vi: 8.

II.

"TO LOVE MERCY."

"To love mercy." This is the second prophetic requirement of religion as stated by Micah. Without stopping to discuss texts and words I take this phrase at its largest, and will let it stand for love. This is another of those great words that can not be tethered. It refuses to be harnessed with any intellectual gear that the mind of man can shape for it. Like religion, it is one of the great verities that defies definition, because it is so intimate and integral a part of our life. It reaches deeper than experience can fathom and stretches higher than observation can follow. I will not attempt this morning to do what my betters have so often failed to do, viz.,—to shape the philosophy of love; no, I can neither analyze nor define it. Like the woman in the story who found her wholeness by touching the hem of the garment of that high embodiment of love whom we all do honor, I will be content if I may touch here and there the hem of love's ample garment, and be strengthened thereby. I will attempt first a few descriptive sentences; second, to discover a few of the obstacles in the way of love as an element in the religious life; third, point out a few of the signs of that love that is religion, or that religion which is love.

First,—remember what I have said before so often: I abandon the fruitless attempts at definitions here as elsewhere in the domain of religion. Not from emptiness, but from fullness, not because it is vague, but because it is overwhelming. Not because it is shadowy and intangible, but because it is substantial, that which stands under, the foundations that are ever out of sight if adequate. The quality of mercy which the prophet had in mind is that love which is too real for demonstration. At the risk of reiterating my words of last Sunday, I again say, that it is only the detached fragments of the universe, that which is remote from ourselves, that yield ready definitions and arrange themselves promptly in our classifications. The great cosmic realities, gravitation, electricity, spirit, thought, love, God, are known only as they touch us by first-hand connection; they are things of revelation not of definition, they are discovered only through experience; searching them we miss them so often; not finding them they are with us. Nay, we are of them, in them. We see the planets waltzing through the graceful changes of the heavenly dance, ever being precipitated one upon the other, but never colliding. We feel ourselves held solidly to our place, and trustingly resign ourselves to sleep in the arms of a force to which, in order to cover our ignorance, we give the name "gravitation." We thankfully accept the message that drops from the lightning-tipped pen, and shape our conduct accordingly; we seek another screen to hide our ignorance, and call the messenger electricity. This word in the hands of the most skillful scientist is like the pigeon-hole in your desk marked "miscellaneous," into which you put all papers that defy classification. The callow birdling in his nest feels the helpful ray and grows strong of wing in the heat of the sun, yet the closest student and greatest philosopher has been unable to wrest from that ray its innermost secret. So is it with love—one of the most intimate and universal experiences of life; nay, as the etymology of the word would perhaps indicate, it is life itself, and on this account it eludes the crucible of the dictionary-maker; whatever it is, it is one of the superlative forces in religion. It is the cement of his-

tory. It is the gravitation of the spirit that binds each to all. It is that which puts a moral meaning into everything. It is the glow from the central sun that warms everything. It is the radiance that touches with a wild and strange beauty the dank-est marsh and lights up the gloomiest forest. It is that which can flood the poorest soul with joy and make rich the most barren life. Love shelters without walls, love builds homes where no architect has reared them. Love sanctifies altars where no ceremonial waters have been sprinkled by priestly hands. Love makes a church where no spire is. It consecrates its priesthood without the help of bishop hands. Love commissions prophets who refuse to sign the creeds, and tips with inspiration words thrown out of glowing hearts in every clime and by every people. Love, and love alone makes worship spontaneous, heaven a present reality, every truth a treasure, and God an attraction instead of a terror,—a reality embedded in all real things, a presence in every present verity of matter and mind. Love is that positive force that polarizes all other forces; without it truth becomes a falsehood and justice tumbles over into injustice.

But why waste time in trying to describe that which you already know better than any description? Why try to characterize that the signs of which are manifest in every character? What is love? I do not know. But it is the anxiety which I see in the mother's eye and the tenderness in the father's touch. It twines the child's arm about your neck; it presses the little face close against the window pane, and keeps it waiting and watching there. It is that which binds distant hearts in close embrace, and, by its subtle existence, makes light burdens of heavy tasks and makes heroic hearts that, without it, would be draped with cowardice. Let me carry this search still closer to the earth. The love that is the requirement of God—an essential element of religion—is that which makes faithful the dog that clings through life to the dissolute man, which bends the neck of the faithful horse to receive the caresses of a child. That power that makes the most timid bird brave to fight for her brood is one in essence with that power that carries the soul in its unspeakable longings toward the Infinite. It is one with the thirst for the ineffable,—man's passion for things eternal. When we think of the distance which this Ineffable and the Eternal is away from us, we call it God; but when by love's light we are conscious of the nearness of these things, we call it our Father, and when we have the fullness of this mercy, this love, the "Our Father" breaks like the jet of water in the fountain into a thousand pearly words—wife, husband, son, daughter, brother, sister, dear, darling: every accent of endearment, every touch of tenderness is a confession of faith in God, a movement of spirit in prayer. It is the "Our Father" prayer reduced to the vernacular of home and our daily needs. In this way is the old inspiration of our Bible-maker verified in the new experiences of to-day. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "He that loveth not is not of God." The truest and most searching name of Deity is that of love. Our homeliest experience justifies Paul's rhapsody, in which all gifts of knowledge and of prophecy are subordinated to the gifts of love.

The Dakota farmers, who last week wandered through the blinding blizzard tied together with ropes in search of missing school children, justified Paul's saying: "Greater than faith and hope is love." Without love, faith's anchor-cable snaps; without love the song of hope is hushed.

"Love God and man,—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well beloved preach."

I turn now to my second task, and try to enumerate some of the obstacles in the way of this religion of love. First, I think one of the most common perplexities is the persistent assumption, born out of a crude philosophy, that love springs from some fractional part of human nature called the heart, which fraction is ever arraying itself against another fraction of human nature called the head. Much of our religious

thought is based on this assumed antagonism. It proceeds on the theory that justice is in perpetual conflict with love, and that this conflict is carried into the very center of the godhead. The old rhetoric of the pulpit used to draw vivid pictures of the great debate in the council chambers of heaven, in which justice and love figured as the rival disputants for the possession of man. This desperate dispute was not settled until Jesus came forward and decided the case in favor of love by appeasing justice with his precious blood. God is love, says the prophetic voice. "Aye," groans the theologian, "but He is just also;" and deals with the problem as though these two words represented the irreconcilable sides of a paradox. All this degrades sentiment into sentimentality. That is a false judgment that assumes for one moment that it is possible to be just without being loving, or that it is possible to be loving and at the same time to be unjust. The experience of humanity, as well as the largest generalization of science, proves that love and justice are not foes, but friends; nay, there are not two of them, but one. They are the two syllables in one word. Love is the emphasis of justice; it is the divine seal that makes authoritative, executive the decrees of judgment. Justice establishes the balance, the even poise between atom and atom, between neighbor and neighbor, between man and woman, between humanity and God—and love causes these forces to clinch and hold. One is impossible without the other. Material atoms are nicely poised by the balances of attraction and repulsion, but it takes fervid heat to fuse these particles into solid rock and precious metal. Justice holds human beings to the nice balance of rights and duties in a moral universe; love touches this balance with a heat that melts all into one supreme interest. Love is justice in earnest; it is duty changed into a privilege, obligation glorified into an opportunity. Justice says, you must do this; love says, of all things this is what I desire to do. Justice constructs the engine, fits the parts and lays the track; love builds the fire under the boiler, and it goes. Love is justice with the bandage torn off her eyes. O, but you say, love is blind. I do not believe it. Injustice is; reckless passion is blind, but love is illuminated,—it is all eye. No one feels so keenly the short-comings of a child as the mother that bore him, save that one that loves the child more than mother. No, love is not inanity; it is no sentimentalist, it is divinely stern. It will use the cruel knife and guide it through quivering flesh, if thereby the insidious cancer can be removed. Love can hurt when hurting is helpful. It will not curse the loved one with any pitiable dole of pity. That is the severest chastisement, as so many of us have realized, that which is administered in tears. Every patient knows that the loving surgeon has a stern touch; he handles the broken limb with a firm hand. Judgment is the material with which love builds her most enduring fabrics. Well does the poet say—

"The learned eye is still the loving one."

You find me a full heart, and I will find not far away a large head to feed the fires of that heart. O, we little know how strong is love, how deliberate and reliant is love. I remember with awful vividness that long sick, helpless day at Corinth, where I lay at the outer edge of the battle, where the wasted waves of carnage broke incessantly around my feet. I saw strong men in those amateur days with blanched faces grow weak by the sight of torn limbs and mangled corpses. I saw the knife drop from the nerveless fingers of incipient surgeons as they stood appalled by the flow of patriot blood; when the frail form of a woman, a seeming shadow among the large-limbed men rushed forward, grasped the severed artery, staid once more the crimson flow, and summoned back to duty the bigger, though the weaker vessels at her side, she was the stronger because she loved the more. The poet's dictum is equally true when reversed: "The loving eye is still the learned one." When the hot breath of the advancing flame drives back the stalwart fireman, a mother rushes into the red hot jaws of the flames, gropes her way through smoke and falling timber to the child, and returns triumphantly with it in her arms. She loved more, hence her

stronger judgment. I do not forget my last Sunday's sermon, and I hope you do not. Justice is still the paramount thing in religion. It is piety unimpaired with selfishness; but justice would ever fail of fruition were not love ever near to enforce its behests. Let me repeat, love is justice in earnest. Love is right militant, is truth active; it is religion in the concrete, it is embodied piety, it is faith in a life not faith in a creed,—it is life. Away, then, with that mediæval phantom that is afraid that love will interfere with justice, and is suspicious of its power in the world. The honor of men and the rights of women are safe in the stern hands of love, and they are safe nowhere else. Love, when asked by justice, promptly draws on the steel gauntlet, and, if need be, most dexterously it can use the sword.

"Till out strode Gismond: then I knew
That I was saved. I never met
His face before; but, at first view,
I felt quite sure that God had set
Himself to Satan. Who would spend
A minute's mistrust on the end?"

"And e'en before the trumpet's sound
Was finished, prone lay the false knight,
Prone as his lie, upon the ground:
Gismond flew at him, used no sleight
O' the sword, but open-breasted drove,
Cleaving till out the truth he clove."

The common conception of love in religion is, I think, that the prodigal when he went away from home left love behind him. Love staid on the farm to feed the calf, that it might be ready for the dinner when the wayward returned; but the truer conception is that love went with that bad boy and staid with him. It was love that parted him from his gold, made hard his bed, and tore into shreds his garments. Love made bitter the husks and still more bitter his reflections among the swine. Love was just as active in wringing tears out of his debauched life as it was in changing his penitential rags for the best robe of hope and endeavor. I repeat, then, that this essential element of religion, this tremendous power that is to influence men and women into noble deeds and high living, is no maidenly inanity that faints at the sight of a tear, that will veil the eye of justice with a glamor of pity, or will pinion the arm of justice with any bandage of mercy,—because the arm of justice is the arm of love; there is but one arm for this one verity. Cut this body in two, and neither part, no, nor both parts put together again by any contrivance is ever a human body; so with the soul,—dismember it and you destroy it. Take the head out of religion, and you have no heart left in it worth speaking of. Your sentiment will grow into sentimentality, and your affections will end in affectation. And take love out of religion, take feeling out of the soul, and you have no justice left; you have only a cold stone image which you call justice, which will make the very multiplication table lie, and the Golden Rule cruel.

A second obstacle to the religion of love is logically connected with this one we have been discussing. The crude metaphysics that dissected the soul of man, put love and justice into antagonism, of course has passed over into theology. It has enthroned above a cruel divinity, and this God reacts upon the men and women who worship him. So long as men are taught of a jealous, vengeful God, so long will the hearts of his worshipers be sullen and morose, so long will they, in sullen imitation of their God, continue to hate and persecute. To such all the fires of the sun will fail to make a cheerful glow of this sunny world of ours. While the highest conception of being that men carry about with them in their bosoms is of one who, in his infinite wisdom of finite weaknesses, still persists in tossing the poorest and weakest of his creatures into any form of deathless damnation, so long will such men hate without reason, condemn without mercy, resent without judgment, distrust the forces that cradle them, and reject the messengers of the most high that are sent to them. So long will they try to divorce justice from love and so lose both. And their lives will continue to remain miserable. But when men will learn that the reins of the universe are held in im-

partial hands, that all the tumultuous play of forces, from the seethings of a volcano up to the eruptions of a French Revolution, ever tends to make mind, free mind—that is, minds unobstructed on the lines of their larger evolution, minds permitted to move on the lines of their greatest opportunity and highest estimate—then will they gather courage in the turmoil and find peace in the conflict. When men learn that there is one tender solicitude for the growth of life and the development of soul, reaching from the protozoan, who measures one one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, up through Shakespeare to the highest archangel wherever he may be, they will learn to condemn not, and with the loving justice of him who uncomplainingly endured the cross and bade men go “sin no more” they will work and wait with that cheerfulness that is both just and loving. While pulpit or creed teach of a jealous God solicitous for his own glory, so long will religion remain to some minds a sort of a spiritual sulky, two-wheeled and single-seated, in which they try to win heaven for themselves. But when they realize that all the forces of God are friendly forces, that, as Emerson says, the universe takes care of the culture of the boy who tries to do his duty, that all the experiences of life, bitter and sweet, if properly understood and rightly utilized are conducive to excellence, then will the lives of men become more and more loving, and they will carry benedictions wherever they go. The worst atheism is a belief in a bad God, because it breeds hatred, wrath and jealousy, and these are to life what darkness is to light, what cold is to heat,—the absence of them.

“O Father of All,
Thou lovest all! Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to thee.
All souls are thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that presence which is everywhere
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.”

A third barrier in the way of the religion of love is found in our crude faith in the superior power of the physical. We still are children of our barbarian ancestry and believe tremendously in outward facts to the neglect of inward verities. The thought that brute violence is more terrible than anything else still lingers in the preaching of to-day, and it forms the practical creed of too many of us. My friend admits to me that this religion of love is a very desirable thing among cultivated and right-minded people, that he himself finds food in none other, but that it has little power over the vicious and no terror for the sinner; consequently he pays his money to the support of the church that deals still in some hell-fire tortures for the benefit of the ignorant, the vicious and the depraved. There are plenty of preachers who will conscientiously tip a knowing wink to the wise ones in their congregation, and say: “God can not be as bad as our creed; there may be even a probationary chance for a heathen after death. But it is best to keep the fires of hell alive yet in the public mind as a protection to morals, even though they may not exist anywhere else.” Somebody won fame during our great war by saying that hell had become a military necessity while treason lasted. “Rule by love if you can, but if you fail, rule anyhow,” is the practical instruction, I suppose, to most of our school-teachers.” As if love was not the most force-full of all the forces, as if it is not the most stern of all stern. Love is the right arm of omnipotence. Where it goes it must triumph because it is enkindled right, it is justice red hot, it is truth with the steam up. Love tames the wildest horse, the most skillful horsemen know no other power; love domesticates the eagle, makes a pet of the panther, causes the lion to withdraw his fangs, and makes his paws as harmless as a silken glove. Is the lowest and weakest savage less amenable to the religion of mercy and the forces of love than these. Shakespeare and Robert Browning notwithstanding, I believe that there is no Caliban wearing the remotest semblance of humanity but that can be reached by love, and when reached can be lifted up and quickened by love. When love fails to control an unruly life, to discipline a lawless school, to manage a turbulent populace, then hate and wrath may well give over the task. Of course I mean no rose-water sensibility, no limp tenderness, but I mean the

strong, heartfelt grasp that brings to bear every movement of the mind and applies the latest dictates of wisdom and knowledge. I mean the love that is clear-eyed to see all deformities and to see also the flickering sparks of goodness and righteous ambition in the darkest recesses.

Now for our fourth undertaking,—What are the signs of this great religion of love? First, last and always, love makes religion helpful, it shames the soul out of a whining concern for its own salvation, it fills it with a noble yearning for the salvation of others. The selfish, “What shall I do to be saved?” of the revival room is changed into the sublime prayer of forgetfulness, “What can I do to save?” Love gives the weakest something to do,—makes a work-bench for the most helpless. Usefulness is the watchword of the religion of love. Its devotees prefer, like the robin, the *Bron-rhydden*, the “scorched-breast” of the fable to burn their bosoms in carrying drops of cold water to cool the parched tongues of those who writhe in the lowest hell, rather than have a seat in the high galleries of heaven where, in uninterrupted idleness, they may listen to harping seraphs and choir-ing cherubs.

Love brings trustfulness; the loving soul is a confiding one, for “perfect love casteth out fear.” However conflicting may be the “broken arcs” upon the earth, the religion of love teaches us to believe that they all conspire to make in some high “heaven the perfect round.” Failure itself is evidence that the soul is made for some fullness that can not fail. Love relates us to the ultimate purposes, gives us great zeal for the universal. Show me the man who is patient in the face of difficulties, tolerant in the face of opposition, broad in the face of narrowness, and I will show you the man who has a loving soul, and him I call religious, however undogmatic his thought and however unsatisfactory his creed may be.

The last sign of the religion of love I wish to speak of is cheerfulness, and this may well include all others. I challenge the religion of any man or woman who does not add something to the moral sunlight of the world. Such a religion has a poor right to exist, and the sooner it gets out of the world the better for the world. Religion has too long been allowed to drape itself in sable garbs. I believe that it is yet to appear that one of the most malignant forms of impiety is that which takes the form of the “blues.” I know that despondency may and does often spring from physical causes; I know what a burden is sometimes entailed upon us by our ancestry in this matter. But it behooves us to learn that such a disposition, however we may come by it, carries with it terrible moral results, and we must, each and all of us, hold ourselves morally responsible for depreciating the spiritual life about us. Cheerfulness is the oxygen in the spiritual air, breathing which vitalizes the blood and invigorates the life of the soul, while despondency and discouragement is to the soul what malaria is to the body,—a subtle, pervasive poison, which baffles the physician’s skill, and is the starting point of the diseases that infect modern life. Are you cross and petulant? The doctor may tell you you have a torpid liver, and he is right; but I also tell you that you may have a torpid heart, an inactive head. Your life is wanting in love. And I, also, am right, and some day the doctor and I will agree about your case, and we must compound our prescriptions before the difficulty is reached. Is mankind ungracious; do things conspire against us? Oh, let us look within and find our barrenness, see how naked are the walls of the soul. Then let us open wide our eyes; let us look around us, about us, beneath us, everywhere, and see that the world is full of throbbing, vigorous, beautiful, growing life. Let us take some of this into our own life and enlarge the boundaries of our being. When we cease to hate we forget to mourn. The only pessimism to be dreaded is that born out of unloving lives. Don’t accuse me of preaching the easy gospel of the healthy to the fortunate,—I confront the facts of a poverty-stricken world. The day is cold and it means misery. I know the grave and the sick bed is in the world. I have felt the touch of grim hands; I know the

weight of burdens, and it is in the face of these that I still say that life does not warrant the funeral garb, the sepulchral tone and the downcast eye that do so frequent the altars of religion, because love is capable of lightening all these burdens, and mellowing all these sorrows. Love has enabled souls to turn from new-made graves to sing and to teach others to sing, "How beautiful it is to be alive!" Love has made the sick-chamber a larger world of usefulness and joy than the halls of mirth and revelry; and many a poor man in this world has, by the power of love, made a home in the world which the capitalist, with his millions, lacking love, has failed to do. The log cabin of the one is a sunny spot in the landscape; the stately column, reared of polished marble, of the other, is as a gloomy presence, chilling and darkening the horizon.

For your concluding question, the one I ask so often in this pulpit,—ask, that I may have a chance to answer it, I have no new answer to those who are accustomed to hear me preach—How am I to obtain this love, this divine passion for justice?

I would like to love God, but I do not know Him. I have sought Him, but can not find Him. Again your failure comes in trying to grasp this cosmic law of unity. Our little systems attempt to divide the indivisible, to separate the inseparable. We talk of divine love as though it was something from human love. I tell you, the love of God is the love of man, and they are interchangeable terms, or rather both of them phrases thrown out toward a reality big enough to include both. The affections of heaven are not opposed to the affections of earth. I know not how to divide and classify this sublimest passion of the human soul. You can not cut it up into kinds and say one is good and the other bad, if you do not even know what the phrase "love to God" means;—very well, love mankind; take your age and race into affectionate embrace. Again you reply: "I would, if I could, but I can not. Men are so vulgar, women so flippant, humanity so low, taken in bulk, I do not like it." Very well; cherish profoundly your affections for husband or wife, son or daughter, father or mother. "But I have no father or mother, no brother or sweetheart." Very well; love your dog; take into your heart a canary bird or a rose-bush, if there is room for nothing more. You remember the misanthropic prisoner, in that charming little French story of "Picciola," who won his way back to his home, his country, his kind and his God through the help of the little flower that pushed its way up through the cracks in the stone pavement in the prison yard. Begin there, and you have a bit of the love that is divine—you have found so much of God. Put your reading, your wisdom, your affection into "the meanest flower that blows," and it will give you thoughts too deep for tears, until at last, like Schiller, you will "want to take the world" into your arms and kiss it. You will find that you can not do justice to the wife that you do love, unless you have a thought for the beggar boy in Bombay. The tears of a child over the dead body of a pet bird spring from the same fountains of love as that which will one day cause her to brood children, croon over grandchildren, to reach out into the neighborhood, to all the world, to look up into the unfathomable depths and feel the real presence of the Father above all and beneath all, in whom "we live and move and have our being." Begin anywhere and love anything with the wisdom of a rational being and the inspiration of justice in your soul, and you love God. "You loved the child too much, so God took it away from you, lest you make an idol of it to His exclusion," is the way preachers used to talk. I decline to reverence such a God, and devoutly deny His existence. Commend me rather to the lowly piety of the gentle Cowper, who said, "I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." The religion of love does not necessitate the rhapsodical piety difficult to understand and seldom experienced, though far be it from me to deny the reality of such; but it is the obedience to the simple, natural impulses of human nature; it is the discharging aright of your func-

tions as a factor in the home, as a neighbor and as a citizen. Thus inevitably you become a member of the household of humanity, a grateful inheritor of the past, a diligent contributor to the future. And this is religion.

THE HOME.

Snow Bound.

Inside one's home, with plenty of fuel, food and light is a very comfortable place to be snow bound. We felt this, and did not complain when looking from our windows on Thursday, January 26, we saw the door-yard piled full, the barn doors blocked, and our once vine-clad sunny south door piled half its height with snow. Drift upon drift covered the walls, fences and the huge pile of wood in the yard. The snow was blown by the high wind into mammoth piles unknown in this region for years; all day the tempest raged, but our coal fire burned bright the while, and we had plenty of nuts and apples. These, with our reading and the work that willing hands ever find to do, made us quite contented.

Friday morning came, but no foot-track of either man or beast broke the smooth hillocks of pure white snow. The sun rose displaying millions of diamonds,—not black diamonds, dead and lusterless, as seen upon Chicago's snow, but ablaze with beauty. The expanse of pure, spotless snow, with a background of evergreen trees, would scarcely recognize with brotherliness the filthy snow of the city. Imagine the moonlight upon this scene of purity! 'Twas like a bride dressed for the altar. The smoke curled upward from our neighbors' chimneys, and through the still air we heard the lowing of their cattle and the cackling of their fowls. Our chore-boy dug a channel to the little shop across the yard, but ventured no farther, and spent the day building a rat trap. At night the howling wind shrieked and moaned through the tall fir trees in the yard. Never did the wind seem more angry. It spent itself at last, and Saturday morning it was calm; so from over the hill a mile away came young Parker, with snow-shoes on his feet and a shovel on his back, to help "break out."

Once again we were in communication with the outer world. No stage could scale the mountainous drifts, and our mail was brought from Concord (seven miles) on the back of our brave stage driver. Let those who have their mail placed upon their table daily, and who need only go round the corner to post a letter, think of us snowed in a mile away from the post-office. We watch eagerly for a neighbor going to the village, knowing that he will bring the mail for all the neighborhood.

This is a winter that calls for deeds, not words. God pity the poor!

SARAH M. BAILEY.

HOPKINTON, N. H.

A Boy's Prayer.

Omaha Mamma—"There now, stop chattering and say your prayer."
Little Son—"Make sister shut up so I can. Say, mamma, can"—
"I told you to stop talking."
"I know. Can you—"
"Say your prayers!"
"Yes, I'm goin' to. Now I layedowntosleep I prayth' Lordmysoul tokeepif Ishoulddie before awakelprayth' Lordmesoultotake say mamma, can you move your ears?"

The above is clipped from the *Household Monthly*. There is many a mother who questions whether it is of any use to compel her boy to do a thing continuously which he neither understands nor cares for in the least. Yet she might not be troubled with doubts when insisting that he hang his cap in the hall, always, when he comes into the house, even if he didn't care to, nor understand why it wasn't just as well to toss it on the parlor sofa; or, when steadily insisting upon his prompt and regular attendance at school, as he grows older; upon good manners and honest performance in everything. In time the habits become a part of himself, and the meaning which lies behind them gradually sinks into his life, shaping it for better or worse.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Philadelphia.—The members of the Germantown church made Friday evening, the 10th, notable by a celebration of the fifth anniversary of the installation of their present minister. Every reception in which the heart shares is of course successful, but I think this one to Mr. Clifford, which seemed to witness an almost unanimous rejoicing in his spiritual methods and success at Germantown, was, in some respects, unusual, and in all respects gratifying to those rightly informed as to the spontaneity of the offering. There was nothing parsimonious in the spirit with which the occasion was invested. The courtesies of invitation were spread generously to all the liberal societies, and, I believe, to at least many representatives of orthodox churches who could properly be approached. I recognized there myself familiar faces from the Ethical and Camden societies, as well as from the older churches, and the feeling throughout was cordial, as fitly might have been expected of any demonstration of fellowship with which Mr. Clifford, or any person who understood him, was in any way connected. There was nothing formal in the incidents of the evening. The decorations of the parlor, the feast spread in a neighboring room, the ever changing groups of interested talkers, gave simplicity and beauty its free way. Some absent members sent up from the south a remembrance of palmetto and palm leaves. Of the representatives of the societies, Messrs. Ames, Weston and Haskell were present. Although no stated recognition of the honor done him was given on the evening in question, Mr. Clifford preceded his sermon of the following Sunday with a few brief sentences expressive of his gratefulness. In conclusion, I should say that Mrs. Clifford's meed of influence this day, as in the general life of her husband, must be regarded as a factor which, though not to be defined, is too sure and large to be withheld from mention. The tribute was naturally to both, and had either been absent, there would have been a blunt point to the purpose of the reception. It is to be added, moreover, that the local papers, in so far as they noted the event at all, were awake to the evidences of large inclusiveness by which it was to be remembered.

H. L. T.

Fall River, Mass.—The Flower Mission started in the Unitarian church in this city has resolved one branch of its work into a charity organization for the city. The Browning class, limited to seventy-five, has reached a membership of sixty-eight.

San Francisco, Cal.—DEAR UNITY: It is a great delight to receive you every week. We have had the privilege, by invitation, of worshipping in the beautiful Temple Emanu-El until our new church be built—which, you will be happy to know, is to be free from debt. The annual meeting of the Unitarian church was very interesting. According to the report read, we are \$5,000 ahead of the "estimates," so far, and we are to have the finest and sweetest toned bell that can be bought, a present from Mr. John Perry, one of the early pillars of the church. The site is a choice one and the plan beautiful. The corner-stone was laid Christmas day—the same corner-stone and the only stone that was in the old church (which was of brick, stuccoed over so that nearly everybody thought it was of stone), with the same and added inclosures. The sarcophagus that contains Starr King's body is to be placed in the lot beside the new stone church.

Dr. Robert Collyer's sermon was grand, and the church was crowded the last time service was held there. You know what glorious sermons and lectures that greatest of living preachers freely gave us while he was here. He spared not himself, he was equal to every demand, soul-satisfying to the crowd that flocked to hear him,—an apostle of good. One lecture he gave to our Channing Auxiliary, and one collection our trustees gave to our society for Christian work. Each of these societies connected with our church has now \$1.00 on hand in the treasury.

The Oakland ladies said they had been greatly benefited by Doctor Collyer's preaching for their society. They are first and foremost in energy and achievement, and all good works. Rev. Mr. Wendte made a success of our Pacific Coast conference at Oakland,—you had the particulars. It was one of the most interesting I ever attended.

We are delighted that Hon. Horace Davis, so prominent in our church, so beloved in the Bible-class, so superior a speaker and scholar, is lately elected president of the University of California, and has accepted the position.

Dr. Stebbins gives us, as usual, fine sermons, morning and evening, and a lecture to our Channing religious class every fortnight at his home.

K. S. B.

Chicago.—Mr. Jones led the noon teachers' meeting. The lesson was the 15th chapter of Luke—three parables with one meaning. These incomparable parables were Jesus's answer to the charge of the Jews that he consorted with publicans and sinners. The question was asked, Is it right that one silver piece and one sheep should be of more value because lost than those which remain? Ought there to be more rejoicing over the recovery of the lost than over those that always were kept safe? This was answered mainly, No; yet allowance must be made for the keen and intense feeling aroused by experiences while they are new and fresh. Mr. Jones thought the elder son in the Prodigal Son stood for the Pharisaic party among the Jews.

—As the result of four weeks of "revival meetings," conducted upon a broad and non-sensational plan, the Rev. Mr. Conklin, pastor of the Universalist church on the west side, recently welcomed forty new members into his church.

—The Library Association of All Souls church was the recipient of a pleasant windfall the other day in the shape of a complete set of the Encyclopædia Britannica with Stoddart's "American" supplement, from W. H. Rand, Esq., chairman of the board of trustees of the Methodist church across the way. And now the niches on either side the "Unity mantel" in the parlor have realized the prophecy which they have heretofore represented. This gift is not only valuable for its own sake, accessible to any one, and useful to the increasing number of Unity Club workers and other students in the parish, but it is valuable as a pledge of fellowship, a symbol of the good will that overreaches church lines.

St. Cloud, Minn.—Unity church, of this place, was legally organized on February 11, and a board of nine trustees elected by the congregation.

Boston.—The Superintendents' and Teachers' Union will consider at their next meeting the subject of "Temperance in the Sunday-school." —Rev. Geo. L. Chaney, of Atlanta, Ga., last Sunday preached for Rev. J. F. Clarke, who is slightly ill. Mr. Chaney addressed the "Boston Association" on Monday, at the house of Rev. Doctor Cadner. His society is composed of families from the south, the north and the west, about one-third each. He finds large elements of strength and activity in that combination. In Atlanta there now exists very little prejudice against northern men and ways. That prejudice is fast wearing away, even in conservative towns like Aiken, S. C. The south own their need of northern co-operation in the now appreciated education of white and colored children, in feeding newly aroused religious thought, in introduction of the best literature, and in business development, as in commerce, farming, manufactures and mining. Northern Methodist or Presbyterian ministers are received less cordially than northern liberal clergymen. Orthodox ministers there are generally quite as liberal as the advanced evangelical preachers in the north. Since the war, all the people think more carefully, and are given to weighing opinions and ideas with a more accurate beam than before their great struggle.

Toledo, Ohio.—The growth of the new movement at this place continues. Recently it organized under the name of the "Church of Our Father," with the following Bond of Union: "We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, believing that we can better promote pure Christianity—love to God and love to man—by associating ourselves together as a religious society than we could in our individual capacities, unite in the interest of this cause and work. Recognizing the right of private judgment and the sacredness of individual conviction, we require no assent to any doctrinal statement, but welcome all who desire to co-operate with us in advancing the cause of rational thought, religious culture and right living."

Still Hebrews.—Moses Myervitz, of Nashville, Tenn., has published a physiological household handbook, in Hebrew, under the title, "Source of Life," for the benefit of those in this country who "read the Hebrew only, or in preference to any other language!" We supposed there were none such.

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Liverpool.—A leaflet advertising the February activities of the "Domestic Mission" managed by the Unitarians and led now by the Rev. T. Lloyd-Jones, is before us. This is the way the weeks run: *Sundays*—Children's religious service in the morning; evening, preaching service, "seats free and hymn-books provided." Books issued after Sunday evening service from the library. *Sunday-school* in the afternoon. Savings bank deposits received from the children after that service. *Mondays*—Temperance Society meeting; the programme of the month published. The Provident Society receives deposits of one penny and upward for two hours that day. *Tuesdays* there is Mothers' Meeting, Married Men's Class and Junior Singing Class. *Wednesdays* there is a Girls' Club, a shorthand class and religious service. *Thursdays* a musical and dramatic society meets, and there is a fife-learners' class. *Fridays* there is the Band of Hope and a Dorcas Society, and the Elder Scholars' Society; this last manages a printing press, runs a reading-room and administers the library of 1,000 volumes. All checks on the Provident Society paid. *Saturdays* the drum and fife band practice is suspended for the month. Helpers to distribute temperance tracts are called for, and the whole ends with the following rhymed tract, which may be the kind of thing which we ought to have in our "Short Tract" series to do duty with in America, and in certain quarters which our printed word seldom reaches. It is entitled "What Makes a Man," and runs as follows:

"Not numerous years nor lengthened life,
Not pretty children and a wife,
Not pins and chains and fancy rings,
Not any such like trumpery things;
Not pipe, cigar, nor bottled wine,
Nor liberty with kings to dine;
Nor coat, nor boots, nor yet a hat,
A dandy vest or trimmed cravat;
Nor all the world's wealth laid in store;
Nor mister, reverend, sir, nor squire,
With titles that the memory tire;
Nor ancestry traced back to Will;
Who went from Normandy to kill;
Nor thousand volumes rambled o'er;
Nor Latin, Greek, nor Hebrew lore;
Nor judge's robe nor mayor's mace,
Nor crowns that deck the royal race.
These all united never can
Avail to make a single man.

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A spirit firm, erect, and free,
That never basely bends a knee;
That will not bend a feather's weight
Of slavery's chance for small or great;
That truly speaks from God within;
That never makes a league with sin;
That snaps the fetters despots make,
And loves the truth for its own sake;
That worships God, and him alone,
And bows no more than at His throne;
And trembles at no tyrant's nod;
A soul that fears no one but God,
And thus can smile at curse or ban—
This is the soul that makes a man."

India.—The seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth days of January the Brahmo Samaj celebrated its fifty-seventh anniversary. The *Indian Messenger* calls the founding of this church "an event to the religion of India what the French Revolution has been to society. The creation of a theistic church, accessible to all men, irrespective of color or caste, in caste-trodden and scripture-ridden India, was a marvelous experiment." In another connection this paper speaks of the four characteristic outcomes of this movement as "immediacy, spirituality and catholicity." Lord Ripon, at the head of the English government in India, recognized these three days as legal holidays and ordered that no case in which a Brahmo was concerned should be tried in the court on that day.

Wisconsin is having a "pulpit" of its own, entitled the *Wisconsin Unitarian Pulpit*. The December number is "The Unitarian Gospel, by T. B. Forbush; the January number, "Jesus Brought Back," by J. H. Crooker. They are neatly printed, and deserve wide circulation. Other things being equal, the native seed in the long run yields the best harvest, so we rejoice in the multiplication of activities.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, March 3; subject, Clara Barton. Feb. 26, 7:30 P. M., Religious Study Class; subject, Religion of Greece. March 2, 4 P. M., Illustrated Art Lecture, by Mr. Utter; subject, Christ in Art.

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and LaSalle streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 11 A. M.; subject, "The Sanctity of the State." In the evening, "George Washington." Monday evening, "Novel" section of the Unity Club. Browning section, Friday afternoon at 4 P. M. Bible Class, Friday, 7:30 P. M. Choral Club, 8:30 P. M.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Feb. 26, services at 10:45 A. M.

UNION TEACHERS' MEETING at the Channing Club room, 175 Dearborn street, Monday, Feb. 27, at noon. Rev. Mr. Utter will lead.

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Every Sunday-school would find it an advantage to have in its possession a sample line of Sunday-school Lessons, for reference or to select from. In preference to sending out returnable sample copies, we offer, at a very low figure, a full set of samples. Our eighteen series of Unity S. S. Lessons, and one copy of Unity Services and Songs, will be mailed, postpaid, upon the receipt of \$1.00.

Any numbers ordered as samples with a view to introduction when the full set is not wanted, will be sent, not returnable, at wholesale price.

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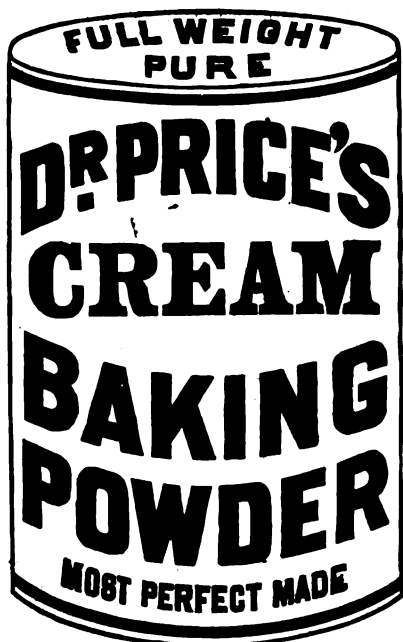
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